

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\2-bros-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Two Brothers

Two brothers on their way,  
Two brothers on their way,  
Two brothers on their way,  
One wore blue and one wore grey.  
One wore blue and one wore grey,  
As they went along their way,  
Fife and drum began to play,  
All on a beautiful morning.  
One was gentle, one was kind,  
One was gentle, one was kind,  
One was gentle, one was kind,  
A cannonball don't pay no mind.  
A cannonball don't pay no mind,  
If you're gentle or you're kind,  
It don't think of those left behind,  
All on a beautiful morning.  
Two girls waiting by the railroad track,  
Two girls waiting by the railroad track,  
Two girls waiting by the railroad track,  
One wore blue and one wore black.  
One wore blue and one wore black,  
Waiting by the railroad track,  
For their darlings to come back,  
All on a beautiful morning.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\3flybot1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Three Flies In A Bottle

-

Charlei Kellner

Daddy was a centaur, I'm just a quarter horse.  
Mommy was a mermaid, 'cause Dad loved water sports.  
My girl friend is an otter, aswimming in the sea,  
And if the kids take qafter her, they'll get the best of me.  
Chorus: Three flies in a bottle  
My ale is all drunk up.  
Let's have another round for me,  
And one more for my pup.  
I want to be a Jedi, just like my dear old man.  
I want to Leia princess, and blow up Alderan.  
When Daddy met the princess, she hated him of course;

She wanted to fly solo, but Daddy used the force.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\3jollch1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Three Jolly Coachmen

Three jolly coachmen, sitting in an English tavern.

Three jolly coachmen, sitting in an English tavern.

And they decided, and they decided,

And they decided to have another flagon.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.

For tonight I'll merry, merry be, for tonight I'll merry, merry be,

For tonight I'll merry, merry be, tomorrow I'll be sober.

The man who drinks good whiskey clear and goes to bed quite mellow,

The man who drinks good whiskey clear and goes to bed quite mellow,

Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,

Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good fellow.

The man who drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober,

The man who drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober,

Falls as the leaves do fall, falls as the leaves do fall,

Falls as the leaves do fall, in early October.

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother,

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother,

Does a foolish foolish thing, does a foolish foolish thing,

Does a foolish foolish thing, for she'll not get another.

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss and stays to steal another,

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss and stays to steal another,

Is a boon to all mankind, is a boon to all mankind,

Is a boon to all mankind, for she'll soon be a mother.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\3jovhnt1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Three Jovial Huntsmen

There were three jovial huntsmen,

A hunting they did go.

They hunted and the harrowed

And gave their horns a blow.

chorus: Looky there now, Looky there.

Now on their way a hunting,

They bought a jug of rum,

The first one drank, the second drank,

The third one he drank some.

They hunted and they harrowed,

Nothing could they spy,

But a sparrow in a treetop,  
And this they passed on by.  
The first said, "It's an eagle!"  
The second he said, "Nay"  
The third one said, "It's a peacock  
With the feathers blown away!"  
They hunted and they harrowed,  
Each one took a swig.  
They rode along quite merrily,  
Until they spied a pig.  
The first said, "It's a goat!"  
The second he said, "Nay"  
The third one said, "It's Nixon!  
Whose beard is turning grey!"  
They hunted and they harrowed,  
They passed the jug of rum,  
Till they came to a farmer's privy,  
And there they argued some.  
It first said, "It's a barn!"  
The second he said, "Nay"  
The third said, "It's a church,  
With the steeple blown away!"  
They shot to the left and right,  
They blasted all around.  
The first one nicked a cricket,  
And down they brought him down.  
The second shot an old dead horse,  
And after several tries,  
The third one shot the gameskeeper  
Right between the eyes.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\3legman1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

A Three-Legged Man  
Well now, friends, you'll never guess it,  
So I really must confess it,  
I just met the sweetest woman,  
Of my long dismal life.  
But a friend of mine said, "Buddy,  
Just in case your mind is muddy,  
Don't you know that girl you fooling with,  
Is Pegleg Johnson's wife."  
And that man is big and tough and mean and grim,  
And he'll brain you with his artificial limb.  
But next morning bright and early,  
I stole old Pegleg's girly,  
And I also took his wooden leg,

Just to play it safe.  
But there weren't no time for laughter,  
Cause he started hopping after,  
And I keep on running faster,  
But he won't give up the chase.  
And I'm running through the mountains with his bride,  
And I've got his wooden leg here by my side.  
chorus: I'm a three-legged man,  
With a two-legged woman,  
Being chased across the country by a one-legged fool.  
Though he's hopping and he's popping,  
He shows no sign of stopping,  
I'll tell you, boys, this life is hard and cruel.  
'Cross the deserts and the valleys,  
And those dark Chicago alleys,  
'Cross the mighty Mississippi to the hills of Caroline,  
Through the mountains of Montana,  
And the swamps of Louisiana,  
Every time that I look back, he's just one foot behind.  
And I know he must be cold and wet and sick,  
But in spite of all his troubles, he can't kick.  
Now he's ragged and he's filthy,  
And I'm feeling kind of guilty,  
'Specially in the evening when I hear him plead and beg.  
He says, "In spite of all your stealing,  
Friend, I bear you no hard feelings,  
You can keep the damned old woman but please give me back my leg.  
"For although the leg you meant to take was wooden,  
In the dark by mistake, you took my good'un."  
(Shel Silverstein)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\3litpig1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time, in the land of Oo-poppa-dow, there lived three  
little pigs.

One of them was very cool, and other was more on the  
commercial side, and the third was definitely square.

One day, as the

three little pigs were taking five, they heard that a big bad wolf was  
making the local scene on a one-nighter.

And knowing that his approach

signalled danger, they immediately set about constructing shelter.

The square little pig swung a quick G. I. loan and in cut time threw  
up a real frantic bungalow, complete with wall-to-wall floors and a T.V.  
antenna.

The commercial little pig laid out for a few bars and then moved into

a pre-fab joint out of the high rent district.

But the cool little pig goofed altogether and at the last possible minute built himself a real purple-light shack out of clarinet reeds and Scotch Tape.

Well sir, the big bad wolf blew in as advertised and the first place he went looking for action was to the shack of the square little pig.

And

applying his hairy knuckles to the door, he laid down a crazy paradiddle and said, "Man, it's a raid!"

"Jack," said the pig, "It's after closing."

"Don't hand me that jazz," said the wolf.

"Open up!"

"Sorry," said the pig, "You gotta make reservations."

"Charlie," said the wolf, "If you don't open that door, I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down."

"Just tell me one thing," said the pig, "What shape is your lip in?" Enraged at this impertinence, the wolf came on like Joshua, the walls came tumbling down, and in no time at all the little pig was really gone. The following day, the wolf knocked at the door of the second little pig.

"Who calls like?" said the pig.

"Never mind," said the wolf.

"Open the portal and give me some skin, pig, or give me some pigskin, as the case may be."

"Not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin," said the pig.

"Bless my soul, it's Dizzy!" said the wolf.

"No it ain't," said the pig.

"Well then, it must be Jazzbo," said the wolf.

"Wrong again," said the pig.

"Tell you what", said the wolf, "I'll just peek through the keyhole."

"In a pig's eye," said the pig, which angered the wolf so much, that he forthwith blew the joint down and swallowed up the pig.

The next day, the wolf fell by the domicile of the cool little pig and rapped on the door.

"Have no fear," he said, "Big John is here."

"Man, you've had it.

Blow!"

That's what I wanted to talk to you about.

I understand there's a

session going on here today", said the wolf.

"I'd like to sit in."

"I'm hip," said the pig, and if you'll just slide down the chimney as per the instructions in the script, I'll really give you something to sit in."

"At this, the wolf leapt to the roof and in so doing, dislodged a brick which fell down the chimney and clanged against the great iron pot in the fireplace.

"What was that?" the wolf shouted.

"E flat," said the pig, "And man it's your chorus.

Fall in!"

And fall in the wolf did. Down the chimney and into the boiling pot.  
The little pig clapped the cover on the pot and let it simmer for forty-  
eight over a low flame.  
When at last he lifted the cover, he smiled  
broadly and said, "Ah, my favorite soup.  
Cream of nowhere."  
(Steve Allen)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\4lbsday1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Four Pounds A Day

The rain is falling on the site, the teaser from the blue,  
We're sitting on our arseholes with bugger all to do.  
Outside are picks and shovels, lads, they slowly rust away,  
We're rained off and contented on four pounds a day.  
chorus: Four pounds a day, me lads, and nothing much to do.  
No trouble from the foreman, he's in the union too.  
Some want the rain to go to Spain, we want the rain to stay,  
We're rained off and contented on four pounds a day.  
It's early in the morning, we start at ten o'clock.  
We search the skies impatiently, by Jesus, I felt a drop!  
The Cam Lads are on bonus, and each brew means better pay,  
We're rained off and contented on four pounds a day.  
So Freddy get the cards out, the racing page as well.  
And as for all contractors, we hope they go to hell.  
It looks as if the rain set in, we shan't do much today,  
What matter, if on Friday, we all draw our pay.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\900mil-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Nine Hundred Miles

I'm walking down the track, I've got tears in my eyes,  
Trying to read a letter from my home.  
chorus: If that train runs me right,  
I'll be home tomorrow night,  
Nine hundred miles from my home,  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.  
I'll pawn you my watch, I'll pawn you my chain,  
Pawn you my gold diamond ring.  
The train I ride on is a thousand coaches long,  
You can hear the whistle blow a thousand miles.  
If my woman says so, I will railroad no more,  
Sidetrack my wheeler and go home.  
If you know the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone,

You can hear the whistle blow a 100 miles.  
Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name,  
Lord I can't go home this-a-way.  
He may leave you and never return.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\90yroid1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

You're A Dandy For Nineteen Years Old  
(llewtraH) \*-----  
As I went a-strollin' down by the Strand,  
I met a fair damsel so handsome and grand;  
She wore jewelry and finery of silver and gold,  
And says I, "You're a dandy for nineteen years old."  
Her fingers were tapered; her neck like a swan,  
Her nose a little turned up an' her voice not too strong;  
Six weeks we were married and wedding bells tolled,  
I married my darling, just nineteen years old.  
After the wedding, we retired to rest,  
Did my face change colors when my young wife undressed;  
A bundle of padding from her form did unfold,  
Says I, "You're a dandy for nineteen years old."  
She took off her fingers, till I counted but three,  
Unscrewed her cork leg plumb up to her knee,  
Took out her glass eye, on the carpet it rolled,  
An' says I, "You're a dandy for nineteen years old."  
As I stood and I watched her, I thought I would faint,  
She scraped from her pale face a bushel of paint;  
She took off her wig an' her bald head then told  
She was nearer to ninety than to nineteen years old.  
So come all you young fellows when you courting to go,  
Inspect your true love from her head to her toe,  
Or else you'll be ruined like me and be sold  
To a patched-up old geezer who's ninety years old.

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\abstine1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ABSTINENCE  
(LLEWTRAH)  
Woman's Plea to a Man Contemplating Abstinence  
You say you're going celibate,  
Please don't decide in haste,  
I'm sure there's some won't hesitate,

To say "Christ what a waste."  
Are you sure that you can contemplate,  
No more fun "below the waist" ?  
For sure you feel downhearted,  
At a lifestyle gone awry,  
Relationships cannot get started,  
Because there never any time,  
But do you want to be a martyr,  
Resisting sex when it arrives?  
Is monkhood to be your destiny,  
In sackcloth, ash or habits?  
Can you take a vow of celibacy,  
When other people bonk like rabbits?  
How can you say with certainty,  
If it's on offer you won't grab it?  
The answer isn't celibacy,  
Of that you can be sure,  
It's hard to say with delicacy.  
But you'll soon want it even more,  
Maybe you should wait and see,  
Before you decide to shag no more!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\acrclam1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Old Settlers Song (Acres Of Clams)  
I've traveled all over this country,  
Prospecting and digging for gold.  
I've tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled,  
And I have been frequently sold.  
For each man who got rich by mining,  
Perceiving that hundreds grew poor,  
I made up my mind to try farming,  
The only pursuit that was sure.  
So, rolling my grub in my blanket,  
I left all my tools on the ground.  
I started one morning to shank it  
For the country they call Puget Sound.  
Arriving flat broke in nmidwinter,  
I found it enveloped in fog,  
And covered all over with timber,  
Thick as hair on the back of a dog.  
When I looked on the prospects so gloomy,  
The tears trickled over my face,  
And I thought that my travels had brought me  
To the end of the jumping-off place.  
I staked me a claim in the forest,  
And sat myself down to hard toil.



For two years I chopped and I struggled,  
But I never got down to the soil.  
I tried to get out of the country,  
But poverty forced me to stay,  
Until I became an old settler,  
Then nothing would drive me away.  
And now that I'm used to the climate,  
I think if a man ever found  
A place to live easy and happy,  
Then Eden is on Puget Sound.  
No longer the slave of ambition,  
I laugh at the world and its shams,  
As I think of my pleasant condition  
Surrounded by acres of clams.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\adoemil1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Adieu Emille

Adieu Emille, my trusted friend.  
We've known each other since we were nine or ten.  
Together we climbed hills and trees,  
Learned of love and ABC's,  
Skinned our hearts and skinned our knees.  
Adieu Emille, it's hard to die,  
When all the birds are singing in the sky.  
Now that spring is in the air,  
Pretty girls are everywhere,  
Think of me and I'll be there.  
We had joy, we had fun, we had seasons in the sun,  
But the hills we would climb, were just seasons out of time.  
Adieu Papa, please pray for me,  
I was the black sheep of the family.  
You tried to teach me right from wrong,  
To much wine and too much song,  
Wonder how I got along.  
Adieu Papa, it's hard to die,  
When all the birds are singing in the sky.  
Now that spring is in the air,  
Little children everywhere,  
When you see them, I'll be there.  
We had joy, we had fun, we had seasons in the sun,  
But the wine and the song, like the seasons are all gone.  
Adieu Francois, my trusted wife,  
With you I pledged to love you all my life.  
You cheated lots of times but then,  
I forgave you in the end,  
Though your lover was my friend.

Adieu Francois, its had to die,  
When all the birds are singing in the sky,  
Now that spring is in the air,  
With your lovers everywhere.  
Just be careful, I'll be there.  
All our lives we had fun, we had seasons in the sun,  
But the stars we could reach were just starfish on the beach

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\agnsclg1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Agnes Clung

My cousin, Agnes Clung, left home when she was young,  
I'll tell you how it happened, let me think.  
She was cute and pretty too, her eyes were oh so blue,  
But a single cocktail made poor Agnes wink \* \*.  
It's not funny as you think, when a gal has got to wink,  
Every time she has a little drink or two,  
One day she got a jug, and she drank it down, gahlug!  
And she said goodbye and lift us in a stew.  
When she got to the city, she was just a little giddy,  
She asked a fellow how to get around \* \*.  
She said, "Don't think that I am fresh,  
But can you give me an address,  
Where I can go 'cause I don't know my way in town \* \*."  
Now this fellow was a gent, he knew just what Agnes meant,  
That is, until he saw her start to wink.  
And then he believed he knew exactly what a guy should do,  
So he suggested that they both should have a drink.  
Well he took her by the hand,  
And Agnes said, "I think it's grand,  
But mister, I'm afraid you've made a big mistake \* \*.  
If you'll just be kind enough,  
I'd like to stop this silly stuff,  
Liberties you're not allowed to take \* \*.  
Now the fellow didn't know  
About her winking eye and so,  
He couldn't figure out what was the score.  
So he took her out to eat,  
And to a show right down the street,  
And he asked her if she'd care for something more.  
Agnes said, "I think you're swell,  
But can you find me a hotel,  
Where I can go and not be bothered by the men \* \*.  
I'm a long long way from home,  
And I want to be alone,  
And perhaps I'll see you sometime soon again \* \*."  
Now our Agnes wasn't dumb,

But back home where she came from,  
She never learned the value of her wink.  
In the city she got wise,  
Learned to use her winking eye,  
Now our Agnes does her drinking in a mink.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\aimeemc1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THE BALLAD OF AIMEE MCPHERSON

Did you ever hear the story of Aimee McPherson,  
Aimee McPherson, that wonderful person.  
She weighed one hundred eighty and her hair was red,  
And preached a wicked sermon, so the papers said.  
chorus: Hi dee hi dee hi dee hi,  
Hi dee hi dee hi dee ho.  
Aimee built herself a radio station,  
To broadcast her preaching to the nation.  
Found a man named Armistad who knew enough,  
To run the radio while Aimee did her stuff.  
Started at a camp meeting down at Ocean Park,  
Preached from early morning till after dark.  
Said the benediction, folded up the tent,  
And nobody knew where Aimee went.  
When Aimee McPherson got back from her journey,  
She told her story to the district attorney.  
Said she'd been kidnapped on a lonely trail,  
And in spite of a lot of questions, she stuck to her tale.  
The grand jury started an investigation,  
Uncovered a lot of spicy information.  
Found out about her love nest down at Carmel-by-the-sea,  
Where the liquor is expensive, but the loving is free.  
Found a little cottage with a breakfast nook,  
A folding bed with a worn-out look.  
The slats were busted and the springs were loose,  
And the dents in the mattress fitted Aimee's caboose.  
They took poor Aimee and they threw her in jail,  
Last I heard, she was out on bail.  
They'll send her up for a stretch, I guess,  
She worked herself up into an awful mess.  
Radio Ray is a going hound,  
He's a-going yet, and he can't be found.  
They got his description but they got it too late,  
Cause since they got it, he's lost a lot of weight.  
I'll end my story in the usual way,  
About a lady preacher's holiday.  
If you don't get the moral, then you're the gal for me,  
'Cause there's still a lot of cabins in Carmel-by-the-sea.

(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)  
With a husband whose tastes have turned queer.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\aintme-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

It Ain't Me Babe  
Go way from my window,  
Leave at your own chosen speed.  
I'm not the one you want, babe,  
I'm not the one you need.  
You say you're looking for some one,  
Whose never weak but always strong,  
To protect you and defend you,  
Whether you are right or wrong,  
Someone to open each and every door.  
chorus: But it ain't me, babe,  
No! No! No! It ain't me, babe,  
It ain't me you're looking for, babe.  
Go lightly from the ledge, babe,  
Go lightly on the ground.  
I'm not the one you want, babe,  
I'll only let you down.  
You say you're looking for someone,  
Who'll promise never to part,  
Someone to close his eyes for you,  
Someone to close his heart.  
Someone who will die for you and more.  
Go melt back in the night, babe,  
Everything inside is made of stone.  
There's nothing in here moving,  
And anyway I'm not alone.  
You say you're looking for someone  
Who'll pick you up each time you fall,  
To gather flowers constantly,  
To come each time you call.  
A lover for your life and nothing more.  
And the first ones now,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\airygir1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

MY GIRL SHE'S AIRY  
(llewtraH)  
My girl she's airy, she's buxom and gay;  
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms in May;

A touch of her lips it ravishes quite.  
Her eyes are the lightnings of joy and delight.  
She's always good natured, good humored and free;  
She dances, she glances, she smiles with a glee;  
Her slender neck, her handsome waist,  
Her hair well buckled, her stays well laced.  
And oh, for the joys of a long winter night!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\alamo--1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Rememeber The Alamo

One hundred and eighty were challenged by Travis to die,  
With a line that he drew with his sword when the battle was nigh.  
Let him who would fight to the death cross over,  
But he that would live better fly.  
And over the line went one hundred and seventy-nine.  
chorus: Way Ho, Santy Anno, we're killing your soldiers below,  
So the rest of Texas will know,  
And remember the Alamo.  
Jim Bowie lay dying, his powder was ready and dry,  
From flat on his back, Bowie killed him a few in reply.  
And young Davy Crockett was smiling and laughing,  
The challenge was fierce in his eyes,  
For Texas and freedom, a man more than willing to die.  
A courier sent to the battle that's bloody and loud,  
His words of farewell in the letters he carried were proud.  
"Grieve not, little darling, my dying  
If Texas is sovereign and free."  
We'll never surrender and ever will liberty be.  
nd the springs were loose,  
And the dents in the mattress fitted Aimee's caboose.  
They took poor Aimee and they threw her in jail,  
Last I heard, she was out on bail.  
They'll send her up fo

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\alcohol1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Alcoholics' Anthem

(llewtraH)

(Tune:- Men of Harlech).

What's the use of drinking tea,  
Indulging in sobriety  
And tee-total per-ver-sity?  
It's healthier to booze.

What's the use of milk and water?  
These are drinks that never oughter  
Be allowed in any quarter;  
Come on loose your blues.  
Mix for yourself a Shandy!  
Drown yourself in brandy!  
Sherry sweet or whisky neat,  
Or any kind of liquor that is handy.  
There's no blinking sense in drinking  
Anything that don't make you stinking!  
There's no happiness like sinking  
Blotto to the floor!  
Put an end to all frustration,  
Drinking may be your salvation,  
End it all in dissipation  
Rotten to the core.  
Aberrations metabolic,  
Ceilings that are hyperbolic  
These are for the alcoholic  
Lying on the floor.  
Vodka is just for the Arty,  
Gin to make you hearty,  
Lemonade was only made  
For drinking if your mother's at the party.  
Steer clear of home-made beer,  
And anything that's not labelled clear.  
There's nothing else to fear,  
Bottoms up...my boys !  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\aleelon1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

All Alee and Alonly  
There was a woman lived near our town,  
All alee and alonly,  
Each day and night walked up and down,  
Down by the greenwood sidey.  
She bent her back abucking-o,  
First it bended, then it broke.  
She bent her back again a pine,  
And then two tender babes were born.  
She bade herself do tender things,  
Decided then to take their lives.  
She took a rope both long and neat,  
And tied each by his hands and feet.  
She took a knife both keen and sharp,  
And pierced each through his tender heart.

As she went walking one moonlit night,  
She spied two babes all dressed in white.  
Said, "Babes, Oh Babes, if you were mine,  
I'd dress you up in silks so fine."  
"Mother, Oh Mother, when we were yours,  
You drowned us in our own hearts blood."  
In seven years, you'll hear a bell,  
In seven years, you roast in hell.  
x

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\alkyize1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Breathalyzed  
(llewtraH)  
Breathalyzed,  
Crystals turning green before my eyes.  
I can hardly realize, that I have just been breathalyzed.  
Suddenly,  
There's a policeman standing over me.  
I'd like to punch him but he's six foot three,  
And I would like to stay alive.  
He said, We'd like to test your blood for alcohol  
I said, Go away, you'll get nothing, Dracula.  
Reality,  
Five hundred milligrams per 100 mils.  
Now they reckon, I'm a mobile still,  
and I have to be penalized.  
Custody,  
When they took me to the local mick,  
I've never seen a policeman move so quick,  
But not as quick, as I got sick  
Misery,  
And the judge says I must join A A  
And take the bus for 60 days.  
Oh, why did I get breathalized?

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\allnite1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

All The Night Over  
(llewtraH)  
All the night over and over,  
And all the night over again,  
All the night over and over,  
The peacock followed the hen.

The hen's a hungry beast,  
The cock is hallow within;  
There's no deceit in a pudding,  
A pie's a dainty thing!  
Give my love brose, brose,  
Give my love brose and butter,  
Give my love brose, brose,  
Yester eve he wanted his supper.  
Jenny sits up in the laft,  
Jocky wad fain hae been at her,  
There came a wind out of the west,  
Made a' the windows to clatter.  
A goose is not good meat,  
A hen is boss within,  
In a pie there's much of deceit,  
A pudding it is a good thing.  
A dow's a dainty dish;  
A goose is hollow within;  
A sight wad make you blush,  
But a' the fun's to fin'.  
He put his hand right over her thigh,  
Green leaves on the green, oh!  
And found a thing like a pigeon-pie,  
And you know very well what I mean, oh!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\allrite1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

It's All Right  
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe,  
If you don't know by now.  
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe,  
It don't matter anyhow.  
When the rooster crows at the break of dawn,  
Look out your window and I'll be gone,  
You are the reason I'm traveling on,  
But don't think twice, it's all right.  
It ain't no use in turning on you light, babe,  
Light I'll never know.  
It ain't no use in turning on you light, babe,  
I'm along side of the road.  
But I wish there was something you could do or say,  
Make me want to change my mind and stay.  
We never did very much talking anyway,  
But don't think twice, it's all right.  
It ain't no use in calling out my name, babe,  
Like you never did before.  
It ain't no use in calling out my name, babe,



I can't hear you any more.  
I'm thinking and wondering all the way down the road,  
I once loved a woman, a child I am told.  
I gave her my heart and she wanted my soul,  
But don't think twice, it's all right.  
I'm going down that long lonesome road, babe,  
Where I'm bound, I can't tell.  
But goodbye is too good a word, babe,  
So I'll just say fare thee well.  
I ain't saying you treated me unkind,  
Could have done better, but I don't mind.  
You just wasted my precious time,  
But don't think twice, it's all right.  
(Bob Dylan)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\allsor-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

All My Sorrow  
Only one thing that money can't buy,  
True love, that will never die.  
chorus: All my sorrow, soon forgotten,  
But it's too late my love,  
Too late, but never mind.  
All my sorrow, soon forgotten.  
Carefree lovers down country lane,  
Don't know my grief, can't feel my pain.  
Now there's one thing more that bothers my mind,  
My love is gone, left me behind.  
Hush little baby don't you cry,  
You know your mother is bound to die.  
The river of Jordan is mighty cold,  
It chills the body but not the soul.  
If religion were a thing that money could buy,  
The rich would live, the poor would die.  
Now we are aold and ready to go,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\allthin1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

All Things Dull And Ugly (Monty Python)  
All things dull and ugly, all creatures short and squat;  
All things rude and nasty, The Lord God made the lot.  
Each little snake that poisons, each little wasp that stings,  
He made their brutish venom, He made their horrid wings.  
All things sick and cancerous, all evil great and smalllll,

All things foul and dangerous, The Lord God made them all.  
Each nasty little hornet, each beastly little squid,  
Who made the spiky urchin?  
Who made the shark?  
He did.  
All things scabbed and ulcerous, all pox both great and small,  
Putrid, foul, gangrenous, The Lord God made them all.  
Endless experiments have shown them the trick,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\altgeth1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

We Will All Go Together When We Go

-

Tom Lehrer

When you attend a funeral,  
It is sad to think htat sooner or later  
Those you love will do the same for you.  
And you may have thought it tragic,  
Not to mention other adject- ives,  
To think of all the weeping they will do.  
But don't you worry.  
No more ashes, no more sackcloth,  
And an armbvand made of black cloth  
Will some day nevermore adorn a sleeve.  
For if the bomb that drops on you  
Gets your friends and neighbors too,  
There'll be nobody left behind to grieve.  
And we'll all go together when we go.  
What a comforting thought that is to know.  
Universal bereavement,  
An inspiring achievement.  
Yes, we'll all go together when we go.  
We will all go together when we go.  
All suffused with an incandescent glow.  
No one will have the endurance  
To collect on his insurance.  
Lloyd's of London will be loaded when they go.  
Oh we'll all go together when we fry.  
We'll be french fried potatoes by and by.  
There will be no more misery,  
When the world is our rotisserie,  
We will all fry together when we fry.  
Down by the old maelstrom,  
There'll be a storm before the calm.  
We will all bake together when we bake.  
There'll be nobody present at the wake.  
With complete participation

In that grand incineration.  
Nearly three billion hunks of well-done steak.  
We will all char together when we char.  
And let there be no moaning at the bar.  
Just sing out a Te Deum  
When you see that I.C.B.M.  
And the party will bge "come as you are".  
We will all burn together when we burn.  
There will be no need to stand and wait your turn.  
When it's time for the fallout  
Sand Saint Peter calls us all out  
We'll just drop our agenda and adjourn.  
And we'll all go together when we go.  
Every Hottentot and every Eskimo.  
When the air becomes uranious,  
We will all go simultaneous.  
We will all go together when we go.

\*X

\*X

\*X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\amazgra1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### A Grazing Mace

A grazing mace, how sweet the sound,  
That felled my foe for me.  
I bashed his head, he struck the ground,  
And thus came victory.  
My mace has taught my foes to fear,  
That mace my fear relieved.  
How precious did my mace appear,  
When I my mace, received.  
Through many tourneys, wars and fairs,  
I have already come.  
My mace has brought me safe thus far,  
My mace will bring me home.  
The King has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures.  
I will his shield and weapon be,  
When he gives me my spurs.  
And when my mace my foeman nails,  
That mortal strife shall cease.  
And we'll possess within our pale,  
A life of joy and peace.  
A grazing mace, how sweet the sound,  
That flattened a wretch like thee.  
Whose head is flat, that once was round,

Done in by my mace and me.  
A grazing mace, how sweet the sound,  
That smites a foe like thee.  
You're left there lying on the ground,  
You've left the field to me!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\anacreo1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

To Anacreon In Heaven  
by Ralph Tomlinson  
(original tune to Star Spangled Banner)  
To Anacreon in Heav'n,  
Where he sat in full glee,  
A few Sons of Harmony sent a petition  
That he their Inspirer and Patron would be;  
When this answer arrived from the Jolly Old Grecian:  
"Voice, Fiddle, and Flute,  
No longer be mute,  
I'll lend you my name and inspire you to boot,  
And besides I'll instruct you, like me, to intwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."  
And besides I'll instruct you, like me, to intwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."  
The news through Olympus immediately flew;  
When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs.  
"If these Mortals are suffered their scheme to pursue,  
The Devil, a Goddess, will stay above stairs.  
Hark, already they cry,  
In transports of joy,  
'Away to the Sons of Anacreon we'll fly,  
And there with good fellows, we'll learn to intwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.'  
And there with good fellows, we'll learn to intwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.'  
"The Yellow-Haired God and his nine fusty Maids  
From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,  
Idalia will boast but of tenantless Shades,  
And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be.  
My Thunder no fear on't,  
Shall soon do its errand,  
And dam'me I'll swing the Ringleaders I warrant.  
I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."  
I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."  
Apollo rose up, and said, "Pry'thee ne'er quarrel,  
Good King of the Gods, with My Vot'ries below:

Your Thunder is useless"-- then showing his laurel,  
 Cry'd "Sic evitabile fulmen, you know!  
 Then over each head,  
 My laurels I'll spread,  
 So my sons from your Crackers no mischief shall dread,  
 While, snug in their clubroom, they jovially twine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."  
 While, snug in their clubroom, they jovially twine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."  
 Next Momus got up with his risible Phiz  
 And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join --  
 "The full tide of Harmony still shall be his,  
 But the Song, and the Catch, and the Laugh shall be mine.  
 Then, Jove, be not jealous  
 Of these honest fellows."  
 Cry'd Jove, "We relent, since the truth you now tell us:  
 And swear by Old Styx, that they long shall intwine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."  
 And swear by Old Styx, that they long shall intwine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."  
 Ye Sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand;  
 Preserve Unanimity, Friendship, and Love!  
 'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd;  
 You've the sanction of Gods, and the Fiat of Jove.  
 While thus we agree,  
 Our toast let it be:  
 "May our Club flourish Happy, United, and Free!  
 And long may the Sons of Anacreon intwine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."  
 And long may the Sons of Anacreon intwine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\anarch-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Anarchistic Garret

In an anarchistic garret, so meagre and so mean,  
 Smell the pungent odor of nitro-glycerine.  
 They're busy making fuzes and filling cans with nails,  
 And the little Slavic children set up this mournful wail.  
 It's Sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb.  
 The last one it was thrown by Brother Tom.  
 Mother's aim is bad, and the Trotskyites got dad,  
 So it's Sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb.  
 Sister Jenny took the bomb and ankled off,  
 And mother said, "Now take care, and blow up Templehof."  
 And as the party waited, as the night turned into day,  
 And the little Slavic children set up this mournful lay.

Is Brother Ivanovitch's turn to throw the bomb.  
Sister Jenny's gone the way of Brother Tom.  
Mother's aim is still bad, and the Trotskyites got dad,  
So it's Brother Ivanovitch's turn to throw the bomb.  
I'd like to say a word for Nero,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\anbolyn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Anne Bolynn

In the Tower of London large as life,  
The ghost of Ann Bolynn walks, I declare.  
Now Ann Bolynn was once King Henry's wife,  
Until he had the headsman bob her hair.  
Ah yes, he did her wrong long years ago,  
And back she comes each night to tell him so.  
chorus: With her head tucked underneath her arm,  
She walks the bloody tower.  
With her head tucked underneath her arm,  
At the midnight hour.  
Now when she goes to Henry, she's for telling him what for,  
Ah yes, she's going to show him how he even spilled her gore,  
And just in case the headsman wants to give it an encore,  
She's got her head tucked underneath her arm.  
Sometimes gay old King Henry throws a spread,  
For all his gals and pals and ghostly crew.  
The headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread,  
And in walks Ann Bolynn to spoil the do.  
She holds her head up with a wild war-whoop,  
And Henry says, "Take care, don't you drop it in the soup!"  
Now the sentries think that Annie's carrying in a rugby ball.  
When dinner's done they push the chairs and tables to the wall,  
And then they choose up sides and kick the Queen around the hall, With her head  
tucked underneath her arm.  
Now through the murky corridors for miles and miles she goes,  
She often catches cold there, for it's cold there when it blows.  
And it's awfully awfully awkward for the Queen to blow her nose,  
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\antclar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

We Never Mention Aunt Clara

She used to sing hymns in the old village choir,  
She taught at the Sunday School class,  
At playing the organ she never would tire,

Those dear days are over, alas.  
In church at the organ she'd practice each day,  
While the minister pumped up and down.  
His wife caught him pumping the organ one day,  
And that's why Aunt Clara left town.  
With presents he tempted and lured her to sin  
Her innocent virtue to smirch,  
But her honor was strong and she never gave in  
Till he gave her the deed to the church.  
Cho: We never mention Aunt Clara,  
Her picture is turned to the wall.  
Though she lives on the French Riviera,  
Mother says she is dead to us all.  
They said that she'd toil by night and by day,  
She'd have to scrub floors for her bread,  
But inside of a week she discovered a way  
To earn her board lying in bed.  
They told her the wages of sinners was death.  
To this my Aunt Clara just said,  
That she'd just as soon die with champagne on her breath,  
And pink satin sheets on her bed.  
They said no one cared if she'd ever come back  
When she left us her fortune to seek.  
But the boys in the firehouse painted it black,  
And the ball team wore mourning that week.  
They said that no man would make her his bride.  
They prophesied children of shame.  
But she's married three ears and a baron besides,  
And she hasn't a child to her name.  
They said that Hellfire would punish her sin;  
She'd burn for her carryings-on.  
But just at the moment she's toasting her skin  
On the beaches of Dover and Cannes.  
They said that to garments of sackcloth she'd sink  
With ashes to cover her head.  
But just at the moment, it's ermine and mink,  
And a diamond tiara instead.  
They say that she's sunk in the juck and the mud,  
But the papers last week showed a snap  
Of Aunt Clara, at Nice, with a prince of the blood,  
And a bishop asleep on her lap.  
The best things in life always go to the pure,  
The Sunday School lessons all teach.  
But I wonder when I see the rotogravure  
Of her eighty room shack at the beach.  
They say that she's sunken, they say that she fell  
From the narrow and virtuous path.  
But her French formal gardens are sunken as well,  
And so is her pink marble bath.  
My poor mother's life has been pious and meek,

She drives in a second-hand Ford.  
Aunt Clara received, for her birthday, last week,  
A Rolls-Royce, a Stutz, and Cord.  
My mother does all of her housework alone,  
She has to scrub clothes for her board.  
It strikes me that virtue's not only its own,  
But also is only reward.  
So we never mention Aunt Clara,  
But I think that when I grow up tall,  
I shall live on the French Riviera,  
And let mother turn me to the wall.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\appletr1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Apple Tree  
It isn't by chance I happen to be  
A boulevardier, the toast of Paris.  
For over the noise, the talk, and the smoke,  
I'm good for a laugh or a drink or a joke.  
I walk in a room at a party or ball,  
Come sit over here, somebody will call.  
A drink for my friend, and drink for us all,  
But how many times, I stop and recall:  
Ah, the apple tree, blossoms in the breeze,  
That we walked among,  
Lying in the hay, games we used to play,  
While the rounds were sung,  
Only yesterday,  
When the world was young.  
Wherever I go, they mention my name,  
And that in itself, is some sort of fame.  
Come by for a drink, we're having a game,  
Wherever I go, I'm glad that I came.  
The talk is quite gay, the company fine,  
There's laughter and lights and glamour and wine,  
And beautiful people and some of them mine,  
But often my eyes see a different shine.  
Ah, the apple tree, sunlit memory,  
Where the hammock swung,  
On our backs we'd lie, looking at the sky,  
Till the stars were strung,  
Only last July,  
When the world was young.  
While sitting around, we often recall,  
The laugh of the year, the night of them all,  
The blond that was so attractive that year,  
Some opening night that made us all cheer.



Remember the time we all got so tight,  
And Jaques and Antoine got into a fight.  
The gendarmes who came, passed out like a light,  
I laughed with the rest, it's all very bright.  
Ah, the apple tree, and the hive of bees,  
Where we once got stung;  
Summers at Bordeaux, rowing the bateau,  
Where the willow hung,  
Just a dream ago,  
When the world was young.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\apron--1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

A WEE BIRD CAM' TAE MY APRON

(llewtraH)

It fell on a morning, a morning in May  
My faither's cows they a' went astray  
I loutit me down and the heather was gay  
And a burr stack tae my apron  
Wi' a rye doo a dum, wi' a rye doo a day  
Wi' a rye doo a dum, wi' a rye doo a day  
Wi' a rye doo a dum, wi' a rye doo a day  
A wee bird cam' tae my apron  
Oh aince my apron it was wide  
But noo my knees it scarce can hide  
And oh the grief that I've tae bide  
When I look tae my apron  
Oh aince my apron it was new  
But noo it's gotten another hue  
But noo it's gotten another hue  
There's a braw lad below my apron  
I saw my faither on the stair  
Combing doon his yellow hair  
Says, "What is it that ye've got in there?  
Sae well rowed aneath yer apron"  
It's neither vagabond nor loon  
He's the best stay-maker in the toon  
And he's made me a stomacher to bear up my goon  
And I rowed aneath my apron  
I saw my mother on the stair  
Combing doon her yellow hair  
Says, "What is that ye've got in there  
Sae wee rowed aneath yer apron?"  
It is my mantle and my shirt  
I had nae will tae daidle it  
I had nae will tae daidle it  
And I rowed it aneath my apron

As I was going doon the street  
My siller slippers on my feet  
Oh aye my freends I'd ill-well tae meet  
And my braw lad rowed aneath my apron  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\arkansa1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The State Of Arkansas

My name is Stanford Barnes, I come from Nobleville town.  
I've traveled this wide world over, I've traveled this wide world round.  
I've met with ups and downs in life, and better days I've saw.  
But I never knew what misery was till I came to Arkansas.  
I landed in St. Louis with ten dollars and no more.  
I read them daily papers till both my eyes were sore.  
I read them daily papers until at last I saw,  
Ten thousand men were wanted in the State of Arkansas.  
I started out one morning at a quarter after five,  
I started from St. Louis, half dead and half alive.  
I bought a quart of whiskey, my misery to thaw.  
I got drunk as a boiled owl when I left for Arkansas.  
'Twas in the year of eighty-two, 'twas in the month of June,  
I landed in Ft. Smith one sultry afternoon.  
Up stepped a walking skeleton and gave to me his paw,  
Invited me to his hotel, the best in Arkansas.  
I followed my conductor unto his dwelling place;  
Poverty was depicted in his melancholy face.  
His bread it was corn dodger, his beef I could not chaw.  
He charged me fifty cents for this in the State of Arkansas.  
I started off next morning to catch the morning train.  
He says to me you'd better work, I have some land to drain.  
I'll pay you fifty cents a day, your board and wash and all.  
You'll find yourself a different man when you leave old Arksansas.  
I worked six weeks for a son of a bitch, Jesse Herring was his name,  
He was six feet seven in his stocking feet and taller than any crane.  
His hair hung down like rat-tails on his long and lantern jaw.  
He was the photygraph of all the gents in Arkansas.  
He fed me on corn dodgers as hard as any rock,  
Till my teeth began to loosen, my knees began to knock.  
I got so thin on sassafrass tea, I could hide behind a straw.  
Indeed I was a different man when I left old Arkansas.  
Farewell to swamp angels, canebreaks and the chills,  
Farewell to sage and sassafrass and corn dodger pills.  
If I ever see this land again, I'll give to you my paw,  
It will be through a telescope from here to Arkansas.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\armadil1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Armadillo

I was taking compass bearings for the Ordinance Survey,  
By an army training camp on Salsbury plane.  
I had picked up my theodelite, was calling it a day,  
When I heard a voice that sang a sad refrain.  
Oh my darling armadillo, let me tell you of my love,  
Listen to my armadillo rondelay.  
Be my fellow on my pillow underneath the weeping willow,  
Be my darling armadillo all the day.  
I was somewhat disconcerted by this curious affair,  
For a single armadillo you will own,  
On Salsbury Plane in summer is comparatively rare,  
And a pair of them is practically unknown.  
Drawn by that mello solo, there I followed on my bike,  
To discover what those armadillo lovers would be like.  
Oh my darling armadillo, how delightful it would be,  
If for us those silver wedding bells would chime.  
Let the orange blossoms billow, You need only say I will, oh Be my darling armadillo  
all the time.  
Then I saw them in a hollow by a yellow muddy bank;  
And armadillo singing to an armour-plated tank.  
Should I tell him, gaunt and rusting,  
With the willow tree above,  
This, abandoned on manouvers,  
Is the object of your love.  
I left him to his singing, cycled home without a pause.  
Never tell the man the truth about the one that he adores.  
On the breeze that follows sunset,  
I could hear this sad refrain,  
Singing, "Willow, willow, willow, down the way.  
And I seem to hear it still, oh  
Vive l'amour!  
Vive armadillo!  
Be my darling armadillo all the day.  
(Flanders and Swann)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\armlife1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### No More Army Life

chorus: I don't want no more of Army life,  
Gee, Maw, I want to go home.  
They tell you in the Army, the coffee's mighty fine.  
It's good for cuts and bruises, and tastes like iodine.

They tell you in the Army, the girls are mighty fine.  
But most is over fifty, and the rest is under nine.  
Go out on the parade ground, and stand and march and sweat.  
The captain sits and watches like a blooming violet.  
They tell you in the messhall, the buscuits they are fine.  
One rolled off the table and killed a pal of mine.  
Working for the shavetail, you do the job and then,  
The Captain comes around, and you do it all again.  
They tell you in the Army, the uniforms fit fine.  
Me and my detachment can all get into mine.  
They tell you in the Army, the pay is mighty fine.  
They pay you fifty dollars, and fine you forty-nine.  
They tell you in the messhall, the chicken's mighty fine.  
One stepped off the table and started marking time.  
They tell you in the villiage the girls are clean and fine.  
They cost one good conduct medal and a needle up the spine.  
I've mnade my mind up what to do,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\aspca--1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

A. S. P. C. A.  
I'm gonna take a little ride on the B. and O.  
Or maybe on the B. M. T.  
And when I hit the track, I won't be back,  
This is the E N D.  
Now I've been true to Y O U,  
But you ain't been true to me.  
I'm gonna tell'em at the A. S. P. C. A.  
That you treatme like a D O G.  
I'm gonna tell'em at the A. S. P. C. A.  
You treat me like a D O G.  
You never hug and kiss me, you never say you miss me,  
You never bounce me on your knee.  
Well, every time you give a little loving,  
You give it to me C. O. D.  
I'm gonna tell'em at the A. S. P. C. A.  
You treat me like a D O G.  
I'm gonna tell the A. F. of L.  
You're making a slave out of me.  
I'm gonna cry to the F. B. I.  
You got no loyalty.  
You beat me, mistreat me, and go around and cheat me,  
And you cause me misery.  
I'm gonna tell'em at the A. S. P. C. A.  
You treat me like a D O G.  
(Shel Silverstein)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\astrolo1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# THE ASTROLOGER

(llewtraH)

It's of a bold astrologer in London town did dwell,  
At telling maidens' fortunes, there's none could him excel.  
There was a nice young serving girl a-living there close by;  
She came one day to the astrologer all for to have a try.  
"I hear that you tell fortunes, sir, would you tell me mine?" said she,  
"Of course, my dear, without a doubt if you'll walk upstairs with me."  
"To walk upstairs with you, kind sir, I'm sure I am afraid,"  
She spoke it in such modesty as though she were a maid.  
"To walk upstairs with me, my dear, you need not be afraid,  
Knowing it was but the other day, you with your master laid"  
Then she began to curse and swear she would her master bring,  
As witness for both him and her that it was no such thing.  
"My pretty maid, don't swear and curse, you'll make the deed the worse,

For the crown piece that he gave to you, you've got it in your purse."  
"Oh! indeed you can tell fortunes, sir, you've told me mine," said she,  
And out she pulled the crown piece--"Good morning, sir," said she.  
\*It's of a bold astrologer in London town did dwell,  
\*At telling maidens' fortunes, there's none could him excel,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\austral1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# The Australaise

(llewtraH) C J Dennis 1908 - 1915

(Tune:

Onward Christian Soldiers)  
Fellers of Australier,  
Blokes an' coves an' coots,  
Shift yer bloody carcasses  
Move yer bloody boots.  
Gird yer bloody loins up  
Get yer bloody gun  
Set the bloody enemy  
An' watch the blighters run.

Chorus:

Get a bloody move on  
Have some bloody sense  
Learn the bloody art of  
Self de-bloody-sence.  
Have some bloody brains be-

Neath yer bloody lids  
An' swing a bloody sabre  
For the missus an' the kids.  
Chuck supportin' bloody posts,  
An' strikin' bloody lights,  
Support a bloody fam'ly an'  
Strike for yer bloody rights.  
Joy is bloody fleetin',  
Life is bloody short.  
Wot's the use uv wastin' it  
All on bloody sport?  
Hitch yer bloody tip-dray  
To a bloody star.  
Let yer bloody watchword be  
"Australi-bloody-ar!"  
'Ow's the bloody nation  
Goin' to ixpand  
'Lest us bloody blokes an' coves  
Lend a bloody 'and?  
'Eave yer bloody apathy  
Down a bloody chasm;  
'Ump yer bloody burden with  
Enthusi-bloody-asm.  
W'en the bloody trouble  
Hits yer native land  
Take a bloody rifle  
In yer bloody 'and.  
Keep yer bloody upper lip  
Stiff as stiff can be,  
An' speed a bloody bullet for  
Pos-bloody-terity.  
W'en the bloody bugle  
Sounds "Ad-bloody-vance"  
Don't be like a flock uv sheep  
In a bloody trance.  
Biff the bloody foeman  
Where it don't agree.  
Spifler-bloody-cate him  
To Eternity.  
Fellers of Australier,  
Cobbers, chaps an' mates,  
Hear the bloody enemy  
Kickin' at the gates!  
Blow the bloody bugle  
Beat the bloody drum,  
Upper-cut and out the cow  
To Kingdom bloody come!

\*\*\*\*\*

### Away With Rum

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band.  
On the right side of temperance, we now take our stand.  
We don't use tobacco, because we do think,  
That the people who use it are liable to drink.  
chorus: Away, away, with rum, by gum,  
With rum, by gum, with rum, by gum.  
Away, away, with rum, by gum,  
The song of the Salvation Army.  
We never eat fruitcake, because it has rum,  
And one little bite puts a man on the bum.  
Can you imagine a sorrier sight,  
Than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight.  
We never eat cookies because they have yeast,  
And one little bite makes a man like a beast.  
Can you imagine a sadder disgrace,  
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face.  
additional verses from the internet  
We never touch honey, it turns in to mead,  
And stealing from insects is the worst sort of greed.  
Can you imagine a man with DT's,  
Pursued by a swarm of mad, pink bumblebees.  
We never use lotion when we shave our chins,  
'Cause osmosis lets all the alcohol in.  
Can you imagine what people we'll say,  
When you're under the basin, osmosed for the day.  
We never eat chocolate because it has nuts,  
And the least little bite turns a girl to a slut.  
Can you imagine a sorrier mess,  
Than a girl eating chocolate and trying to undress.  
We don't drink Coke or Pepsi, they're made from cocaine,  
And you might as well shoot it right into your vein.  
Can you imagine a sorrier bind,  
Than rotting your teeth while you're blowing your mind.  
We never drink tea 'cause it comes from a pot.  
And that could be evil as likely as not.  
We don't mind the taste, but it's really bad news,  
To get busted for holding what Tom Lipton brews.  
We don't step on grapes because that's making wine,  
And one single stomp turns a man to a swine.  
Can you imagine a fouler defeat,  
That a man getting snookered by licking his feet.  
Shun girls who are witty and pretty and kind.  
There's nothing like love for corrupting your mind.  
At least in our circle, it just isn't done.  
Our kids are adopted; we never have fun.  
We don't take any rubdowns, stiff muscles to cure,

Because alcohol turns a man to a boor.  
Can you imagine a sorrier fate,  
Than a man getting mass-aged till he can't stand up straight.  
We don't allow backrubs, we think it's a crime.  
We'll always condemn them in song or in rhyme.  
An alcohol backrub is worse than straight gin,  
When you think of the liquor absorbed through your skin.  
We never drink milk, that's where kumiss comes from.  
And one tiney sip makes a Mongoloid bum.  
Can you imagine a sadder disgrace,  
Than a stone-blind drunk Mongol with milk on his face.  
We never touch coffee, it makes our eyes gleam,  
At least, when they add Irish whiskey and cream.  
Can you imagine a fate so unkind,  
Than slugging down coffee, and getting stone-blind.  
We wish you'd avoid putting ice in your drink.  
It harms your intestines and palate, we think.  
And if you escape that, it still isn't nice,  
To wake up hungover because of bad ice.  
Now if you ride railroads with bar-cars on trains,  
You're giving the Devil the key to your brains.  
Think of a story that's sadder to tell,  
Than to start at Grand Central and wind up in Hell.  
We never eat jelly, they make it with wine,  
And one little bite turns a man to a swine.  
Can't you envision, in Hell he will roast,  
That teen-ager drunk on his jelly and toast.  
We never use mouthwash, we know very well,  
That those who taste alcohol go straight to hell.  
Can you imagine a sorrier scene,  
A man goes to Hell 'cause he used Listerine.  
We never eat chocolate, 'cause it's just like sex.  
The endorphins will make you an immoral wreck.  
You'll finish the bagfull, all covered with sweat,  
And then you just gotta have a cigarette.  
We never drink tea 'cause they mix it with wine,  
And one little drink turns a man to a swine.  
Can you imagine a sorrier sight,  
Than a man drinking tea, and singing all night.  
We never sing folksongs, they're evil and crude.  
They celebrate Sin, and their language is lewd.  
The language is shocking, the politics vile,  
And their grammar and rhetoric ain't got no style.  
When you meet a folksinger, you haven't much choice,  
But to sit there and listen while they prove they've no voice.  
And the shockingest thing to imagine by far,  
Is a girl with a G-string upon her guitar.  
We don't listen to Rock, 'cause it's Satan's own vice.  
The people who sing it are not very nice.  
Can you imagine, it fills us with dread,



That me and the groupies all sharing a bed.  
So drinking and eating and loving, you see,  
Are bound to destroy Spirituality.  
Our tastes are austere and our virtue is sure.  
We don't have much fun but our honor is pure.  
A man who eats fruitcake lives a terrible life.  
He's mean to his children and beats on his wife.  
A man who eats fruitcake dies a terrible death,  
With the odor of raisins and rum on his breath.  
A never eat peaches, because they ferment,  
And a peach will ferment at the least little dent.  
Can you imagine a sight more obscene,  
Than a man getting tipsy on peaches and cream.  
Beware of plum pudding, the kind that they light.  
They drench it with brandy so it will ignite.  
The thought is revolting to temperate folk,  
For people get blotto inhaling the smoke.  
We never drink milkshakes 'cause they're made with malt,  
And one little slurp makes your brain somersalt.  
Can you imagine behavior so rash,  
As bartop gymnastics with a frothy mustache.  
We never play jump-rope, 'cause jumpers do hop,  
And once they start hopping, they hop 'till they drop.  
This vile degradation starts out as a game,  
And grammar school innocence turns into shame.  
We never use Brylcreme 'cause it's got bay rum,  
And too many rubbings can turn your head numb.  
But here is a thought that will leave you in fits:  
Just imagine the millions of paralyzed knits.  
Now if you go hiking and get sores on your feet,  
Don't use rubbing spirits as a means for to treat.  
Cause it seeps through the pores of your feet by osmosis,  
And you end up by having ten drunk little toesis.  
We never eat cornflakes because they have malt,  
And we can't imagine a much greater fault.  
Can you imagine a sight that's more droll,  
Than a woman at breakfast slumped over her bowl.  
If you wash your hair, never rinse it with beer,  
Because if you do, you'll get foam in your ear.  
And if there is one thing a young man must dread,  
It's dating a girl with a head on her head.  
If you pick your navel, please don't use a knife.  
Because if you do you'll get the shock of your life.  
Can you imagine a site quite as horrid,  
As a man pulling out his umbilical cord.  
We never chew toothpicks because we recall,  
That toothpicks ferments into wood alcohol.  
Can you imagine a sorrier sight,  
That a man chewing toothpicks until he gets tight.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\backhos1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Passing Of The Backhouse

When memory keeps me company and moves to smiles or tears,  
A weather-beaten object looms through the mist of years.  
Behind the house and barn it stood, a half a mile or more,  
And hurrying feet a path had made up to its swinging door.  
Its architecture was a type of simple classic art,  
But in the tragedy of life it played a leading part.  
And oft the passing traveller drove slow and heaved a sigh,  
To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy.  
We had our posey garden that the women loved so well,  
I loved it too, but better still, I loved the stronger smell  
That filled the evening breezes so full of homely cheer,  
And told the night-o'ertaken tramp that human life was near.  
On August afternoons, it made a little bower  
Delightful, where my grandsire sat and whiled away an hour.  
For there the Summer morning its very cares entwined,  
And berry bushes reddened in the streaming soil behind.  
All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies,  
That flitted to and from the house, where ma was baking pies.  
And once a swarm of hornets bold had built a palace there,  
And stung my unsuspecting aunt--I must not tell you where.  
Then father took a flaming pole--that was a happy day--  
He nearly burned the building up--the hornets left to stay.  
When Summer's bloom began to fade and Winter to carouse,  
We banked the little building with a heap of hemlock boughs.  
But when the crust was on the snow and sullen skies were gray,  
In sooth, the building was no place where one could wish to stay,  
We did out duties promptly, there one purpose swayed the mind;  
We tarried not, nor lingered long on what we left behind.  
The torture of that icy seat would make a Spartan sob,  
For needs must scrape the gooseflesh with a lacerating cob.  
That from a frost-encrusted nail did dangle by a string--  
My father was a frugal man and wasted not a thing.  
When grandpa had "to go out back" and make his morning call,  
We'd bundle up the dear old man with a muffler and a shawl.  
I knew the hole on which he sat--'twas padded all around,  
And once I dare to sit there--'twas all too wide I found.  
My loins were all too little, and I jack-knifed there to stay.  
They had to come and get me out, or I'd have passed away.  
Then father said ambition was a thing that boys should shun,  
And I just used the children's hole 'til childhood days were done.  
And still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes so true,  
The baby hole, and the slender hole that fitted sister Sue.  
That dear old country landmark;  
I've tramped around a bit,

And in the lap of luxury, my lot has been to sit,  
But ere I die I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed of yore,  
Then seek the shanty where my name is carved up the door.  
I ween the old familiar smell will soothe my jaded soul,  
I'm now a man, but none the less, I'll try the children's hole.  
(James Whitcomb Riley)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\badluck1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Bad Luck

(from the Internet 2003)

My wife just left and the well went dry.  
My horse is sick and about to die.  
My still blew up and the barn burnt down.  
And the road washed out on the way to town.  
The dog got rabies and bit the cat.  
And they both died right after that.  
I lost my specs and my pipe-stem broke.  
I can't even sit and read and smoke.  
A tree fell right on the chicken shed,  
And most the hens got smashed plumb dead.  
Then a chimney fire took half the wall,  
And this old shack is about to fall.  
I caught my heel on an old dead vine  
And sat smack dab on a porcupine.  
Then the beaver dam broke and my bridge washed out  
And my watch stopped working and I've got the gout.  
The bank foreclosed so I've lost my place.  
My cow disappeared without a trace.  
They cut off my credit at the grocery store,  
And I lost my job and a whole lot more.  
I must have been hexed by a triple curse,  
As things keep going from bad to worse.  
Now fate has hit me with a last dirty crack,  
To top it all off, my wife's coming back.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\badnews1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Bad News

Bad news travels like wildfire, good news travels slow.  
They all call me Wildfire, 'cause everybody knows,  
chorus: 'Cause I'm bad news everywhere I go.  
Always getting in trouble and leaving little girls,  
That hate to see me go.

They tried to hang me in Oakland,  
And they did in Francis Cove.  
But I wouldn't choke, I broke the rope,  
And they had to let me go.  
From north to south, from east to west,  
The story is the same.  
From one state to another,  
I have to change my name.  
I've picked peaches in Georgia,  
Luberjacked in Maine.  
I've been hired and fired and jailed  
In any town you can name.  
or threatening my baby, unborn and unnamed,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\banua--1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Banua, Banua  
chorus: Banua, Banua, Banua, Oh,  
Banua, Banua, Baby I don't know.  
Banua, Banua, Banua, Oh,  
Banua, Banua, Baby I don't know.  
Won't you come to me, baby,  
Won't you bring to me bail.  
For a drink and a fight on a Saturday night,  
They put me down in the Banua jail.  
I didn't mean to fighting,  
And bringing you all of this shame.  
But the tongue of Jonathan Bracken  
Was scandalizing your name.  
This Banua jail is cold and damp,  
The rats they cover the floor.  
Just ten and three will set me free,  
And I'll be yours forever more.  
Our faith cries out, we have no fear.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\barbaln1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Barbara Allen  
In Scarlett Town where I was born,  
There was a fair maid dwelling,  
Made every youth cry Well-a-day!  
Her name was Barbara Allen.  
'Twas in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swelling,

Sweet William on his death bed lay,  
For love of Barbara Allen.  
He sent his servant to the door,  
To the place where she was dwelling.  
Oh Miss! Oh Miss! Oh come ye quick!  
If your name be Barbara Allen.  
Then slowly slowly she got up,  
And slowly she went nigh him.  
And when she pulled the curtain back,  
Said, "Young man, I think you're dying."  
"Yes, I am sick, so very sick,  
And grief is in me dwelling,  
And better still I'll never be,  
For love of Barbara Allen."  
"Oh ken you not the other night,  
When you were in the tavern,  
You gave a toast to the ladies all,  
And slighted Barbara Allen."  
"Oh yes I ken, I ken it well,  
When I was in the tavern,  
I gave a toast to the ladies all,  
But my love to Barbara Allen."  
He turned his pale face to the wall,  
For death was in him dwelling,  
Goodbye, farewell, my dear friends all,  
Goodbye my Barbara Allen.  
As she was walking to her home,  
She heard the death bell knelling,  
And every stroke, it seemed to say,  
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.  
Her eyes look east, her eyes looked west,  
She saw his pale corpse coming,  
Oh hand me down that corpse of clay,  
That I may look upon him.  
The more she looked, the more she grieved,  
Until she burst out crying,  
She said, "Bearer, Bearer, hie him hence,  
For I am now a-dying.  
Oh Mother, Mother, make my bed,  
Make it long and narrow,  
Sweet William died for me today,  
And I will die tomorrow.  
Oh Father Father dig my grave,  
Oh dig it deep and narrow,  
Sweet William died for love of me,  
And I will die for sorrow.  
They buried her in the old churchyard,  
Sweet William's grave was nigh her.  
A rose it grew from William's grave,  
From Barbara's grew a brier.

They grew over the old church top,  
'Till they could grow no higher,  
And there they tied a lover's knot,  
The rose clung to the brier.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\barfpac1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Old Pacific Sea

I was down by Bondi Pier,  
Sucking tubes of ice cold beer,  
With a bucket full of prawns upon my knee.  
When I swallowed the last prawn,  
I had a Technicolor yawn,  
And I chundered in the old Pacific Sea.  
Chorus: Drink it up, drink it up,  
Crack another dozen tubes or so with me.  
If you want to blow your voice,  
Mate, you've got no other choice,  
But to chunder in the old Pacific Sea.  
I was down by the great surf,  
When a mate of mine called Murph,  
Asked if he could crack a tube or three with me.  
Well, he barely swallowed it,  
When he went for the big spit,  
And he chundered in the old Pacific Sea.  
Chorus: I've had liquid laughs in bars,  
I've chundered from moving cars,  
And I've chundered where and when it pleases me.  
But if I could choose the spot,  
To regurgitate the lot,  
Then I'd chunder in the old Pacific Sea.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\batneor1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Battle Of New Orleans

-

Jimmy Driftwood

In 1814 we took a little trip,  
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississippi.  
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans,  
And went to fight the British down in New Orleans.  
We fired our guns and the British kept a coming,  
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago.  
We fired once more and they began a running,

Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.  
Well I seen Marse Jackson come a walking down the street,  
And a talking to a pirate by the name of Jean Lafitte.  
He gave Jean a drink that he brung from Tennessee,  
And the pirate said he'd help us drive the British to the sea.  
Well the French told Andrew, "You had better run  
For Packenham's a-coming with a bullet in his gun.  
Old Hickory said he didn't give a damn,  
He's gonna whup the britches off of Colonel Packenham.  
We looked down the river and we seed the British come,  
And there must have been a hundred of them beating on the drum.  
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring,  
We stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.  
Old Hickory said we could take them by surprise,  
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked them in the eye.  
We held our fire till we seed their faces well,  
Then we open up our squirrel guns and really gave them hell.  
They ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles,  
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.  
They ran so fast the hounds couldn't catch 'em,  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.  
We fired our cannon 'till the barrel melted down,  
Then we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round.  
We filled his head with cannonballs and powdered his behind,  
And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind.  
They lost their pants and their pretty shiny coats,  
And their tails was all a-showin' like a bunch of billy goats.  
They ran down the river with their tougues a-hangin' out,  
And they said they got a lickin', which there wasn't any doubt.  
We marched back to town in our dirty ragged pants,  
And we danced all night with the pretty girls from France.  
We couldn't understand them, but they had the sweetest charms,  
And we understood them better when we got 'em in our arms.  
The guide who brung the British from the sea,  
Come a-limping into camp just as sick as he could be.  
He said the dying words for Colonel Packenham,  
Was, "You better quit your fooling with your cousin Uncle Sam."  
We'll march back home, but we'll never be content,  
Till we make Old Hickory the people's president.  
And every time we think about the bacon and the beans,  
We'll think about the fun we had way down in New Orleans.

x

x

x

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bayblue1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### San Francisco Bay Blues

I got the blues for my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.  
An ocean liner took her so far away.  
Well, I didn't mean to treat her so bad,  
She was the best gal I ever had.  
When she said goodby and she made me cry,  
I wanted to lay right down and die.  
I ain't got a nickel and I ain't got a lousy dime.  
And if she don't come back, I guess I'm going to lose my mind.  
If she ever comes back to stay,  
There's going to be another brand new day.  
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.  
Meanwhile in another city, I'm just about to go insane,  
I thought I heard my baby call, the way she use to call my name.  
And If she ever comes back to stay,  
There's going to be another brand new day.  
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\beanbac1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Beans Bacon And Gravy

I was born long ago in eighteen ninety-four,  
I've seen many a panic, I will own.  
I've been hungry, I've been cold, and now I'm growing old,  
But the worst I've seen is nineteen thirty-one.  
chorus: Oh, those beans, bacon, and gravy,  
They almost drive you crazy,  
I eat them till I see them in my dreams.  
When I wake up each morning,  
And another day is dawning,  
I know I'll have another mess of beans.  
We congregate each morning in the county barn at dawning,  
And every one is happy, so it seems.  
But when our work is done, we file in one by one,  
And thank the Lord for one more mess of beans.  
We have Hooverized on butter, for milk we've only water,  
I haven't seen a steak in many a day.  
For pies and cakes and jellies, we substituted sow bellies,  
For which we work the county road each day.  
If there ever comes a time, when I have more than a dime,  
They'll have to put me under lock and key.  
For I've been broke so long, I can only sing this song,  
Of the workers and their miseries.  
But they never found poor Julie,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\beantst1.txt



\*\*\*\*\*

## Beans Taste Fine

-

Shel Silverstein

Now a friend of mine, way back in Chicago,  
You know, he finally made his pile.  
Well, he got himself a mansion on Butler and Sheff  
And he was living in the latest style;  
But when I ran into him, he was eating in a greasy spoon,  
While parked in front was his big limousine.  
I said, "Buddy, you've got so much money,  
How come you're in here, eating beans?  
And he said:  
"After you've been having steak for a long time,  
Beans, beans taste fine.  
And after you've been drinking champagne and brandy,  
You're going to settle for wine."  
He said, "The world is funny, and people are strange,  
And man is a creature of constant change,  
After you've been having steak for a long time,  
Beans, beans taste fine."  
Now, you know I ran into another friend of mine,  
In a rowdy old Clark Street bar,  
I said, "Friend, is it true what I heard about you?  
I heard you married a beautiful 18-year old shapely movie star.  
Yet here you sit, trying to make out with some barfly  
Who's too old and ugly to be true."  
He said, "Shelly, you're still a very young man,  
So sit down.  
I'll explain it all to you."  
He said:  
"After you've been having steak for a long time,  
Beans, beans taste fine.  
And after you've been drinking champagne and Chival Regal,  
You're gonna settle for Thunderbird Wine."  
He said, "The world is funny, and people are strange  
And man is a creature of constant change,  
And after you've been having steak for a long time,  
Beans, beans taste fine."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bedbug-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bed Bug Song

I've heard when you die, after burial,  
You got to come back as an insect or an animal.

I've heard when you die, after burial,  
You got to come back as an insect or an animal.  
If so, I don't want to come back a monkey,  
A sheep, a goat, or a donkey.  
My brother says he wants to come back a hog,  
But not me, I want to be a bed bug.  
chorus: I'm going to bite those young ladies parts now,  
Like a hotdog or a hamburger.  
But if you're skinny, don't be in a fright,  
It's only big fat woman I'm going to bite.  
I want you to believe that I will be the best;  
I will be a different kind of bed bug from all the rest.  
I ain't biting petite burgeoise or ordinary people,  
They got to be quite social and respectable;  
Such as female doctors and barristers,  
Duchesses, and princesses with nice figures.  
And when I bite them, I'm going round and boast,  
I'm calling myself King Bedbug the First.

(McWilliam 1959)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\beermod1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Modern British Pub

Early one evening, just as the pubs were opening,  
A traveller came walking down a dark and rainy street.  
He saw a door ajar, went into the public bar,  
"Landlord I would like a pint and something good to eat."  
"I fancy some crusty bread, and roast beef of old England,  
Butter from the churn and tangy home made pickles too,  
And if you think you could draw some bitter from the wood,  
I'd be most content to quaff a foaming pint or two."  
"I'll sit by your fireside and contemplate the infinite,  
The quiet of your hostelry shall seep into my heart.  
And should a regular venture into the bar,  
Perhaps I might engage him in a contest at the darts."  
"Come in", said the landlord, "I've got pre-packed fish paste sandwich,  
A sausage substitute I purchase by the ton.  
And if you fancy it, I could defrost a bit,  
And plaster it in ketchup in a supermarket bun."  
"I'll pull you a foaming pint of Super Sparkle Readi-Bru,  
As advertised on telly by a famous rugby scrum.  
No filthy barrels here, We serve hygienic beer,  
Safely paralysed inside an aluminium drum."  
"Sit down by the fire, squire, I'll switch the logs on right away,  
Perhaps you'd like a gamble on my latest fruit machine.,  
Three cherries in a row, that should set your heart aglow,

Or how about my jukebox, that should really set the scene."  
The traveller sat down beside the polystyrene inglenook,  
The plastic beams vibrating to the electronic sound.  
Took a bite - began to chew, drank his pint of Read-Bru,  
Gave a ghastly gurgle...[UUURGH]...and fell dead upon the ground....

\*[Death March]

\*

"Oh dear", said the landlord, so he turned his colour telly on.  
"Another fatal accident, the third this week I fear.  
If they can't hold there own, why don't they stay at home,  
My God we sure get some funny customers in here."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\be-prep1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Be Prepared

Be Prepared, that's the Boy Scout marching song,  
Be Prepared, as through life you march along.  
Be prepared to hold your liquor pretty well,  
Don't write naughty words on walls if you can't spell.  
Be prepared to hide that pack of cigarettes,  
Don't make book if you cannot cover bets,  
Keep those reefers hidden where you sure  
That they will not be found,  
And be careful not to smoke them  
When the scoutmaster's around,  
For he only will insist that they be shared,  
Be Prepared!  
Be Prepared, that's the Boy Scouts solemn creed,  
Be Prepared, and be clean in word and deed.  
Don't solicit for your sister, that's not nice,  
Unless you get a good percentage of her price.  
Be prepared and be careful not to do  
Your good deeds, when there's no one watching you.  
If you're looking for excitement  
Of a new and different kind,  
And you run across a Girl Scout  
Who is similarly inclined,  
Don't be nervous, don't be frightened, don't be scared,  
Be Prepared!  
(Tom Lehrer)  
read it was corn dodger, his beef I could not chaw.  
He charged me fifty cents for this in the State of

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\betsypk1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Sweet Betsy From Pike

Do you remember sweet Betsy from Pike,  
She crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike.  
With two yoke of oxen and one spotted hog,  
A tall Shanghai rooster and one yaller dog.  
chorus: A dang fol-dee-di-do,  
A dang fol-de-day.  
One evening quite early they camped by the Platte,  
'Twas near by the road by a shady green flat,  
Where Betsy sorefooted, lay down to repose.  
With wonder, Ike gazed on the Pike County rose.  
Their wagon broke down with a terrible crash;  
Out on the prairie rolled all kinds of trash.  
A few baby clothes were done up with care,  
Looked rather suspicious but all on the square.  
The Shanghai run off and the cattle all died,  
The last piece of bacon, that morning was fried.  
Ike got discouraged and Betsy got mad,  
The dog wagged his tail and looked wonderful sad.  
They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,  
Where Brigham declared that sweet Betsy would stay.  
Betsy got frightened and ran like a deer,  
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.  
They soon reached the desert where Betsy give out.  
Down on the sand she lay rolling about.  
Ike gazed at her with sobs and with sighs,  
"Oh please get up Betsy, you'll get sand in your eyes."  
Sweet Betsy got up in a great deal of pain,  
Declared she'd go back to Pike County again,  
But Ike gave a sigh and they fondly embraced,  
And they traveled along with his arm 'round her waist.  
The injuns came down in a wild yelling horde,  
And Betsy was feared they would scalp her adored.  
Behind the front wagon wheel Betsy did crawl,  
And there she fought injuns with musket and ball.  
They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,  
With wonder they looked down on old Placerville.  
Ike sighed and he said as he cast his eyes down,  
"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've come to Hangtown."  
Long Ike and Sweet Betsy attended a dance.  
Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants.  
Betsy was dressed up in ribbons and rings,  
Said Ike, "You're an angel but where are your wings."  
A miner come up, said "Will you dance with me?"  
"I will you old horse if you don't make too free.  
I'll tell you the reason, do you want to know why?  
Doggone ye, I'm plumb full of strong alkali."  
This Pike County couple got married, of course.  
Ike became jealous and got a divorce.

Sweet Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,  
"Goodbye you old bastard, I'm glad you backed out."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bigfann1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Big Fanny

Big Fanny, she was big and she was bad,  
Big Fanny, she was also kind of sad.  
There wasn't anybody who could put Big Fanny down,  
She was big and bad and ugly,  
And she weighed three hundred pounds, Big Fanny.  
She weighed three hundred pounds and stood five foot five,  
And she had an odor more dead than alive,  
With black greasy hair on her dimpled chin,  
And her big belly rumbled like a lions den, Big Fanny.  
No one knew who was Fanny's daddy,  
She turned up one day in a wet rice paddy,  
Just looking stupid and standing stiff,  
And even the dogs refused to sniff, Big Fanny.  
Some say she came from around Hanoi,  
Where she got in a fight with some V. C. boys,  
She blew her garlic breath in the V. C.'s face,  
And they dropped like flies all over the place, Big Fanny.  
The cops finally put Big Fanny in jail,  
Gave her thirty days and wouldn't get no bail.  
She gave a mighty belch and struck a match,  
And the gas blew a hole in that booby hatch, Big Fanny.  
Big Fanny was up in the mountains one night,  
A fighting a bear in the soft moonlight.  
The bear stuck a claw in Fanny's eye,  
And all of the people said goodbye, to Big Fanny.  
But Fanny got tired of playing with that bear,  
And grabbed two handfuls of his mangey hair.  
She gave a karate chop and a judo roll,  
And knocked that grizzly critter out cold, Big Fanny.  
Big Fanny hung around for a couple of years,  
Smoking cigar butts and mooching beers.  
Then one morning she was up and gone,  
Back in the jungle hunting Viet Cong, Big Fanny.  
So along the roads in North Viet Nam,  
There's trees agrowing with signs nailed on.  
When you leave the road, be careful pal,  
Somewhere in the jungle is a big bad gal, Big Fanny.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bigrock1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Big Rock Candy Mountains

On a summers day in the month of May,  
A burly bum come a hiking.  
Down the shady lane, near the sugar cane,  
He was looking for his liking.  
As he strolled along, he sang this song,  
Of the land of milk and honey,  
Where a bum can stay for many a day,  
And he won't need any money.  
chorus: Oh the buzzing of the bees and the cigarette trees,  
And the soda water fountain,  
With the lemonade springs where the bluebird sings,  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,  
The cops have wooden legs,  
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth,  
And the hens lay soft boiled eggs.  
The farmer's trees are full of fruit,  
Their barns are full of hay.  
I want to go where there ain't no snow,  
Where the sleet don't fall and the wind don't blow,  
In the big Rock Candy Mountains.  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,  
You never change your socks,  
And the little streams of alcohol  
Come trickling over the rocks.  
The cops all have to tip their hats,  
The railroad bulls are blind.  
There's a lake of stew and of whiskey too,  
You can paddle all around in a big canoe,  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,  
The jails are made of tin.  
Just as soon as they can lock you up,  
You can bust right out again.  
There ain't no short-handled shovels,  
No axes, saws or picks,  
I'm going to stay where you sleep all day,  
Where they boiled in oil the inventor of toil,  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\billbord1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Billboard Song

As I was walking down the street, one dark and dusty day,

I came across a billboard with pieces blown away.  
It was all torn and tattered from a storm the night before,  
And reading all the pieces left, this is what I saw:  
Smoke Coca-Cola cigarettes, chew Wrigley's Spearmint beer,  
Ken-L-Ration dog food will make your complexion clear.  
The doctors say that babies should smoke until they're three.  
And people over 65 should bathe in Lipton's Tea.  
Enjoy your next vacation in a brand new Frigidaire;  
Learn to play the piano in your thermal underwear.  
If you want to make this country a better place today,  
Then buy a record of this song and break it right away.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\birdsng1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Bird's Song

"Hi," said the black bird sitting on a chair,  
"Once I courted a lady fair.  
She proved fickle and turned her back,  
Ever since then I've dressed in black."  
chorus: Howdy dowdy, diddle-o-day,  
Howdy dowdy, diddle-o-day,  
Howdy dowdy, diddle-o-day,  
Fal-lal-lee, a-lilly-low.  
"Hi," said the little leatherwinged bat,  
"I'll tell you the reason that,  
The reason that I fly in the night,  
Is because I've lost my heart's delight."  
"Hi," said the little mourning dove,  
"I'll tell you how to regain her love,  
Court her night and court her day,  
Never give her time to say, "O nay.'"  
"Hi," said the woodpecker sitting on a fence,  
"Once I courted a handsome wench.  
She got saucy and from me fled,  
And ever since then my head's been red."  
"Hi," said the bluejay as she flew,  
"If I were a young man, I'd have two.  
If one got saucy and wanted to go,  
I'd have a new string for my bow."  
\*Then Peggy O'Conner took up the job,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\blakvel1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Black Velvet Band

CHORUS:

Her eyes they shone like diamonds,  
They call her the Queen of the land.  
And her hair hung over her shoulders,  
Tied up with a black velvet band.  
In a neat little town they call Belfast,  
Apprentice to trade I was found;  
Many an hour sweet happiness,  
Have I spent in this neat little town.  
A sad misfortune came over me,  
Which caused me to stray from the land,  
Far away from my friends and relations,  
Betrayed by the black velvet band.  
I took a stroll down Broadway,  
Meaning not long for to stay,  
When who should I meet, but this pretty fair maid,  
Came a strolling along the highway,  
She was both fair and handsome,  
And her neck it was just like a swan,  
And her hair it hung it over her shoulder,  
Tied up with a black velvet band.  
I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid,  
And the gentleman passing us by,  
Well I knew she meant the doing of him,  
By the look in her roguish black-eye.  
The gold watch she took from his pocket,  
And placed it right into my hand,  
And the very first thing that I said was,  
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\blckhar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Black Is The Color

Black black black is the color of my true love's hair.  
Her lips are like the roses fair;  
The prettiest face and the neatest hands;  
I love the ground whereon she stands.  
I love my love and well she knows,  
I love the ground whereon she goes.  
If she on Earth no more I'd see,  
My life would quickly fade away.  
I go to troublesome to mourn and weep,  
But satisfied I ne'er could sleep.  
I'll write to you in a few little lines,  
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.  
So fare you well my own true love.  
The time has passed and I wish you well.



But still I hope the time will come,  
When you and I will be as one.  
The squirrel loves the hickory tree,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\blizlie1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# Blizzard Of Lies

(Josh Frishberg)

We must have lunch real soon.  
Your luggage is checked through.  
We've got inflation licked.  
I'll get right back to you.  
It's just a standard form.  
Tomorrow without fail.  
Pleased to meet you.  
Thanks a lot.  
Your check is in the mail.  
Marooned, marooned, marooned in a blizzard of lies.  
Marooned, marooned, marooned in a blizzard of lies.  
Your toes and knees aren't all you'll freeze,  
When your in it up to your thighs.  
It looks like snow, but you never know  
When your marooned in a blizzard of lies.  
You may have won a prize.  
Won't wrinkle, shrink, or peel.  
Your secret's safe with me.  
This is a real good deal.  
I'ts finger-lickin' good.  
Strictly by the book.  
What's fair is fair.  
I'll be right there.  
I am not a crook.  
Marooned, marooned, marooned in a blizzard of lies.  
Marooned, marooned, marooned in a blizzard of lies.  
Better watch where you step when your old dog Shep  
Can't even look you in the eyes.  
You're cold and you're lost and you're double crossed,  
When you're marooned in a blizzard of lies.  
We'll send someone right out.  
Now this won't hurt a bit.  
He's in a meeting now.  
The coat's a perfect fit.  
It's strictly fresh today.  
Service with a smile.  
I'll love you darling till I die.  
We'll keep your name on file.  
Marooned, marooned, marooned in a blizzard of lies.

Marooned, marooned, marooned in a blizzard of lies.  
Walk on, walk one, with hope in your heart,  
And you're in for a big surprise,  
When you're marooned, marooned, marooned, marooned,  
Marooned in a blizzard of lies.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\blkhill1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Dreary Black Hills

Kind friends, you must pity my horrible tale,  
I'm an object of pity, I'm looking quite stale.  
I gave up my job selling Wright's Patent Pills,  
To go searching for gold in the dreary Black Hills.  
chorus: Don't go away, stay at home if you can,  
Stay away from that city, they call it Cheyenne,  
For old Sitting Bull or Comanche Bill,  
They will lift up your hair in the dreary Black Hills.  
The Roundhouse in Cheyenne is filled every night,  
With loafers and bummers of most every plight.  
On their backs are no clothes, in their pockets no bills,  
Each day they keep starting for the dreary Black Hills.  
One morning so early, one morning in May,  
I met Kit Carson agoing away.  
He was going away with Buffalo Bill,  
To go searching for gold in the dreary Black Hills.  
I got to Cheyenne, no gold could I find.  
I thought of the lunch route I'd left far behind.  
Through rain, hail, and snow frozen plumb to the gills,  
They call me the orphan of the dreary Black Hills.  
Oh I wish the man that started this sell,  
Was a captive and Crazy Horse had him in hell.  
There's no use in grieving or swearing like pitch,  
But the man who would stay here's a son of a bitch.  
ion but they got it too late,  
Cause since they got it, he's lost a lot of weight.  
I'll end my story in the usual way,  
About

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\blooded1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Bloody Well Dead

Look at poor Grandma, lying in the coffin,  
Ain't it grand to be bloody well dead.  
Let's not have a sniffle,

Let's have a bloody good cry.  
And always remember the longer you live,  
The sooner you're going to die.  
Look at the flowers, bloody well wilted,  
Look at the preacher, bloody well sanctified,  
Look at the choirboy, bloody big tonsils,  
Look at the mourners, bloody big hypocrites,  
Look at the graveyard, bloody big boulders,  
Breathe in the atmosphere, suck in the fallout,  
Now the moral of the story,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\blowbell1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Blowzabella My Bouncing Doxie  
(llewtraH)

\*

From D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy"

He:

Blowzabella my bouncing Doxie,  
Come let's trudge it to Kirkham Fair,  
There's stout Liquor enough to Fox me,  
And young Cullies to buy thy Ware.

She:

Mind your Matters ye Sot without meddling  
How I manage the sale of my Toys,  
Get by Piping as I do by Pedling,  
You need never want me for supplies.

He:

God-a-mercy my Sweeting, I find thou think'st fitting,  
To hint by this twitting, I owe thee a Crown;

She:

Tho' for that I've been staying, a greater Debt's paying,  
Your rate of delaying will never Compound.

He:

I'll come home when my Pouch is full,  
And soundly pay thee all old Arrears;

She:

You'll forget it your Pate's so dull,  
As by drowzy Neglect appears.

He:

May the Drone of my Bag never hum,  
If I fail to remember my Blowse;

She:

May my Buttocks be ev'ry ones Drum,  
If I think thou wilt pay me a Souse.

He:

Squeakham, Squeakham, Bag-pipe will make 'em,

Whisking, Frisking, Money brings in,  
She:

Smoaking, Topping, Landlady groping,  
Whores and Scores will spend it again.

He:

By the best as I guess in the Town,  
I swear thou shalt have e'ery Groat;

She:

By the worst that a Woman e'er found,  
If I have it will signify nought;

He:

If good Nature works no better,  
Blowzabella I'd have you to know,  
Though you fancy my Stock is so low,  
I've more Rhino than always I show,  
For some good Reasons of State that I know.

She:

Since your Cheating I always knew,  
For my Ware I got something too,  
I've more Sence than to tell to you.

He:

Singly then let's imploy Wit,  
I'll use Pipe as my gain does hit,

She:

And If I a new Chapman get,  
You'll be easy too,

He:

Easy as any worn out Shoo.

CHORUS OF BOTH:

Free and Frolick we'll Couple Gratis  
Thus we'll show all the Human Race;  
That the best of the Marriage State is,  
Blowzabella's and Collin's Case.  
Tho' for that I've been staying, a greater Debt's paying,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\blowind1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Blowing In The Wind

How many roads must a man walk down,  
Before the call him a man?

How many seas must a white duck sail,  
Before he sleeps in the sand?

How many times must a cannon ball fly,  
Before they are forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind,  
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist,

Before it is washed to the sea?  
How many years can a people exist,  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
How many times can a man turn his head,  
And pretend that he just doesn't see?  
The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind,  
The answer is blowing in the wind.  
How many times must a man look up,  
Before he sees the sky?  
How many ears must one man have,  
Before he can hear people cry?  
How many deaths will it take till we know,  
Too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind,  
The answer is blowing in the wind.  
(Bob Dylan)

With the white robe smoking behind, and his rapier

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\blubred1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Bluebeard

A maiden from the Bosphorous,  
With eyes as bright as phosphorous,  
Once wed the mighty Bailiff  
Of the Caliph of Kelat.  
Though diligent and zealous, he  
Was somewhat prone to jealousy.  
Considering her beauty,  
'Twas his duty to be that.  
It might be mentioned casually,  
That blue as lapis lazuli,  
He dyed his lips, his lashes,  
His mustaches, and his beard.  
And just because he did it, he  
Aroused his wife's timidity,  
Her terror she dissembled,  
Yet she trembled when he neared.  
This feeling insalubrious,  
Soon made her feel lugubrious,  
And bitterly she missed her  
Elder sister Mary Ann.  
She asked if she might write to her to  
Come down and spend a night or two,  
And Bluebeard answered rightly  
And politely, "Yes, you can."  
When business would necessitate

A journey, he would hesitate,  
But fearing to mistrust her,  
He would trust her with the keys.  
    Bidding her most prayerfully,  
    "I beg you use them carefully,  
    Don't look what I deposit  
In the closet, if you please."  
Bluebeard, the Monday following,  
His jealous feeling swallowing,  
Packed all his clothes together  
In a leather-bound valise.  
And feigning reprehensibility,  
    He started out ostensibly,  
By traveling, to learn a bit  
Of Smyrna and of Greece.  
She made but a cursory  
Inspection of the nursery,  
The kitchen and the airy  
    Little dairy were a bore.  
Likewise the large and scanty rooms,  
    The billiard, bath, and anterooms,  
But not that interdicted  
    And restricted little door.  
At last her curiosity  
    Awakened by the closet, he  
So carefully had hidden  
And forbidden her to see,  
This damsel disobedient  
Did something inexpedient,  
And in the keyhole tiny  
Turned the shiny little key.  
    She shrieked aloud convulsively  
And started back repulsively,  
Ten heads of girls he'd wedded  
    And beheaded met her eye.  
And turning round, most terrified,  
Her darkest fears were verified,  
For Bluebeard stood behind her,  
Come to find her, on the sly.  
Perceiving she was fated to  
    Be soon decapitated too,  
    She telegraphed her brothers  
And some others what she feared.  
And Sister Ann looked out for them,  
In readiness to shout for them,  
Whenever in the distance,  
With assistance, they appeared.  
    But only from a battlement,  
    She saw some dust that cattle meant.  
This ordinary story

Isn't gory, its a jest.  
For here's the truth unqualified,  
Her husband wasn't mollified;  
Her head is in the bloody  
Little study with the rest.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\blumoun1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Blue Mountain Lakes

Come all you good fellows, wherever you be.  
Come sit down awhile and listen to me.  
The truth I will tell you without a mistake,  
About the racket we had around Blue Mountain Lake.  
Derry down, down,  
Down derry down.

\*X

\*X

There's the Sullivan brothers and big Jimmy Lou,  
And old Mose Gilbert and Dandy Pat too,  
As good lot of fellows as you've ever seen,  
And we all work for Griffin on section nineteen.  
Bill Mitchell you know, he kept our shanty,  
As mean a damn man as you ever did see.  
He'd lay round our shanty from morning till night,  
And if a man said a word, he was ready to fight.  
One morning 'fore daylight, Jim Lou he got mad,  
Knocked hell out of Mitchell and the boys was all glad,  
And his wife she just stood there, the truth I will tell,  
She was tickled to death to see Mitchell catch hell.  
Old Griffin just stood there, the crabby old drake,  
A hand in the racket we thought he would take.  
When some of the boys came and took him away,  
"Christ!" said old Griffin, "I've nothing to say."  
Now my good fellows, adieu to you all,  
Christmas is coming, I'm going to Glen Falls.  
When I get there, I'll go out on a spree,  
For you know when I've money, the devil's in me.  
Smoking cigar butts and mooching beers.  
Then one morning she was up and gone,  
Back in the jungle hunting Viet Cong, Big Fanny.  
So along the roads in North Viet Nam,  
There's trees agrowing with signs nailed on.  
When you leave the road, be careful pal,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\blutail1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Blue-Tailed 1Fly

When I was young I used to wait  
On the boss, and give him his plate,  
And pass the bottle when he got dry,  
And brush away the blue-tailed fly.  
chorus: Jimmy crack corn and I don't care,  
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care,  
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care,  
My master's gone away.  
And when he'd ride in the afternoon,  
I'd follow after with a hickory broom,  
The pony being rather shy,  
When bitten by the blue-tailed fly.  
One day he ride around the farm,  
The flies so numerous, they did swarm,  
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,  
The devil take the blue-tailed fly.  
The pony run, he jump, he pitch,  
He throw my master in the ditch.  
He died and the jury wondered why,  
The verdict was the blue-tailed fly  
They lay him 'neath a 'simmon tree,  
His epitaph is there to see.  
"Beneath this stone, I'm forced to lie,  
Victim of a blue-tailed fly."  
robbed the Gallatin bank,  
And carried the money fr

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bnkohio1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Banks Of The Ohio

I asked my love to take a walk,  
Just to be alone with me.  
And as we walked, we'd have a talk,  
On our wedding day to be.  
Then darling say that you'll be mine,  
And no other love you'll find.  
Down beside still waters flow,  
On the banks of the Ohio.  
Only say that you'll be mine,  
Happiness you're sure to find.  
But alas, she'd never do so,  
On the banks of the Ohio.  
I drew my knife up to her breast,  
In my arms she quickly pressed.



Crying, "Please don't murder me,  
For I'm unprepared to die."  
I took her by the lily-white hand,  
Led her to the river strand,  
I threw her in where she would drowned.  
    Stood and watched her drift on down.  
Going home 'tween twelve and one,  
    Thinking of the deed I've done.  
I robbed that poor girl of her life,  
    All because she wouldn't be my wife.  
That very night at half past four,  
When I reached my father's door,  
Oh father dear, I've done a deed,  
    That has never been done before.  
My father said, "Oh son, oh son,  
Money will free you from what you've done."  
But alas, it wasn't so,  
On the banks of the Ohio.  
    They took him to the electric chair,  
    There they shaved off all his hair,  
Placed a cap upon his head,  
    There he stayed until he was dead.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\boo-boo1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Child Don't You Call Me Booboo

Child don't you call me Booboo,  
    'Cause I'm not the daddy of you.  
You have the face of a monkey,  
Big long ears like a donkey.  
    Look in the mirror, what do you see,  
Child don't you blame it on me.  
Now I came home the other day,  
And for a moment everything was still.  
The children began to jump and shout,  
    And they call me the 'imbecile'.  
I said shut up your mouth before I take a stick,  
And it will surely be a crying shame.  
    They laughed aloud and began to shout,  
When they call me the dirty name.  
    They ran out of the room and down the hall,  
    And the mother she did interfere.  
I bashed them and was ready for her,  
But she did disappear.  
    I said, come back here and I will bash you too,  
For the things you let the children do.

I slipped and fell and heard a yell,  
"Yes, you are the Booboo, too."  
I do declare, child, that when you smile,  
You are related to the crocodile.  
It's funny, as you giggle and laugh,  
You look like a big giraffe.  
Roses are red, violets are blue,  
Why don't you go and join the zoo.  
Yes, the shoe is put on the other foot,  
Yes, you are the Booboo too.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\borgia-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Borgia Revel  
(llewtraH)  
The Borgias are giving a party;  
There's a Borgia revel tonight!  
Isn't it sickenin', we've run out of strychnine!  
The gravy will have to have ground glass for thickenin';  
The poisoned chianti is terribly scanty,  
But everything else is all right.  
I've hidden an asp in the iced canteloupe;  
There's cyanide mixed with the mock-turtle soup  
And straight benzedrine in the apricot coupe,  
At the Borgia revel tonight!  
The Borgias are holding a party!  
There's a Borgia revel tonight!  
The arsenic pasta should prove a disaster;  
The Spanish fly pizza should work even faster;  
The tank in the Ladies' should blow them to Hades,  
If anyone turns on the light!  
When the butler flings open the dining room door,  
There's a clever contraption concealed in the floor;  
We're wondering who'll sit on the circular saw,  
At the Borgia revel tonight!  
Our guests are exclusively chosen  
From people who give us a pain.  
The cream of the jest is in knowing  
That they won't be back again!  
We'll have all the nobles of Naples  
At the Borgia revel tonight!  
For the Duke's youngest son, there's a monstrous cream bun  
Soaked in hot Prussic acid, it's all good clean fun!  
We're pushing some people we know off a steeple;  
They should have a wonderful flight.  
The bodies will drop through the trap door below  
To the Tiber and drift off to sea on the flow.

We think we can promise one hell of a show,  
At the Borgia revel tonight!  
We revel in giving a party.  
A fete, or a fancy masked ball!  
There's sure to be lots of excitement,  
And a good time's to be had by all!  
The Borgia's are throwing a party  
There's a Borgia revel tonight!  
The soup minestrone is frightfully phony,  
And laudanum reeks from the stewed macaroni.  
We're feeling no pain, when they put the henbane  
In the third tangerine from the right!  
We're bricking the Cardinal up in the wall.  
His agonized screams won't disturb us at all,  
As we sit there sipping our wormwood and gall  
At the Borgia revel tonight!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bornyrs1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Was Born About 10,000 Years Ago  
I was born about 10,000 years ago,  
There ain't nothing in this world that I don't know.  
I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses  
Playing ring-around-the-roses,  
And I'll whup the man that says it isn't so.  
I saw Satan when he looked the garden o'er,  
I saw Adam and Eve driven from the door.  
And behind the bushes peeping,  
Saw the apple they were eating,  
And I'll swear I was the man what ate the core.  
I saw Jonah when he embarked within the whale,  
And thought he'd never live to tell the tale.  
But old Jonah had eaten garlic,  
And he gave the whale a colic,  
So he coughed him up and let him out of jail.  
I saw Sampson when he laid the village cold,  
Saw Daniel tame the lions in the hold.  
And helped build the Tower of Babel,  
Up as high as we were able,  
And lots of other things I haven't told.  
I taught Solomon his little A B C's.  
I was the first man to have et Limburger Cheese.  
And while sailing down the bay,  
With Methusalem one day,  
I saw his whiskers floating in the breeze.  
I remember when the country had a king,  
I saw Cleopatra pawn her wedding ring.

And I saw the flags a flying,  
When George Washington stopped lying,  
On the night when Patty first began to sing.  
Queen Elizabeth she fell in love with me,  
We were married in Milwaukee secretly,  
But I got tired of her and shooker,  
And ran off with General Hooker,  
Fighting skeeters down in Tennessee.  
I taught Sampson how to use his mighty hands,  
I first showed Colombus to this happy land.  
And for Pharoah's little kids,  
I built all the pyramids,  
And to the Sahara carried all the sand.  
I saw Nero fiddling when he burned up Rome,  
I told him it looked like his future home.  
When he had the nerve to swear,  
I grabbed him by the hair,  
And broke a Pilsner bottle on his dome.  
I saw Israel in the battle of the Nile,  
The arrows flying thick and fast and wild.  
I saw David with his sling,  
Pop Goliath on the wing,  
I was doing forty seconds to the mile.  
Sweet Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\botwine1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bottle Of Wine  
(Tom Paxton)  
Rambling around this dirty old town,  
Singing for nickles and dimes.  
Times getting rough, I ain't got enough  
To buy me a bottle of wine.  
Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine,  
When you gonna let me get sober.  
Leave me alone, let me go home.  
I want to go back and start over.  
Little hotel, older than hell,  
Cold and as dark as a mine.  
Blanket so thin, I lie there and grin.  
Cause I got me a bottle of wine.  
Aches in my head, bugs in my bed,  
Pants so old that they shine.  
Out on the street, tell the people I meet,  
Won't you but me a bottle of wine.  
Teacher must teach, and a preacher must preach,  
Miner must dig in a mine.

I ride the rods, trusting in God,  
And hugging my bottle of wine.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bradyps1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Sloth

A bradypus or sloth am I,  
I live a life of ease,  
Contented not to do or die,  
But idle as I please.  
I have three toes on either foot,  
Or half a doz on both.  
With leaves and fruits and shoots to eat,  
How sweet to be a sloth.  
The world is such a cheerful place,  
When viewed from upside down.  
It makes a rise of every pore,  
A smile of every frown.  
I watch the fleeting flutterby,  
Or butterfly or moth.  
And think of all the things I'd try,  
If I were not a sloth.  
I could climb the very highest Himalayas,  
Be among the greatest ever tennis players,  
Win at chess or marry a princess,  
Or study hard and be an eminent professor.  
I could be a millionaire,  
Play the clarinet, travel everywhere,  
Learn to cook, catch a crook,  
Win a war then write a book about it.  
I could paint a Mona Lisa,  
I could be another Caesar,  
Compose an Oratorio that was sublime.  
The doors not shut on my genius but,  
I just don't have the time.  
For days and days among the trees,  
I sleep and dream and doze.  
Just gently swaying in the breeze,  
Suspended by my toes.  
While eager beavers overhead,  
Rush through the undergrowth,  
I watch the clouds beneath my feet,  
How sweet to be a sloth.  
(Flanders and Swann)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bringet1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Did You Have To Bring That Up

You just walked right up to me here at the table,  
Said you found somebody else that you love so.  
I won't try to stop you, Darling, I'm not able,  
But let me ask you just one thing before you go.  
chorus: Did you have to bring that up while I was eating,  
Just to tell me that you're leaving, Honey Bunch.  
Did you have to bring that up while I was eating,  
Now you've gone and spoiled my appetite for lunch.  
Seems to me, you ain't got no consideration,  
Seems to me, your only thinking of yourself.  
You sure pick peculiar times for conversation,  
Just to tell me that you love somebody else.  
To be so broken up, I thought I'd never.  
Yes, my heart is bruised and broken, that's for sure.  
But with news like yours, I'll even leave forever,  
Couldn't you have waited half an hour more.  
Gave her thirty days and wouldn't get no bail.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\britarm1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Join The British Army

When I was young I used to be  
As fine a man as you ever did see.  
The Prince of Wales, he said to me,  
Come and join the British Army.  
Toodle oodle oodle loo,  
They're looking for monkeys in the zoo,  
And if I had a face like you,  
I'd join the British Army.  
Santa came and baked a cake,  
'Twas all for good old Slattery's sake.  
I threw myself in the lake,  
Pretending I was balmy.  
Toodle oodle oodle loo,  
'Twas the only thing that I could do,  
To work my ticket home to you,  
And leave the British Army.  
Corporal Duff got such a drought,  
Just give him a couple of jars of stout,  
And he'll kill the enemy with his mouth,  
And save the British Army.  
Toodle oodle oodle loo,  
Me curses on the Labor brew,

They took the darling boy from you,  
To join the British Army.  
Captain Healy went away,  
And his wife got in the family way,  
And all the words that she could say,  
Was "Blame the British Army!"  
Toodle oodle oodle loo,  
I've made my mind up what to do,  
I'll work my ticket home to you,  
And leave the British Army.  
When I was young I used to be,  
As smart a lad as every you'd see.  
The Duke of Wales he sent for me  
To go and join the army.  
Now I'm old and getting frail  
Like a dog without a tail;  
All for the love o' Jean McPhail,  
The lass of Killiecrankie.  
Too ra loo ra loo ra loo,  
I'll tell you something awfully true:  
You wouldn't have your telly now,  
If it wasn't for the Army.  
"Kilted soldier's wear no drawers;  
Ladies will you lend them yours?  
The poor should always help the poor,  
God Save The British Army!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\britgrn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The British Grenadier

Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander and such great men as these.  
But of all the world's great heroes,  
There's none that can compare,  
chorus: With a row tow, row tow tow,  
A British Grenadier.  
These heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannonball,  
Or knew the force of powder to slay the foes withal.  
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,  
Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,  
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand gernades.  
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemy's ears,  
When the siege is over, we to the town repair.  
The townsmen cry, "Hurrah Boys, Here come the grenadiers!"  
Here come the grenadiers, boys, who know no doubts or fears,  
Then let us full a bumper and drink a health to those,  
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the louped clothes.

May they and their commanders live happy all their years.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\buckaro1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

If He'd Be A Buckaroo

(llewtraH)

If he'd be a buckaroo by his trade,

I'd have him a hondoo ready made.

And if he throws his turns on right,

He'll have my hondoo every night.

If he'd be a preacher by his trade,

I'd have him a pulpit ready made.

I'll take his bible in my hand;

Together we'll go to the promised land.

If he'd be a shepherding by his trade,

I'd have him a corral all ready made.

If ever he want to separate,

He can go through my dodging gate.

If he'd be a sailor by his trade,

I'd have him a ship all ready made.

With him to row and me to steer,

To bring him a cargo once a year.

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\buffboy1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Buffalo Boy

When are we going to get married, married, married,

When are we going to get married, my dear old Buffalo Boy.

I guess we'll marry in a week, in a week, in a week,

I guess we'll marry in a week,

That is if the weather be good.

How you going to come to the wedding?

I guess I'll come in my ox-cart.

Why don't you come in the buggy?

My ox won't fit in the buggy.

Who are you going to bring to the wedding?

I reckon I'll bring my children.

I didn't know you had no children.

Oh yes, I've got five children,

Six if the weather be good.

There ain't going to be no wedding,

Not even if the weather be good.



Her feet went up into the air,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\buffskn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Buffalo Skinners

'Twas in the town of Jacksborough, in the spring of '73,  
A man by the name of Crego, come stepping up to me,  
Saying "How do you do , young fellow, and would you like to go,  
And spend one summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo.  
It's me being out of employment, "Mr. Crego", I did say,  
"This going out on the buffalo range depends upon the pay.  
But if you pay good wages, and transportation too,  
I think sir, I will got with you to the range of the buffalo."  
"Yes, I will pay good wages, and transportation too,  
Provided you will come with me and stay the summer through.  
But if you should grow homesick, go back to Jacksborough,  
I won't pay transportation from the range of the buffalo."  
It's now our outfit was complete, seven able-bodied men,  
With Navy six and needle-gun, our troubles did begin.  
Our way it was a pleasant one, the route we had to go,  
Until we crossed Peace River on the range of the buffalo.  
It's now we've crossed Peace River, our trouble have begun,  
The first damned tail I went to rip, Oh God! I cut my thumb!  
While skinning the damned old stinkers, our lives it was no show,  
For indians watched to pick us off, while skinning the buffalo.  
He fed us on such sorry chuck, I wished myself most dead.  
It was old jerked-beef, croton coffee, and old and sour bread.  
Peace River's as salty as hellfire, the water I could never go.  
Oh God! I wished I'd never come to the range of the buffalo.  
Our meat it was buffalo hump, and iron wedged bread.  
And all we had to sleep on was a buffalo robe for a bed.  
The fleas and greybacks worked us, Oh boys! It was not slow,  
I'll tell ya, there's no worse hell on Earth than the range of the Buffalo.  
The season being near over, Mr. Crego he did say,  
This crowd had been extravagant, was in debt to him that day.  
We coaxed him and we pleaded and still it was no go.  
We left old Crego's bones to bleach on the range of the buffalo.  
It's now we've crossed Peace River, and homeward we are bound.  
No more in the hellfire country shall ever we be found.  
Go home to our wives and sweethearts, tell others not to go,  
For God's forsaken the buffalo range, and the damned old buffalo.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bul-bul1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Abdulla Bul Bul Amir (Clean Version)

The sons of the prophet are brave and are bold,  
And quite unaccustomed to fear,  
And the bravest of all was a man, I am told,  
Called Abdullah Bul Bul Amir.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van,  
Or harass the foe from the rear,  
Storm fort or redoubt, they had only to shout,  
For Abdullah Bul Bul Amir.

There are heroes aplenty, and well known to fame,  
In the legions that fight for the Czar.

But none of such fame as the man by the name,  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

He could imitate Irving, tell fortune by cards,  
And play on the Spanish guitar.

In fact quite the cream of the Muscovite Team,  
Was Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

One day this bold Muscovite shouldered his gun,  
Put on his most cynical sneer,

And was walking downtown when he happened to run,  
Into Abdullah Bul Bul Amir.

"Young man", said Bul Bul, "is existence so dull,  
That you're anxious to end your career.

Then infidel know, you have trod on the toe,  
Of Abdullah Bul Bul Amir."

"So take your last look at the sea, sky, and brook,  
And send your regards to the Czar.

For I mean to imply, you are going to die,  
Mr. Ivan Skavinsky Skivar."

So this fierce Kalmuk took his sword in his hand,  
And murmuring Allah Akbar!

With murderous intent, he most savagely went,  
For Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

The Sultan rose up, the disturbance to quell,  
Likewise give the victor a cheer.

He arrived just in time to bid hasty farewell,  
To Abdullah Bul Bul Amir.

A loud-sounding splash from the Danube was heard,  
Resounding over meadows afar.

It came from the sack fitting closely the back,  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

There lieth a stone where the Danube doth roam,  
And on it are characters queer.

Saying, "Stranger when passing please pray for the soul,  
Of Abdullah Bul Bul Amir."

A Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep,

By the light of the pale northern star,

And the name she repeats every night in her sleep,  
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

Sweet Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bullgin1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Bullgine Run

Oh the smartest clipper that you can find,  
Ah hee, ah ho, are you most done,  
Is the Margaret Evans of the Blue Cross Line.  
So clear away the track and list the bullgine run.  
Chorus: To my hey, rig a jig, in a low back car,  
Ah hee, ah ho, are you most done,  
With Liza Lee all on my knee,  
So clear away the track and let the bullgine run.  
Oh the Margaret Evans of the Blue Cross Line,  
She's never a day behind her time.  
Oh when I come home across the sea,  
It's Liza, will you marry me?  
e, hear the lonesome hoboe's call,  
As we ride the rod

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\burglar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Burglar And The Old Maid

I'll sing you a song of a burglar bold,  
Who went in to rob a house.  
He raised the window and crept inside,  
As quiet as a mouse.  
He looked under the bed to swipe the swag,  
He hoped to get it all,  
But if he'd of known it was an old maid's house,  
He wouldn't have made the call.  
At nine o'clock the old maid came in,  
So tired, she thought she was dead.  
And though she had done it every night before,  
She forgot to look under the bed.  
She took out her teeth and her big glass eye,  
And her hair from the top of her head.  
The burglar nearly lost his mind,  
As he watched from under the bed.  
Then from under the bed, the burglar crept,  
He was a total wreck.  
The old maid wasn't asleep at all,  
And she grabbed him by the neck.  
She didn't holler or scream or yell,  
She was as cool as a clam,

She just raised him up and said, "Saints be praised!  
At last I've got a man."  
From under the pillow a gun she pulled,  
And to the burglar said,  
"Young man, if you don't marry me,  
I'll blow off the top of your head."  
She held him firmly by the neck,  
He had no chance to scoot.  
He looked at her teeth and her big glass eye,  
And said, "Lady, go on and shoot!"  
He's at the age of ninety-three.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\bury-me1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie  
"Oh bury me not on the lone prairie."  
These words came low and mournfully,  
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay,  
On his dying bed at the close of day.  
"Oh bury me not on the lone prairie,  
Where the wild coyotes howl over me.  
Where the buzzards beat and the wind blows free.  
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie."  
"Oh bury me not on the lone prairie,  
In a narrow grave just six by three,  
Where the buffalo paws over the prairie sea,  
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie."  
"Oh bury me not", and his voice failed there.  
But we took no heed of his dying prayer.  
In a narrow grave just six by three,  
We buried him there on the lone prairie.  
One day this bold Muscovite shouldered his gun,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\camping1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Camping  
(Mark Cohen)  
Mist is dancing on the lake,  
Sun is rising, I'm awake,  
Feeling every muscle ache,  
Camping.  
City born and city bred,  
City noises in my head,  
Wrapped up in a nylon bed,

Camping.  
Feel the silence of the trees,  
Taste the sweetness of the breeze,  
Wrap a bandage 'round my knees,  
Camping.  
I don't think I've ever seen the sky so full of stars,  
I don't think I've ever been this far away from cars,  
I don't think my feet can walk another thirty yard,  
Camping.  
On a trail aimed at the sky,  
Must be nearly two miles high,  
Wish my pack could learn to fly,  
Camping.  
Count the blisters, every sore,  
Count the bugs declaring war,  
Count on coming back for more,  
Camping.  
On mules, we find two legs behind,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\carpent1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

If I Were A Carpenter  
If I were a carpenter, and you were a lady,  
Would you marry me anyway, would you have my baby.  
If a tinker were my trade, would you still find me,  
Carrying the parts I made, following behind me.  
chorus: See my love through loneliness,  
See my love through sorrow.  
I've given you my loneliness,  
Come give me your tomorrows.  
If I worked my hands in wood, would you still love me.  
Answer me that yes you would, I put you above me.  
And if I were a miller, had a mill wheel grinding,  
Would I see written on you face, I'm here for the finding.  
(Tim Hardin)  
And his suspenders gave away,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\casyjon1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Casey Jones  
Come all you rounders 'cause I want you to hear,  
The story about a brave engineer.  
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,  
Aboard a six-eight-wheeler, boys, he won his fame.

The Cat Came Back  
Old Mr. Johnson had troubles of his own,  
He had a yellow cat who wouldn't leave its home.  
He gave it to a man who was going far away,  
But the cat came back the very next day.  
chorus: But the cat came back the very next day,  
The cat came back, they thought it was a goner,

But the cat came back, he wouldn't stay away,  
He was sitting on the porch the very next day.  
The man around the corner swore he'd kill the cat on sight.  
He loaded up his shotgun with nails and dynamite.  
He waited and he waited for the cat to come around,  
Ninety-seven pieces of the man is all they found,  
They gave it to a little boy with a dollar note,  
Told him for to take it up the river in a boat.  
They tied a rope around its neck, it must have weighed a pound,  
Now they drag the river for a little boy that drowned,  
They gave it to a man going up in a balloon.  
They told him for to take it to the man in the moon.  
The balloon came down about ninety miles away,  
Where the cat is now, I dare not say,  
They gave it to a man going way out west.  
Told him for to take it to the one he loved the best.  
First the train hit a curve, then it jumped the rail,  
Not a soul was left behind to tell the gruesome tale,  
Away across the ocean they did send the cat at last,  
Vessel only out a day and taking water fast.  
People all began to pray, the boat began to toss,  
A great big gust of wind came by and every soul was lost,  
On a telegraph wire, sparrow sitting in a bunch.  
The cat was feeling hungry, thought she'd like them for a lunch.  
Climbing softly up the pole and when she reached the top,  
Put her foot upon the electric wire which tied her in a knot,  
The cat was a possessor of a family of its own.  
With seven little kittens till there came a big cyclone.  
Blew the houses all apart, and tossed the cat around.  
The air was full of kittens and not a one was found,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\catcrad1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Cat's in The Cradle

-

Harry Chapin

A child arrived just the other day,  
He came into the world in the usual way.  
But there were planes to catch, and bills to pay.  
He learned to walk while I was away.  
But he was talking 'fore I knew it,  
And as he grew, he said:  
I'm gonna be like you, dad,  
I'm gonna be like you.  
CHOROUS: And the cat's in the cradle, and the silver spoon,  
Little boy blue and the Man-in-the-moon.  
When you coming home, (dad, son)

I don't know when,  
But we'll have a good time then, (dad, son)  
You know we'll have a good time then.  
My son turned ten, just the other day,  
He said thanks for the ball, dad, come on, let's play.  
Can you teach me to throw, I said not today,  
I got a lot to do, he said that's okay.  
And as he walked away,  
His smile never dimmed, he said,  
I'm gonna be like him, yeah,  
You know I'm gonna be like him.  
Well he came home from college just the other day,  
So much like a man, I just had to say,  
Son I'm proud of you, can we sit for a while?  
He shook his head, and said with a smile,  
What I really like, dad  
Is to borrow with car keys.  
See you later,  
Can I have them please.  
I've long since retired, my son's moved away;  
I called him up just the other day.  
I said I'd like to see you if you don't mind.  
He said I'd love to dad, if I could find the time.  
But my new job's a hassle  
And the kids have the flu,  
But it's sure nice talking to you, yeah.  
It's sure nice talking to you.  
And as I hung up the phone, it occurred to me  
He'd grown up just like me, yeah,  
H'e grown up just like me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cellgal1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lass Of Islington  
(llewtraH)  
From D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy  
There was a Lass of Islington,  
As I have heard many tell;  
And she would to Fair London go,  
Fine Apples and Pears to sell:  
And as along the Streets she flung,  
With her basket on her Arm:  
Her Pears to sell, you may know it right well,  
This fair Maid meant no harm.  
But as she tript along the Street,  
Her pleasant Fruit to sell;  
A Vintner did with her meet,



Who lik'd this Maid full well:  
Quoth he, fair Maid, what have you there?  
In Basket decked brave;  
Fine Pears, quoth she, and if it please ye  
A taste Sir you shall have.  
The Vintner he took a Taste,  
And lik'd it well, for why;  
This Maid he thought of all the rest,  
Most pleasing to his Eye:  
Quoth he, fair Maid I have a Suit,  
That you to me must grant;  
Which if I find you be so kind,  
Nothing that you shall want.  
Thy Beauty doth so please my Eye,  
And dazles so my sight;  
That now of all my Liberty,  
I am deprived quite:  
Then prithee now consent to me,  
And do not put me by;  
It is but one small courtesie,  
All Night with you to lie.  
Sir, if you lie with me one Night,  
As you propound to me;  
I do expect that you should prove,  
Both courteous, kind and free:  
And for to tell you all in short,  
It will cost you Five Pound,  
A Match, a Match, the Vintner said,  
And so let this go round.  
When he had lain with her all Night,  
Her Money she did crave,  
O stay, quoth he, the other Night,  
And thy Money thou shalt have:  
I cannot stay, nor I will not stay,  
I needs must now be gone,  
Why then thou may'st thy Money go look,  
For Money I'll pay thee none.  
This Maid she made no more ado,  
But to a Justice went;  
And unto him she made her moan,  
Who did her Case lament:  
She said she had a Cellar Let out,  
To a Vintner in the Town;  
And how that he did then agree  
Five Pound to pay her down.  
But now, quoth she, the Case is thus,  
No Rent that he will pay;  
Therefore your Worship I beseech,  
To send for him this Day:  
Then strait the Justice for him sent,

And asked the Reason why;  
That he would pay this Maid no Rent?  
To which he did Reply,  
Although I hired a Cellar of her,  
And the Possession was mine?  
I ne'er put any thing into it,  
But one poor Pipe of Wine:  
Therefore my Bargain it was hard,  
As you may plainly see;  
I from my Freedom was Debarr'd,  
Then good Sir favour me.  
This Fair Maid being ripe of Wit,  
She strait Reply'd again;  
There were two Butts more at the Door,  
Why did you not roul them in?  
You had your Freedom and your Will,  
As is to you well known;  
Therefore I do desire still,  
For to receive my own.  
The Justice hearing of their Case,  
Did then give Order strait;  
That he the Money should pay down,  
She should no longer wait:  
Withal he told the Vintner plain  
If he a Tennant be;  
He must expect to pay the same,  
For he could not sit Rent-free.  
But when the Money she had got,  
She put it in her Purse:  
And clapt her Hand on the Cellar Door,  
And said it was never the worse:  
Which caused the People all to laugh,  
To see this Vintner Fine:  
Out-witted by a Country Girl,  
About his Pipe of Wine.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cestmoi1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

C'est Moi  
Camelot, Camelot,  
In far off France, I heard you call.  
Camelot, Camelot,  
And here am I to give my all.  
I know in my soul what you expect of me,  
And all that and more I shall be.  
A night of the table round should be invincible,  
Succeed where a less fantastic man should fail.

Climb a wall no one else can climb,  
Cleave a dragon in record time,  
Swim a moat in a coat of heavy iron mail.  
No matter the pain, he ought to be unwince-able.  
Impossible deeds should be his daily fair.  
But where in the world is there in the world,  
A man so extraordinaire.  
C'est moi, C'est moi, I'm forced to admit,  
'Tis I, I'm humbly reply.  
That mortal who these baubles can do,  
C'est moi, c'est moi, 'Tis I.  
I've never lost in battle or game,  
I'm simply the best by far.  
When swords are crossed, 'tis always the same,  
One blow, and 'Au revoir'.  
C'est moi, C'est moi, So admirably fit,  
A French Prometheus Unbound.  
And here I stand with talent untold,  
Exceptionally brave, amazingly bold,  
To serve at the table round.  
The soul of a knight should be a thing remarkable,  
His heart and his mind as pure as morning dew.  
With a will and a self restraint,  
That's the envy of every saint,  
He could easily work a miracle or two.  
To love and desire, he ought to be unsparkable,  
The ways of the flesh should offer no allure,  
But where in the world is there in the world,  
A man so untouched and pure.  
C'est moi, C'est moi, I blush to disclose,  
I'm far too noble to lie,  
The man in whom these qualities bloom,  
C'est moi, C'est moi, 'Tis I.  
I've never strayed from all I believe,  
I'm blessed with an iron will.  
Had I been made the partner of Eve,  
We'd be in Eden still.  
C'est moi, C'est moi, The angels have chose,  
Me to fight their battles below,  
And here I stand as pure as a prayer,  
Incredibly mean, with virtue to spare,  
The godliest man I know,  
C'est Moi.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cheatgm1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Your Cheating Game

I don't want your lonely mansion,  
With a tear in every room.  
All I want's the love you promised,  
Beneath the haloed moon.  
But you think I should be happy  
With your money and your name,  
And hide myself in sorrow,  
While you play your cheating game.  
Silver threads and golden needles  
Cannot mend this heart of mine.  
And I dare not drown my sorrows  
In the warm glow of your wine.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\chrsold1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Christians at War - John F. Kendrick  
IWW Songs, 1916  
Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Duty's way is plain;  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill.  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.  
Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod.  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God. Smash the doors of  
every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.  
Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Eat and drink your fill.  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ okays the bill,  
Steal the farmers' savings, take their grain and meat.  
Even though the children starve, The Savior's bums must eat, Burn the peasants'  
cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.  
Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Drench the land with gore.  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab  
the mothers, too.  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well.  
God decrees you enemies must all go plumb to hell.  
Onward Christian soldiers!

Blight all that you meet.  
Trample human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect the bullion brand of grace.  
Trust in mock salvation, serve as tryant's tools;  
History will say of you: "That pack of God-damned Fools!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\chugal1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Chugalug Chugalug  
chorus: Chugalug chugalug,  
Makes you want to holler hi-dee-ho!  
Burns your tummy, don't you know,  
Chugalug chugalug.  
Grape wine in a mason jar,  
Homemade and brought to school,  
By a friend of mine, Nat Crass,  
Me and him and this other fool  
Decide that we'd drink up what's left.  
Chugalug, so we helped ourself.  
First time for everything,  
Brrr--My ears still ring.  
Four-H and the F. F. A.  
On a field trip to the barn,  
Me and a friend sneak off behind,  
This big old barn where we uncovered  
A covered up moonshine still.  
And we thought we'd drink our fill.  
I swallowed it with a smile,  
Brrr--I run ten mile.  
Jukebox and a sawdust floor,  
Something like I ain't never seen.  
Heck I'm just goin on fifteen.  
But with the help of my finagling uncle  
I just snuck in,  
For my first taste of sin.  
I said let me have a big old sip,  
Brrr--I done a double back flip.  
When all the birds are singing in the sky,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cigswhs1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Cigareets And Whuskey And Wild Wild Women  
Once I was happy and had a good life.

I had enough money to last me for life.  
I met me a woman, we went on a spree,  
She taught me to smoking and drinking whuskey.  
chorus: Cigareets and whuskey and wild wild women,  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.  
Cigareets and whuskey and wild wild women,  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.  
Cigareets is a blot on the whole human race,  
A man is a monkey with one in his face.  
Here's my definition, believe me dear brother,  
A fire on one end, a fool on the t'other.  
Take warning dear friend or they'll write on your grave.  
To whuskey and women, here lies a poor slave.  
Take warning dear brother, take warning dear friend,  
Or they'll write in big letters these words that end:  
Now I am feeble and broken with age.  
The lines on my face make a well-written page.  
I'm aleaving this story, how sad but how true.  
Of women and whuskey and what they can do.  
(Sons of the Pioneers)  
A fighting a bear in the soft moonlight.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cindblk1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Cindy On Bleeker Street  
Cindy's trying but it ain't no use.  
She's got the habit and she can't break loose.  
Stopping each and every man she meets,  
Going to be a hooker on Bleeker Street.  
On Bleeker Street,  
chorus: Honey, can't you see I'm crying,  
Said you'd leave it but you ain't even trying.  
Say you're living, I can see you're dying.  
Cindy's walking on the street today,  
She was holding and they took her away.  
Threw her in jail and they made her wait.  
She's a fine person, if she'd just get straight.  
If she'd just get straight.  
Cindy loves me but she has to go,  
Down to the corner in the wind and snow,  
Standing on the corner while he moon comes down.  
Standing on the corner till the man comes round.  
Till the man comes round.  
Cindy, Cindy what you going to do?  
Got no money and you're way past due.  
You got the very last penny I had.  
The man is leaving and your credit's bad.

Your credit's bad.

Cindy went south, where she took the cure.

"This time, honey, I'm straight for sure."

Went to the corner to the grocery store,

Gone ten minutes and I know you scored.

I know you scored.

(Chad Mitchell Trio)

And I was tempted strong to drink it,

Cause that pump looked mighty dry.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cldwint1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Her Mother Never Told Her

\*-----

\*Melody--She Was Just a Poor Man's Daughter

'Twas a cold winter's evening;

The guests were all leaving;

O'Leary was closing the bar;

When he turned and he said

To the lady in red,

"Get out!

You can't stay where you are."

Oh, she shed a sad tear

In her bucket of beer,

As she thought of the cold night ahead,

When a gentleman dapper,

Stepped out from the crapper,

And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her

The things a young girl should know;

About the ways of Englishmen, (Stanford men)

And how they come and go (mostly come).

Now age had taken her beauty,

And sin has left its sad scar, (you know where)

So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,

And let her sleep under the bar.

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\clement1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,

Lived a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter, Clementine.

chorus: Oh my darling, Oh my darling,  
Oh my darling Clementine.  
You are lost and gone forever,  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.  
Light she was, just like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine.  
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.  
Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine.  
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.  
Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles mighty fine,  
But alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.  
In a churchyard by the canyon, where the myrtle doth entwine,  
There grow rosies and other posies fertilized by Clementine.  
In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in brine.  
Though in life, I used to hug her, now she's dead, I draw the line.  
Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peek and pine,  
Thought he orter join his daughter, now he's with my Clementine.  
How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,  
Till I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cocwill1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Cocaine Willy

Early one morning while making the rounds,  
I took a shot of cocaine and I shot my woman down.  
I went right home and I went to bed,  
I stuck that loving forty-four beneath my head.  
Got up next morning and I grabbed that gun,  
Took a shot of cocaine and away I run.  
Made a good run but I was too slow,  
They overtook me down in Juarez, Mexico.  
Laying in the hot joints, taking the pill,  
When in came the sheriff from Jerico Hill.  
He said, "Willy Lee, your name is not Jack Brown.  
You're the dirty man that shot your woman down."  
I said, "Oh yes, my name is Willy Lee.  
If you've got a warrant, just read it to me.  
I shot her down because she made me sore.  
I thought I was her daddy, but she had five more."  
When I was arrested, I was dressed in black.  
They put me on a train and they took me back.  
I had no friends for to go my bail,  
They slapped my dirty carcass in the county jail.  
Early next morning 'bout half past nine,  
I spied a sheriff coming down the line.  
He huffed and he coughed and he cleared his throat,  
He said, "Come on you felon into the district court."  
Into the courtroom my trial began,



There I was tried by twelve honest men.  
Just before the jury started out,  
I saw that dirty judge commence to look about.  
In about five minutes, in walked a man,  
Holding a verdict in his right hand.  
The verdict read in the first degree,  
I hollered "Lordy Lordy have mercy on me."  
The judge he smiled as he picked up his pen.  
He said, "Ninely-nine years in the Folsom Pen."  
Ninety-nine years underneath high ground.  
I can't forget the day I shot that bad bitch down.  
Come on you gotta listen to me,  
Stay off of that whiskey, and let that cocaine be.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\collday1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Bright College Days

-  
Tom Lehrer  
Bright college days, oh, carefree days that fly,  
To thee we sing with our glasses raised on high.  
Let's drink a toast as each of us recalls  
Ivy-covered professors in ivy-covered halls.  
Turn on the spigot,  
Pour the beer and swig it,  
And gaudeamus igit ---  
ur.  
Here's to the parties we tossed,  
To the games that we lost,  
We shall claim that we won them some day.  
To the girls young and sweet,  
To the spacious back seat  
Of our room-mate's beat up Chevrolet.  
To the beer and the benzedrine,  
To the way that the dean  
Tried so hard to be pals with us all.  
To excuses we fibbed,  
To the papers we cribbed  
From the genius who lived down the hall.  
To the tables down at Morey's (whereever that may be)  
Let us drink a toast to all we love the best.  
We will sleep through all the lectures,  
And cheat on the exams,  
And we'll pass, and be forgotten with the rest.  
Soon we'll be out amid the cold world's strife,  
Soon we'll be sliding down the razor blade of life.  
But as we go our sordid separate ways,

We shall ne'er forget thee, thou golden college days.  
Hearts full of youth,  
Hearths full of truth,  
Six parts gin to one part vermouth.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\comejug1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Come Jug, My Honey, Let's To Bed  
(llewtraH)  
From D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy"

John:

Come Jug, my Honey, let's to bed,  
It is no Sin, since we are wed;  
For when I am near thee by desire,  
I burn like any Coal of Fire.

Jug:

To quench thy Flames I'll soon agree,  
Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea;  
All Night within my Arms shalt be,  
And rise each Morn as fresh as he.

CHORUS:

Come on then, and couple together,  
Come all, the Old and the Young,  
The Short and the Tall;  
The richer than Croesus,  
And poorer than Job,  
For 'tis Wedding and Bedding,  
That Peoples the Globe.

John:

My Heart and all's at thy command,  
And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,  
Yet six fat Ewes, and one milch Cow,  
I think, my Jug, is Wealth enow.

Jug:

A Wheel, six Platters and a Spoon,  
A Jacket edg'd with blue Galloon;  
My Coat, my Smock is thine, and shall,  
And something under best of all.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\commies1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Communists  
My commies lie fallen around me;  
I think it's a terrible shame,

'Cause now if the world should confound me,  
 I have no more commies to blame.  
 chorus: Bring back, bring back,  
 Oh bring back my commies to me, to me,  
 Bring back, bring back.  
 Oh bring back my commies to me.  
 The war factory bosses are crying;  
 I think they have lost their aplomb.  
 Sell more weapons?  
 There's no use in trying  
 Without any commies to bomb.  
 The third world right wing despots tll me  
 Their death squads are fighting a threat.  
 But how do they think they can sell me?  
 Their commie excuse is all wet.  
 Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
 A brand new spy novel I read,  
 About Japanese sealing a patent.  
 The world as I knew it is dead!  
 My ideological fervor  
 Has outlived its purpose, I fear.  
 I thought this would go on forever.  
 Fidel, let me buy you a beer!  
 Č+À™<â]ĀU<îfiÿv, "PFðPšZİİfÄ  
 ,6 P, PFðPè&#12;£8

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\coopfif1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Wee Cooper Of Fife  
 There was a wee cooper who lived in Fife,  
 Nickety nackity noo noo noo.  
 And he had gotten a gentle wife.  
 Hay willy wallacky,  
 Hay John Dougal Alane,  
 Qual rooshity noo noo noo.  
 She wouldna bake, she wouldna brew,  
 For spiling of her comely hue.  
 She wouldna caird, she wouldna spin,  
 For shaming of her gentle kin.  
 The cooper went to his wool pack,  
 He laid his sheepskin on his wife's back.  
 I'll no be shaming your gentle kin,  
 But I will beat my ain sheepskin.  
 Oh I will bake and I will brew,  
 And think na more of my comely hue.  
 Oh I will wash and I will spin,  
 And think na more of my gentle kin.

And ye wha ha gotten a gentle wife,  
Send ye for the wee cooper of Fife.  
When the judge looked at me, he said, "Thirty days!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\copperk1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Copper Kettle

Get you a copper kettle,  
And get you a copper coil.  
Fill it with new-mixed corn mash,  
And never more you'll toil.  
chorus: You just lay there by the juniper,  
While the fires burn bright.  
Lord, you just watch them jugs a-filling,  
'Neath the pale moonlight.  
Fill your fire with hickory,  
Hickory, ash, and oak.  
Don't use no green or rotten wood,  
They'll catch you by the smoke.  
My daddy he made whiskey,  
My granddaddy did too.  
We ain't paid no whiskey tax,  
Since seventeen ninety-two.  
I'd rather have corn whiskey,  
Than anything I know.  
I'd rather be here on moonshine hill,  
Than down in town below.  
God bless you, copper kettle,  
May you never stop.  
Just let me hear that whiskey,  
Going drop, drop, drop.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cortkit1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Courtin' In The Kitchen

CHORUS: Tooral ooral ooral a, tooral ooral addy,  
Tooral ooral ooral ooral a, tooral ooral addy.  
Come single belle and beau, unto me pay attention,  
Don't ever fall in love for 'tis the devil's own invention.  
Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin',  
Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kelly's kitchen.  
At the age of seventeen I was 'prenticed to a grocer,  
Not far from Stephen's Green where Miss Henry used to go, Sir.  
Her manners were sublime, she set me heart a twitchin',

And she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen.  
 Next Sunday being the day we were to have the flare up,  
 I dressed meself quite gay, an' I frizzed and oiled my hair up.  
 The captain had no wife, faith, and he had gone out fishing,  
 So we kicked up high life down below stairs on the kitchen.  
 Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the table,  
 She handed tea and cake and I ate while I was able.  
 I drank hot punch and tea till me sides had got a stitch in,  
 And the hours passed quick away with the courtin' in the kitchen.  
 With me arms around her waist she slyly hinted marriage,  
 To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage.  
 Her eyes soon filled with hate and poison she was spitting,  
 When the Captain at the door walked straight into the kitchen.  
 She flew up off my knees, full five feet up or higher,  
 And over head and heels, threw me slap into the fire.  
 My new Repeater's coat, that I bought from Mr. Mitchell,  
 With a twenty shilling note, went to blazes in the kitchen.  
 I grieved to see my duds, all smeared with soot and ashed,  
 When a tub of dirty suds, right in my face she dashed.  
 As I lay on the floor and the water she kept pitchin',  
 The footman broke the door, and marched down into the kitchen.  
 When the Captain came downstairs, though he saw my situation,  
 In spite of all my prayers, I was marched off to the station.  
 For me they'd take no bail, though to get home I was itchin',  
 But I had to tell the tale, how I came into the kitchen.  
 I said she did invite me but she gave a flat denial,  
 For assault she did indict me and I then was sent to trial.  
 She swore I robbed the house in spite of all her screechin'  
 And I got six months hard for me courtin' in the kitchen.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cotton-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Cotton In The Corn

Cotton in the corn and cotton in the barley,  
 Cotton in the wheat and cotton in the rye.  
 What do you do with a thieving stranger,  
 Hang him from a oak with his own necktie.  
 Cotton in the house and cotton in the kitchen,  
 Cotton in my cherry blackberry pie.  
 What do you do with a thieving stranger,  
 Put him down the well till the well runs dry.  
 Hang him from an oak with his own necktie.  
 Cotton in the field and cotton in the mountain,  
 Cotton in the farm with my sweet Sally Bly.  
 What do you do with a thieving stranger,  
 Tie him in the sun till he's done to a fry.  
 Put him down the well till the well runs dry.

Hang him from an oak with his own necktie.  
I was out on a lark, walking through the park,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cowboyf1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Cowboy Fireman  
(Harry A. McClintock)  
Through the high Sierra Mountains  
Came an S P passenger train.  
The hoboes tried to ride her,  
But found 'twas all in vain.  
The fireman was a cowboy,  
But do not think that strange;  
He could make more money shoveling coal  
Than riding on the range.  
So though he was a cowboy,  
And though he had to sweat,  
He still remained a western guy,  
And kept his lariat.  
The train was way behind time,  
When suddenly ahead,  
A little child strolled on the track,  
And filled them all with dread.  
"My God!" the engineer shouted,  
As he slammed on all the brakes,  
"I'll never stop this SP train,  
I ain't got what it takes!"  
Up sprang that cowboy fireman,  
And a gallant man was he.  
"Now I will save that baby,  
If I wreck the whole SP."  
He climbed upon the boiler,  
As the train sped on its course,  
And swung his trusty lariat  
As though he rode a horse.  
He dropped his loop around a pole  
That stood beside the track,  
And tied the other end of it  
Around the big smokestack.  
He jerked the train right off the rails,  
And caused an awful wreck,  
And our hero lay there in a ditch,  
With the engine on his neck.  
Oh, we will all remember,  
That forty-fifth of May,  
For there were many gallant hearts  
All filled with fear that day.

They buried that poor fireman,  
Where the prairie wind blow wild.  
He killed two hundred passengers,  
But, Thank God!, he save the child.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cowbylf1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# A Cowboy's Life

A cowboy's life is a lonely road,  
Your back is bent and you legs get bowed.  
Riding herd from town to town,  
Make you bed on the cold hard ground.  
chorus: Ride, Ride, Ride,  
Ride, Ride, Ride.  
I've been driving all over this land,  
Wide Missouri to the Rio Grand.  
North to the grass covered plains we go;  
South where the wild winter winds don't blow.  
Early morning till the daylight's gone,  
Round up strays and keep a moving on.  
Work all day on a dusty trail,  
Spend my nights in a cow-town jail.  
Live on the cuff till I draw my pay,  
Drink and gambling, I give it all away.  
All you cowboys gather 'round.  
Can't spend your nights on the cold hard ground  
Life is short and the road is long,  
And only fools would sing this song.

[illegible]

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\crawdad1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Crawdad Song

You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey,  
 You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe.  
 You get a line and I'll get a pole,  
 We'll go fishin' in the crawdad hole,  
 Honey, baby mine.  
 Get up old man, you slept too late,  
 Last piece of crawdad's on your plate,  
 Get up old woman, you slept too late,  
 Crawdad man done passed our gate,  
 Along come a man with a sack on his back,  
 Packin' all the crawdads he can pack,

That man fall down and break that sack,  
See them crawdads backin' back,  
What you gonna do when the lake goes dry,  
Sit on the bank and watch the crawdads die,  
What you gonna do when the crawdads die,  
Sit on the bank until I cry,  
I heard the duck say to the drake,  
There ain't no crawdads in this lake,  
Stood on the ice till my feet got cold  
Looking down that crawdad hole,  
Stuck my finger down a crawdad hole  
The crawdad said "Dad gum your soul."  
Mud so hot, I couldn't stand still  
Hopped a little dance on a crawdad hill,  
Sell my crawdads three for a dime  
Ain't no crawdads good as mine,  
Crawdad, crawdad, you better dig deep  
I'm gonna ramble in my sleep,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\crulwar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Cruel War

The cruel war is raging, Johnny has to fight,  
I want to be with him from morning till night.  
I want to be with him, it grieves my heart so.  
Won't you let me go with him,  
No, my love, no.  
Tomorrow is Sunday, Monday is the day,  
That your Captain will call you and you must obey.  
Your Captain will call you, it grieves my heart so,  
Won't you let me go with you,  
No, my love, no.  
I'll tie back my hair, men's clothing I'll put on,  
I'll pass as your comrade as we march along.  
I'll pass as you comrade, no one will every know,  
Won't you let me go with you,  
No, my love, no.  
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, I fear you are unkind,  
I love you far better than all of mankind.  
I love you far better that words can e'er express,  
Won't you let me go with you,  
Yes, my love, yes.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\cumdown1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



Comedown You Red Red Roses  
Come sailors listen unto me,  
Comedown you bunch of roses, comedown.  
A lovely song I'll sing to thee.  
Oh you pinks and posies,  
Comedown you red red rosies, comedown,  
A whale is bigger than a mouse.  
A sailor's lower than a louse.  
The cook he rolled out all the grub.  
One split-pea in a ten pound tub.  
In eighteen hundred fifty-three,  
We set sail for the southern sea.  
In eighteen hundred fifty-five,  
I was breathing but not alive.  
In eighteen hundred fifty-seven,  
We set sail for the gates of heaven.  
St. Peter would not let us in,  
He sent us back to earth again.  
All this is true that I do tell,  
The ship we're on is a living hell.  
The Captain is covered over with fur,  
And has a tail like Lucifer.  
I've no wife to quarrel, no babies to bawl.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\curtclr1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Curt Clear And Concise  
Curt, clear, and concise,  
Is the way that a lady shoud be.  
I am not a perfectionist who seeks the sublime,  
All I ask is a woman who won't waste my time.  
I'm frankly sick to death of females who procrastinate,  
Who guard their wirtue like a sort of holy grail.  
I much prefer the type who's willing to cooperate, concentrate,  
Smack on the nose, bang on the nail.  
Coy maidens who shed bitter tears  
At the thought that they might be misled,  
And who faint dead away at the sight of a bed,  
Soon find out that my parting advice,  
Can be curt, clear, and concise.  
Please forgive me sir, I beg your pardon  
If I should philosophize.  
At moments such as these, I find myself at ease.  
In matters of the heart I'm sure our points of view  
Indubitably harmonize.  
You're quite a conniseur,

"You're flattering me, sir."  
I feel that really you look on sex clearly and factually,  
Which saves quite a lot of time and tears.  
You have an air libertine, debonaire--  
"Well, actually,  
I've been engaged for nearly seven years."  
You must forgive me if I seem to minimize the prevalent idea,  
That sex should be austere.  
I've always had a notion sensual emotion was a crashing bore,  
As I mentioned before.  
Curt, clear, and concise,  
Is the way that a lady should be.  
She should not sentimentalize the physical act,  
And believe she can dodge by a logical fact.  
I think it is behaving really indefensibly,  
To take exception to an amorous advance.  
Give me the kind of girl who mutters comprehensibly, sensibly,  
"Off with the lights!  
On with the dance!"  
Though moralists say it is better to honor and love and obey,  
I have found that a casual roll in the hay,  
Without bridesmaids, confetti, or rice,  
Is more curt, clear and concise.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\dangme-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Dang Me  
Here I sit high, getting ideas,  
Ain't nothin' but a fool would live like this.  
Out all night and runnin' wild,  
Woman sitting home with a month-old child.  
chorus: Dang me, Dang me,  
They ought to take a rope and hang me,  
Higher than the highest tree.  
Woman would you weep for me.  
Just a sitting round drinking with the rest of the guys,  
Six rounds bought and I bought five.  
Spent the groceries and half the rent,  
Lacking fourteen dollars and having twenty-seven cents.  
Roses are red and violets are purple,  
Sugar is sweet and so is maple surple.  
I'm the seventh son of a seventh son,  
My daddy was a pistol, I'm a son of a gun.  
Whispering to her wedding ring.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\danyboy1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Danny Boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,  
From glen to glen and down the mountainside.  
The summer's gone and all the leaves are falling.  
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.  
But come ye back when summer's on the meadow,  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow.  
Yes, I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow.  
Oh Danny boy, Oh Danny boy, I love you so.  
But when you come, and all the flowers are dying,  
And I am dead, as dead I well may be.  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,  
And kneel and say an 'Ave' there for me.  
And I shall hear how soft you tread above me,  
And oh my grave shall warmer, sweeter be.  
For you will come and tell me that you love me,  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come for me.  
If I were a merchant,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\darcyfa1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Darcy Farrow

Where the Walker runs down to the Carson Valley plane,  
There live a maiden, Darcy Farrow was her name.  
The daughter of old Don D. and fair was she,  
And the sweetest flower that bloomed on the range.  
Her voice was as sweet as the sugar candy,  
Her touch was soft as a bed of goose down.  
Her eyes shone bright like the pretty lights,  
That shine in the night out of Yerrington Town.  
She was courted by young Vandermeer,  
And quite handsome was he, I am to hear.  
He brought her silver rings and lacy things,  
And she promised to wed before the snows came that year.  
But her pony did stumble and she did fall;  
Her dying touch on the heart of us all.  
Young Vandy, in his pain, put a bullet in his brain,  
And we buried them together as the snows began to fall.  
They sing of Darcy Farrow where the Truckee runs through.  
They sing of her beauty in Virginia City too.  
As dusky sundown, to her name they drink a round,  
And to young Vandy, whose love was true.  
On our backs we'd lie, looking at the sky,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\darkdun1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Dark As A Dungeon

Come all you young fellows, so young and so fine,  
And seek not your fortune in a dark, dreary mine.  
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul,  
Till the stream of your blood runs as black as the coal.

chorus: It's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,  
Where danger is double and pleasures are few.

Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines,  
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mine.

It's many a man I have seen in my day,  
Who lived just to labor his whole life away.  
Like a fiend with his dope or a drunkard his wine,  
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

I hope when I die and the ages shall roll,  
My body will blacken and turn into coal,  
And I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,  
And pity the miners a digging my bones.  
He landed with a splash on the River Nile,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\darlcor1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Darling Corey

Wake up, Wake up Darling Corey,  
What makes you sleep so sound.  
The revenue officers a coming,  
Gonna tear your still-house down.  
The first time I seen Darling Corey,  
She was standing by the sea.  
She had a forty-five strapped around her bosom,  
She had a banjo on her knee.

The next time I seen Darling Corey,  
She was weaving through the woods,  
With a kerosene lantern on her shoulder,  
And a satchel full of goods.

Please do come down next Monday,  
Please bring me a jug or five.

When the sun comes up on Tuesday,  
Don't figure to be alive.

Don't care if you are living,  
Don't care if you are dead.

If you're going to drink my liquor,  
I'm going to take your bread.

Go way, Go way Darling Corey.  
Quit hanging around my bed.  
Bad liquor has ruined my body,  
Pretty women gone to my head.  
Oh Yes! Oh Yes, my darling,  
I'll do the best I can.  
But I'll never give my pleasure,  
To another gambling man.  
The last time I seen Darling Corey,  
She was wandering through the weeds.  
With a government man behind her,  
He's gonna grab her for her deeds.  
Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow,  
Dig a hole in the cold cold ground.  
Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow,  
Gonna lay Darling Corey down.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\deliagn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Delia's Gone  
Delia cursed poor Tully,  
Cursed him such a wicked curse,  
That if he hadn't of shot her,  
She might have cursed him worse.  
chorus: Delia's gone, one more round, Delia's gone,  
They sent for the doctor,  
He came all dressed in white.  
He did every thing a doctor could do,  
But he couldn't save Delia's life.  
Her mother came a-running,  
She came all dressed in black.  
Cried all day and she cried all night,  
But she couldn't bring Delia back.  
Monday, Tully was arrested,  
Tuesday he was tried.  
The jury found him guilty,  
And the verdict was to die.  
The jury found me guilty, poor boy,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\devlball1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Balls Of Beelzebub  
(llewtraH)  
A farmer in the town of Ayr,

Went out to hold his weekly fair,  
To sell his stock and drink some ale,  
But met the devil on the way.  
"O farmer, farmer, what means that?  
What makes your dapple horse so fat? "  
Said he, "The truth to you I'll tell,  
When foaled, from him I took his balls."  
"Oh farmer, farmer, tell me how,  
Your bulls are docile as the cows,"  
Said he, "The truth to you I'll tell,  
When calved, I took their balls as well."  
"Oh farmer, farmer, why are your rams,  
As sweet and gentle as some lambs?  
"Said he, "The truth to you I'll tell,  
When lambed, I had their balls as well."  
The devil though upon those facts,  
On docile bulls and geldings fat,  
Said he, "Would I grow sweet as well,  
If my person you would geld?"  
"You'd grow lazy, fat and sweet,  
If I carved from you your meat,  
You'd be gentle like my nag,  
With no balls inside your bag."  
"If this be true which you tell to me,  
Then lay me down and so geld me,"  
The farmer lighted from his horse,  
And set to geld this wicked corpse,  
The knife was keen and went in quick,  
And took from him both balls and dick.  
"Oh farmer, you have gelded me,  
But next month you'll gelded be!"  
His horse she mounted with a start,  
And fled the devil with a fart,  
The farmer cried, "O wicked trick,  
You'd rob me of my balls and prick!"  
Next month the farmer's wife arose  
And put on her husband's clothes,  
She set out for the town of Ayr,  
There to hold her weekly fair.  
To sell her stock and drink some ale,  
She met the devil by the way,  
"O farmer, farmer, what means that?  
What makes your pasty face so fat?"  
Says she, "The truth to you I'll tell,  
I cut the balls from my own self,"  
"If that be true which you tell me,  
Hold up your ass that I may see."  
She quickly lighted from her horse,  
And she held up her naked ass,  
The devil he said, I have no doubt,

That you are gelded out and out."  
Her horse she mounted with a start,  
And fled the devil with a fart,  
And he cried out, "O wicked trick,  
You've robbed me of my balls and prick!"

Gelding The Devil

(llewtraH)

From D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy  
Now listen a while, and I will tell,  
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;  
And Dick the Baker of Mansfield Town,  
To Manchester Market he was bound,  
And under a Grove of Willows clear,  
This Baker rid on with a merry Cheer:  
Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,  
And there he met the Devil of Hell.  
Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,  
How came thy Horse so fair and fat?  
In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my fay,  
Because his Stones were cut away:  
For he that will have a Gelding free,  
Both fair and lusty he must be:  
Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,  
Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go.  
Go tie thy Horse unto a Tree,  
And with thy Knife come and geld me;  
The Baker had a Knife of Iron and Steel,  
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell,  
It was sharp pointed for the nonce,  
Fit for to cut any manner of Stones:  
The Baker being lighted from his Horse,  
Cut the Devil's Stones from his Arse.  
Oh! quoth the Devil, beshrow thy Heart,  
Thou dost not feel how I do smart;  
For gelding of me thou art not quit,  
For I mean to geld thee this same Day seven-night.  
The Baker hearing the Words he said,  
Within his Heart was sore afraid,  
He hied him to the next Market Town,  
To sell his Bread both white and brown.  
And when the Market was done that Day,  
The Baker went home another way,  
Unto his Wife he then did tell,  
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:  
Nay, a wondrous Word I heard him say,  
He would geld me the next Market Day;  
Therefore Wife I stand in doubt,  
I'd rather, quoth she, thy Knaves Eyes were out.  
I'd rather thou should break thy Neck-bone  
Than for to lose any manner of Stone,

For why, 'twill be a loathsome thing,  
When every Woman shall call thee Gelding  
Thus they continu'd both in Fear,  
Until the next Market Day drew near;  
Well, quoth the good Wife, well I wot,  
Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat.  
Thy Hose, thy Shoon and Cap also,  
And I like a Man to the Market will go;  
Then up she got her all in hast,  
With all her Bread upon her Beast:  
And when she came to the Hill side,  
There she saw two Devils abide,  
A little Devil and another,  
Lay playing under the Hill side together.  
Oh! quoth the Devil, without any fain,  
Yonder comes the Baker again;  
Beest thou well Baker, or beest thou woe,  
I mean to geld thee before thou dost go:  
These were the Words the Woman did say,  
Good Sir, I was gelded but Yesterday;  
Oh! quoth the Devil, that I will see,  
And he pluckt her Cloaths above her Knee.  
And looking upwards from the Ground,  
There he spied a grievous Wound:  
Oh! (quoth the Devil) what might he be?  
For he was not cunning that gelded thee,  
For when he had cut away the Stones clean,  
He should have sowed up the Hole again;  
He called the little Devil to him anon,  
And bid him look to that same Man.  
Whilst he went into some private place,  
To fetch some Salve in a little space;  
The great Devil was gone but a little way,  
But upon her Belly there crept a Flea:  
The little Devil he soon espy'd that,  
He up with his Paw and gave her a pat:  
With that the Woman began to start,  
And out she thrust a most horrible Fart.  
Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come again I pray,  
For here's another hole broke, by my fay;  
The great Devil he came running in hast,  
Wherein his Heart was sore aghast:  
Fough, quoth the Devil, thou art not sound,  
Thou stinkest so sore above the Ground,  
Thy Life Days sure cannot be long,  
Thy Breath it fumes so wond'rous strong.  
The Hole is cut so near the Bone,  
There is no Salve can stick thereon,  
And therefore, Baker, I stand in doubt,  
That all thy Bowels will fall out;



Therefore Baker, hie thee away,  
And in this place no longer stay.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\devlfar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Devil And The Farmer

A farmer was plowing his field one day,  
Rightful, rightful, titty fie day  
A farmer was plowing his field one day,  
When the Devil come up and to him he did say,  
With a right fa la, titty fie day,  
Rightful, rightful, titty fie day.  
See here me good man I have come for your wife.  
She's the bane and torment of your life.  
The Devil he heisted her up on his hump,  
They went off to hell with a hell of a jump  
When they got there, the gates were all shut,  
With a swipe of her hand, she lay open his nut.  
Two little devils were playing handball,  
They cried, "Take her back daddy, she'll kill us all!"  
So the Devil he heisted her up on his hump,  
They went back to Earth with a hell of a jump.  
See here, me good man, I have come with your wife,  
She's the bane and torment of your life.  
They say that the women are worse than the men,  
They went down to hell and got chucked out again.  
Around the curve and down the dump,  
Two locomotives are a-bound to bump.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\devmary1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Devilish Mary

I once dressed up and went to town,  
To court a fair young lady.  
I inquired about her name,  
Her name was Devilish Mary.  
chorus: Come a fa la ling, come a ling, come a ling,  
Come a fa la ling, come a derry.  
Come a fa la ling, come a ling, come a ling,  
Come a fa la ling, come a derry.  
We hadn't been married but about two weeks,  
When she got mean as the devil.  
And every time I said a word,  
She hit me with a shovel.

One day I said to Devilish Mary,  
I think we'd best be parted.  
Just as soon as I said the words,  
Out the door she started.  
She washed my clothes in old soap suds,  
She filled my bath with switches.  
She let me know right at the start,  
She was going to wear my britches.  
Now if I ever marry again,  
It'll be for love not riches.  
Marry a gal about two foot tall,  
So she can't wear your britches.  
As we jog along through the snow.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\direcad1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Director Of Admissions

Director of Admissions, my ma's an engineer,  
My sister's a computer, my brother is a gear,  
My father is a robot, my grandpa's also queer,  
Leaping Logic, naturally I'm here!

Dear Roland B. Greely, according to you,  
I oughta study hisory ad Smith or BU.  
I ain't husband hunting, they're ill-gotton gains,  
Deep down inside me I got brains.  
We got brains!

Dear fascinating Techman, you gotta understand,  
What when I'm doing physics, I cannot hold you hand.  
It's not I'm anti-social, it's flunking out I fear.

Creeping Cambridge  
that's how I'm still here!

Dear drab lifeless coed, It's really a shame,  
You're lacking social polish and you training's to blame.  
You look more like oysters, than ravishing pearls,  
But deep down inside your, you are girls.

We are girls

We are girls, we are girls, we are female girls,  
Like we're biologically girls.

Dear philanthropic Fassett, I'm socially deprived,  
I'm lacking proper culture, I never have arrived.  
You think your dormitory is gonna cure these ills,  
OK Freddie, you can pay the bills.

Yea Verily, coeds, it's for your own good,  
This way we can be certain that you live as you should.  
Financial arrangements are easily made.

All 5.0 students will get aid.

We got aid!

We got aid, we got aid, we got student aid,  
Yea, the best of them got aid!  
The trouble is we're ladies, the trouble is we're slobs,  
The trouble is we're brainy, the trouble is we're snobs,  
The trouble is we're learning, the trouble is we've learned. 5.0's aren't so  
causally earned!  
Dear Kenneth R. Wadleigh, we're down on our knees.  
We all have been told about the birds and the bees.  
Dear Kenneth R. Wadleigh, what are we to do?  
Gee kenneth R. Wadleigh, FUG YOU!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\dracula1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Dracula

(llewtraH) by Bob Kanefsky 1992

When I first met you, Dracula, I was in desperate straits;  
Prepared to stick my neck out; but you would not take the bait.  
I heard the village rumors, that you're not of natural kind.  
Turns out that's true in more ways than I though of at the time.  
Chorus: I threw out my cross.  
Kept my bedroom dark.  
I even bought some turtlenecks that would hide the mark.  
My dark desire would not relent.  
But I never knew that vampires are just a little bent.  
I'm into mutilation, with fear and blood and pain.  
I figured you could not turn down a willing female vein.  
But it seems you're homosexual: not just a count, a queen.  
Now, sucking blood is one thing, but that's downright obscene!  
You choose your victims carefully, for the hormones they contain.  
Young men with bulging muscles, as well as bulging veins.  
You drink their blood's testosterone, just as you drink their blood.  
Without that you'd lose muscle tone- and talk like Elmer Fudd.  
What could I do but kill you then, for your sake and for mine.  
I know men like van Helsing who do it all the time.  
If Dracula won't lie with me, in a real grave he'll be lain,  
For all those nights I waited, alone in bed in vain.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\dranpip1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Baby Down The Drainpipe

A mother was washing her baby one night,  
Poor little infant, so slim and so slight  
The mother turned round for the soap on the rack,  
'Twas only a moment but when she turned back,

"Oh where, Oh where is my baby", she cried,  
"Oh where is my baby", and the angels replied.  
Your baby has gone down the drainpipe,  
Your baby has gone down the plug.  
Poor little tyke, so slim and so slight,  
He should have been washed in a jug.  
Your baby is perfectly happy,  
'Cause he won't have to bathe anymore.  
Your baby has gone down the pluggo,  
Not lost, but gone evermore.  
Your baby has gone down the drainpipe,  
And the chlorine is bad for his eyes.  
He's having a swim, and it's healthy for him.  
He needed the exercise.  
Don't worry you head, just be happy,  
And remember he suffered no pain.  
Your baby has gone down the drainpipe,  
Let's hope he don't plug up the drain.  
He jumped on his wagon, and bade her adieu.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\drfreud1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Doctor Freud

chorus: Oh Doctor Freud, Oh Doctor Freud,  
How we wish you had been differently employed.  
For this set of circumstances  
Still enhances the finances  
Of the followers of Doctor Sigmund Freud.  
Well it happened in Vienna not so many years ago,  
When not enough folks were getting sick,  
When a starving young physician tried to better his position By discovering what  
made his patients tick.  
He forgot about sclerosis and invented the psychosis,  
And a thousand ways that sex can be enjoyed.  
He adopted as his credo, 'Down Repression!  
Up Libido!',  
And that was the start of Dr. Sigmund Freud.  
Well he analyzed the dreams of the teens and libertines,  
And substituted monologues for pills.  
He drew crowds just like Wells-Sadler,  
When along came Jung and Adler,  
And they said, "By God, theres gold in them that hills."  
They encountered no resistance,  
When they served as Freud's assitants,  
And with ego and with id they deftly ployed.  
But instead of toting bedpans, they bore analytic deadpans,  
Those ambitious doctors Adler, Jung, and Freud.

Now the big three have departed,  
But not so the cult they started,  
It's been carried on by many a goodly band.  
And to trauma, shock, and war shock,  
Some one went and added Rorschach,  
Now the thing has got completely out of hand.  
So the boys with double chinnsies,  
And a million would-be Kinseys,  
They discuss it at the drop of a repression,  
And I wouldn't be complaining,  
But for all the loot I'm paying,  
To lie down on someone's couch and say confession.

But old Able Maritin was the next to go.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\drifter1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I'm A Drifter  
I'm a drifter, I'm a loner,  
And I've seen every city and town.  
I'll pass by here and I'll die here,  
And some stranger will lower me down.  
I've sat in the shade of an old apple orchard,  
Watched the big trucks rolling by,  
Shared a grape soda with a man from Dakota,  
And seen a junebug in July.  
I've played basketball through the hoop of a barrel,  
Struggled to learn how to swim.  
Though sometimes I think maybe I once was a baby,  
I only pretend I was him.  
I've made love in your city to the poor and the pretty,  
Thought I was clever and smart.  
I've ended up lonely with nothing, but only  
A song and a half of a heart.  
To travel by my side.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\drilter1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Drill Ye Terriers  
Every morning at seven o'clock,  
There's fourteen terriers drilling on the rock,  
And the boss comes along, and he says, "Keep Still!  
And come down heavy on the cast iron drill."  
chorus: And drill ye terriers, drill,

Drill ye terriers, drill,  
For it's work all day for the sugar in your tay,  
Down behing the railway,  
So drill ye terriers, drill, and blast and fire.  
The boss was a good man down in the ground,  
And he married a woman six foot round.  
She baked good bread and she baked it well,  
But she baked it hard as the holes in hell.  
Our old foreman was Jim McCann,  
By God, he was a damn mean man.  
One day a premature blast went off,  
And a mile in the sky went big Jim Goff.  
The next time payday, came around,  
Jim Goff a dollar short was found.  
When asked the reason, came this reply,  
"You was docked for the time you was up in the sky."  
That you're anxious to end your career.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\drnkstr1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Drunk Street  
Out of the tavern, I just stepped tonight,  
Street you are caught in a very bad plight.  
Right hand and left hand are both out of place,  
Street you are drunk, it's a very clear case.  
Moon 'tis a very queer figure you cut,  
One eye is staring while the other is shut.  
Tipsy I see and you're greatly to blame,  
Old as you are, 'tis a terrible shame.  
And now the street lamp, what a scandalous sight!  
None of them soberly standing upright.  
Rocking and swaggering, why upon my word!  
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.  
All is conmfusion, now isn't it odd,  
I am the only thing sober abroad.  
It would be rash with this crew to remain,  
I'd better go back to the tavern again.  
led him full of glue in hopes to bring him to,  
But we

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\drunkdm1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Drunkard's Doom  
At dawn today I saw a man,

Come out of a saloon.  
His eyes were sunk, his lips were parched,  
Oh that's the drunkard's doom.  
He rose and staggered to the bar,  
As oft he'd done before.  
And to the barman smilingly said,  
"Just fill me one glass more."  
His little son stood by his side,  
And to his father said,  
"Mother dear lies sick at home,  
And sister cries for bread."  
The cup was filled at his command,  
He drank of the poisoned bowl.  
He drank while wife and children starved,  
And ruined his own soul.  
A year had passed, I went that way,  
A hearse stood at the door.  
I paused to ask and one replied,  
"The drunkard is no more."  
I saw the hearse move slowly on,  
No wife nor child was there.  
They too had flown to heaven's bright home,  
And left the world of care.  
Now all young men a warning take,  
And shun the poisoned bowl,  
'Twill lead you down to Hell's dark gate,  
And ruin your own soul.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\duncow-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Old Dun Cow Caught Fire  
Some pals and me in a public house,  
Was playing dominoes one night,  
When all of a sudden in rushed the publican,  
His face all bleary white.  
"What's up?" says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost?  
Have you seen you Aunt Moriah?"  
"Oh me Aunt Moriah be buggered," says he,  
"The bleedin' pubs on fire!"  
"On fire!" says Brown, "What a bit of luck!  
What a bit of luck", says he.  
"And down in the cellar, if the fire ain't there,  
We'll have a right old spree."  
So we all went down, with good old Brown,  
And beer we could not miss.  
And we had not been five minutes there,  
Before we were quite pissed.

Chorus: Oh there was Brown - where? Upside down  
Mopping up the whiskey on the floor.  
"Booze! Booze!" the firemen cried,  
As they came a-knocking at the door.  
Oh don't let them in till it's all mopped up.  
Somebody shouted "MacKintyre!"  
And we all got blind blue paralytic drunk  
The night the Old Dun Cow caught fire  
Now Tom ran to the port wine tub,  
And gave it a few hard knocks.  
He started taking off his pantaloons,  
Likewise his shoes and socks.  
"Now look" says Brown, "If you wash your feet,  
Now lets get one thing clear,  
You don't put your trotters in the port wine tub,  
When we've got some Watney's beer."  
Then all of a sudden there was such a bloody crash,  
Half the bleedin' roof gave way.  
We were soaked in the fireman's hose,  
But still we were quite gay.  
We got some sacks and some old tin tacks,  
And we pinned ourselves inside,  
And we all got drinking good old ale,  
Till we were bleary eyed.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\dundee-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bonnie Dundee

To the lairds of convention, 'twas Clavers who spoke,  
"Ere the kings crown go down, there are crowns to be broke.  
Then let each cavalier who loves honor and me,  
Come follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."  
chorus: Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Saddle my horses and call out my men.  
Then it's open the west port and let us go free,  
And follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.  
Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,  
But the provost, dukes man, says, "Just e'en let him be.  
The town is well rid of the Devil of Dundee."  
There are hills beyond Portland and lands beyond Forth,  
Be there Lairds to the south, there are Chiefs to the north. There are brave bonnie  
vassals, three thousand times three,  
Will cry, "Hi for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."  
Then away to the hills, to the leas, to the rocks,  
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch with the fox.  
Then tremble false whigs in the midst of your glee,



You have no seen the last of my bonnets and me.  
had a nightmare, and walking in her sleep,  
She

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\easyslo1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Easy And Slow

(llewtraH)

It was down by Christ Church that I first met with Annie;

A neat little girl and not a bit shy.

She told me her father had come from Dungallen,

And would take her back home in the sweet bye and bye.

Chorus: And what's that to any man, whether or no;

Whether I'm easy, or whether I'm true.

As I lifted her petticoat, easy and slow,

And I tied up my sleeve for to buckle her shoe.

In city or country, a girl is a jewel,

And well made for holding, the most of the while.

But any young fellow is really a fool,

If he tries at the first time to go a bit far.

We wandered by Thomas Street, down to the levy;

The sunlight was gone, and the evening grew dark.

Along Whitemans Bridge, and by God in a jiffy

My arm was around her, beyond in the park.

If you chance for to go the town of Dungallen,

You can search till your eyeballs are empty and blind.

Be you sitting or walking or sporting or standing,

Another like Annie you never will find.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\eddystn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Eddystone Light

My father is the keeper of the Eddystone Light,

And he slept with a mermaid one fine night.

From this union, there came three,

A porpoise, and a porgy, and the other was me.

chorus: Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,

Oh for the life on the rolling sea.

One night while I was a trimmin' of the glim,

A singing a verse from the evening hymn,

A voice from the starboard shouted "Ahoy!",

And there was my mother a-sitting on a buoy.

"Oh what has become of my children three?"

My mother then she asked of me.

"One was exhibited as a talking fish,  
And the other was served on a chafing dish."  
The phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair,  
I looked again, and my mother wasn't there.  
A voice came a-echoing out through the night,  
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light."  
(Burl Ives)  
He'd make water on the fire.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\edmdf1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

by Gordon Lightfoot

The legend lives on, from the Chippewa on down  
Of the big lake they call Gitchee Goomee.  
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead,  
When the skies of November turn gloomy.  
With a load of iron ore, 26000 tons more  
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.  
That good ship and true, was a bone to be chewed,  
When the gales of November came early.  
The ship was the pride of the American side,  
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin.  
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most,  
With a crew and good captain well seasoned.  
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms,  
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland.  
And late that night when the ship's bell rang,  
Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?  
The wind in the wires made a tattletale sound,  
And a wave broke over the railing,  
And every man knew, as the captain did too,  
'Twas the Witch of November come stealin'.  
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait,  
When the gales of November case slashin'.  
When afternoon came, it was freezin' rain,  
In the face of a hurricane west wind.  
When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck,  
Sayin' "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."  
At seven p.m. the main hatchway caved in,  
He said, "Fellas, it's been good to know ya."  
The captain wired in, he had water coming in,  
And the good ship and crew was in peril.  
And later that night when its lights went out of sight,  
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.  
Does anyone know where the love of God goes,  
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?

The searchers all say, they'd have made Whitefish Bay,  
If they'd put fifteen more miles behind 'em.  
They might have split up or they might have capsized,  
They may have baroke deep and took water.  
And all that remains are the faces and names  
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.  
Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings  
In the rooms of her ice water mansions.  
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams,  
The island and bays are for sportsmen.  
And farther below Lake Ontario  
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her.  
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know  
With the gales of November remembered.  
In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed  
In the Maritime Sailor's Cathedral.  
The church bell chimed 'till it rang 29 times,  
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.  
The legend lives on  
from the Chippewa on down  
Of the big lake the call Gitchee Goomee.  
Superior, they said, never gives up her dead,  
When the gales of November come early.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\edward-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

King Edward  
chorus: It's love, yes love alone,  
That cause King Edward to leave his throne.  
It's love, yes love alone,  
That cause King Edward to leave his throne.  
We know it was so bloody great,  
It was love that caused him to abdicate.  
On the tenth of December, we heard the talk,  
That he gave the crown to the Duke of York.  
Old Baldwin tried to break down his plan,  
He said, "I must have the American."  
If I can't get a boat to set me free,  
I will walk to Miss Simpson across the sea.  
I got the robes and the collar upon me mind,  
I cannot leave Miss Simpson behind.  
You can have my throne, you can have my crown,  
Leave me and Miss Simpson alone.  
He could see Miss Simpson walk down the street,  
She was tall and sway with a boogie beat.  
So let the organ roll, let the churchbell ring,  
Good luck to the woman who'd steal a king.

Now in the annals of history,  
Is left a report for eternity.  
They took poor Aimee and they threw her in jail,  
Last I heard, she was out on bail.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\eggsuck1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Egg-Sucking Dog

Well, he's not very handsome to look at,  
'Cause he's shaggy and eats like a hog.  
And he's always killing my chickens,  
That dirty old egg-sucking dog.  
chorus: Egg-sucking dog,  
I'm gonna stomp you head in the ground,  
If you don't stay out of my hen house,  
You dirty old egg-sucking hound.  
Now if he don't stop eating my eggs up,  
Though I'm not a real bad guy,  
I'm going to get my rifle and send him  
To that big chicken house in the sky.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\elemnts1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Elements

-

Tom Lehrer

There's antimony, arsenic, aluminum, selenium  
And hydrogen and oxygen and nitrogen and rhenium,  
And nickel, neodymium, neptunium, germanium,  
And iron, americium, ruthenium, uranium,  
Europium, zirconium, lutetium, vanadium,  
And lanthanum and osmium and astatine and radium,  
And gold and protactinium and indium and gallium,  
And iodine and thorium and thulium and thallium.  
There's yttrium, ytterbium, actinium, rubidium,  
And boron, gadolinium, niobium, iridium,  
And strontium and silicon and silver and samarium,  
And bismuth, bromine, lithium, beryllium, and barium.  
There's holmium and helium, and hafnium and erbium,  
And phosphorous and francium and fluorine and terbium,  
And manganese and mercury, molybdenum, magnesium,  
Dysprosium and scandium and cerium and cesium.  
And lead, praseodymium, and platinum, plutonium,  
Palladium, promethium, potassium, polonium,

And tantalum, technetium, titanium, tellurium,  
And cadmium and calcium and chromium and curium.  
There's sulfur, californium, and fermium, berkelium,  
And also mendelevium, einsteinium, nobelium,  
And argon, krypton, neon, radon, xenon, zinc, and rhodium,  
And chlorine, carbon, cobalt, copper, tungsten, tin and sodium.  
These are the only ones of which the news has come to Ha'vard,  
And there may be many others, but they haven't been discavard.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\elephan1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Elephant

An elephant's life is tedious,  
Laborious and slow,  
I've been and elephant all me life,  
So I bloody well ought to know.  
He never forgets a name or face,  
He knows his way from place to place,  
Remembers to be dutiful,  
And when to push and when to pull,  
And when he's dead, the dealer calls,  
And buys his tusks for billiard balls,  
And all because an elephant's got a perfect memory.  
That wasn't the life for me.  
So I'm suffering from amnesia, me minds a perfect blank.  
Now life is very much easier, amnesia's to thank.  
I'm being psychoanalyzed, I lie on a divan,  
And flap me ears and try to look as balmy as I can.  
chorus: I'm an introverted elapho-centric hypochondriac,  
And I'll stick in the elephant's nursing home,  
Till I get me memory back.  
I'm suffering from hysteria, I nearly split me sides,  
To watch the others get wearier of giving the children rides.  
I've told my psychoanalyst that I'm a sacred cow.  
I'd like to carry a howda, but I can't remember how.  
I suffer from schizophrenia, it comes on me in spells.  
Some times I'm King of Armenia, and others I'm Orson Welles.  
I tell them I'm Napoleon and all that sort of bunk,  
And they never guess that all the time I'm laughing up my trunk.  
(Flanders and Swann)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\elpaso-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### El Paso

Out in the West Texas town of El Paso,  
I fell in love with a Mexican girl.  
Night-time would find me in Rosa's Cantina,  
Music would play and Felina would whirl.  
Black as the night were the eyes of Felina,  
Wicked and evil, while casting a spell.  
My love was strong for this Mexican maiden,  
I was in love, but in vain, I could tell.  
One night a wild young cowboy came in,  
Wild as the West Texas wind. . .  
Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing,  
With wicked Felina, the girl that I love.  
So in anger  
I challenged his right for the love of this maiden;  
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore.  
My challenge was answered in less than a heartbeat;  
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.  
Just for a moment I stood there in silence,  
Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done.  
Many thoughts ran through my mind as I stood there;  
I had one chance and that was to run.  
Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran,  
Out where the horses were tied. . .  
I picked a good one, that looked like he could run,  
Up on his back and away I did ride.  
Just as fast as I  
Could from the West Texas town of El Paso,  
Out to the badlands of New Mexico.  
Back in El Paso my life would be worthless.  
Everything's gone in life, nothing is left.  
But it's been so long since I've seen the young maiden,  
My love is stronger than my fear of death.  
I saddle up and away I did go,  
Riding alone in the dark. . .  
Maybe tomorrow a bullet will find me,  
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart.  
And at last, here  
I am on the hill overlooking El Paso,  
I can see Rosa's cantina below.  
My love is strong and it pushes me onward,  
Down off the hill to Felina I go.  
Off to my right, I see five mounted cowboys,  
Off to my left ride a dozen or more.  
Shouting and shooting, I can't let them catch me,  
I've got to make it to Rosa's back door.  
Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel  
A deep burning pain in my side. . .  
It's getting harder to stay in the saddle;  
I'm getting weary, unable to ride.  
But my love for

Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen,  
Though I am weary, I  
can't stop to rest.  
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle,  
I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.  
From out of nowhere, Felina has found me,  
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.  
Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for,x  
One little kiss and Felina, goodbye.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\emilyan1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Emily's Animals

-

William Stevens

I have a little pet, my pet's name is Ida.  
I love my little pet, she's a black window spider.  
I threw her on my sister, and she made a horrible roar,  
And I wonder why nobody comes to visit any more.  
No family or friends come around our little door,  
And I wonder why nobody comes to visit any more.  
I have a little pet, his name is Jake,  
I love my little pet, he's a boa constrictor snake.  
He ate my sisters hamster while he ran accross the floor,  
And I wonder why nobody comes to visit any more.  
I have a little pet, my pet's name is Bruce,  
I love my little pet, he's a big Alaskan moose.  
His antlers touch the ceiling while his feet are on the floor,  
And I wonder why nobody comes to visit any more.  
I have a little pet, my pet's name is Ryan,  
I love my little pet, he's a big ferocious lion.  
He sleeps with me at night, he is a cuddly carnivore,  
And I wonder why nobody comes to visit any more.  
I have a little pet, my pet's name is Pat,  
I love my little pet, he's a stinky sewer rat.  
He used to have bubonic plague, but doesn't any more,  
And I wonder why nobody comes to visit any more.  
I have a little pet, my pet's name is Boris,  
I love my little pet, he's a big tyrannosaurus.  
To watch him stomp the poseys is the thing that I adore,  
And I wonder why nobody comes to visit any more.  
I have a little pet, I'll show him to you later,  
I love my little pet, he's a slimy alligator.  
He sleeps beneath my bed and I'm careful not to snore,  
And I wonder why nobody comes to visit any more.  
I have a little pet, I keep it in a dish,  
I love my little pet, he's a yummy jellyfish.

I think he tastes mu better than the jelly from the store,  
And I wonder why nobody comes to visit any more.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\eriecan1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Upon The Erie Canal  
I've traveled all along the world,  
And Tallawanda too.  
I've been cast ashore on desert isles,  
I've been beaten black and blue.  
I fought the battle of Bully Run,  
And I've wandered since a boy,  
But I'll never forget the trip I took  
From Buffalo to Troy.  
chorus: Calling watch her, catch her,  
Jump her the joober jew.  
Give her the line and let her go,  
With the boys can see it through.  
And can't you hear us howling,  
While the wind is blowing free,  
On the long trip from Buffalo  
Upon the Erie.  
Now the cook we had upon the deck,  
Stood six feet in her socks.  
Her hand was like an elephants ear,  
Her breath would open the locks.  
A maid of fifty summers,  
And she slept upon the floor.  
And when at night she lay asleep,  
Oh God! How she would snore.  
The cook she was a daisy,  
And she was stuck on me.  
Her arms were like the tiller,  
Her legs were like a tree.  
She was sunburned, she was freckled,  
With her headdress you can bet,  
So we used her in the evening,  
As a headlight on the deck.  
So haul upon the bowline,  
Haul upon the slack.  
Take a reef in you trousers,  
And straighten up your back.  
And mind this saying, driver,  
If you want to keep your neck,  
Don't treat your mules unkindly  
When the cook is on the deck.



C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\erlymor1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

In The Early Morning Rain  
In the early morning rain,  
With a dollar in my hand,  
With an aching in my heart,  
And my pockets full of sand.  
I'm a long way from home,  
And I miss my true love so,  
In the early morning rain,  
With no place to go.  
Out on runway number nine,  
Big 707's set to go.  
But I'm stuck here on the ground,  
Where the cold winds blow.  
Where the liquor tasted good,  
And the women all were fine,  
There she goes my friend,  
She's moving down the line.  
Hear the mighty engines roar,  
See the silver wings on high,  
She's away and westward bound,  
Far away, fast as sound.  
Where the morning rain don't fall,  
And the sun always shines.  
She'll be flying over home,  
In about three hours time.  
This old airport's got me down,  
It's no earthly good to me.  
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground,  
Cold and drunk as I might be.  
You can't hop a jet plane,  
Like you can a freight train.  
So I'd best be on my way,  
In the early morning rain.  
And I know he must be cold and wet and sick,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\eulogys1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Eulogys - Joseph S Newman (Perishable Poems 1952)  
Here lies Annabel Weiner,  
As sooner or later all must;  
She swallowed her vacuum cleaner  
And now she has bitten the dust.

Here lies Mr Gideon Golder  
Who climbed where the mountain was steep.  
He was hit on the head with a boulder...  
Mother Nature has rocked him to sleep.  
Here lies Miss Matilda O'Lundy  
Who laughed to her very last breath;  
She swallowed her gum on a Monday  
And by Tuesday was chickled to death.  
Here buried is Philo McManister  
Who against all advices was bound  
To slide down the rail of a banister,  
Which accounts for this hole in the ground.  
Here lies Oleander B Case  
Who was greatly beloved and admired;  
When a tire blew up in his face,  
He expired because he was tired.  
Here lies Ebenezer O'Creep  
Who got himself into a jam;  
He stole out of town on a sheep  
And was caught, so to speak, on the lam'.  
Here lies Miss Mehitabel Hale  
Who passed away twice on Nantucket;  
Carried dynamite home in a pail  
And expired while kicking the bucket.  
Here lies little Myrtle the turtle,  
Who nibbled a poisonous root.  
This mound, newly planted with myrtle,  
With Myrtle is planted, to boot.  
Here lies an old steam engineer  
Whose whistle was tuned like a flute;  
The boiler blew up at his rear  
And he's off on his very last toot.  
Here lies Esmerelda Van Hoysen  
Whose platinum hair was her pride,  
But the dye that she used was a poison...  
Poor darling!  
She dyed...and she died.  
Here lies Mr Zebulon Loudham,  
An actor far better than most;  
In Macbeth, as Banquo, he wowed 'em,  
But he died when he gave up the ghost.  
Here lies a young chicken named Daisy,  
Laid low by an axe's caress.  
At egg-sitting, Daisy was lazy...  
She has exited, nevertheless.  
Here lies Alexaander P Duff;  
He has passed to the Valley of Doubt.  
He fell in a barrel of snuff...  
It succeeded in snuffing him out.  
Here, paying the ultimate price,

Lies Casey O'Flannigan Jones;  
He cheated his mother at dice...  
She shot him and buried his bones.  
Jim Fiddleton blue up a vault...  
The judge and the jury were stern;  
His method of earning his salt,  
Got him salted away in an urn.  
Here lies Ebenezer B Crocket,  
His banner eternally furled;  
He boarded a stratosphere rocket...  
His funeral was out of this world!  
Here lies Aristophanes Knight  
Who was Red as the law would allow;  
He scorned the political right...  
There is nothing much left of him now!  
Here lies in a casket of ash,  
A gambler named Xenophon Phipps;  
He neglected to chip in his cash  
So now he has cashed in his chips.  
For a tight-rope performer named Biddle  
This grave is kept green by a friend.  
His rope broke in two in the middle.  
Yet Biddle went on to the end.  
Here lies Mr Solomon Grandy  
Who was born with a leaning for rum,  
And a leaning for whiskey and brandy,  
So he's buried a bit out of plumb.  
Here Ezra McCloud lies buried.  
He swallowed a dime while reclining.  
"How nice," wept the lady he married,  
"McCloud has a silvery lining."  
Here buried is Angelo Dante  
Who cheated at cards to support him;  
They caught him neglecting to ante...  
It brought on his ante-post-mortem.  
Right here, where the daisies are humped,  
Lies a bicycle rider Goff.  
A stump into which he had bumped  
Had succeeded in bumping him off.  
They were watching the girls in the water,  
And the gossips were fairly alive  
As they noted the minister's daughter  
Who was just coming out of a dive.  
On his bed lay Heinrich Kohler,  
Flattened by an asphalt roller.  
"I can see," said Doctor Bately,  
"He's been under pressure lately."  
A bald-headed actor named Ray  
Paid a buck for a wig that was big,  
Which was not only too much to pay,

But too much toupee for a wig.  
Cleopatra, the trotter, is through!  
She stuck me on many a bet.  
Now Cleo's a bottle of glue...  
I'll bet I'll be stuck with her yet.  
The Reverend Archibald Morse  
Once fell in a well near the Mission.  
The brethren were blameless, of course,  
But the cistern he viewed with suspicion.  
On the ground lay Herman Boltz --  
He touched a cable full of volts.  
"Ah!" said press-reporter Hughes,  
Here's a bit of current news.  
Here at rest is Phineas Brent;  
His heart was soft as butterfat.  
Phineas fell in fresh cement...  
Phineas hardened after that.  
Bennie Boston earned his pay  
Printing maps of the U.S.A.  
He tangled with the press, poor chap...  
And that's why Boston's on the map.  
A hard old man is Farmer Hughes;  
He set his son to polishing shoes.  
His pocketbook has a silver lining;  
For pa made hay while the son was shining.  
Darling little Peter Kane  
Wrecked a New York Central train.  
They held his daddy for the crime;  
Daddy failed to switch in time.  
Adolphus Moss is buried here;  
A boulder hit him -- shed a tear.  
Tradition suffered quite a loss;  
A rolling stone did gather moss.  
The biblical tales are abounding  
With famine and locusts and drouth.  
The faith of old Job was astounding,  
But Jonah was down in the mouth.  
Here lies Zephaniah Dorn;  
No friends are at his bier.  
When needy neighbors asked for corn,  
He wouldn't lend an ear.  
Mother took her bubble bath;  
Father waited, full of wrath.  
"Gracious me," said Sister Sue,  
Father's in a lather, too."  
Melancholy HEnry Clague  
Jumped in a vat of Haig & Haig.  
The preacher said, "We must allow  
That Hank's in better spirits now.  
Jake McGruder earned his salary

Working for a shooting gallery.  
Poor McGruder!  
Dead and through  
By twenty-two by .22!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\factgal1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Factory Girl  
(llewtraH)

Early one morning as the sun was adorning,  
The birds on the bushes did warble and sing.  
Gay lads and young lasses in couples were sporting  
In yonder green valley, their work to begin.  
I spied one among them, she was fairer than any,  
Her cheeks like the red rose than none can excel;  
Her skin like the lily that grows in yon valley,  
And she's only a hard-working factory girl.  
I stepped up to her, more closely to view her,  
When on me she cast a look of disdain,  
Saying, "Young man, stand off me and do not come near me;  
I work for my living and think it no shame."  
"It's not for to scorn you, fair maid, I adorn you,  
But grant me one favour, love: where do you dwell?"  
"Kind sir, you'll excuse me, for now I must leave you,  
For yonder's the sound of my factory bell."  
"I have lands, I have houses adorned with ivy,  
I have gold in my pocket and silver as well,  
And if you'll go with me, a lady I'll make you,  
So try and say yes, my dear factory girl."  
"Love and sensation rules many a nation,  
To many a lady perhaps you'll do well;  
For I am an orphan, neither friend nor relation,  
I'm only a hard-working factory girl."  
It's true I did love her, but now she won't have me,  
And all for her sake I'll go wander a while.  
Over high hills and valleys where no one shall know me,  
I'll mourn for the sake of my factory girl.  
Now this maid she's got married, become a great lady,  
Became a rich lady of fame and renown.  
She may bless the day and the bright summer's morning  
She met with the squire and on him did frown.  
It's now to conclude and to finish those verses:  
It's may they live happy and may they do well,  
Come fill up your glasses and drink to the lasses  
That attend the sweet sound of the factory bell.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\fairmad1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

As I Roved Out

And who are you, me pretty fair maid

And who are you, me honey?

She answered me quite modestly,

"I am me mother's darling."

\*

And will you come to me mother's house,

When the sun is shining clearly;

I'll open the door and I'll let you in

And divil no one

would hear us.

So I went to her house in the middle of the night,

When the moon was shining clearly;

She opened the door and she let me in

And divil the one did hear us.

She took me horse by the bridle and bit,

And she led him to the stable,

Saying "There's plenty of oats for a soldier's horse,

To eat it if he's able."

Then she took me by the lily-white hand,

And she led me to the table,

Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy,

To drink it if he's able."

Then I got up and made the bed

And I made it nice and easy;

Then I got up and laid her down

Saying "Lassie, are you able?"

And there we lay till the break of day,

And divil a one did hear us.

Then I arose and put on me clothes,

Saying "Lassie, I must leave you."

And when will you return again

And when will we get married?

When broken shells make Christmas bells,

We might then well get married.

And when will we get married ( repeat )

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\fatlgla1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Fatal Glass Of Beer

There was a young man, and he came to New York

To find himself a lucrative position befitting his talents.

And he hunted all the employment agencies but was nearly starved to

Death, when at last he got a job in a stone quarry with all the  
Other college graduates.

And after work was done, they lured him into a saloon,  
And tempted him to drink a glass of beer.  
But he'd promised his Dear Old Mother that he never would imbibe,  
That he'd never touch his lips to a glass containing Liquor.

They laughed at him a jeered, and they called him a coward,  
Till at last he clutched and drained that glass of beer.  
When he saw what he had did, he dashed his glass upon the floor,  
And staggered out the door with Delirium Tremens.

And the first person that he met was a Salvation Army Lass,  
And with one blow he broke her tambourine.

When she saw what he had done, she place a mark upon his brow,  
With a kick that she had learned before she was saved.

And the moral of this taaleis to shun the fatal glass,  
And don't go around breaking other people's tambourines.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\favorth1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Favorite Things

Dissecting puppies and torturing kittens,  
Strangling people with my velvet mittens,  
Booby-trapped packages tied up in string,  
These are a few of my favorite things.  
Twelve grams of strychnine in crisp apple strudel,  
Cyanide spicing for hot buttered noodles,  
Catching young sparrows and breaking their wings,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Such diversions,  
Such perversions,  
When I'm feeling sad,  
I simply start plotting a murder or two,  
And then I don't feel so bad.

Garroting girls with their bluesatin sashes,  
Whips to administer thirty-nine lashes,  
Bombs that go boom when you push down the spring,  
These are a few of my favorite things.  
In this amazing and expanding universe.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\fingnos1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Don't Put Your Finger Up Your Nose

(Barry Louis Polisar)

Don't but your finger up your nose,

'Cause your nose knows it's not the place it goes,  
You can sniffle, you can sneeze, But I'm asking you please  
Don't put your finger up your nose.  
Don't stick your finger up your ear,  
'Cause then your ear will find it hard to hear.  
You can thump it and you can tug it, but please don't tug it.  
Don't stick your finger up your ear.  
Don't put your finger in your eye,  
That's not a thing you should try.  
You can blink it, but I don't think it  
Would be good to put your finger in your eye.  
Don't stick your finger down your throat,  
'Cause that'd make you start to choke.  
Then up will come your dinner, and you'll start to get much thinner,  
Don't stick your finger down your throat.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\finkfuz1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Somebody Finked To The Fuzz

Somebody finked to the fuzz, and we all got busted.  
Somebody finked to the fuzz, said we get high.  
Somebody finked to the fuzz, and we all got busted.  
Somebody finked to the fuzz, it's a dirty lie,  
Nobody here gets high.  
You know the reason why.  
We're in the police eye.  
Damn the polezei!  
Well I tell you judge and in ain't no joke,  
Any time I take a smoke,  
There ain't nothing but pure tobacco on the inside.  
I swear, your honor, and it ain't no joke,  
Any time I take a smoke,  
There is writing on the paper on the outside.  
Everybody talking about my pot,  
The only pot I know I got,  
That's the pot I use whenever I do my cooking.  
I didn't know it was against the law,  
To have a mattress made of Tijuana Straw,  
Somebody sold it to me when I wasn't looking.  
Pleasant dreams he said.  
And pleasant dreams I had.  
They too had flown to heaven's bright home,  
And left the world of care.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\finnwke1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



### Finnigan's Wake

Tim Finnigan lived on Walker Street,  
An Irish gentleman mighty odd.  
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet,  
And to rise in the world, he carried a hod.  
But you see, he'd a sort of a tippling way,  
With a love of the liquor, poor Tim was born.  
To help a man at his work each day,  
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn.  
chorus: Whack fol di die do, dance to your partner,  
Wouldn't that our trotters shake,  
Wasn't that the truth I tell you,  
Lots of fun at Finnigan's wake.  
One morning Tim was feeling full,  
His head felt heavy which make him shake.  
He fell from a ladder and broke his skull,  
And they carried him home, his corpse to wake.  
Wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet,  
Laid him out upon the bed,  
With a bottle of porter at his feet,  
And a gallon of whiskey at his head.  
His friends assembled at the wake,  
And Mrs. Finnigan called for lunch.  
First they brought in tea and cake,  
Then pipes, tobacco, and whiskey punch.  
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,  
Such a pretty corpse she never did see,  
"Tim Mavourneen, Oh why did you die?"  
"Hold your gab!" cried Paddy McGee.  
Then Peggy O'Conner took up the job,  
"Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure."  
But Biddy gave her a belt in the knob,  
And left her sprawling on the floor.  
Then the war did soon engage,  
Woman to woman and man to man.  
Shillelagh law was all the rage,  
And a row and a ruction soon began.  
Then Mickey Maloney raised his head,  
When a gallon of whiskey flew at him,  
It missed and falling on the bed,  
The liquor scattered over Tim.  
He revives, see how he rises,  
Timothy rising from the bed,  
Saying, "Scattering your whiskey round like blazes,  
Gentlemen, de'il, do you think I'm dead."

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Foggy Foggy Dew

When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,  
I worked at the weaver's trade,  
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,  
Was to woo a fair young maid.  
I wooed her in the summertime,  
Part of the winter too.  
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,  
Was to keep her from the foggy, foogy dew.  
One night she came to my bedside  
When I was fast asleep.  
She laid her head upon my bed,  
And then began to weep.  
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,  
Ah Me! What could I do?  
So all night long I held her in my arms,  
Just to keep her from the foggy, foogy dew.  
All through the first part of the night,  
We did laugh and play.  
And through the latter part of the night,  
She slept in my arms 'til day.  
Then when the sun shone on our bed,  
She cried, "I am undone."  
"Hold your tongue, you silly girl,  
The foggy, foggy dew is gone."  
Today I am a bachelor, I live with my son,  
We work at the weaver's trade.  
And every, every time I look into his eyes,  
He reminds of the fair young maid.  
He reminds me of the summertime,  
Part of the winter too.  
And of the many, many times I held her in my arms,  
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.  
(Burl Ives)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\follow-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Follow Me

Far from day, far from night,  
Out of time, out of sight,  
In between earth and sea,  
We shall fly, follow me.  
Dry the rain, warm the snow,  
Where the winds never blow,

Follow me, follow me, follow me.  
To a cave by a sapphire shore,  
We will walk through an emerald door,  
And for thousands of breathless evermores,  
My life you shall be.  
Only you, only I,  
World farewell, world goodbye,  
To my home 'neath the sea,  
We shall fly, follow me.  
For Willy's still wearing the sash and the chain.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\formary1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Four Marys  
Last night there were four Marys,  
Tonight there'll be but three.  
There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmicheal and me.  
Oh often have I dressed my Queen,  
And put on her braw silk gown,  
But all the thanks I've got tonight,  
Is to be hanged in Edinburgh Town.  
Full often have I dressed my Queen,  
Put gold upon her hair,  
But I have got for my reward,  
The gallows to be my share.  
They'll tie a kerchief around my eyes,  
That I may not see to die,  
And they'll never tell my father or mother,  
But that I'm across the sea.  
Oh I will wash and I will spin,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\forphys1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Four Able Physicians  
You maidens and wives and young widows rejoice,  
Declare you thanksgiving with heart and with voice.  
Since waters were waters, I dare boldly say,  
There ne'er was such cause for a thanksgiving day.  
For from London Town there has lately come down,  
Four able physicians that ever wore gown.  
Their physic is pleasant, their dose it is large,  
And you may be cured without danger or charge.  
The have a new drug that is called the close hug,

Which will mend your complexions and make you look smug.  
A sovereign balsam which once well applied,  
Though grieved at the heart, the patient ne'er died.  
In the morning you need not be robbed of your rest,  
For in your warm beds, your physic works best.  
And though in the taking, some stirring's required,  
The motion's so pleasant, you cannot be tired.  
On your back you must lie with your body raised high,  
And one of the doctors must always be nigh;  
Who still will be ready to cover you warm,  
For if you take cold, all physic doth harm.  
Of silver and gold, they never lay hold,  
For what comes so freely should never be sold.  
Then join with the doctors and heartily pray,  
Their power of healing will never decay.  
(Pill To Purge Melancholy)  
ailor in vain cried, "Hard a port!"  
She ba

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\fourwin1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Four Strong Winds  
Four strong winds that blow lonely,  
Seven seas that run high,  
All those things that don't change, come what may.  
But our good times are all gone,  
And I'm bound for moving on,  
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.  
Think I'll go out to Alberta,  
Weather's good there in the fall.  
Got some friends that I can go to working for.  
Still I wish you'd change your mind,  
If I asked you one more time,  
But we've been through that a hundred times or more.  
If I get there before the snow flies,  
And if things are going good,  
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare.  
But by then it would be winter,  
There ain't too much for you to do,  
And those winds sure can blow cold way out there.  
a shot rang out in the moonlight, whe shispered her last bre

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\foxrun-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## Fox On The Run

-

Tony Hazard

She walks through the corn leading down by the river,  
Her hair sgone like gold in the hot morning sun.

She took all the love that a poor boy couyld give her,  
And left me to die like a fox on the run.

Everybody know the reason for the fall,

How woman tempted man down in paradise hall.

This woman tempted me and took me for a ride;

Now like a weary fox, I need a place to hide.

We'll drink a glass of wine to fortify our souls,

Talk about the world and the friends we used to know.

I've seen a string of girls that put me on the floor,

My race is almost run, the hounds are at my door.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\fragmnt1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## Fragments In Which No One Was Drunk Enough To Finish Pilate's Song

(1)

Many a good prophet spout his spiel,  
Many a good word be spoken,  
Over the tortures you will feel,  
With commandments broken.

Many a good man will die before I do.

(McWilliam, House of Loki, Berkeley 1960)

(Tune - Before I Do - Oklahoma)

People Will Say You're The Nazz

(1)

Don't sing those psalms too much.

Stay off that holy jazz.

Lay off of that healing touch.

People will say you're the Nazz.

(McWilliam, House of Loki Berkeley 1960)

(Tune - People Will Say I'm In Love - Oklahoma)

St. Patrick's Snakes

(1)

St. Patrick was a gentleman,  
Who through strategy and stealth,  
Drove all the snakes from Ireland,  
Here's a bumper to his health.

But not too many bumpers,

Lest we lose ourselves, and then,

Forget the good St. Patrick

And see the snakes again.

A Taking Girl

(1)

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,  
She took my candy and my books,  
She took that lustrous wrap of fur,  
She took those gloves I bought for her.  
She took my words of love and care,  
She took my flowers, rich and rare,  
She took my time for quite awhile,  
She took my kisses, maid so shy,  
She took, I must confess, my eye,  
She took whatever I would buy,  
And then she took another guy.

Mary Anne Lowder

(1)

Here lies the body of Mary Anne Lowder,  
She burst while drinking a Seidlitz powder.  
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,  
She should have waited till it effervesced.  
The Kilkenny Cats

(1)

There wonst was two cats of Kilkenny,  
Each thought there was one cat too many.  
So they quarreled and fit,  
They scratched and they bit,  
Till, barring their nails,  
And the tips of their tails,  
Instead of two cats, there warnt any.

Martha Snell

(1)

Poor Martha Snell, she's gone away,  
She would if she could, but she could not stay.  
She'd two bad legs, and a baddish cough,  
But her legs it was that carried her off.

The Drunkard's Pig

(1)

How well I do remember, 'twas in the late November,  
When walking home to bed I vainly tried,  
When my feet began to stutter and I lay down in the gutter,  
And a pig crept up and lay down by my side.  
And we sang of old fair weather, when good fellows get together,  
When a lady passing by was heard to say,  
"You can tell a man who boozes by the company he chooses,"  
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

The Colorado Trail

(1)

Eyes like the morning star,  
Cheek like a rose,  
Laura was a pretty girl,  
God almighty knows.  
Weep, all ye little ones,

Wail, winds wail.

All along, along, along,  
The Colorado trail.

Quickies and Toasts

Cupid

(1)

My lady, be wary of Cupid,

And list to the lines of this verse.

To let a fool kiss you is stupid,

To let a kiss fool you is worse.

Satyr

(1)

Life can be funny, for saint or for satyr,

Marry for money, love will come later.

Candy

(1)

Candy's dandy,

Liquor's quicker.

(Ogden Nash)

Phone

(1)

Why is it, when I'm on the throne,

They always call me to the phone.

Fleas

(1)

Consider the happy bounding flea,

You cannot tell the he from she,

But he can tell and so can she.

My Husband

(1)

I have a husband who is rich,

He adds much to my life.

He buys me anything I want,

But please don't tell his wife.

Busy Bees

(1)

The little bee is a busy soul,

He has no time for birth control.

And that is why, in times like these,

There are so many sons of bees.

Sneezes

(1)

I shot a sneeze into the air,

It fell to earth, I know not where,

But hard and fast were the looks of those,

In whose direction I had snoze.

Fuzzy Wuzzy

(1)

Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear,

Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair,

Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy, was he?

He Is Not Drunk (1)

He is not drunk who from the floor,  
Can rise again and drink some more.  
But he is drunk who prostrate lies,  
And cannot drink and cannot rise.

I Drink To Your Health

(1)

I drink to your health when I'm with you,  
I drink to your health when alone.  
I drink to your health so goddamned much,  
That I find I am ruining my own.

True Love

(1)

The wonderful love of a beautiful maid,  
The love of a staunch true man,  
The love of a baby unafraid,  
Has existed since time began.  
But the greatest love, the love of loves,  
Even greater than that of a mother,  
Is the tender, passionate, infinite love,  
Of one drunken bum for another.

Jack Be Nimble

(1)

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,  
Jack jumped over the candlestick.  
Alas he didn't clear the flame,  
And now he's known as Auntie Mame.  
Jack be quick, Jack be nimble,  
Jack jump over the phallic symbol.

Trust

(1)

You must have trust, trust you must,  
Or lucky breaks will spurn ya.  
There's nothing like a little truss,  
In case of double hernia.

I Met A Girl

(1)

I met a girl the other night,  
What a time, what fun, no sorrow!  
I'll not forget the other night,  
The case comes up tomorrow.

Nuclear Scientists

(1)

Behold the nuclear scientist,  
Sitting down with the faintest of smiles.  
His life is sheerest agony;  
He has atomic piles.

Last Night I Held A Little Hand

(1)



Last night I held a little hand,  
So dainty and so sweet.  
I thought my heart would surely break,  
So wildly did it beat.  
No other hand in all the world,  
Can greater solace bring,  
The the pretty hand I held last night,  
Four aces and a king.  
Don't Cry Lady

(1)  
Don't cry lady, I'll buy your wilted violets,  
Don't cry lady, I'll buy your pencils too.  
Don't cry lady, take off those dark brown glasses.  
Hello Mother!

I knew it was you.  
It Pays To Advertise

(1)  
The fish it never cackles  
'Bout its million eggs or so.  
The hen is quite a different bird,  
One egg and hear her crow.  
The fish we spurn, but crown the hen,  
Which leads me to surmise,  
Don't hide your light, but blow your horn,  
It pays to advertise.

Garbageman's Daughter  
(1)  
I'm in love with the garbageman's daughter;  
She lives down by the still.  
How sweet the smell of garbage,  
Her breath is sweeter still.  
Each night we roam through the garbage,  
Her greasy hand in mine.  
Her clammy lips on the back of my neck,  
Isn't love divine.

My Sweetheart's A Mule In The Mines  
(1)  
My sweetheart's a mule in the mines,  
I drive her without reins or lines.  
On the bumper I sit and I chew and I spit,  
All over my sweetheart's behind.

Madame Du Barry

(1)  
Madame Du Barry  
Was a lively old fairy  
Who sold herself to a king;  
She got jewels and riches  
While other poor bitches  
Stayed pure and got never a thing.  
(Immortalia - Don Blanding)

### Anniversary Waltz

(1)

Oh how we danced on the night we were wed,  
We danced and we danced 'cause the room had no bed.

(H. H. Hart)

### Come Pull The Twine

(1)

I keep my pants up with a piece of twine.  
I keep my arms wide open all the time.  
I keep my self quite willing all the time.

Beccause you're mine,

Come pull the twine.

### Bengie Met The Bear (1)

Benjie met the bear, the bear met Benjie.  
The bear was bulgy, the bulge was Benjie.

### California Boys

Come on girls, and listen to my noise,  
Don't you marry those California boys;  
If you do, then all you'll see  
Is hot tubs, tofu, and camomile tea.

### My Bonnie

My bonnie has tuberculosis.  
My bonnie has only one lung.  
My bonnie spits blood in a bucket,  
And dries it and chew it for gum.  
My bonnie looked into the gastank,  
The height of its contents to see;  
She lighted a match to assist her,  
Oh Bring back my bonnie to me.

### Mules

On mules, we find two legs behind,  
And two we find before,  
We stand behind before we find  
What the two behind be for.  
When we're behind the two behind,  
We find what these be for,  
So stand before the two behind,  
Behind the two before.

### Old Beer Bottle

It was only an old beer bottle,  
A-floating o'er the foam.  
It was only an old beer bottle,  
A million miles from home.

In it was a paper,  
With these words written upon:  
Whoever finds this bottle,  
Finds the beer all gone.

### Sound Of Mucus

My nose is alive with the sound of mucus---  
Christianity Hits The Spot

Christianity hits the spot;  
Twelve apostles, that's a lot.  
Jesus Christ and a Virgin too,  
Christianity's the thing for you.  
Supercallifagilistic  
Pillage, rape and loot and burn, but all in moderation,  
If you do the things we say, then you'll soon rule the nation.

Kill your foe and enemies, and then kill their relations,  
Pillage, rape and loot and burn, but all in moderation.

The Dogs Do Bark

Hark!

Hark!

The dogs do bark!

The Duke is fond of kittens.

He like to take their insides out

And use them for his mittens.

The Pig

-

Ogden Nash

The pig, if I am not mistaken,

Gives us ham and pork and bacon.

Let others think his heart is big,

I think it stupid of the pig.

The Man Who Wasn't There

Yesterday upon the stair,

I met a man who wasn't there.

He wasn't there again today,

I think he's from the CIA.

When All Goes Right

Oh don't the days seem lank and long,

When all goes right and none goes wrong,

And isn't your life extremely flat

With nothing whatever to grumble at!

Rover

I have a dog, his name is Rover,

He's fluffy and soft and brown all over.

He is as cute as sugar babies,

Sure too bad that he's got rabies.

Happiness

I love life and life loves me.

I'm as happy as can be.

A happier man nowhere exists,

I think I'll go and slash my wrists.

High Class Dog Lover

A Boston spinster owned a dog,

One of those high-class trowsers.

He's so well bred and nice, they say,

He never pants, he trousers.

Jumbo

Jumbo is tops when he goes out and shops,

Though the big fellow certainly sweats.  
There's no need to insist on a grocery list  
For an elephant never forgets.

Long Island  
The island's strange, it seems to me:  
The senses in reverse are found.

On one side people hear the sea,  
The other side, they see the sound.

Shore Thing  
Islands are places you can't get by car.  
Rhode Island isn't; Hawaii are.

Spinster Jones  
Here lies the bones of Spinster Jones,

For her, Hell hath no terrors;  
Born a virgin, died a virgin,  
No hits, no runs, no errors.

Dying All - Newton Mackintosh  
The sorry world is sighing now;  
'La Grippe' is at the door;  
And many folks are dying now  
Who never died before.

Drinking Curvey Mable - Toast Point Collection

He drank with Curvey Mable,  
The pace was fast and furious.

He slid beneath the table,  
Not drunk, but merely curious.

Sailors, Can You Top This  
If I were topside with my glass  
In search of topics unexplored,  
And I should see a topless lass,  
I'm sure I'd topple overboard.

Starkle Starkle Little Twink  
Starkle, Starkle, little twink.  
Who the hell you are, I think.  
I'm not as drunk as thinkle peep,  
I'm just a little slort on sheep.

Tee martoonis make a guy  
Feel do sizzy, don't know why.  
So mass the pixer, kill my fup,  
I've all day sober to Sunday up.

Charge of the Light Brigade - Kay R Devicci  
Do you know "The Charge of the Light Brigade?"  
The English teacher said.

"You want that in coulombs or esu."  
Said the physicist, scratching his head.

archy and Mehitable - Don Maquis  
The honey bee is sad and cross  
And wicked as a weasel  
And when she perches on you, boss,  
She leaves a little measle.

Dan McGraw -

Tim Ruddell

Here lies perilous Dan McGraw,  
Who has unfortunately, started to thaw.  
He arrived last year in a block of ice,  
And now he's decayed; the smell is not nice.

Brian Vaughan's Remains - James Stenhouse

He lie Brian Vaughan's remains,  
They got him here with fifteen cranes.

The hole took eighty years to dig.  
You guessed it, Brian was really big.

Jupiter and Juno - Armand E Singer

Poopiter Zoopiter, Zeus that is Jupiter,  
Took to wife Juno, left her in tears.  
Diddling, she wailed, was so anticlimactical,  
Wedding night lasted some three hundred years.

Oh Everclear

(llewtraH)

Tune: Oh Tannenbaum)

Oh Everclear, oh Everclear,  
You make me stagger and weave.  
Oh Everclear, oh Everclear,  
You make me choke and heave.  
My eyes are blind, they cannot see,

My knees they buckle under me.  
Oh Everclear, oh Everclear,  
What would I do without thee?

Everclear is a particularly nauseating 180 proof alcohol,  
sold in Wyoming and other uncivilized places - McW

Oh Kennedy

(llewtraH)

Tune: Oh Tannenbaum

Oh Kennedy, oh Kennedy,  
Clan of fornication.  
If it be a girl he sees,  
His dick is at half-station.  
It matters not, of whom we talk,  
They're all the same, chips off the block.  
Oh Kennedy, oh Kennedy,  
Skirts you're always chasing.

Jeannie

My Jeannie went out walking in the crisp Alaskan air;  
My Jeannie met a grizzly, but Jeannie didn't scare.  
She tried to pet the beast, The grizzly had a feast,  
And now I dream of Jeannie in the light brown bear.

Abominable Snowman - Ogden Nash

I've never seen an abominable snowman;  
I'm hoping not to see one,  
I'm also hoping, if I do,  
That it will be a wee one.

Give Me A Clone

Oh, give me a clone of my own flesh and bone,  
With the Y chromosome changed to an X.

And when she is grown, my very own clone,  
We'll be of the opposite sex.

Kisses Spread Germs

Kisses spread germs;

Germs are hated.

So kiss me babe,

I'm vaccinated.

Aussie Skies

I camp beneath the southern skies;

It is my Aussie bent.

I gaze up at the southern skies;

Some bastard stole my tent.

Jack Sprat Diet

Jack Sprat could eat no fat;

His wife could eat no lean,

And so between the two of them,

They sold a diet scheme.

See Hillary

See Hillary

See Hillary run

Run Hillary run

See Spot

Spot is on the blue dress

Out Spot out

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

Z

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\friend-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

He Was A Friend Of Mine  
He was a friend of mine,  
He was a friend of mine.  
He died with out a penny,  
He didn't have a dime,  
He was a friend of mine.  
He died on the Gila Bend run,  
He died on the Gila Bend run.  
His wandering days are over,  
His loneliness is done,  
He died on the Gila Bend run.  
I stood alone and cried,  
I stood alone and cried.  
The tears they fell like raindrops,  
The night my old friend died,  
I stood alone and cried.  
There's a virgin, so they say,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\frnkjon1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Frankie And Johnny  
Frankie and Johnny were lovers,  
Oh Lordy! How they could love.  
They swore to be true to each other,  
Just as true as the stars above.  
chorus: He was her man,  
But he was doing her wrong.  
Frankie she was a good woman,  
Just like everyone knows.  
She gave Johnny a hundred dollars,  
Just to buy a suit of clothes.  
Frankie went down to Memphis,  
She went on the morning train.  
She paid a hundred dollars,  
Just to buy a watch and chain.  
Frankie lived in a cribhouse,  
Cribhouse with only one door.  
Gave all her money to Johnny,  
To spend on the other whores.  
Frankie and Johnny went walking,  
Johnny in his brand-new suit.

Frankie said to the passers-by,  
Don't my loving Johnny look cute.  
Johnny said I'm going to leave you.  
But I won't be very long.  
You wait right here for me honey,  
Don't you worry none when I'm gone.  
Frankie went down to the corner,  
Just for a bucket of beer.  
She walked up, said "Mr. Bartender,  
Has my everloving Johnny been here?"  
"I don't want to tell you no story.  
I don't want to tell you no lie.  
Johnny was here about an hour ago,  
With a gal named Nelly Bligh."  
Frankie went down to the pawnshop,  
She bought herself a little forty-four.  
She aimed that gun at the ceiling,  
Shot a big hole in the floor.  
Frankie went down to the cat house,  
She rang the cat house bell.  
She said, "Stand back you floozies!  
Or I'll blow you all to hell!"  
Frankie peeked over the transom,  
And there she saw, to her surprise.  
There on the bed was Johnny,  
Making love to Nelly Bligh.  
Frankie drew back her kimono,  
She drew out that little forty-four.  
Rooty toot toot, three times she shot,  
Through that hardwood swinging door.  
Johnny he grabbed off his Stetson.  
"Oh Lordy!  
Frankie!  
Don't Shoot!"  
But Frankie had her finger on the trigger,  
And the gun went rooty toot toot.  
The first time she shot him, he staggered,  
The second time she shot him, he fell.  
Third time she shot him, he hit the floor,  
And she blew him all to hell.  
Roll me over easy,  
Roll me over slow,  
Roll me over on my left side,  
Cause my right side hurts me so.  
Johnny he was a gambler;  
He gambled over in Spain.  
And the very last words that he ever spoke,  
Were "High, low, jack, and the game."  
Frankie got down on her knees,  
Took Johnny's head on her lap.



She started in hugging and kissing him,  
But there was no bringing him back.  
"Get me a thousand policemen,  
Throw me into a cell.  
Cause I shot my Johnny dead,  
I'm going straight to hell."  
"Lock me up in the jailhouse.  
Lock me up today.  
Lock me up in a prison cell,  
And throw the key away.  
It wasn't murder in the second degree,  
It wasn't murder in the third.  
Frankie dropped poor Johnny,  
Like a hunter drops a bird.  
"I'm very sorry, Judge,  
That this has come to pass.  
But I didn't shoot him in the first degree,  
I shot him in his big fat ass."  
Roll out your rubber-tired carriage,  
Roll out your rubber-tired hack.  
Twelve men going to the graveyard,  
Only eleven coming back.  
This story has no moral,  
This story has no end.  
This story just goes to show,  
That there ain't no good in men.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\frozlog1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Frozen Logger

As I sat down one evening, in a timbertown cafe,  
A forty year old waitress these words to me did say.  
"I see you are a logger, and not just a common bum,  
For nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.  
I had a logger lover, there's none like him today;  
If you'd pour whiskey on it, he would eat a bale of hay.  
He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide,  
He just drove them in with a hammer and bit them off inside.  
My lover came to see me, one freezing wintry day,  
He held me in a fond embrace that cracked three vertebra.  
He kissed me when we parted, so hard that he broke my jaw,  
And I could not speak to tell him he forgot his mackinaw.  
I watched my logger lover going through the snow,  
Stomping gaily homeward at forty-eight below.  
The weather tried to freeze him, it tried its level best;  
At one hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest.  
It froze clear down to china, it froze to the stars above,

At a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my logger love.  
They tried in vain to thaw him and would you believe me sir, They cast him into axe  
blades to chop the douglas-fir.  
That's how I lost my lover, and to this cafe I've come,  
I'll wait until I find a man stirring coffee with his thumb. The cops all have to  
tip their hats,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\gambler1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Gambler

On a warm summer's evening, on a train bound for nowhere,  
I met up with a gambler, we were both too tired to sleep.  
So we took turns at staring out the window at the darkness,  
The boredom overtook us and he began to speak:  
He said, "Son, I've made a life out of reading people's faces,  
Knowing what their cards were by the way they held their eyes.  
So if you don't mind my saying, I can see you're out of aces,  
For a taste of your whiskey, I'll give you some advice."  
So I handed him my bottle, and he drank down my last swallow,  
Then he bummed a cigarette and asked me for a light.  
And the night got deathly quiet, and his face lost all expression,  
"If you're gonna play the game, boy, you gotta learn to play it right.  
Chorus:  
You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,  
Know when to walk away, know when to run.  
You never count you money when you're sitting at the table,  
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.  
Every gambler knows that the secret to survival  
Is knowing what to throw away and knowing what to keep.  
'Cause every hand's a winner and every haand's a loser,  
And the best you can hope for is to die in your sleep.  
And when he finished speaking, he turned back to the window,  
Crushed out the cigarette and faded off to sleep.  
And somewhere in the darkness, the gambler he broke even,  
But in his final words, I found an ace that I could keep.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\genmind1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Gentle On My Mind

It's knowing that your door is always open,  
And your path is free to walk,  
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag  
Rolled up and stashed behind your couch.  
And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotton words and bonds,

And some inkstains that have dried upon some lines,  
That keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory,  
It keeps you ever gentle on my mind.  
It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy  
Planted on their columns now that binds me,  
Or something that somebody said because  
They thought we fit together walking.  
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiven, When I walk along  
some railroad track and find,  
That you're moving on the backroads by the rivers of my memory,  
And for hours you've been gently on my mind.  
Through the wheatfields and the clotheslines  
And the junkyards and the highways come between us,  
And some other woman's crying to her mother  
'Cause she turned and I was gone.  
I still might run in silence, tears of joy may stain my face,  
And the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind,  
But not to where I cannot see you walking on the backroads,  
To the rivers flowing gently on my mind.  
I dip my cup of soup back from  
The gurgling crackling cauldron in some trainyard,  
My beard a roughening coal pile and  
A dirty hat pulled low across my face.  
Rude cupped hands around a tin can,  
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find,  
That you're waving from the backroads  
By the rivers of my memory,  
Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind.  
(John Hartmann)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\getupgo1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Get and Go Has Got Up And Went

-

Pete Seeger

How do I know my youth is all spent?

My get up and go has got up and went.

In spite of it all, I'm able to grin,

When I think of the places my get up has been.

Old age is golden, I think I've heard said,

But sometimes I wonder as I crawl into bed,

My ears is a drawer, my teeth in a cup,

My eyes on the table until I wake up.

As sleep dims my vision, I say to myself,

Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?

But nations are warring and business is vexed,

So I'll stick round to see what happens next.

When I was younger, my slippers were red,  
I could kick up my heels right over my head.  
When I was older, my slippers were blue,  
But still I could dance the whole night through.  
Now I am old, my slippers are black.

I huff to the store and I puff my way back.  
But never you laugh, I don't mind at all,  
I'd rather be huffing than not puff at all.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits,  
Open the paper and read the obits.  
If I'm not there, I know I'm not dead,  
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\gimmesm1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Give me Some

Beer and whiskey, whiskey and beer,  
Makes your head start aching, makes your eyes unclear.

Makes you waste your money,  
Turns you blind and dumb,

Gimme some.

Strong tobacco, cigarette smoke,  
Such a dirty habit, makes you want to choke,  
Fills your lungs with poison,  
Makes you brain go numb,

Gimme some.

Will I ever get smart, I doubt it.  
Tell me somethings bad and I can't live without it.

Pretty women, blue-eyed or brown,  
How they drive us crazy, how they drag us down.  
Still they're fat and sassy,  
We are worn-out bums.

Gimme some.

Dice and poker, blackjack and dice,  
Start to win a little, get to feeling nice.  
Bet it all and roll'em.

Snake-eyes, sorry chum.

Gimme some.

Say I'm foolish, tell me I'm strange,  
Sure, but still I'm having too much fun to change.  
I'll go right on saying,

Till my time has come.

Gimme some.

Never catch me giving it away.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\glasses1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

You Don't Need Glasses To See

Me and my mopsy was once eating bread,  
She took a comb and started to scratch me head.  
Me and my mopsy was once eating bread,  
She took a comb and started to scratch me head.  
In a romantic way, she held me tight,  
She held on to me pockets and gives me a bite.  
I ask, "Oh baby, why you bite me?"  
She say, "You fool, you don't need glasses to see."  
Well then I ask her the reason why,  
She look into me eyes and begin to cry.  
And then she started all over instead,  
I saw that her eyes were getting red.  
Then like a wrestler, she held me in a clinch,  
She kiss me on the cheek and gives me a pinch.  
I ask, "Oh baby, why you pinch me?"  
She say, "You fool, you don't need glasses to see."  
Later on we were both cool and calm,  
She took her head and laid it right on my arm.  
And she said, "Darling, my sweet doody,  
You know I love you most sincerely."  
I started gettin bold, she said she didn't care,  
She took a comb and started tickling me ear.  
I ask, "Oh baby, why tickle me?"  
She say, "You fool, you don't need glasses to see."  
She then got up and turned off the light,  
She say there's trouble in here tonight.  
She lock the door and she hide the key,  
She say, "You know you torturing me."  
I made a move to go, she say, "Not a foot!"  
She grab me by the collar, and she give me a boot.  
I ask, "Oh baby, why you boot me?"  
She say, "You fool, you don't need glasses to see."  
Well, with the darkness all around,  
I tell you man, I could not hear a sound.  
I try to tell her it's getting late,  
She say I'm going to turn her love into hate.  
She double up her fist and punch me in the eye,  
The eye get so puffy that I thought I would die.  
I say, "Oh baby, why you hit me?"  
She say, "You fool, you gonna need glasses to see."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\glorber1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## Glorius Beer

Let me sing you a song of the gargle,  
A lotion to me very dear.

I refer to that grand lubricater,  
That wonderful tonic called beer.

chorus: Beer, beer, glorius beer,  
Fill yourself right up to here.

Don't be afraid of it,  
Drink till you're made of it,  
Drink up that old lager beer.

Drink a great deal of it,  
Make a whole meal of it,

Come boys, a rousing good cheer.

Up with the sale of it,

Down with a bale of it,

Glorius, glorius beer.

It's the father of all lubricaters,

A very fine thing for your neck.

Can be used as a lotion or gargle,  
For people of every sect.

They say there's a goddess of wine, boys,  
But is there a goddess of beer?

If there is let us drink to her name, boys,  
And wish that we had her right here.

## Glorious Beer

(llewtraH)

CHORUS: Beer, beer, glorious beer,

Fill yourself right up to here.

Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it.

Stick to your old fashion beer,  
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of i

Now all together a cheer,

Up with sale of it, down with a pale of it.

Glorious, glorious beer.

Now I won't sing of Sherbet and water

For Sherbet and beer will not rhyme

And a working man can't afford Champagne

It's a bit more than two D a time.

So I'll sing you a song of a gargle;

A gargle that I love so dear.

I owe all to that grand institution;

That beautiful tonic called beer.

It's the daddy of all lubricators;

The best thing there is for the neck.

Can be used as a gargle or lotion

By persons of every sect.

Now we know who the goddess of wine was,

But was there a goddess of beer.

If so let's drink to her health boys,

And wish that we'd got her right here.

So up, up with Brandies and sodas,  
But down and down with the beer.  
It's good for you when you're hungry;  
You can eat it without any fear.  
So mop up your beer while you're able;  
Of four-half let's have our fill.  
And I know you'll all join me in wishing,  
Good luck to my dear uncle Bill.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\godenuf1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Old Time Religion

(cho)Gimme that old time religion,  
Gimme that old time religion,  
Gimme that old time reliigion,  
It's good enough for me.  
We will have a mighty orgy,  
In honor of Astarte,  
It'll be a helluva party,  
And that's good enough for me.  
We'll be met by Aphrodite,  
She looks gorgeous in her nightie,  
She's kind of wild and flighty,  
But she's good enough for me.  
There will be a lot of lovin',  
When we're meeting in our coven,  
Quit your pushin' and your shovin',  
So there's room enough for me.  
It was good enough for Sappho,  
With her lady on her lap-o,  
She put Lesbos on the map-o,  
That's good enough for me.  
We will go and worship Hermes,  
Though his staff is full of wormies,  
He protects us from the germies,  
That's good enough for me.  
We will bow and worship Bacchus,  
And get mighty loud and raucus,  
Then we'll lay us down and facchus,  
That's good enough for me.  
We will go and worship Thor,  
He makes all the women sore,  
But they soon come back for more,  
That's good enough for me.  
It was good for old Jehova,  
He had a son who was a nova,  
Hey there, Mithras, move on ova',

That's good enough for me.  
There are those that when they've got E-  
Nourmous problems that are knotty,  
Just refer them to Hecate,  
That's good enough for me.  
There was a time, so I've heard tell a  
Fine, upstanding, strong young fella,  
Gave his all to serve Cybele,  
That's good enough for me.  
We will all do praise to Horus,  
In an old Egyptian chorus,  
If there's something in it for us,  
That's good enough for me.  
We will sacrifice to Kali,  
Though embracing her is folly,  
She'd be quite an armfull, Golly  
That's good enough for me.  
It was good for Dionysis,  
Till one day there came a crisis,  
From a rise in tavern prices,  
That's good enough for me.  
Pan's pipes got clogged last Summer,  
And it really was a bummer,  
Finally  
had to call a plumber,  
That's good enough for me.  
Let us all raise our flagons,  
For good old Bilbo Baggins,  
Treasure sometimes comes with dragons,  
That's good enough for me.  
You can keep your saints and haloes,  
Myrrh, frankincense, and aloes,  
Let's throw virgins in volcanoes,  
That's good enough for me.  
The Episcopals are saved,  
In the lamb's blood they are bathed,  
While I'm totally depraved,  
That's good enough for me.  
We will worship old Osirus,  
While we sit and smoke papyrus,  
We will probably catch a virus,  
That's good enough for me.  
There's a blacksmith god, Hephaestus,  
Far ahead of all the rest o'us,  
For his balls are pure asbestos,  
That's good enough for me.  
We will even worship hades,  
Though he dwells among the shades,  
He still picks up pretty ladies,  
That's good enough for me.



Well, the Japanese use Shinto,  
There's no telling what they're in to,  
It helps them outsell the pinto,  
That's good enough for me.  
We will worship old Poseidon,  
And the dolphin he's a ridin',  
Though it has a scaly hide on,  
That's good enough for me.  
We will sacrifice to Kali,  
Though her Thugs don't act to pally,  
When you meet them in the alley,  
That's good enough for me.  
There's that bathing-beauty Venus,  
Who'd just love to lay between us,  
(There's two ways to take a penis)  
That's good enough for me.  
There are some that say it's scary,  
When the Papist pray to Mary,  
Her son may be a fairy,  
That's good enough for me.  
Well, it made me a believer,  
When I met that old man Shiva,  
And his Cannibis Sativa,  
That's good enough for me.  
I tried to read the Koran,  
Like some macho Muslim moron,  
But it's just to goddamn borin',  
Not good enough for me.  
When you go to worship Odin,  
You don't need a tie or coat on,  
Just slap a little woad on,  
That's good enough for me.  
There is one thing that I do know,  
Jove's favorite is Juno,  
She is awfully good at--you know,  
That's good enough for me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\godside1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### God On Our Side

Oh my name it is nothing, my age it means less,  
The country I come from is called the midwest.  
I was taught and brought up there, the laws to abide,  
And the land that I live in, has God on its side.  
The history books tell it, they tell it so well,  
The cavalry charged, the indians fell,  
The cavalry charged, the indians died,

All the country was young, with God on its side.  
The Spanish-American War had its day,  
And the Civil War too was soon laid away,  
And the names of the heroes I was made to memorize,  
With guns in their hands and God on their side.  
The First World War, boys, it came and it went.  
The reason for fighting I never did get.  
But I learned to accept it, accept it with pride,  
For you don't count the dead when God's on your side.  
The Second World War came to an end.  
We forgave the Germans and then we were friends.  
Though they murdered six million, in the ovens they fried,  
The Germans now too have God on their side.  
I've learned to hate Russians all through my whole life.  
If another world war comes, it's them we must fight.  
To hate them and fear them, to run and to hide,  
And accept it all bravely, with God on my side.  
But now we've got weapons of chemical dust.  
If fight them we're forced to, then fight them we must.  
One push of the button, a shot the world wide.  
And you never ask questions with God on you side.  
Through many dark hours I've been thinking about this,  
That Jesus Christ was betrayed by a kiss.  
Well I can't think for you, you'll have to decide,  
Whether Judas Iscariot had God on his side.  
So now as I'm leaving, I'm weary as hell.  
The confusion I'm felling, ain't no tongue can tell.  
The words fill my head and they fall to the floor,  
That if God's on our side, he'll stop the next war.

Don't Cry Laby

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\gorygor1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Skiers Gory

"Is everybody ready?", cried the starter looking up.  
Our hero faintly answered, and they they stood him up.  
He started booming down the hill, his bindings were unhooked,  
And he ain't a gonna ski no more.  
chorus: Gory Gory! What a helluva way to die!  
Gory Gory! What a helluva way to die!,  
Gory Gory! What a helluva way to die!  
And he ain't a gonna ski no more!  
He felt the wind, he felt the cold, he felt the sudden drop,  
He tried to stem, he tried to turn, and then he tried to stop.  
A sudden bang, a terrible crash, a horrible rush of blood,  
And he ain't a gonna ski no more.

There was blood upon his bindings, there was blood upon his skis,  
His intestines were a hanging from the highest of the trees.

We scraped him up from off the snow and poured him from his boots,  
And he ain't a gonna ski no more.

They asked him on the final, If a mole of any gas,  
Were compressed into a membrane through which hydrogen could pass,

Were reduced to half its volume, what the entropy would be,  
If 2/3rds of delta sigma equaled half of delta p.

Climbers Gory

"Will it go around the chockstone?", cried the belayer looking up,

Our hero feebly answered "Yes", and slowly inched on up.

He was pounding in a piton when his foothold crumbled out,

And he ain't gonna climb no more.

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,

Ane he ain't gonna climb no more.

He tumbled down the chimney and he quickly gathered speed,

He shot past his belayer who forgot the Climber's Creed;

An anchor to a piton would have satisfied his need,

And he ain't gonna climb no more.

The belayer felt the rope go taut; he tried to let it run.

It jerked him from position and he knew his time had come.

He left the ledge he sat on and it shot up toward the sun,

And he ain't gonna climb no more.

They shot on down the chimney and across the southern col,

They slithered across the friction pitch and sped on down the wall.

It was such a grand exposure that they had a lovely fall,

And they ain't gonna climb no more.

The days they lived and laughed and loved went rushing through their minds. They  
thought about the girls back home, the ones they'd left behind.

They thought about the ranger and they wondered what he'd find,

And they ain't gonna climb no more.

One had a sling-rope wrapped around his neck, a piton through his spleen,

The ice-axe in his rucksack fell and split the other's bean.

Two bloody stripes marked their dexcent into the valley green,

And they ain't gonna climb no more.

They hit the ground, the sound was "SPLAT", the blood, it squirted high,

Their comrades were all heard to say, "What a colorful way to die!"

They lay upon the talus in the welter of their gore,

And they ain't gonna climb no more.

There were brains upon the rucksacks, there was blood upon the ropes,

Intestines lay astrewn out across the grassy slopes.

They scraped them up in baskets after salvaging the ropes,

And they ain't gonna climb no more.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\gorygry1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Gory Gory What A Helluva Way To Die  
(llewtraH)

Are you ready cried his second as he took his comfy seat;

Our hero feebly answered as he clambered to his feet.

The rock was wet and slippery, the climb was long and steep,

And he ain't going to climb no more.

Chorus: Glory, glory what a hell of a way to die

With an ice axe up your arsehole and a crampon in your eye

Glory, glory what a hell of a way to die

And he ain't going to climb no more.

He reached the final overhang before he fell, I'm told;

The rope was weak and rotten, it was ten or twelve years old.

It was frayed and it was tattered, it would never ever hold,

And he ain't going to climb no more.

His face turned grey, his face turned green, he felt the sudden drop;

He scraped his fingers to the bone as he vainly clutched at rock.

I think he bounced just once or twice before the final shock!

And he ain't going to climb no more.

There was blood upon the hillside, there were brains upon the slope;

Intestines were entwined amongst the pitons and the rope.

He was squashed into his ebees like he was a telescope,

And he ain't going to climb no more.

They scraped him from the corrie like a pound of strawberry jam

And telescoped his vertebrae into a billy can.

They packed him in his rucksack and then sent him home to mum,

And he ain't going to climb no moore!

Gory, Gory Rockclimbers

"Will it go around the chockstone?" called the belayer looking up,

Our hero feebly answered "Yes" and slowly inched on up.

He was trying to drive a piton when his foothold crumbled out,

And he ain't gonna climb no more.

Chorus: Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die;

Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die;

Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die;

And he ain't gonna climb no more.

He slid right down the chimney and he quickly gathered speed;

He shot past the belayer who'd forgot the climber's creed.

An anchor to a piton would've been all he'd ever need,

And he ain't gonna climb no more.

The belayer felt the rope pull taut, and tried to let it run;

But it jerked him from position and he knew his time had come.

He left the ledge behind him and he shot up towards the sun,

And he ain't gonna climb no more.

They sped on down the chimney and they passed the Southern Col;

They had such good exposure, it had made a lovely fall.

They slithered over a friction pitch and sped on down the wall,

And he ain't gonna climb no more

The days they'd lived and loved and laughed kept running through their mind They

thought about the girls back home, and the ones they'd left behind.

They thought about the rangers too, and wondered what they'd find,  
And he ain't gonna climb no more.  
A medic in the valley watched them through his telescope,  
And as they neared the bottom his eyes grew bright with hope.  
For it had been a week or more since the parting of the rope,  
And he ain't gonna climb no more.  
One had the rope around his neck and pitons through his spleen;  
An ice-ax in the rucksack had split the other's bean.  
The trails of red marked their descent as they neared the slopes of green  
And he ain't gonna climb no more.  
They hit the ground, the sound was SPLAT! The blood went spurting high  
Their comrades they were heard to say "What a colorful way to die!"  
They wished that they had never come, or that they had learned to fly  
And he ain't gonna climb no more.  
There was blood upon the rucksacks, there were brains upon the rope;  
Bits and pieces were entwined across the green and grassy slope.  
We put them in a lunch pail after salvaging the rope,  
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

Gory, Gory Rockclimbers

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\gossip-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Gossip Grapevine

I had a good time at lunch today,  
Ran into a girl called Alice Ray.  
I haven't seen  
her in years and years,  
Not since college days.  
We had a few drinks and reminisced,  
Talked over the number of years we missed,  
She's living in town now, it appears,  
Her married name is Hays.  
Well we got so busy talking,  
One cocktail led to four.  
We both began to wonder,  
If we'd make it to the door.  
It sure was fun seeing Alice again,  
I laughed so hard, can't remember when.  
We had such a very good time,  
We had such a wonderful time.  
Bob Smith told me he lunched today,  
And had a few drinks with Alice Ray.  
Seems I've heard you mention her,  
Knowing her at school.

Apparently they tied one on,  
Till half of the afternoon was gone,  
Didn't come in till half past three,  
Giggling like a fool.  
Of course the boss was asking,  
Just where the hell he was.  
I said he had a client,  
As he very often does.  
Of course it makes it tough on me,  
If the old man knew I'd lied then he  
Could make it real tough on me,  
Make it rough on me.  
Hello my dear, and how are you,  
No nothing much, no nothing new.  
I bought a new dress in town today,  
The necklines awfully low.  
Well Albert was telling me tonight,  
Bob Smith from the office came in tight,  
Had lunch with a girl called Alice Ray,  
I knew her years ago.  
I never liked her much at all,  
She was always awfully wild.  
Married twice already,  
And neither chick nor child.  
I wonder what Mildred Smith would say  
If she knew that Bob ran around that way.  
Al said the boss was awfully mad,  
He was awfully mad.  
Annabell Jones just called to say,  
She heard Bob Smith's in a pretty bad way.  
Been drinking an awful lot it seems,  
About to lose his job.  
Been running around in town they say,  
With some married woman that awfully gay,  
As brazen as she can be,  
Now who'd think that of Bob.  
Saw Mildred at the store today,  
I thought she looked depressed.  
I guess she's heard about it now,  
No wonder she's distressed.  
She said she might go down to see  
Her mother who lives in Tennessee.  
I guess that means they're through,  
Yes I guess that means they're through.  
I hear Bob Smith has gone to pot,  
Lost his money, his job, turned into a sot.  
Could hardly believe my ears,  
It certainly was a shock.  
Been keeping a blond in town they say,  
And carrying on in a terrible way,

Stays loaded it appears,  
And put himself in hock.  
My wife got it straight from Annabelle Jones,  
Bob worked with Al you know.  
You'd never think to meet the man,  
That's the way he'd ever go.  
Well you never can tell, still water runs deep,  
But you'd never think Bob the type to keep,  
A blond in a penthouse flat,  
A doll in a penthouse flat.  
I must tell you the wonderful news,  
Bob just got a raise, we're taking a cruise.  
We're going to Bermuda,  
On a second honeymoon.  
He brought me this beautiful bracelet today,  
To help celebrate his raise in pay,  
And something else is new,  
We're expecting a baby soon.  
We've never been so happy,  
I just can't help but beam.  
I certainly have a husband,  
Right out of a perfect dream.  
Oh Dear! This almost makes me forget,  
We've brought a friend you haven't met,  
Our dear friend Alice Ray,  
May I present Alice Ray.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\granpaw1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I'm My Own Grandpaw  
Many many years ago when I was seventeen,  
I was married to a widow who was pretty as could be.  
This widow had a grownup daughter who had hair of red.  
My father fell in love with her and soon, they too were wed.  
This made my dad my son-in-law and it changed my very life,  
For my daughter was my mother, though she was my father's wife.  
To complicate the matter, even though it brought me joy,  
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.  
For this little baby then became a brother-in-law to Dad,  
And so became my uncle, though it made me very sad.  
For if he was my uncle then it also made him brother  
To the widow's grownup daughter, who of course, was my stepmother.  
Father's wife then had a son who kept them on the run,  
And he became my grandchild for he was my daughter's son.  
My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue  
Because, although she is my wife, she's my grandmother, too.  
And if my wife is my grandmother, I am her grandchild.

And every time I think of it, it nearly drives me wild.  
For now I have become the strangest case you ever saw.  
As husband to my grandmother, I am my own grandpaw.  
I am my own grandpaw,  
Yes, I'm my own grandpaw.  
It sounds funny, I know,  
But it really is so.  
I am my own grandpaw.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\greensl1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Greensleeves

Alas my love you do me wrong,  
To cast me off discourteously,  
For I have loved you so long,  
Delighting in your company.  
chorus: Greensleeves was all my joy,  
Greensleeves was my delight.  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
Who but my lady greensleeves.  
I have been waiting at your hand,  
To do whatever you might crave.  
I have both wagered life and land,  
Your good fortune for to have.  
Well I will pray to God on high,  
That thou my constancy mayst see.  
And that yet once before I die,  
Thou wilt learn to love me.  
Oh Greensleeves farewell adieu,  
God I pray will prosper thee.  
For I am still my lover true,  
Come once again and love me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\grenfld1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Green Fields

Once there were green fields, kissed by the sun.  
Once there were valleys where rivers used to run.  
Once there were blue skies with white clouds up above,  
Once they were part of an everlasting love.  
We were the lovers who strolled through green fields.  
Green fields are gone now, parched by the sun.  
Gone from the valleys were rivers used to run.  
Gone with the cold winds that swept into my heart.



Gone with the lovers who let their dreams depart.  
Where are the green fields that we used to know.  
I'll never know what made you run away.  
How can I keep searching when dark clouds hide the day.  
I only know there's nothing here for me.  
Nothing in this wide world left for me to see.  
But I'll keep on waiting until you return.  
I'll keep on waiting until the day you learn,  
You can't be happy while your hearts on the roam.  
You can't be happy, until you bring it home.  
Home to the green fields and me, once again.  
We're bucking bottom and hear comes old Dixie,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\grengro1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Green Grow The Rushes Oh  
I'll sing you twelve ho,  
Green grow the rushes oh.  
What is your twelve ho?  
Twelve for the twelve apostles,  
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven,  
Ten for the ten commandments.  
Nine for the nine white shiners,  
Eight for the April rainers.  
Seven for the seven stars in the sky,  
Six for the six proud walkers.  
Five for the symbols at your door,  
Four for the gospel makers.  
Three, three, the rivals,  
Two, two, lily white boys, dressed and all in green ho.  
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

There was blood upon his bindings, there was blood upon his skis,  
His intestines were a hanging from

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\grnddad1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Great Granddad  
Great Granddad, when the land was young,  
Barred the door with a wagon-tongue,  
For the times were rough and the redskins mocked,  
He said his prayers with a shotgun cocked.  
Great Granddad was a busy man,  
Washed his face in a frying pan,

He picked his teeth with a hunting knife,  
And wore the same suit all his life.  
He was a citizen tough and grim,  
Danger was duck soup to him.  
He ate cornpone and bacon fat,  
Great grandson would starve on that.  
Twenty-one children came to bless,  
The old man's home in the wilderness.  
Doubt this statement if you can,  
Great Granddad was a busy man.  
Twenty-one boys and not one bad;  
They never got fresh with their old Granddad.  
If they had he'd of been right glad,  
To tan their hides with a hickory gad.  
Twenty-one boys and tall they grew.  
Strong and fat on the bacon too.  
They slept on the floor with the dogs and cats,  
And hunted in the woods for their coonskin caps.  
He raised them rough but he raised them well,  
When their feet took hold on the road to hell,  
He filled them full of the fear of God,  
And straightened them out with an iron ram-rod.  
They grew strong in heart and strong in hand,  
Firm foundation of our land.  
Twenty-one boys but his great grandson,  
Is having a terrible time with one.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\grngrn-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Green Green  
chorus: Green green, it's green they say,  
On the far side of the hill.  
Green green, I'm going away,  
To where the grass is greener still.  
Well I told my momma on the day I was born,  
Don't you cry when you see I'm gone.  
You know there ain't no woman gonna settle me down,  
I just got to be traveling on.  
Now there ain't nobody in this whole wide world,  
Going to tell me how to spend my time.  
I'm just a good loving traveling man,  
Saying, "Buddy can you spare me a dime."  
I don't care when the sun goes down,  
Where I lay my weary head.  
Green green valley or a rocky road,  
Is there I'm going to make my bed.  
To travel by my side.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\grtcrzy1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Ain't It Great To Be Crazy

chorus: Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy.

Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy.

Happy and gay, all of the day,

Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy.

A horse and a flea and three blind mice

Sat on a tombstone shooting dice.

The horse he slipped and fell on the flea,

"Oops!", said the flea, "It's a horse on me."

There was an old doctor and his name was Peck,

Fell down the well and he broke his neck.

Served him right, he was doing wrong,

Should have tended to the sick, and left the well alone.

Way down South where bananas grow,

A flea stepped on an elephant's toe.

The elephant cried with tears in his eyes,

"Why don't you pick on someone your own size!"

Way up North where there's ice and snow,

There lived a penguin and his name was Joe.

He got so tired of black and white,

He wore pink slacks to the dance last night.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\grycock1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Grey Cock (Child #248)

Johnny he promised to marry me.

I fear he's with some fair one and gone.

There's something that ails him and I don't know what it is,

But I'm weary of lying alone.

Johnny he came at the appointed hour,

Knock on her window so slow.

This young girl arose and hurried on her clothes,

And she bid her true love welcome home.

She took him by the hand and she laid him down,

Found he was as cold as the clay.

She said, "My dearest dear, I only I had my wish,

This long night would never turn to day.

Where is your soft bed of down, my dear?

Where are you while Holland sheets?

And where is the fair girl who watches over you,

As you lie every night in you sleep?

The sea is my soft bed of down, he said,  
Sand be my white Holland sheet.  
The little hungry fishes the do feed off me,  
As I lie every night in the deep.  
Then, Oh my little cock, my handsome little cock,  
Don't crow till tis long after day.  
Your cage will be of the purest beaten gold,  
And you door of the sweet ivory.  
But him being young, he crowed so very soon,  
Crowed three long hours before day.  
This young man arose and he hurried on his clothes,  
Farewell Love, for I must go away.  
When will you come back again, my love,  
When will you come back again?  
When little fishes fly and the seas they do run dry,  
And the hard rocks melt in the sun.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\h2obeer1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Oh I'm The Man, The Very Fat Man)  
Chorus: Oh I'm the man, the very fat man,  
That waters the workers beer.  
Oh I'm the man the very fat man,  
That waters the workers beer.  
And what do I care if it makes them ill,  
If it makes them awfully queer.  
I've a car and a yacht and an aeroplane,  
From watering the workers beer.  
Now in days of old when beer was sold  
For tuppence a pint or less,  
The quality of the brew you got  
Was anybody's guess,  
Now Watneys and Ind Coope  
They are the same wherever you go,  
And you've got me to thank for that  
And my travelling chemical show.  
Now I know what my customers want;  
That's how I've gained my fame.  
The computer made me the ideal pub,  
So I've made them all the same.  
So whether you live in Tunbridge Wells,  
Or reside in Cheltenham Spa,  
There's the same imitation horse brasses,  
Above the formica bar.  
But it seems that some of me customers  
Have been putting up a fight.  
They've been asking for Ruddles County

And it's given me a fright.  
If business keeps going the way it is,  
I don't know what I shall do.  
I suppose in the last resort,  
I might produce a decent brew.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\h2owide1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Water Is Wide  
The water is wide, I cannot cross over,  
And neither have I wings to fly,  
But give me a boat that will carry two,  
And both shall row, my love and I.  
A ship there is and it sails the sea,  
It's loaded deep as deep can be.  
But not so deep as this love I am in,  
I know not how I sink or swim.  
I put my finger in the bush,  
To pluck a rose of the fairest kind.  
The thorns they pierced me at a touch,  
And so I left that tree behind.  
I leaned my back against an oak,  
Thinking that it was a trusty tree.  
But first it bended and it broke,  
As did my false lord did to me.  
Oh love is sweet and love is fair,  
Fresh as the dew when it is new.  
But love grows old and waxes cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.  
And he put me to sleep with a tap on the chin.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\hallbum1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Hallelujah I'm A Bum  
chorus: Hallelujah, I'm a bum,  
Hallelujah, bum again,  
Hallelujah, give us a handout  
To revive us again.  
Oh I love my boss, and my boss loves me,  
And that is the reason that I'm so hungry.  
Oh springtime has come and I'm out of jail,  
Without any money, without any bail.  
I went to a house, and knocked on the door,  
The lady said, "Scram, you've been here before."

I went to a house, and I asked for some bread.  
The lady came out, said the baker was dead.  
When springtime does come, oh won't we have fun,  
We'll throw up our jobs and go on the bum.  
If I was to work and save all I earn,  
I could buy me a bar and have money to burn.  
I passed by a saloon and heard someone snore,  
And I found the bartender asleep on the floor.  
I stayed there and drank till a copper came in,  
And he put me to sleep with a tap on the chin.  
Next morning in court, I was still in a haze,  
When the judge looked at me, he said, "Thirty days!"  
Oh, why don't you work like other men do?  
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?  
Springtime is here and I'm just out of jail,  
The whole winter in without any tail.  
I went to a house and I knocked on the door,  
My cock sticking straight out, my balls on the floor.  
I asked for a piece of bread and some food,  
The lady said, "Bum, you will eat when I'm screwed."  
When I left that lady, my cock it was sore,  
My belly was full, her ass it was tore.  
I went to another and I asked her for bread,  
She emptied the peepot all over my head.  
Be happy and glad for the springtime has come,  
We'll throw down our shovels and go on the bum.  
(llewtraH)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\harpolt1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Harry Pollot  
Harry Pollot was a worker,  
One of Lenin's lads,  
He was foully murdered  
By those counter-revolutionary cads.  
Well, Harry went to heaven,  
He reached the gates with ease.  
Said, "May I speak to Comrade God,  
I'm Harry Pollot, Please."  
"Gloria!" said St. Peter,  
"Are you humble and contrite?"  
"I'm a friend of Lady Astor's",  
"Well OK, that's quite all right."  
Now they put him in the choir,  
But the hymns he did not like,  
So he organized the angels,  
And he led them out on strike.

One day when God was walking,  
Round heaven to meditate.  
Who should he see but Harry,  
Chalking slogans on the gate.  
Well they brought him up on trial,  
Before the Holy Ghost,  
For spreading disaffection  
Amongst the heavenly host.  
The verdict it was guilty,  
Harry said, "Ah well."  
He tucked his mighty round his knees,  
And he drifted down to hell.  
Now seven long years have passed,  
Harry's doing swell.  
He's just been First People's Commissar  
Of Soviet Hell.  
Now the moral of this story,  
Is easy for to tell,  
If you want to be a Bolshevik,  
You'll have to go to hell.  
(The Limelighters)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\hauljoe1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Haul Away Joe  
When I was a little boy and so my mother told me,  
Way haul away, haul away Joe,  
That is I did not kiss the girls, my lips would grow all moldy,  
Way haul away, haul away Joe.  
chorus: Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather,  
Way haul away, haul away Joe.  
Once I had a southern girl, but she was fat and lazy,  
But now I've got a yankee girl, she is just a daisy.  
Louis was the King of France before the revolution.  
Then he got his head cut off, which spoiled his constitution.  
St. Patrick was a gentleman, he came from gentle people,  
He built a church in Dublin Town, and on it put a steeple.  
The cook is in the galley now, making duff so handy,  
The captain's in his cabin drinking wine and brandy.  
Running down a stormy sea and holding through the thunder,  
It's every man aloft, my boys, or we'll be going under.  
For seven days and seven nights, we've labored to exhaustion.  
But now the breeze is from the East, we'll come about for Boston.  
The ragged heavens opened up, we found with jubilation.  
The setting suns a beacon, boys, the sign of our salvation.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\hearse-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Hearse Song

Did you ever think as the hearse rolled by,  
That someday you are going to die.  
With your boots swinging from the back of a roan,  
And the undertaker inscribing your stone.  
The men with shovels stand all around,  
They shovel you into the cold wet ground.  
They shovel in dirt and they shovel in rocks,  
They don't give a damn if they break the box.  
The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out,  
The worms play pinochle on your snout.  
Then each one takes a bite or two,  
Of what your friends use to call you.  
Your eyes drop out, your teeth fall in,  
The worms crawl over you mouth and chin.  
They bring their friends and their friends friends too,  
Your chewed all to hell when they're through with you.  
Said she, "Don't be frightened to see my bald head,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\henmart1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Henry Martin

There were three brothers in merry Scotland,  
In merry Scotland, there were three.  
And they did cast lots which of them would go,  
For to turn pirate all on the salt sea.  
The lot it fell upon Henry Martin,  
The youngest of all of the three,  
That he should turn pirate all on the salt sea,  
For to support his two brothers and he.  
He had not been sailing but a long winter's night,  
And part of a short winter's day,  
When he did espy a lofty clipper ship,  
Foresails, top gallants, and mainsails away.  
"Hello, hello", cried Henry Martin.  
"What makes you sail so nigh."  
"I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London town,  
Will you please for to let me pass by."  
"Oh no! Oh no!" cried Henry Martin,  
"That thing it never can be,  
For I have turned pirate all on the salt sea,  
For to support my two brothers and me."  
"So lower your topsail and bow down your mizzen,



And bow yourselves under my lee,  
Or I shall give you a fast flowing ball,  
And drown your bodies all in the salt sea."  
With broadside and broadside alongside they lay,  
For fully two hours or three,  
Till Henry Martin gave to her the death shot,  
Heavily listing to starboard went she.  
The rich merchant vessel was wounded full sore,  
Straight to the bottom went she,  
And Henry Martin sailed away on the sea,  
For to support his two brothers and he.  
Bad news! Bad news to old London Town,  
Bad news to old London Town.  
There was a rich vessel and she's cast away,  
And all of her merry men drowned.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\herdnam1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

You've Heard My Voice

If you've ever kissed in the summer rain,  
If you've slept where the wind and the snows have lain,  
If you've ever heard a lonely train,  
Then you've heard my voice and you know my name.  
If you've bowed your head when you're filled with pride,  
If you learned of death when a bird has died,  
If you've tasted fear when a child has cried,  
Then you've heard my voice and you know my name.  
You've heard my voice in the winds of spring,  
Seen my face where the roses cling,  
I am the touch that the warm winds bring,  
I make my home in the heart of everything.  
In the driving rain of a summer squall,  
When the summer's gone and the petals fall,  
When the day is done and the night birds call,  
Then you've heard my voice and you know my name.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\herseby1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Hearse Song

Did you ever wonder when a hearse goes by,  
That you may be the next to die!  
They'll take you out to the family plot  
And there you'll wither, decay, and rot!  
They'll take you out, and lower you down,

And men with shovels will gather 'round!  
They wrap you up in a big white sheet  
And bury you under about six feet!  
And all goes well for about a week  
And then the coffin begins to leak!  
The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out,  
The worms play pichnocle on your snout!  
They call their friends, and their buddies, too,  
They'll make a terrible mess of you!  
Your body turns a slimey green,  
And pus runs out like whipping cream!  
Your hair turns white, your skin turns blue,  
You don't look like you used to do!  
Your eyes fall in, your teeth fall out,  
Your liver turns to sauerkraut!  
And great big bugs with eyes of green,  
Crawl in your liver and out your spleen!  
You become a thing that's very rare  
A smell worse than your underwear!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\hibarb-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

High Barbaree  
There were two lofty ships from old England sailed.  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.  
One was the Prince of Luther, and the other Prince of Wales.  
Cruising down the coast of High Barbaree.  
Aloft there, aloft there, look out upon the sea.  
Look ahead, look astern, look aweather, look alee.  
There is naught upon the stern, there is naught upon the lee.  
But there's a lofty ship to windward, and she's sailing fast and free.  
"I'm not a man-of-war, nor a privateer", said he.  
"I am a salt sea pirate, and looking for my prey."  
'Twas broadside and broadside along time we lay.  
Until the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's mast away.  
"Oh Quarter! Oh Quarter", the pirates cried to me.  
But the quarter that we gave them, we sank them in the sea.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\hilshil1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Hills Of Shilo  
Have you seen Amanda Baline,  
In the hills of Shilo.  
Wandering in the morning rain?

In the hills of Shilo.  
Have you seen her at her door,  
Listening for the cannon's roar,  
And her man who went to war.  
In the hills of Shilo.  
Have you heard her mournful cry,  
Have you seen her haunted eyes,  
Have you seen her running down,  
Searching through the sleeping town,  
In her yellowed wedding gown.  
Have you seen her standing there,  
Wind ablowing through her hair.  
Listening for the sound of guns,  
Listening for the rolling drums,  
And a man who never comes.  
Have you heard Amanda sing,  
Whispering to her wedding ring.  
Hear her humming soft and low,  
Poor Amanda doesn't know,  
'Twas ended forty years ago.  
In the hills of Shilo.  
Your hands are so pretty and lovely,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\hinoon-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### High Noon

Do not forsake me, oh my darling,  
On this our wedding day.  
Do not forsake me, oh my darling,  
Wait, wait along.  
I do not know what fate awaits me;  
I only know I must be brave.  
And I must face a man who hates me,  
Or lie a coward, a craven coward,  
Or lie a coward in my grave.  
Oh to be torn 'twixt love and duty,  
Supposing I lose my fair-haired beauty.  
Look at those big hands move along,  
Nearing high noon.  
He made a vow while in state's prison,  
Vowed it would be my life or his'n.  
I'm not afraid of death but oh,  
What will I do if you leave me?  
Do not forsake me, oh my darling;  
You made that promise as a bride.  
Do not forsake me, oh my darling,  
Although your grieving, don't think of leaving,

Now that I need you by my side.  
The coroner's quest goes hard with me,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\hiwaymn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Highwayman

The wind was a torrent of darkness, among the dusky trees.  
The moon was a ghostly galleon, tossed from cloudy seas.  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor.  
And the highwayman came riding, the highwayman came riding,  
Up to the oaken door.

chorus: The highwayman, the highwayman,  
The highwayman came riding, riding,  
Up to the oaken door.

One kiss my bonnie sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight,  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light.  
But if they press me sharply or chase me through the day,  
Then watch for me by moonlight, I'll come to thee by moonlight,  
Though hell should bar the way.  
Oh then through the door of the Inn yard, King George's men did ride,  
And they found the landlord's daughter with a musket by her side.  
Then a shot rang out in the moonlight, she shispered her last breath,  
She shot herself in the moonlight, she killed herself in the moonlight,

And warned him with her death.

Oh back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the skies,  
With the white robe smoking behind, and his rapier brandished high.  
Blood red were his spurs in the golden moon, wine red was his velvet cloak, When  
they shot him down on the highway, down like a dog on the highway,

And he laid in his blood on the road.

Here on a winter's night they say, when the wind is in the trees,  
When the moon is a ghostly galleon, tossed from a cloudy sea,  
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight, or maybe a little more,  
The highwayman comes riding, the highwayman comes riding,  
Up to the oaken door.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\holhand1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Hold Your Hand In Mine

I hold your hand in mine, dear,  
I press it to my lips.  
I take a healthy bite from  
Your dainty fingertips.

My joy would be complete, dear,  
If you were only here.  
But still I keep you hand as  
A precious souvenir.  
The night you died, I cut it off,  
I really don't know why,  
For now each time I kiss it,  
I get bloodstains on my tie.  
I'm sorry now I killed you,  
For our love was something fine,  
And till they come to get me,  
I shall hold your hand in mine.  
(Tom Lehrer)  
Round heaven to meditate.  
Who should he see but Harry,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\horsthf1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Crafty Maid's Policy  
(llewtraH)

\*-----

Come listen a while and I'll sing you a song  
Of three merry gentlemen riding along.  
They met a fair maid and to her did say,  
"I fear this cold morning will do you some harm."  
"Oh no, kind sir," said the maid, "You're mistaken  
To think this cold morning will do me some harm.  
There's one thing I crave, it lies twixt your legs  
If you give me that, it will keep me warm"  
"Since you crave it, my dear, you shall have it.  
If you'll come with me to yonder green tree.  
Then since you do crave it, my dear you shall have it;  
I'll make these two gentlemen witness to be."  
So the gentleman lighted and straightway she mounted  
And looking the gentleman hard in the face,  
Saying, "You knew not my meaning, you wrong understood me,"  
And away she went galloping down the long lane.  
"Oh gentlemen, lend me one of your horses,  
That I might ride after her down the long lane.  
If I overtake her, I'll warrant I'll make her  
Return unto me my horse back again."  
But soon as this fair maiden she saw him coming,  
She instantly then took her pistol in hand  
Saying, "Doubt not my skill, it's you I would kill.  
I'd have you stand back or you are a dead man."  
"Oh why do you spend your time here in talking.  
Why do you spend your time here in vain.

Come give her a guinea, it's what she deserves.  
I'll warrant she'll give you your horse back again."

"Oh no, kind sir, you're vastly mistaken.  
If it is his loss, well it is my gain.  
And you are a witness that he give it to me."  
And away she went galloping over the plain.

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\hrdtrav1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Hard Traveling

I've been doing some hard traveling,  
I thought you knowed.  
I've been having some hard traveling,  
Way down the road.  
I've been having some hard traveling,  
Hard rambling, hard gambling,  
I've been having some hard traveling, Lord.  
I've been working a hard rock tunnel,  
I've been leaning on a pressure drill.  
Hammer flying, air hose sucking,  
Six feet of mud, I sure been mucking.  
I've been working that Pittsburg steel,  
I've been working that red-hot slag,  
I've been blasting, I've been firing,  
I've been ducking red hot iron.  
I've been hitting some hard harvesting,  
I've been hitting some rough handling,  
Cut that wheat and stack that hay,  
Trying to make about a dollar a day.  
I've been hitting that Lincoln Highway,  
I've been hitting that sixty-six,  
Heavy load and worried mind,  
Looking for a woman that's hard to find.  
gh rain, hail, and snow frozen plumb to the gills,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\hulabal1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Hullabaloo Belay

My mother ran a boarding house,  
Hullabaloo belay, hullabaloo below belay,  
And all the boarders were out to see,  
Hullabaloo belay.

A fresh young man named Shallo Brown,  
He followed me mother all round the town.  
One day when father was on the town,  
Me mother ran off with Shallo Brown.  
Me father said young man me boy,  
To which I quickly made reply,  
Me father slowly pined away,  
Because me mother came back the next day.

St.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\huntson1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Hunting Song  
I always will remember,  
'Twas a year ago November,  
I went out to hunt some deer,  
On a morning bright and clear.  
I went and shot the maximum  
The game laws will allow,  
Two game wardens, seven hunters,  
And a cow.  
I was in no mood to trifle,  
I took down my trusty rifle,  
And I went to stalk my prey.  
What a haul I made that day!  
I tied them on my fender  
And I got them home somehow;  
Two game wardens, seven hunters,  
And a cow.  
The law was very firm, it  
Took away my permit,  
The worst punishment I've ever endured.  
It turned out there was a reason,  
Cows were out of season,  
And one of the hunters wasn't insured.  
People ask me how I do it,  
I just say there's nothing to it,  
You just stand there looking cute,  
And when something moves, you shoot.  
And there's ten stuffed heads  
In my trophy room right now,  
Two game wardens, seven hunters,  
And a purebred Guernsey cow.  
(Tom Lehrer)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\imgoing1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Know Where I'm Going  
I know where I'm going,  
And I know who's going with me.  
I know who I love,  
    But my dear knows who I'll marry.  
I have stockings of silk,  
And shoes of bright green leather,  
Combs to buckle my hair,  
    And a ring on every finger.  
Feather beds are soft,  
And painted rooms are bonny.  
Fairest of them all,  
Is my handsome winsome Johnny.  
Some say he's black,  
But I say he's bonny.  
    Fairest of the all,  
Is my handsome, winsome Johnny

I've been hitting that Lincoln Highway,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\inmybed1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

As I Lie In My Bed  
If today was not an endless highway,  
If tomorrow was not a crooked trail,  
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time,  
And lonesome would mean nothing to me now.  
chorus: And only if my own true love was waiting,  
    And if I could hear her voice softly sighing,  
If only she were here and lying by me,  
    And I lie in my bed once again.  
I can see my reflection in the water,  
And seek the sound of summer rain.  
I can't hear the sound of my footsteps,  
And remember the sound of my own pain.  
    There's beauty in the silver singing river,  
    There's beauty in the sunlight in the sky.  
But these and nothing else can match the beauty,  
That I remember in my true loves eyes.  
    And in that cold and snowy wood, Young Willy Seaton died.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\intellg1.txt



\*\*\*\*\*

### Intelligent Life In The Universe

Whenever life gets you down, Mrs. Brown,  
And things seem hard or tough,  
And people are stupid, obnoxious, or daft,  
And you feel that you've had quite enough,  
Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's evolving,  
And revolving at nine-hundred miles an hour,  
That's orbiting at nineteen miles a second, so it's reckoned,  
A sun that is the source of all our power.  
The sun and you and me, and all the stars that we can see,  
Are moving at a million miles a day,  
In an outer spiral arm, at forty thousand miles an hour,  
Of the galaxy we call the Milky Way.  
Our galaxy itself contains a hundred billion stars,  
Its one hundred thousand light-years side to side.  
It bulges in the middle, sixteen thousand light-years thick,  
But out by us, it's just three thousand light-years wide.  
We're thirty thousand light-years from galactic central-point,  
We go around every two hundred million years.  
And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions and billions,  
In this amazing and expanding universe.  
The universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding,  
In all the directions it can whiz.  
As fast as it can go, the speed of light you know,  
Twelve million miles a minute, that's the fastest speed there is.  
So remember when you're feeling very small and insecure,  
How amazingly unlikely is your birth,  
And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere up in space,  
Because there's bugger-all down here on the Earth.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\irakram1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### I Am A Rake

I am a rake and a rambling boy.  
There's many a woman I did enjoy,  
But now I married a pretty little wife,  
And I love her dearer than I love my life.  
She was pretty, neat and gay,  
Caused me to ride the wide highway.  
I robbed it, yes, I do declare;  
I made myself ten thousand there.  
When I die, don't bury me at all;  
Place my bones in alcohol.  
At my feet place a turtle dove,

And tell the world, I died for love.  
Some say he's black,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\irshball1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Irish Ballad

About a maid I'll sing a song,  
Sing rickety tickety tin.  
About a maid I'll sing a song,  
Who didn't have her family long.  
Not only did she do them wrong,  
But she did every one of them in, them in,  
She did every one of them in.  
One morning in a fit of pique,  
Sing rickety tickety tin.  
One morning if a fit of pique,  
She drowned her father in the creek.  
The water tasted bad for a week,  
And they had to make do with gin, with gin,  
They had to make do with gin.  
Her mother she could never stand,  
Sing rickety tickety tin.  
Her mother she could never stand,  
And so a cyanide soup she planned.  
Her mother died with the spoon in her hand,  
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin,  
Her face in a hideous grin.  
She set her sister's hair on fire,  
Sing rickety tickety tin.  
She set her sister's hair on fire,  
And as the smoke and flames grew higher,  
She danced around the funereal pyre,  
Playing the violin, o-lin,  
Playing the violin.  
She weighted her brother down with stones,  
Sing rickety tickety tin.  
She weighted her brother down with stones,  
And sent him off to Davy Jones.  
And all they ever found were some bones,  
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin,  
And occasional pieces of skin.  
One day when she had nothing to do,  
Sing rickety tickety tin.  
One day when she had nothing to do,  
She cut her baby brother in two,  
And served him up as an Irish Stew,  
And invited the neighbors in, bors-in,

And invited the neighbors in.  
 And when at last the police came by,  
 Sing rickety tickety tin.  
 And when at last the police came by,  
 Her little pranks she did not deny,  
 For to do so, she would have had to lie,  
 And lying she knew was a sin, a sin,  
 And lying she knew was a sin.  
 My tragic tale I won't prolong,  
 Sing rickety tickety tin.  
 My tragic tale I won't prolong,  
 And if you do not enjoy my song,  
 You've yourselves to blame if it's too long,  
 You should never have let me begin, begin,  
 You should never have let me begin.  
 Mÿ [] B=

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\janejan1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jane Jane Jane  
 Jane, Jane, Jane with the pretty pretty face,  
 Dressed in rags she still looks like a queen.  
 Jane, Jane, Jane should be in silk and lace,  
 The prettiest female you have ever seen.  
 chorus: Jane, Jane, Jane, mark my bonnie Jane,  
 As sweet as sugar in the canefield,  
 Don't be ashamed.  
 Jane cannot see, she's blind as she can be,  
 But the prettiest girl in all the world to me.  
 Jane, Jane, Jane, she has no mom, no dad,  
 And the animals are all the friends she has.  
 They nibble on her toes and she pats them on their nose,  
 To hear her laughter makes me poor heart glad.  
 Jane likes to sit on a big rock in the sun,  
 And wiggle her footsies while the water runs.  
 The birds sing a song, her furry friends tag along,  
 They play together until the day is done.  
 I know Jane is sweet by the sound of her feet.  
 I see her beauty when she speaks to me.  
 I know she's dressed in rags, I feel the coffee bags,  
 But I couldn't love her more if I could see.  
 Amongst the heavenly host.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\jerrock1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Jam On Jerry's Rock

Come all you trueborn shanty boys, wherever you may be.  
Come sit here on the deacon's seat and listen unto me.  
'Tis of the jam on Jerry's Rock and a hero you should know,  
The bravest of our shanty boys, our forman, Young Monroe.  
'Twas on a Sunday morning, as daylight did appear,  
The logs were piled up mountain high, we could not get them clear.  
Then six of our brave shanty boys the did agree to go,  
And break the jam on Jerry's Rock with our foreman, Young Monroe.  
They had not rolled off many logs when Monroe, he did say,  
Stand back and off the drive, my boys, this jam will soon give way.  
Alone he freed the keylog then, and when the jam did go,  
It bore away on the boiling flood, our foreman, Young Monroe.  
When the boys got back to camp, the sad news came to hear.  
The search for our lost comrade, down river we did steer.  
It was not long before we found to our great grief and woe,  
All cut and mangled on the shore, our forman, Young Monroe.  
We picked him up most tenderly, smoothed down his raven hair.  
There was one among the watchers whose cries did rend the air.  
The fairest lass of Saginaw let tears of anguish flow,  
But her moans and cries could not awake her true love, Young Monroe.  
We buried him quite decently, 'twas on the twelfth of May.  
Come all you trueborn shanty boys and for your comrade pray.  
Engraved upon a hemlock tree that near his grave did grow,  
The name, the age, and the drowning date of our foreman, Young Monroe.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\jeshelm1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Big Bad Jess

(llewtrah)

\*-----

Tune: Big Bad John by Jimmy Dean  
by Billy C. Wirtz and by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak  
Every day at the Senate you could see him arrive;  
His age and I.Q. were both sixty-five;  
Narrow in the mind and red in the neck,  
Nobody knew what the hell to expect  
From Big Jess.  
Big Jess, biigg Jessss,  
Big Bad Jess!  
Nobody really knew what made him so mean;  
Some said 'twas a lack of sumpin' in his genes.  
Some speculated that he'd been dropped on his head;  
And others that his family were all inbred.  
Big Jess.  
The press and the critics all thought it mighty scary,

That his butt was in D.C. and his mind in Mayberry;  
The press and the critics never bothered him a bit,  
But those hairy-legged feminists nearly made him shit.  
Big Jess.  
Big Jess, what a mess  
BIG BAD JESS!  
And then came the day in Hilton Head,  
When Jesse went swimmin' and nearly ended up dead.  
A wave came along and knocked him sprawlin',  
And dragged him out to sea screamin' and ballin'.  
Big Jess.  
Jesse figured it was over and the devil was even,  
When along in a rowboat came a fellow named Steven.  
Jesse hollered, "Help me, help me!  
I'm Senator Jess!"  
And he said, "You're getting sunburn and your hair is a mess,  
Big Jess."  
And what happened next has never been clear;  
You might say that Helms behaved sorta queer.  
He said, "You got it all wrong, I'm a misunderstood man,  
And by the way Steven, you've got a nice tan."  
"Merci, Jess."  
Steven threw Jesse a life preserver  
And Jesse wondered how to explain to the News and Observer.  
He said "You know, Steven, you're a real good pal!"  
And that night they went dancing at the Capitol Corral.  
Big Jess.  
You can bet the Republicans made a hell of a noise  
When Jesse admitted, "I'm one of the boys."  
The folks in the Senate knew he was under the weather,  
When he appeared with pierced nipples and tight black leather,  
Big Jess.  
Jesse almost lost his life  
But he got a new friend;  
He didn't understand at first  
But he got it in the end;  
Big Jess.  
Big Jess, biigg Jessss,  
BIG BAD JESS!  
From Big Jess.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\jessjam1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jesse James  
Jesse James was a man who killed many a man,  
He robbed the Glendale train.  
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor,

He had a hand, a heart, and a brain.  
 chorus: Jesse had a wife, to mourn for his life,  
 Three children, they were brave.  
 But that dirty little coward shot Mr. Howard,  
 And laid Jesse James in his grave.  
 It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,  
 I wonder how he does survive?  
 He ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,  
 And he laid Jesse James in his grave.  
 Jesse was a man, a friend of the poor,  
 He never would see a man suffer pain.  
 With his brother Frank, he robbed the Chicago Bank,  
 And stopped the Glendale train.  
 In was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,  
 He stopped the Glendale train.  
 And the people for miles around were gathered in the town.  
 It was the work of Frank and Jesse James.  
 It was with his brother Frank who robbed the Gallatin bank,  
 And carried the money from the town.  
 It was in that very place, they had a little race,  
 And the shot Captain Sheets to the ground.  
 They went to a crossing not very far from there,  
 And there they did the same.  
 With the agent on his knees, he delivered up the keys,  
 To the outlaws, Frank and Jesse James.  
 It was on a Saturday night, Jesse was at home,  
 Talking with his family brave.  
 Robert Ford came along, like a thief in the night,  
 And laid poor Jesse in his grave.  
 The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,  
 And wondered how he came to die.  
 It was one of the gang called little Robert Ford,  
 That shot poor Jesse on the sly.  
 Jesse went to rest with his hand upon his breast,  
 The devil will look upon his face.  
 He was born one day in the County of Shea,  
 And he came from a solitary race.  
 This song was made by Billy Gashade,  
 Just as soon as the news did arrive.  
 Said there was no man, with a sixgun in his hand,  
 Who could take Jesse James when alive.  
 [],P[]+B=L1C<

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\jesusch1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jesus Christ (Jesse James)  
 Jesus Christ was a man,

An honest working man,  
A carpenter true and brave.  
He told all the rich,  
"Give your money to the poor."  
And they laid poor Jesus in his grave.  
Jesus had no wife,  
To mourn for his life,  
And he needed a bath and a shave.  
But that dirty little coward,  
By the name of Izzy Cariot,  
Helped to lay poor Jesus in his grave.  
I didn't know what she was about,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\jgppunch1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jug O' Punch  
As I was walking one fine morning,  
In the month of June, by the jug and spoon,  
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch,  
And the song it sang was a jug o' punch.  
Chorus: Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,  
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch,  
And the song it sang was a jug o' punch.  
What more perversion can a man desire,  
Than to whip his girl by an open fire.  
A kerry pipin to crackle and crunch,  
Aye and on the table a jug o' punch.  
Even the doctor with all his art,  
Cannot cure a man of a broken heart.  
Even the cripple forgets his hunch,  
When he's safe outside of a jug o' punch.  
When I am dead and I am in my grave,  
There is just on thing, that I do crave.  
Just lay me down in my native peat,  
With a jug o' punch at my head and feet.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\jimswag1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jim Swaggart The Preacher (by Dan Newton)  
Oh me name is Jim Swaggart, I'm a preacher.  
I used to save soles on TV.  
But they caught me carousing with floozies,  
And they've taken my program from me.

chorus: Come an intwing, come an intwing, come a dido,  
Come an intwing, come an intwing come a die day,  
With me  
roo hoo hoo, roo hoo hoo randy,  
And me lobstone keeps flailing away.  
Well, when I was a lad, Ma would scold me,  
Sayin' "James, keep your hands off your crotch!"  
Well, to do it was dirty, she told me,  
But she never said I couldn't watch.  
Well, the labeled Jim Bakker a pervert,  
And they called me a lecher, 'tis true,  
Even though I never did nothin',  
I just asked for a womb with a view.  
Well, my sorrows, they soon will be over.  
And I'll soon be a rich man again,  
For I've just sold my story to Playboy,  
And the movie rights to MGM.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\jonhard1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

John Hardy  
John Hardy was a fighting man,  
Carried a razor every day.  
Kill a man in Mobile town,  
You ought to seen John Hardy get away,  
You ought to seen John Hardy get away.  
John Hardy was standing at the bar,  
So drunk he could not see.  
Along came a man with a warrant in his hand,  
"John Hardy, you better come with me.  
John Hardy, you better come with me."  
John Hardy had a pretty little gal,  
Left her dressed in blue.  
He saw her in the hanging crowd,  
Crying, "John Hardy, I'll be true to you,  
John Hardy, I'll be true to you."  
I've been this wide world over,  
I've been this wide world round,  
I've been to the river and I've been baptised,  
Take me to my burying ground,  
Take me to my burying ground.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\jonsold1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



Johnny's Gone For A Soldier

Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill,  
Who could blame me, cry my fill,  
And every tear would turn a mill,  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.  
Me oh my, I love him so.  
It broke my heart to see him go.  
And only time will heal my woe,  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.  
I'll sell my flax, I'll sell my wheel,  
I'll make my love a sword of steel,  
And this in battle, he will wield,  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.  
I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,  
And through the streets, I'll beg for bread.  
Till he comes back and we are wed,  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\juliann1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Julie Ann

The shady side of Sunny Mountain's  
Blessed lakes it all began.  
There once lived the fairest maiden,  
And her name was Julie Ann.  
Julie's beau was tall and handsome,  
Just a poor boy with treasures few.  
Still he promised rings of silver,  
For to prove his love was true.  
chorus: Have you seen her in the moonlight,  
Silver rings upon her hand.  
Now she wears a crown of sorrow,  
And her name is Julie Ann.  
Wake me early in the morning,  
Ere the birds begin to sing.  
I'll get silver from the mountain,  
And I'll fashion you a ring.  
Off he rode across the mountain,  
When the fields were damp with dew,  
But instead he went around them,  
And a-courting Jenny Lou.  
The cabin door was standing open,  
On that wild and lonely night.  
And the hound-dog he lay dying,  
In the gloomy candlelight.  
They found a shattered empty mirror,  
And the shawl she used to wear.

But they never found poor Julie,  
Anmd they never found the hungry bear.  
Destroying all the cities in the area-o.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\julvern1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Whale of a Tale To Tell (20000 Leagues Under The Sea)

Got a whale of a tale to tell you lads,  
A whale of a tale or two,  
'Bout the flapping fish and the girls I've loved,  
On nights like this with a moon above,  
A whale of a tale and it's all true  
I swear by my tattoo.  
There was Mermaid Minny, met her down in Madagascar,  
She would kiss me anytime that I would ask her.  
Then one evening her flame of love blew out.  
Well, knock me down and pick me up  
She swapped me for a trout.  
There was Typhoon Tessie, met her on the coast of Java,  
When we kissed I bubbled up like molten lave,  
Then she gave me the scare of my young life.  
Well, knock me down and pick me up,  
She was the Captain's wife!  
There was Harpoon Hannah, had a face to make you shudder,  
Lips like fish hooks, and a nose just like a rudder.  
When I kissed her and held her tenderly,  
Well, there's no sea-monster big enough  
To ever frighten me!  
(Sung by Kurt Douglas in the Disney production)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\junkfoo1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Junk Food Junkie

(Larry Groce)

You know I love that organic cooking,  
I always ask for more.  
And they call me Mr. Natural  
On down at the health food store.

\*

I only eat good sea salt.  
White sugar don't touch my lips.  
And my friends are alway beggin me to take them  
On macro biotic trips.  
But at night I take out my strong box

That I keep under lock and key.  
And I take it off to my closet  
Where nobody else can see.  
I open the lid so slowly,  
Take a peekk up North and South,  
Then I pull out a Hostess Twinkee,  
And I pop it in my mouth.  
Cho: In the daytime I'm Mr. Natural,  
Just as healthy as I can be.  
But at night I'm a junk-food junkie,  
Good Lord have pity on me.  
At lunch time you can always find me  
At the Whole Earth Vitamin Bar.  
Just sucking on my plain white yogurt  
From my hand-thrown pottery jar.  
But when that clock strikes midnight  
And I'm all by myself,  
I work that combination  
On my secret hide-away shelf.  
And I pull out some Fritos Corn Chips,  
Dr. Pepper and an old Moon Pie;  
I sit back in glorious expectation  
Of a genuine junk-food high.

chorus:

My friends down at the commune  
Well they think I'm pretty neat.  
I don't know nothing about arts and crafts,  
But I give them all something to eat.  
I was a friend to old Eul Gibbons,  
And I only eat home grown spice.  
I got a John Keats autographed Grecian urn  
Filled up with my brown rice.  
But lately, I have been spotted  
With a Big Mac on my breath,  
Stumbling out of a Colonel Sanders  
With a face as white as death.  
I'm afraid some day they'll find me  
Just stretched out on my bed  
With a handful of Pringles Potato Chips  
And a DingDong by my head  
chorus

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\katycr11.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Katie Cruel  
When I first came to town,  
They called me the roving jewel.

Now they've changed their tune,  
They call me Katie Cruel.  
chorus: Oh that I was where I would be,  
Then I would be where I'm not,  
Now here I am where I must be,  
Got to where I plan not.  
When I first came to town,  
They brought me bottles plenty.  
Now they've changed their tune,  
They bring me the bottles empty.  
Eyes as bright as golden,  
Lips as red as cherry,  
And 'tis my delight,  
To make the young folks merry.  
I know who I love,  
And I know who does love me.  
I know where I'm going,  
And I know who's going with me.  
Through the woods I'll travel,  
Past the bogs and mire.  
Straightway through the fields,  
We'll reach our hearts desire.  
As we jog along through the snow.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\kissswin1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Kisses Sweeter Than Wine  
Oh, Kisses sweeter than wine.  
Oh, Kisses sweeter than wine.  
When I was a young man and never been kissed,  
I started thinking over what I had missed.  
I got me a girl and I kissed her and then,  
Oh Lord! I kissed her again.  
I asked her to marry and be my sweet wife,  
And we would be so happy in all of our life.  
I begged and I pleaded like a natural man,  
Oh Lord! She gave me her hand.  
I worked mighty hard and so did my wife,  
Working hand in hand to make a good life.  
Corn in the field and wheat in the bins,  
Oh Lord! I was the father of twins.  
Our children numbered just about four,  
They all had sweethearts a knocking on the door.  
They all got married and they didn't hesitate,  
Oh Lord! The grandfather of eight.  
Now we are old and ready to go,  
We get to thinking what happened a long time ago.

Had a lot of kids, trouble and pain,  
Oh Lord! We'd do it again.  
a foolish foolish thing, does a foolish foolish thing,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\knomylo1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### I Know My Love

I know my love by her way of talking,  
And I know my love by her way of walking,  
And I know my love by her dress of blue,  
But if my love leaves me, what will I do.  
chorus: And yet she cries, I love him the best,  
But a troubled mind sure can know no rest,  
And yet she cries, bonny boys are few,  
But if my love leaves me, what will I do.  
There is a dance hall in Maradyke,  
Where my true love goes every night,  
And sits upon some strange man's knee,  
And don't you know that vexes me.  
Some say he's black,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\ladies-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Ladies Man

Boys love beer and girls love milk,  
Little pigs love buttermilk.  
And ever since the world began,  
The ladies love a ladies man.  
I love to skip along with the ladies,  
I'll always sing a song for the ladies,  
As long as I can tell sugar from sand,  
I'll always be a ladies man.  
The blue bird loves its little nest,  
The baby loves its mother's breast.  
But in ragged clothes or spic and span,  
The ladies love a ladies man.  
I like to sympathize with the ladies,  
I always roll my eyes at the ladies.  
As long as I can breathe or stand,  
I'll always be a ladies man.  
The squirrel loves the hickory tree,  
The clover loves the bumblebee.  
The flies they love molasses and,  
The ladies love a ladies man.

I like to shake a toe with the ladies,  
I was born to be a beau with the ladies.  
And now I'm sure you'll understand,  
I'll always be a ladies man.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\ladydia1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lady Diamond  
(llewtraH)

There was a king, a glorious king, a king of noble fame,  
And he had daughters only one, Lady Diamond was her name.  
He had a boy, a kitchen boy, a boy of muckle scorn;  
She loved him long, she loved him aye, 'til the grass o'ergrew the corn.  
When twenty weeks were gone and past, oh, she began to greet,  
For her petticoat grew short before and her stays they would not meet.  
It fell upon a winter's night, the king could get no rest;  
He came unto his daughter dear, just like a wandering ghost.  
He came unto his daughter dear, pulled back the curtains long.  
What aileth thee, my daughter dear, I fear you have gotten wrong.  
Oh, if I have, despise me not, for he is all my joy.  
I will forsake both dukes and earls and marry your kitchen boy.  
Oh, bring to me my merry men, all by thirty and by three.  
Oh bring to me my kitchen boy, we'll murder him secretly.  
There was not a sound into the hall and ne'er a word was said,  
Until they had him safe and sure between two featherbeds.  
Cut the heart from out of his breast, put it in a cup of gold,  
And present it to his Diamond dear, for she was both stout and bold.  
Oh, come to me, my hinny, my heart, oh, come to me my joy;  
Oh, come to me, my hinny, my heart, my father's kitchen boy.  
She took the cup from out of their hands and set it at her bed;  
Washed it with tears that fell from her eyes and next morning she was dead.  
Oh, where were you, my merry men all, when I gave meat and wage,  
That you didn't stay my cruel hand when I was in a rage?  
For gone is all my heart's delight, oh, gone is all my joy;  
For my dear Diamond, she is dead, likewise my kitchen boy.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\ladyfly1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lady Who Swallowed A Fly

I know an old lady who swallowed a fly,  
I don't know why she swallowed a fly,  
Perhaps she'll die.  
I know an old lady who swallowed a spider,  
That wriggled and giggled and tickled inside her.

She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,  
I don't know why she swallowed the fly.  
Perhaps she'll die.  
Bird  
- How absurd to swallow a bird.  
Cat  
- Fancy that, she swallowed a cat.  
Dog  
- What a hog to swallow a dog.  
Goat  
- She opened her throat and swallowed a goat.  
Cow  
- Don't ask me how she swallowed a cow.  
Horse  
- She's dead of course.  
ad, her blood all over the ground.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\lasslow1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lass Of The Low Country  
There was a lass of the low country,  
Who loved a lord of high degree.  
She loved her lordship so tenderly,  
chorus: Sing sorrow, sing sorrow,  
Now she sleeps in the valley,  
Where the wildflowers nod,  
No one knows she loved him,  
But herself and God.  
One day when the sun was on the meer,  
He passed her door on a milk-white steed.  
She smiled and she spoke, but he paid no heed,  
Now if you be a lass from the low country,  
Don't love no lord of high degree.  
They ain't got no heart and no sympathy,  
I love you far better that words can e'er express,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\lastmin1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Last Thing On My Mind  
It's a lesson too late for the learning,  
Made of sand, made of sand.  
In the wink of an eye my world is turning,  
In your hand, in your hand.  
chorus: Are you going away with no word of farewell,

Will there be not a trace left behind.  
Well I could have loved you better,  
Didn't mean to be unkind,  
You know that was the last thing on my mind.  
As we walk on, my thoughts keep a tumbling,  
Round and round, round and round.  
Underneath our feet the subway rumbling,  
Underground, underground.  
You've got reasons a-plenty for going,  
This I know,  
This I know.  
For the weeds have been steadily growing,  
Please don't go,  
Please don't go.  
I'd be a rich man today.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\lemontr1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Lemon Tree

When I was just a lad of ten, my father said to me,  
Come here and take a lesson from the lovely lemon tree.  
"Don't put your faith in love, my boy", my father said to me.  
"I fear you'll find that love is like the lovely lemon tree."  
chorus: Lemon tree, very pretty,  
And the lemon flower is sweet,  
But the fruit of the poor lemon,  
Is impossible to eat.  
One day beneath the lemon tree, my love and I did lie,  
A girl so sweet that when she smiled, the stars rose in the sky.  
We passed that summer lost in love beneath the lemon tree.  
The music of her laughter hid my father's words from me.  
One day she left without a word, she took away the sun,  
And in the dark she left behind, I knew what she had done.  
She'd left me for another, it's a common tale but true.  
A sadder man but wiser now, I sing these words to you

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\lieeyes1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Lying Eyes

--

D. Henley and D. Frey  
City girls just seem to find out early  
How to open doors with just a smile,  
A rich old man and she won't have to worry,



She'll dress up in the latest going style.  
Late at night a big old house gets lonely,  
I guess every form of refuge has its price.  
And it breaks her heart to think her love is only  
Given to a man with hands as cold as ice.  
So she tells him she must go out for the evening,  
To comfort an old friend who's feeling down,  
But he knows where she's going as she's leaving;  
She is headed for the cheating side of town.  
You can't hide your lying eyes,  
And your smile's a thin disguise,  
Though by now you realize,  
There ain't no way to hide your lying eyes.  
On the other side of town, a boy is waiting,  
With fiery eyes and dreams no one could steal.  
She drives on through the night, anticipating,  
'Cause he makes her feel the way she used to feel.  
She rushes to his arms, they fall together,  
She whispers it's only for a while.  
She swears that soon she'll be coming back forever.  
She goes away and leaves him with a smile.  
She gets up and pours herself a strong one  
And stares out at the stars up in the sky.  
Another night that's going to be a long one.  
She draws the shade and hangs her head to cry.  
She wonders how it ever got this crazy,  
She thinks about a boy she knew in school.  
Did she get tired or did she just get lazy,  
She's so far gone, and feels just like a fool.  
My Oh My, you sure know how to arrange things,  
You set it up so well, so carefully.  
Ain't it funny how your new life didn't change things,  
You're still the same old girl you used to be.  
I am on the hill overlooking El Paso,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\litboxes1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Little Boxes

Little boxes on the hillside,  
Little boxes made of ticky-tacky,  
Little boxes on the hillside,  
Little boxes all the same.  
There's a green one and a pink one  
And blue one and a yellow one,  
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky,  
And they all look just the same.  
And the people in the boxes

All went to the University,  
Where they were put in boxes,  
And they all came out the same.  
And there's doctors and there's lawyers,  
And business executives,  
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky,  
And they all look just the same.  
And they all play on the golf course,  
And drink their martinis dry,  
And they all have pretty children,  
And the children go to school.  
And the children go to summer camp,  
And then to the university,  
Where they are put in boxes,  
And they all come out the same.  
And the boys go in business,  
And marry and raise a family,  
In boxes made of ticky-tacky,  
And they all look just the same.  
There's a green one and a pink one,  
And a blue one and a yellow one,  
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky,  
And they all look just the same.  
(Malvina Reynolds)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\lnsmtrv1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Lonesome Traveler

I am a lonely and a lonesome traveler,  
I am a lonely and a lonesome traveler,  
I am a lonely and a lonesome traveler,  
I've been a traveling on.

I've traveled here and then I've traveled yonder,  
I've traveled here and then I've traveled yonder,  
I've traveled here and then I've traveled yonder,  
I've been a traveling on.

I've traveled cold and then I've traveled hungry,  
I've traveled cold and then I've traveled hungry,  
I've traveled cold and then I've traveled hungry,  
I've been a traveling on.

I've traveled in the mountains, traveled down in the valley, I've traveled in the mountains, traveled down in the valley, I've traveled in the mountains, traveled down in the valley, I've been a traveling on.

I've traveled with the rich, traveled with the poor,  
I've traveled with the rich, traveled with the poor,  
I've traveled with the rich, traveled with the poor,  
I've been a traveling on.

One of these days I'm going to stop all my traveling,  
One of these days I'm going to stop all my traveling,  
One of these days I'm going to stop all my traveling,  
I've been a traveling on.

I'm going to keep on a traveling on the road to freedom,  
I'm going to keep on a traveling on the road to freedom,  
I'm going to keep on a traveling on the road to freedom,  
I've been a traveling on.

Is a boon to all mankind, for she'll

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\logfire1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Put Another Log On The Fire  
(TomPall Glaser)

Cho: Put another log on the fire,  
Cook me up some bacon and some beans.  
Go out to the car and change the tire.  
Wash my socks and sew my old blue jeans.  
Fill my pipe and then go fetch my slippers,  
And boil me up another pot of tea.  
Then put another log on the fire,  
And come and tell me why you're leaving me.  
Don't I let you wash the car on Sunday?  
Don't I warn you when you're getting fat?  
Ain't I gonna take you fishing someday?  
Well a man can't love a woman more that that.  
Ain't I always nice to your kid sister?  
Don't I take her driving every night?  
So sit there at my feet 'cause I like you when you're sweet,  
And you know that it's not feminine to fight.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\lollyto1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lolly Too Dum

As I went out one morning to take the pleasant air,  
Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
As I went out one morning to take the pleasant air,  
I overheard a mother scolding her daughter fair,  
Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
You better go wash them dishes and hush that flattering tongue,  
Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
You better go wash them dishes and hush that flattering tongue,  
You know you want to marry and that you are too young.

Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
 Pity my condition just like you would your own,  
 Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
 Pity my condition just like you would your own,  
 For fourteen long years I've been living all alone.  
 Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
 Supposing I were willing, where would you get your man,  
 Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
 Supposing I were willing, where would you get your man,  
 Why Lordy Mercy mammy! I'd marry that handsome Sam.  
 Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
 Supposing he should slight you, like you done him before,  
 Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
 Supposing he should slight you, like you done him before.  
 Why Lordy Mercy mammy! I could marry forty more.  
 Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
 There's doctors and there's lawyers and boys from the plow,  
 Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
 There's doctors and there's lawyers and boys from the plow.  
 Lordy Mercy mammy! I'm getting the feeling now.  
 Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
 Now my daughter's married and well for to do,  
 Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,  
 Now my daughter's married and well for to do,  
 Lordy Mercy gentlemen! I'm in the market too!  
 Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum day,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\lonsump1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lonesome Polecat  
 I'm a lonesome polecat,  
 Lonesome, sad, and blue,  
 'Cause I ain't got no feminine polecat,  
 Vowing to be true.  
 Oooooooooo--,  
 Can't make no vows, to a herd of cows.  
 I'm a mean old hound dog,  
 Baying at the moon,  
 'Cause I ain't got no lady friend hound dog,  
 Here to hear my tune.  
 Oooooooooo--,  
 A man can't sleep, when he sleeps with sheep.  
 I'm a little old hoot owl,  
 Hooting through the trees,  
 'Cause I ain't got no little gal owl fowl,  
 Here to shoot the breeze.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\loveson1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Don't Sing Love Songs

Don't sing love songs, you'll wake my mother.  
She's sleeping here, right by my side,  
And in her right hand, a silver dagger.  
She says that I can't be your bride.  
All men are false, says my mother.  
They'll tell you wicked loving' lies.  
The very next evening, they'll court another,  
Leave you alone to pine and sigh.  
My daddy is a handsome devil,  
He's got a chain five miles long.  
And on every link a heart does dangle,  
Of some poor girl he's loved and wronged.  
Go court another tender maiden,  
And hope that she will be your wife.  
For I've been warned and I've decided,  
To sleep alone all of my life.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\lrdrand1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lord Randall

"Where have you been today, Randall my son,  
Where have you been today, by handsome young one."  
"I've been to my sweethearts, mother,  
I've been to my sweethearts, mother,  
Make my bed soon for I'm sick to my heart,  
And I fain would lay doon."  
"What was your dinner?"  
"Eels and eels' broth, mother."  
"Where did she get them?"  
"Hedges and ditches, mother."  
"What was the color of their skins?"  
"Spickled and spackled, mother."  
"I fear you are poisoned."  
"Yes, I'm poisoned, mother."  
"What will you leave your mother?"  
"My land and my riches, mother."  
"What will you leave your sweetheart?"  
"A rope from hell to hang her."  
ng pot-oh."  
Says she, "Bestow the other stroke

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\l-smith1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

A LUSTY YOUNG SMITH

A lusty young smith at his vise stood a-filing,  
His hammer laid by, but his forge still aglow,  
When to him a buxom young damsel came smiling,  
And asked if to work at her forge, he would go.  
chorus: With a jingle bang, jingle bang, jingle bang, jingle  
With a jingle bang, jingle bang, jingle hi ho.  
"I will", said the smith, and they went off together,  
Along to the young damsel's forge they did go.  
They stripped to go to it, 'twas hot work in hot weather,  
She kindled a fire, and she soon made him glow.  
Her husband, she said, no good work could afford her,  
His strength and his tools were worn out long ago.  
The smith said, "Well mine are in very good order,  
And now I am ready my skill for to show."  
Red hot grew his iron, as both did desire,  
But he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so.  
Quoth she, "What I get, I get out of the fire,  
So prithee, strike home and redouble the blow.  
Six times did his iron by vigorous heating,  
Grow soft in the forge in a minute or so.  
And often was hardened, still beating and beating,  
But the more it was softened, it hardened more slow.  
The smith then would go, quoth the dame full of sorrow,  
"Oh what would I give, could my husband do so.  
Good smith, with your hammer come hither tomorrow,  
But pray, can't you use it once more e'er you go."  
(Pills to Purge Meloncholy by Thomas D'urfy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\lydiata1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lydia, The Tattooed Lady  
by H Arlen & E T Harburg  
Oh Lydia, Oh Lydia, Now have you met Lydia,  
Lydia the tattooed lady.  
She has muscles men adore-so.  
And a torso every more-so.  
Oh Lydia, Oh lydia, Now have you met Lydia,  
Lydia the queen of tattoo.  
On her back is the battle of Waterloo,  
Beside it the wreck of the Hesperus too,  
And proudly above waves the red, white, and blue.

You can learn a lot from Lydia.

There's Grover Whalen unveilin' the Trylon,  
Over on the West Coast, we have Treasure Island,  
There's Captain Spaulding exploring the Amazon,  
And Lady Godiva, but with her pajamas on.  
She can give you a view of the world in tattoo,  
If you step up and tell her where,  
Mon Paree, Kankakee, even Perth by the Sea,  
Or of Washington crossing the Delaware.  
Oh Lydia, Oh Lydia, Now have you met Lydia,  
Lydia the quenn of them all.  
She has a view of Niagara which nobody has,  
And Basin Street known as the birthplace of Jazz,  
And on a clear day, you can see Alcatraz.  
Lydia the queen of tattoo!  
Harriette The Tattooed lady  
(llewtraH)

Harriette, oh Harriette,  
Say have you met Harriette,  
Harriette the tattooed lady.  
She has eyes that harriers adore so,  
And a torso even more so.  
Harriette, oh Harriette,  
That sexy little vignette,  
Harriette the erotic queen of tattoo.  
On one tit is a mural of Adam's first screw,  
Beside it a drawing of Eve's blow-job too.  
And right above is her price list in blue,  
You can get your rocks off with Harriette.  
Titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum  
She can give you a view of sex in tattoos,  
If you step up and tell her what.  
For only a buck you can see doggies fuck,  
Or sixty-nine different kinds of twat.  
Titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum  
Harriette, oh Harriette,  
Harriette, the tattooed lady,  
When her muscles start aflexin,'  
All the tattoos get an erection.  
Harriette, oh Harriette,  
Harriette the harlot we love,  
She once swept our GM clear off his feet,  
The design on her behind made his heart skip a beat,  
And now a tiny bastard sucks at her teat,  
For he went and fucked our Harriette.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\madiera1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Madiera My Dear

She was young, she was pure,  
She was new, she was nice,  
She was fair, she was sweet seventeen.  
He was old, he was vile,  
No stranger to vice,  
He was base, he was bad, he was mean.  
He had slyly enviegled her up to his flat,  
To view his collection of stamps. (all unperforated!)  
And he said as he hastened to put out the cat,  
The wine, his cigar, and the lamps.  
Have some Madiera m'dear,  
You really have nothing to fear.  
I'm not trying to tempt you, that wouldn't be right,  
You shouldn't drink spirits at this time of night.  
Have some Madiera, m'dear,  
It's really much nicer than beer.  
I don't care for Sherry, one cannot drink stout,  
And Port is a wine I can well do without.  
It's simply a case of superb or sans gout.  
Have some Madiera, m'dear.  
Unaware of the wiles of the snake in the grass,  
Of the fate of the maiden who toposes;  
She lowered her standards by raising her glass,  
Her courage, her eyes, and his hopes.  
She sipped it, she drank it, she drained it, she did,  
He quietly refilled it again.  
And he said as he secretly carved one more notch,  
On the butt of his gold-handled cane.  
Have some Madiera, m'dear,  
I've got a small cask of it here.  
And once it's been opened, you know it won't keep.  
Do finish it up, it will help you to sleep.  
Have some Madiera, m'dear,  
It's really an excellent year.  
Now, if it were gin, you'd be wrong to say yes.  
The evil gin does would be hard to assess.  
(Besides it's inclined to affect me prowess.)  
So have some Madiera, m'dear.  
Then there flashed through her mind what her mother had said,  
With her antipenultimate breath:  
"Oh my dear, do you look on the wine when 'tis red,  
Be prepared for a fate worse than death."  
She let go her glass with a shy little cry,  
Crash-tinkle, it fell to the floor.  
When he asked, "What in heaven?", she made no reply,  
Up her mind, and a dash for the door.  
"Have some Madiera, m'dear,"  
Rang out down the hall loud and clear.



A tremulous cry that was filled with despair,  
As she paused to take breath in the cool midnight air.  
"Have some Madiera, m'dear,"  
The words seemed to ring in her ear.  
Until the next morning, she woke up in bed,  
With a smile on her lips and an ache in her head,  
And a beard in her ear-hole that tickled and said,  
"Have some Madiera, m'dear."  
(Flanders and Swann)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\mandyln1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Mandy Lane

There's a sundown girl, her name is Mandy Lane,  
She's a free-living momma on a high-level plane.  
Gentlemen call at her front gate,  
You can hear them holler early and late.  
Keep on trucking, momma,  
Trucking till the break of day.  
Keep on trucking, momma,  
Trucking till the break of day.  
You're the best truck driver this end of town,  
And you do your driving from your hips on down,  
Keep on trucking momma,  
Trucking till the break of day.  
You keep on doing what you done last night,  
They'll put your big ass back in jail.  
You keep on doing what you done last night,  
They'll put your big ass back in jail.  
Well you come through the door just a raising sand,  
You can tell what you been doing by the way you stand.  
Keep on trucking, momma,  
Trucking till the break of day.  
Big industry come into our town,  
We got profit and progress spreading all around.  
We got a big cotton mill and a plastics plant,  
And a sign on Mandy's window down on Fourth and Grant.  
If I can't sell it, gonna keep sitting on it,  
Never catch me giving it away.  
If I can't sell it, gonna keep sitting on it,  
Never catch me giving it away.  
Don't care how keen my competition might be,  
I ain't giving samples away for free,  
If I can't sell it, gonna keep sitting on it,  
Never catch me giving it away.  
If I can't move it on the open market,  
Taking all my business back home.

If I can't move it on the open market,  
Starting me a little industry at home.  
Don't care if your name is Richard, Bill or Tom,  
Knock on the door and its "Hello John!"  
If I can't sell it, gonna keep sitting on it,  
Never catch me giving it away.  
(Chad Mitchell Trio)  
Annabell Jones just called to say,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\manpiab1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Man Piaba

When I was a young man, not three foot three,  
Certain questions occurred to me,  
So I asked my father quite seriously,  
To tell me the story about the Bird And Bee.  
He stammered and he stuttered pathetically,  
And this is what he said to me.  
He said,  
chorus: The man piaba and the woman piaba,  
And the ton-ton kohlbeck a lemon grass.  
Lily root, gully root, belly root, unh!  
And the fiamus scrandy scratch scratch."  
Well, it was clear as mud but it covered the ground,  
And the confusion made me brain go round.  
So I went to see an old friend of mind,  
Known to the world as Albert Einstein; he said, "Son,  
Since the beginning of time and creativity,  
There has existed a force of relativity.  
Pi r squared and a minus ten is rooted only when,  
The solar system in one light year,  
Made the Hayden Planetarium disappear.  
And if Mt. Everest doesn't move,  
I am positive that it will prove, that:  
Well it was clear as mud, but it covered the ground,  
And the confusion made me brain go round.  
So I went to see a man of a different sort,  
The one who wrote the "Kinsey Report".  
He said "Son,  
The index to a man's success,  
Depends on how many women will say yes,  
And I can prove statistically,  
No such thing as virginity.  
Love and sex are both the same,  
They just have a different name,  
Woman reaches her peak at thirty-nine,  
When a man is past his prime.

Well, it was clear as mud but it covered the ground,  
And the confusion mad me brain go round.  
So I grabbed a boat and I went abroad,  
Baden-Baden with Sigmund Freud.  
He said, "Son,  
From your sad face remove the grouch,  
Place the body upon the couch.  
I can see from your furstration,  
A neurotic sublimation.  
Love and hate are psychosomatic,  
Your Rohrsach shows you are a parapetatic.  
It all started with a broken sibling,  
In the words of the famous Rudyard Kipling.  
Well it was clear as mud but it covered the ground,  
And the confusion made me brain go round.  
So I went to Pan American and grabbed a Clipper,  
And I went to talk to Jack The Ripper.  
He said, "Son  
Women and golf are very nice,  
Sometimes you hook, sometimes you slice,  
And I can do vasectomies,  
And hysterectomies.  
Doctors say my skill is great,  
Nice young girls I eviscerate.  
People come from miles to see  
My skill at surgery."  
Well, I've traveled far and I've traveled wide,  
And I still have yet to get myself a bride.  
All of the great men upon this earth  
Have confused me since my birth.  
I've been over land, I've been over sea,  
Trying to find the answer to the Bird And Bee,  
But now that I am ninety-three,  
I don't give a damn you see.  
(Harry Belafonte)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\mariah-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

They Call The Wind Mariah  
Away out here they've got a name for rain and wind and fire,  
The rain is Tess, the fire's Joe, and they call the wind Mariah.  
Mariah blows the stars around, and sends the clouds a flying,  
Mariah makes the mountains sound like folks were out there dying.  
chorus: Mariah, Mariah,  
They call the wind Mariah  
Before I knew Mariah's name, and heard her mournful whining,  
I had a gal and she had me and the sun was always shining.

And then one day I left my gal, I left her far behind me,  
And now I'm lost, so goddamned lost, not even God can find me.  
Our here they've got a name for rain and fire only,  
But when your lost and all alone, there ain't no word for lonely.  
And I'm a lost and lonely man, without a star to guide me,  
Mariah blow my love to me, I need her here beside me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\martins1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Martins And The Coys

Gather round me children and I'll tell a story,  
'Bout the Martins and the Coys when guns was law.  
When two families got disputing,  
It was bound to end in shooting,  
So just listen close, I'll tell you what I saw.  
Oh the Martins and the Coys, they was reckless mountain boys,  
And they'd take up family fueding when they'd meet.  
They would shoot each other quicker  
Than it took you eye to flicker,  
They could knock a squirrels eye out at ninety feet.  
It all started out one bright Sunday morning,  
When old Grandpa Coy was full of mountain dew.  
Just as quiet as a churchmouse,  
He stole into the Martin henhouse,  
For the Coys they needed eggs for breakfast too.  
Oh the Martins and the Coys, they was reckless mountain boys,  
But old Grandpa Coy has gone where angels live.  
When they found him on the mountain,  
He was bleeding like a fountain,  
'Cause they punctured him till he looked like a sieve.  
They the Coys they started right out to avenge him,  
And they didn't even take time out to mourn.  
They went to do some killing,  
Where the Martins were distilling,  
And they caught old Able Martin making corn.  
Oh the Martins and the Coys, they was reckless mountain boys,  
But old Able Martin was the next to go.  
Though he saw the Coys a coming,  
He had hardly started running,  
When a volley shook the hills and laid him low.  
Then they started in to fight in deadly earnest,  
And they scarred the mountain up with shot and shell.  
There was uncles, brothers, cousins,  
The knocked them off by dozens,  
Just how many bit the dust, it's hard to tell.  
Oh the Martins and the Coys, they was reckless mountain boys,  
At the art of killing, they became quite deft.

Though they knowd they shouldn't do it,  
But before they hardly knew it,  
On each side they only had one person left.  
Now the sole remaining Martin was a maiden,  
And as pretty as a picture was this Grace.  
While the one remaining boy,  
Was the handsome Henry Coy,  
And the folks all knew they'd soon meet face to face.  
Oh the Martins and the Coys, they was reckless mountain boys,  
But their shooting and their killing sure played hob.  
And it didn't give no joy  
To know that Grace and Henry Coy  
Both had sworn that they would finish up the job.  
Well they finally met upon a mountain pasture,  
And young Henry Coy he aimed his gun at Grace.  
He was set to pull the trigger,  
When he saw a pretty figure,  
You could tell that love had kicked him in the face.  
Oh the Martins and the Coys, they was reckless mountain boys,  
But they say their ghostly cussing gives you chills.  
'Cause the hatchet sure was buried  
When sweet Grace and Henry married,  
It broke up the best damn feud in them thar hills.  
You may think that this is where the story ended,  
But I'm telling you the ghosts don't cuss no more.  
Cause since Grace and Henry wedded,  
They fight worse than all the rest did,  
And they carry on the feud just like before.  
For the Coys they needed eggs for breakfast too.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\mastwar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Masters Of War

Now you masters of war, you that build all the guns,  
You that build the death planes, you that build the big bombs,  
You that hide behind walls, you that hide behind desks,  
I just want you to know I can see through your masks.  
You have never done nothing but build to destroy,  
You that play with my world like it's your little toy.  
You put a gun in my hand, then you hide from my eyes,  
And you turn and run farther when the fast bullets fly.  
Like Judas of old, you lie and deceive,  
A world war can be won, you want me to believe.  
But I see through your eyes, and I see through your brain,  
I can see through the water that runs down my drain.  
You fashion the triggers for others to fire,  
Then you sit back and watch when the death count gets higher.

You hide in your mansion as the young peoples blood,  
Flows out of their bodies and is buried in mud.  
You have thrown the worst fear that can ever be hurled,  
The fear to bring children into this world.  
For threatening my baby, unborn and unnamed,  
You ain't worth the blood that runs in your veins.  
How much do I know to talk out of turn.  
You might say that I'm young, you  
might say I'm unlearned.  
There's one thing I know, though I'm younger than you,  
Even Jesus could never forgive what you do.  
Let me ask you one question, "Is your money that good?  
Will it buy you forgiveness, do you think that it would?"  
I think you will find, when your death takes its toll,  
All the money you made will not buy back your soul.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\maweday1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Mother's Wedding Day  
Now if you think this wedding day went just awee amiss,  
Then I will tell you 'bout a wedding far more tough than this.  
The lad involved turned out to be no other than my pa,  
And by the strangest bit of luck, the woman was my ma.  
McGregor, McKenna, McCallah, McGraw,  
McKinney, McEhla, McRae,  
Why all of the folk of the village were there,  
On my mother's wedding day.  
For Pa had asked his friend McPhee,  
And Mac did come with May McGee,  
And they invited ninety-three,  
To my mother's wedding day.  
Then up the road came Ed McKeen,  
With half the town of Aberdeen,  
And everyone was on the scene,  
At my mother's wedding day.  
At a quarter to five everybody was there,  
Awaiting around in the room.  
McGriff, McDougal, McDuff, and McCoy,  
Everybody but the groom.  
And as the hours turtled by,  
The men got feeling rather dry,  
And thought they'd take a nip of rye,  
While waiting for the groom.  
And while the men were dipping in,  
The ladies started on the gin,  
And then the room began to spin,  
At her mother's wedding day.

Then all of a sudden the liquor was gone,  
The gin and the whiskey and all,  
And all of a sudden the wedding affair,  
Had become a bonnie brawl.

For Pete McGraw and Joe McPhee  
Began to fight for May McGee,  
While May McGee and Sam McKee  
Were awooing in the hall.

So cold and stiff was John McVey  
We used him for a serving tray,  
And everyone was bright and gay,  
At her mother's wedding day.

McDuff and McDitty were playing a game,  
And using McCoy for the ball.

McKenna was eating the bridal bouquet,  
And McNeal hung on the wall.

When finally my father came,  
His eyes were red, his nose aflame,  
He didn't even know his name,  
He was drunkest of them all.

The people were lying all over the room,  
Alooking as if they were dead.

Then mother uncovered the minister quick,  
And she told him go ahead.

Then pa kneeled down on Bill McRae,  
And mother kneeled on Jock McDay,  
The preacher stood on John McVey,  
And that's how my ma was wed.

It was a sight beyond compare,  
I ought to know 'cause I was there,  
There never was a gay affair,  
Like her mother's wedding day.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\mecoat-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Tread On The Tail Of Me Coat

Oh twas there I learned reading and writing,  
At Billy Becketts, were I went to school,  
And 'twas there I learned howling and fighting,  
With me schoolmaster Mister O'Toole.

Him and me we had many a scrimmage,  
And devil a copy I wrote.

There was ne'er a gassoon in the village,  
Dared tread on the tail of me--

Chorus: Mush mush mush too rah lee adee,  
Sing Mush mush mush too rah lee ay.

There was ne'er a gassoon in the village,

Dared tread on the tail of me coat.  
It wass there I learned all of me courting,  
Oh the lessons I look in the art,  
Till Dan Cupid, the blackguard, while sporting,  
An arrow drove straight through my heart.  
Miss Judy O'Conner, she lived near me,  
And tender lines to her I wrote.  
If you dare say one hard word agin her,  
I'll tread on the tail of your--  
But a villain called Mickey Maloney,  
Came and stole her affection away,  
For he'd money and I hadn't any,  
So I sent him a challenge next day.  
In the morning we met at Killarny,  
The Shannon we crossed in a boat,  
But I lathered him with me shilaleigh,  
For he trod on the tail of me--  
We fit and we fought and we tumbled,  
As I tried that young scalpin to throw,  
Till they finally Moloney he stumbled,  
So I grabbed for the corn on his toe.  
His brothers they all came a flocking,  
The ten of us started to fight.  
There was poking and punching and socking,  
But I finished them all by that night.  
Me fame spread abroad through the nation,  
And folks came a flocking to see,  
And they cried out without hesitation,  
You're a fighting man, Billy McGee.  
Now I've cleaned out the Finnegan faction,  
And I've licked all the Murphys afloat.  
If you're out for a row or a ruction,  
Just you tread on the tail of me--

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\medfred1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Mediocre Fred

There once was a man who was none too good,  
But then I'd say he was none too bad.  
At times he was mighty good for a spell,  
At times he'd go out a raise a little hell,  
Mediocre Fred.  
Fred went to work from eight to five,  
And he punched the clock to show he was alive.  
He went to church every Sunday Morn,  
Sometimes he wondered why he was born,  
Mediocre Fred.



Fred went to the movies every Saturday night,  
Liked to watch TV and the western fights,  
And he paid his taxes almost every year,  
And on a hot summer day, he'd drink a little beer,  
Mediocre Fred.  
Well the days went by, all dull and grey,  
And he didn't think much, he had little to say.  
But when the full moon rose, he'd climb over the moat,  
Find some people sleeping, and he'd bite their throats,  
Mediocre Fred.  
Upon those noble heads.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\melinda1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Come Away Melinda

Mommy, mommy, come and see,  
And look what I have found,  
A little way away from her,  
While digging in the ground.  
Come away, Melinda,  
Come in and close the door.  
It's nothing but a picture book  
They had before the war.  
Mommy, mommy, come and see,  
Oh Mommy  
Hurry!  
Look!  
There's four or five Melinda girls,  
Inside the picture book.  
Come away Melinda,  
Come in and close the door.  
There were lots of little girls like you,  
Before they had the war.  
Mommy, mommy, come and see,  
Oh Mommy  
Hurry!  
Do!  
There's someone grown up very tall,  
Who doesn't look like you.  
Come away Melinda,  
Come in and close the door.  
Your father was a man like that,  
Before they had the war.  
Mommy, mommy, come and see,  
Such things I've never seen.  
There's happy faces all around,  
And all the grass is green.

Come away Melinda,  
Come in and close the door.  
That's just the way is used to be,  
Before they had the war.  
Mommy, mommy come and see,  
And tell me, if you can,  
Why can't it be the way it was,  
Before the war began.  
Come away Melinda,  
Come in and close the door.  
The answer lies in yesterday,  
Before they had the war.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\mermaid1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Mermaid  
'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,  
And we were not far from the land,  
When the Captain spied a fair mermaid,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
chorus: Oh the ocean waves may roll,  
And the stormy winds may blow.  
But we poor sailors go skipping to the top,  
While the land-lubbers lie down below.  
Then up spake the Captain of our gallant ship,  
And a well-spoken man was he.  
"I married me a wife in Salem Town,  
And tonight a widow she'll be."  
Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,  
And a red hot cook was he.  
"I care much more for my kettle and my pots,  
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."  
Then up spake the cabin-boy of our gallant ship,  
And a dirty little rat was he.  
"There's nary a soul in Salem Town,  
Who gives a damn about me."  
Then three times around went our gallant ship,  
And three time around went she.  
And three time around went our gallant ship,  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\merminu1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Merry Minuet

There's rioting in Africa,  
There're starving in Spain.  
There's hurricanes in Florida,  
And Texas need rain.  
The whole world is festering  
With unhappy souls;  
The French had the Germans,  
The Germans hate the Poles.  
Italians hate Yugoslavs,  
South Africans hate the Dutch,  
And I don't like anybody very much.  
But we can be tranquil and thankful and proud,  
For man's been endowed with a mushroom shaped cloud.  
And we know for certain that some lovely day,  
Someone will set the spark off,  
And we will all be blown away.  
There's rioting in Africa,  
There's strife in Iran.  
What nature doesn't do to us,  
Will be done by our fellow man.  
(Tom Lehrer via Bud and Travis)  
Before the Holy Ghost,  
For spreading disaffection

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\midnite1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Midnight Marauder

Charlie was raised in the city,  
He scoffed at the suburban life,  
Till Satan disguised as a salesman,  
Bewitched and bewildered his wife.  
She'd heard of the pleasures of rural life,  
With barbeques under the trees.  
And so for a mere forty thousand,  
He purchased a dream-house with ease.  
He rose before dawn every morning,  
To wearily fall into line,  
And follow the bumper before him,  
To be on the job before nine.  
His dream-house of crumbling stucco,  
Was more like a nightmarish load.  
His weekends were spent in hard labor,  
He dug and he pruned and he hoed.  
One night an electrical failure  
Blacked out every street in the tract.  
Our hero drove up in confusion,  
But couldn't locate his new shack.

Each cracker-box looked like the one next door,  
As far as the eye could see.  
He cursed to himself as he pondered,  
Now where in the hell can it be.  
He searched till a door looked familiar,  
Then he tried out his key in the lock.  
The door opened wide and he entered,  
Poor Charlie was on the wrong block.  
He strode to the couch of his sleeping love,  
He kissed her and backed off in fright.  
The girl he had kissed was a stranger,  
Who screamed and ran off in the night.  
They caught him a few minutes later,  
Still rooted and shaking with fear.  
They called him the Midnight Marauder,  
And put him away for a year.  
And put him away for a year,  
And put him away for a year.  
They called him the Midnight Marauder,  
And put him away for a year.  
When a salesman is touting suburbia,  
He's doing it purely for pelf.  
Remember the story of Charlie,  
And tell him to live there himself.  
And tell him to live there himself,  
And tell him to live there himself.  
Remember the story of Charlie,  
And tell him to live there himself.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\mokeyeye1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Mokey Eye

While I was walking down the street one day,  
This peculiar individual came my way.  
We walked awhile, we talked awhile,  
We shared a smile,  
And he had this to say.  
He said, "You think you got troubles,  
Man, you ain't got troubles."  
He said, "I got troubles,  
The kind you never hear about."  
He said, "You think you got troubles,  
Man, you ain't got troubles."  
He said, "I got troubles,  
Like you got no ideas about."  
chorus: (I got) A mokey eye and a broken nose,  
I got fourteen fingers and seven toes,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\molmlal1.txt  
\*\*\*\*\*

She was a fishmonger, and sure 'twas no wonder,  
For her mother and father were fishmongers too.  
They each wheeled their barrow,  
Through streets wide and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive alive-o."  
She died of a fever, which none could relieve her,  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.

Now her ghost wheels the barrow,  
Through streets wide and narrow,  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive alive-o."

Molly Malone

by Joe Bethancourt

(llewtraH)

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls have no titties

T'was there that I first met sweet Molly Malone

You could have her for a penny, and be one of many,

But for sixpence she would act alive, alive-o!

Chorus: Alive, alive-o! Alive alive-o!

But for sixpence she would act alive, alive-o!

She was a street walker, and sure t'was no wonder

For so were her mother and grandmother too,

With a mattress on the barrow, thru streets broad and narrow And for sixpence they  
would act alive, alive-o!

She died of a fever, and no one could save her;

It was caught from a folkie from Ontario.

Her ghost wheels the barrow thru streets broad and narrow,

But a ghost can't be had that's alive, alive-o!

X

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\monday-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Upon A Monday Morning-Oh

Upon a Monday morning-oh,

The rain it was a raining.

My love she came to me and said,

"When shall you and I be wed,

For I have bought a double bed,

And mother is complaining-oh."

And all the while the rain it was a raining.

Upon a Tuesday morning-oh,

The snow it was a glistening.

My love still hadn't gone away,

So I did ask her, "Mistress pray,

What was it you said yesterday,

I really wasn't listening-oh."

And all the while the snow it was a glistening.  
Upon a Wednesday morning-oh,  
The hail it was a hailing.  
My love she made a quick retort,  
And said, "To cut a story short,  
I've bought a bed, the double sort.  
Your hearing must be failing-oh."  
And all the while the hail it was a hailing.  
Upon a Thursday morning-oh,  
The day was not a hot one.  
I said, "You've bought a double bed,  
That is what I thought you said,  
You must be going off you head,  
For I've already got one."  
And all the while the day was not a hot one.  
On Friday nobody spoke.  
Upon a Saturday morning-oh,  
The thunder it was frightening.  
I shouted so that I be heard,  
"Oh let us marry on the third."  
But did she answer, not one word,  
For she'd been struck by lightening-oh.  
After that the weather started brightening.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\mopydik1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Mopy Dick

The bottle-nosed whale is a furlong long,  
And likewise wise and headstrong strong,  
And he sings this rather lugubrious song,  
As he sails through the great antarctic ocean blue.  
Oh why do I swim through seas antarctical,  
Freezing cold in every particle.  
Some porpoises invited me to come and join their school.  
They brought me here, then swam away,  
And shouted "April Fool!"  
If ever I catch that school of porpoises,  
They won't need no habeus corpuses.  
I'm lost and alone in a frozen zone,  
And I'm almost frozen too.  
A shivering quivering bottle-nosed whale,  
A bottle-nosed whale with the flu.  
Oh I used to play like a gay leviathan,  
Squirting up water like a soda syphon.  
Now everytime I try to lift my hanky to my nose,  
A great harpoon goes whistling by,  
With the shout of "There she blows!"

I like my oceans equatorial,  
Where the water's warm and the breeze less boreal.  
It's Farenheit minus twenty-nine,  
And I don't know what to do.  
A rubbery blubbery bottle-nosed whale,  
A bottle-nosed whale with the flu.  
Though red your nose,  
Though your toes are froze,  
Though cold it seems to you.  
Remember the tale of the bottle-nosed whale,  
Who has not even got his own hot water bott,  
The bottle-nosed whale with the flu.  
(Flanders and Swann)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\mrsmurf1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Mrs. Murphy's Chowder  
chorus: Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder,  
Nobody spoke so we shouted all the louder,  
It's an Irish trick, it's true,  
I can lick the Mick that threw,  
The overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder.  
Mrs. Murphy gave a party 'bout a week ago,  
Everything was plentiful for the Murphys are not slow.  
They treated us like gentlemen, we tried to act the same;  
Only for what happened, oh it was an awful shame.  
Mrs. Murphy dished the chowder out and fainted on the spot.  
She'd found a pair of overalls at the bottom of the pot.  
Tim Nolan he got ripping mad, his eyes were bulging out,  
He jumped upon the piano and loudly he did shout.  
They dragged the pants from out the soup and laid them on the floor,  
Each man swore upon his life he'd not seen them before.  
They were plastered up with mortar and were worn out at the knee;  
They'd had their many ups and downs as we could plainly see.  
When Mrs. Murphy she came to, she starts to cry and pout,  
She'd had them in the wash that day, forgot to take 'em out.  
Tim Nolan he excused himself for what he'd said that night,  
So we put music to the words and sung with all our might.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\msbaily1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Miss Bailey  
A Captain Smith from Halifax  
Who dwelt in country quarters,





Spring will stroll our meadow every day,  
Winter grey, summer glad.  
When your hair turns snow white,  
You will find me by your side.  
If you need me, I will be nearby,  
Lantern gay, willow sad, valley low, mountain high  
She went to the mirror to take down her hair,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\mtlulla1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Mountain Lullaby

When darkness fall over the mountain,  
And stars appear in the sky,  
By the light of the moon, some mother will croon,  
This mountain lullaby.  
Hush a bye, my baby, for it's time to go to bed.  
And don't you cry or daddy-kins will bounce you on your head.  
Pleasant dreams my baby, go to sleep and dream that you,  
Are blowing up the Bureau of Internal Revenue.  
You drank that jug of moonshine, and it gave me quite a fright.  
'Cause that ain't good for babies, till we've aged it overnight.  
Come, my little baby, put your shooting irons away,  
You plugged you poor old grandpa, that's enough fun for one day.  
'Cause when the census taker comes around to count again,  
Those missing folks are so hard to explain.  
Hush a bye my baby, for your weary, I'm afeered,  
From trapping all those gophers in your uncle Morton's beard.  
Sleepy bye my baby, close your eyes and just relax,  
Stop hitting aunt Fantastic or you're going to break the axe.  
You got into the pig pen, when you wandered down the path,  
Keep playing with those pigs, some day I'll make you take a bath.  
Come my little baby, get some rest, my honey chile,  
You must be fresh tomorrow for your chicken stealing trial.  
Now Mr. Sandman's on his way, soclose your sleepy eyes,  
(That's right, now the other one, that's right, now the other one,  
(That's right)  
While I'm singing you this mountain lullaby.

When a salesman is touting suburbia,  
He's doing it purely for pelf.  
Remember the story of Charlie,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\my-ann-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Ann

I know I'll never meet another hunk of woman,  
Like my Ann.  
She makes me feel like a great big man.  
I'm going to go tell her mother what I think about her,  
Say, "Thank you ma'am,  
For giving me your daughter Ann.  
She sure is stacked from her toes,  
To the pretty little nape  
Of her neck, she's packed  
Like a seed in a grape,  
She's smooth, has marble skin.  
When I see her, I believe I'm really a guy,  
And every time I go to work, I think I might die,  
If I can't hurry home again.  
If the good Lord worked all night,  
Making me a female plan,  
I'd say, "No thanks, Lord,  
I'll just keep Ann."  
How could I ever look at any other woman,  
When I got Ann.  
Oh, it feels so good,  
When she takes my hand.  
I'm going to go tell her daddy what I think about her,  
Say, "Thank you, man,  
For giving me your daughter, Ann."  
If I come home feeling like  
I've been run all over,  
By ten-ton truck,  
She can rub my shoulder,  
And ease my aches and pains.  
If I lose my job and and I'm down  
To a silver dollar,  
And I feel like a dried up  
Gourd that's hollow,  
She cools my brow like summer rain.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\mygirl-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

She's My Girl

-

Tom Lehrer

Sharks got to swim, bats got to fly,  
I've got to love one woman 'till I die.  
To Ed or Dick or Bog  
She may be just a slob,  
But to me, well,

She's my girl.  
In winter the bedroom is one large ice cube,  
And she squeezes the toothpaste from the middle of the tube, Her hairs in the sink  
Have driven me to drink,  
But she's my girl,  
And I love her.  
The girl that I lament for,  
The girl my money's spent for,  
The girl my back is bent for,  
The girl I owe the rent for,  
The girl I gave up Lent for,  
Us the girl that heaven meant for me.  
So for breakfast she makes coffee that tastes like shampoo.  
I come home for dinner and get peanut butter stew.  
Or if I'm in luck, it's boiled hockey puck,  
But oh well, what the hell!  
She's my girl and I love her.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\nazznot1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Nazz Or Nothing  
With me, it's Nazz or nothing,  
Is it Nazz or nothing with you?  
It can't be Mars or Zeus,  
It can't be Bacchus's juice,  
No icons or idols will do.  
Will you build him a pad?  
Worship his dad?  
Try to be real good and not bad?  
Pad big enough for two but not for three.  
Supposing that there should be a third one?  
We'll call them all the Trinity, the blooming trio,  
We'll call them all the Trinity.  
(McWilliam, Berkeley 1960)  
(Tune - All Or Nothing from Oklahoma)  
Someone will set the spark off,  
And we will all be blown away.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\neighbr1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Neighbor Neighbor  
Let me tell you my little story,  
About the woman next door to me.  
She's the worst thing I ever see,

All she likes is strife and misery.  
chorus: Neighbor Neighbor, leave my door,  
I don't want you here no more.  
I don't want your company;  
Go away, fly, don't bother me.  
She comes to me house whenever she please,  
Eats up all me rice and cheese,  
Drinks up all me gin and rum.  
Talks to me 'till I'm deaf and dumb.  
The other night at half past four,  
She comes knocking at my door.  
She must be trying to ruin me,  
She knows I don't get up that early.  
She say, "Jim, I like the way you sing,  
I will buy you anything."  
Oh, my heart beat with love, at first,  
But man, she gotta get that face lift first.  
She say, "Jim, I'm all alone.  
Take me to your mountain home."  
She neglect to inform me,  
She gotta great big husband, six foot three.  
y.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\nel-nel1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Hey Nelly Nelly  
Hey Nelly Nelly, come to the window,  
Hey Nelly Nelly, look at what I see!  
He's riding into town on a sway-backed mule,  
Got a tall black hat and he looks like a fool.  
He sure is talking like he's been to school,  
And it's eighteen fifty-three.  
Hey Nelly Nelly, listen to what he's saying,  
Hey Nelly Nelly, he says it's getting late.  
And he says they black folk should all be free,  
He's talking about a thing he calls Democracy,  
And it's eighteen fifty-eight.  
Hey Nelly Nelly, hear the band a-playing,  
Hey Nelly Nelly, hand me down my gun.  
'Cause the men are acheering and the boys are too,  
They are all putting on their coats of blue,  
I can't sit around and talk to you,  
And it's eighteen sixty-one.  
Hey Nelly Nelly, come to the window,  
Hey Nelly Nelly, I've come home alive.  
My coat of blue is stained with red,  
And the man in the tall black hat is dead.

We sure will remember all the things he said,  
In eighteen sixty-five.  
Hey Nelly Nelly, come to the window,  
Ney Nelly Nelly, look at what I see.  
I see white folk and black walking side by side,  
They're walking in a column that's a century wide.  
It's a long and a hard and a bloody ride,  
In nineteen sixty-five.  
(Malvina Reynolds)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\nevrmar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### I Never Will Marry

One morning I rambled, down by the sea shore.  
The wind it did whistle and the waters did roar.  
chorus: I never will marry, I'll not take a wife.  
I expect to be single all the days of my life.  
I heard some fair maiden give a pitiful cry,  
And it sounded so lonely, it swept off on high.  
The shells of the ocean shall be my death bed,  
While the fish in deep water swim over my head.  
She cast her fair body in the water so deep,  
And she closed her preety blue eyes, forever to sleep.  
They say that love's a simple thing,  
But it only brought me pain.  
For the only girl I ever loved  
Is gone on the midnight train.  
say,  
From New York to St Louis and Chic

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\nighten1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Nightengale Song

As I was a walking one morning in May,  
I spied a young couple so fondly did stray.  
One was a young maid, so sweet and so fair,  
Ane the other was a soldier, a bold grenadier.  
chorus: And they kissed so sweetly comforting as they clung to each other,  
They went arm in arm down the road like sister and brother.  
They went arm in arm down the road, till they came to a stream,  
And they both sat down together, love, to hear the nightingale sing  
Then out of his knapsack, he took a fine fiddle,  
And he played her such merry tunes that you ever did hear.  
And he played her such merry tunes that the valley did ring,

And they both sat down together, love, to hear the nightingale sing.  
Oh, then said the fair maid, will you marry me?  
Oh, no, said the soldier, however can that be?  
For I've me own wife at home in me own country,  
And she is the sweetest thing that you ever did see.  
Oh, I'm off to India for seven long years,  
Drinking wine and strong whiskey instead of small beers.  
And if ever I return again, it will be in the spring,  
And we'll both sit down together, love, to hear the nightingale sing.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\nobody-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out  
chorus:  
Nobody knows you when you're down and out.  
In your pockets you haven't got a penny,  
And for your friends, well there ain't too many.  
If I ever get on my feet again,  
Everybody wants to be my long lost friend,  
It's mighty strange, without a doubt,  
Nobody know you when you are down and out.  
Once I led the life of a millionaire,  
Spent all my money, Lord, I didn't care.  
Would take my friends out for a mighty good time,  
Fancy liquor, champagne, and wine.  
When I began to fall so low,  
I didn't have no money and no place to go.  
If I ever get my hands on a dollar again,  
I'm going to hang on to it until the eagle grins.  
e me own wife at home in me own country,  
And she is the sweetest thing that you ever did see.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\nonaynv1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

No Nay Never  
I've been a wild rover for many a year,  
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer.  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,  
And I never will play the wild rover no more.  
chorus: And it's no, nay, never,  
No, nay, never no more,  
Will I play the wild rover,  
No never, no more.  
I went to the alehouse where I used to frequent,

And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
I asked her for a bottle, she answered me "Nay,  
Such a customer as you, I can get any day."

And out of my pockets I took sovereigns bright,  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.  
She said, "I have whiskey and wine of the best,  
And the words that I said sure were only in jest."  
I'll go back to my parents, confess what I've done,  
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
And if they carress me as oft times before,  
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

The Wild Pervert

I've been a wild pervert for many a year  
And I've spent all my money on leather and gear.

And now I'm returning, pursued by the law  
And the straps on my G-string are rubbing me raw!

Chorus: And it's no, nay, never, (right up yer kilt!)

No, nay, never no more  
Will I play the wild pervert,  
No never, no more.

I went to a brothel I used to frequent  
And I told the landlady me habits were bent.  
I asked her for kiddies, she answered me nay,  
Saying "Habits like your could have me put away".

I took from my pocket a handful of red  
To be smoked in a joint, she went out of her head.  
She said "We've got kiddies and whips of the best,  
If they can't take it all, you can give me the rest!"

I went to a shit house, I used to frequent,  
And I told the attendant my money was spent.  
I asked for a penny to open the door,  
He said "Not fucking likely, you'll shit on the floor!"

I climbed up a mountain with Marilyn Monroe,  
And I laid her down gently upon the white snow.  
I asked "Do you mind, if I fill you with cream?",  
She said "Do what you like, son, its your fucking dream."

I went to the market with my uncle Jim,

And somebody threw a tomato at him.  
Now tomatoes are soft when they come in their skin,  
But this one it killed him, it came in a tin.

I went to a brothel I used to frequent,  
And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit, she answered me Nay!",  
So I came in her face and said, "Wipe that away!"

I've been a wild pervert for many a year,  
And I've spent all my money on black kinky gear.

Now I'm returning with porn in great store,  
So I never will play the wild pervert no more.

I'll go to my parents, confess what I've done,  
And I'll ask them to pardon their incestuous son.



And if they caress me as oft times before,  
Then I swear that I'll play the wild pervert once more!  
You Won't Find Any Country  
I've searched the world over, excitement I've sought,  
But all my experience was dearly bought.  
Chorus: So it's no, nay, never,  
No nay never no more,  
You won't find any country,  
Where it pays you to score.  
To tap a Yank for a good screw, in my belief,  
Is like asking Mrs. Custer to give to Indian relief,  
In the last year or two they've not used their tush,  
'Cause they're shagged up the arse by a cowboy called Bush.  
The Dutch they just sit there, arsehole on bike,  
One finger up nostril and one in a dyke.  
And if they feel chilly when these things they perform,  
They put their caps up girls' pussies to keep their heads wa  
Now haircuts for Germans are four times the price,  
They charge for each corner and go over it twice.  
And if you pick up a harlot now don't throw her out,  
Though her snatch it smells strongly, they just love sauerkr  
The Aussies are known for their intake of beer,  
And they've all been to Sidney; now isn't that queer.  
To keep flies off, from their hat corks are hung,  
'Cause a zipper is painful if caught on the tongue.  
Now haircuts for Germans are four times the price,  
They charge for each corner, and go over it twice.  
The Dutch they just sit there, arsehole on bike,  
One finger up nostril and one in a dyke.  
But the Kiwis have the answer to get their country on track, Just continue to  
malinge on the woolly sheep's back.

The closest to sex in Japan is to suck on a mike,  
For the girls they will tell you to go take a hike.  
So its off to Manila where you can score, there's no doubt,  
But every time that you put it in, a baby comes out.  
So now stuck here in Hong Kong and you're feeling glum,  
You can go to dolly bars; they'll treat you like scum.

The Short Cutter

(llewtraH)

I've been a short-cutter for many a year  
And I've spent all my money,  
Down the Wanch, for the beer.  
But now I'm reforming, my name to restore,  
And I never will be the short-cutter,  
no more.

Chorus: So it's no nay never,

No nay never, no more  
Will I be, a short-cutter,  
No never, no more.

Well it's off to a Firehouse I'm known to frequent,  
The hookers all know that my money was spent.  
Ask her for credit, she answered me, "Yeah!"  
So just like the SouthSide -- I'm on autopay.  
When you ask for a screw, in my belief,  
You should tell the good lady you'll put on a sheath.  
But being a short-cutter, I forgot what I say,  
And now she tells me, I've got twins on the way.  
A short-cut to the Wanch, gave me nothing but strife,  
When I said I'll go sober, to my darling wife.  
I short-cut the shower, when I'd been with them whores,  
Wasn't she with Lip-stick in my drawers.  
Now dating a German, is cheap for the price;  
They bonk before dinner, and earn it but thrice.  
So you can short-cut the Fraulein -- don't take her out,  
Just let her go hungry while you eat Sauerkraut.  
"You must marry the girl, for what you have done,"  
Said her dad with a smile -- as he pointed his gun.  
But being a short-cutter,  
that wasn't for me;  
You don't buy the store when you want some Candy.  
But the times they are nigh for me to repent,  
And watch what I do, and the money I spent.  
No more a short-cutter -- "Is it my turn to shout?"  
"Well fuck-off you lot, I was on my way out!"

The Hard Drinker

(LLEWTRAH)

I've been a hard drinker for many a year,  
And I always fall over on ten pints of beer,  
So now when I drink, I sit on the floor,  
And I never will risk falling over no more.

Chorus: And it's no, nay, never,  
No, nay, never, no more,  
Will I drink and fall over,  
No never, no more.

I went to a bar that I used to frequent,  
Despite having sworn that I'd give up for Lent.  
I asked for two pints, but the barman said "Nay!  
You'll only fall over like you did yesterday."  
I'll pulled from my pocket two shiny gold pounds,  
And I managed to do it without falling down.  
The barman said "Sir, please choose from this list,  
And I'm sorry if I thought you were Brahms and Liszt. [1]  
I think that I'll stick now to stiff drinks and shorts,  
Like whiskey and ponche and pernod and ports.  
Cut down on the volume of all that I drink,  
Then at least when I throw up I won't block the sink.  
I'll go back to my girlfriend, confess what I've done,  
And if she should hit me, I won't turn and run.  
I'll promise to give up... but if I should fail...

I'll see you next Thursday for ten pints of ale.

[1]

Brahmns and Liszt = pissed (drunk)

You Won't Find Any Country

(llewtraH)

I've searched the world over, excitement I've sought,

But all my experience was dearly bought.

Chorus: So it's no, nay, never,

No nay never no more,

You won't find any country,

Where it pays you to score.

To tap a Yank for a good screw, in my belief,

Is like asking Mrs. Custer to give to Indian relief,

In the last year or two they've not used their tush,

'Cause they're shagged up the arse by a cowboy called Bush.

So the options are slim for those left wanton,

And they end up with an in-bred - Hill-Billy Clinton.

The Dutch they just sit there, arsehole on bike,

One finger up nostril and one in a dyke,

And if they feel chilly when these things they perform,

They put their caps up girls' pussies to keep their heads wa

Now haircuts for Germans are four times the price,

They charge for each corner and go over it twice,

And if you pick up a harlot now don't throw her out,

Though her snatch it smells strongly, they just love sauerkr

The Swiss yodel is to cover their sheeps' anguished calls,

For their Toblerone pricks make triangular holes.

The Aussies are known for their intake of beer,

And they've all been in Sidney, now isn't that queer,

To keep flies off from their hat corks are hung,

'Cause a zipper can be painful if caught on the tongue.

But the Kiwis have the answer to get their country on track, Just continue to  
malinge on the woolly sheep's back.

The closest to sex in Japan is to suck on a mike,

For the girls they will tell you to go take a hike.

So its off to Manila where you can score, there's no doubt,

But every time that you put it in, a baby comes out.

So now stuck here in Hong Kong and you're feeling glum,

You can go to the dolly bars and they'll treat you like scum

at you put it in, a baby comes out.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\notbook1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Not In The Book

by Craig Brandis

(llewtraH)

Come all ye bold singers that have to this place come,

And we'll sing songs of sailors who don't suck their thumbs; Good cheer is our goal  
till the rafters we've shook

We'll sing what we please and they're not in the book.

Chorus: Not in the book, not in the book

(Repeat last line of verse)

From France we do get brandy and from Jamaica comes rum

And bold songs and fair tunes from all over do come,

Some songs may be bawdy, their meaning's mistook

That's probably why they're not in the book.

Good songs may not be pretty or politically in style,

Just take a good look at the ballads of Child;

Robert Burns was a rover who drank till he shook

Wrote a lot of good songs and they're not in the book.

The good folk of Sing Out! have done a good turn

A popular songbook has helped people learn;

More people are singing, just take a good look

But cast your net wider than just in the book.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\notwork1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Why Paddy's Not At Work Today

(Pat Cooksey)

Dear Sir, I write this note to inform you of my plight,

And at the time of writing, I am not a pretty sight.

My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey.

I write this note to tell you why Padd's not at work today.

While working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear,

And to throw them down from off the top seemed quite a good idea.

But the Gaffer wasn't very pleased, he was an awful sod.

He said I had to cart them down the ladder in me hod.

Well clearing all thos bricks by hand, it seemed so very slow,

So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below.

But in my haste to do the job, I was to bling to see,

That a barrel full of building bricks is heavier than me.

So when I had untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead,

And clinging tightly to the rope, I started up instead.

I took off like a rocket, and to my dismay I found,

That halfway up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Well the barrel broke my shoulder, as on to the ground it sped,

And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head.

I held on tight, though numb with shock from this almighty blow,

And the barrel spilled out half its load fourteen floors below.

Now when thos building bricks fell from the barrel to the floor,

I then outweighed the barrel, so I started down one more.

I held on tightly to the rop as I flew to the ground.

And I landed on the building bricks that were scattered all around.

Now as I lay ther on the deck, I thought I'd passed the worst,

But when the barrel reached the top, that's when the bottom burst.  
A shower of bricks came down on me, I knew I had no hope.  
In all of this confusion, I let go the bloody rope.  
The barrel being heavier, it started down once more,  
And landed right on top of me as I lay on the floor.  
It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say  
That I hop you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\no-use-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I've Got No Use For Women  
I've got no use for women,  
A true one will never be found.  
They'll take a man for his money,  
When it's gone they'll drag him down.  
My pal was a straight young cowpuncher,  
Honest and upright and square.  
But he turned into a gambler and gunman,  
And a woman sent him there.  
Quick and sure was his gunplay,  
Till his heart and his body lay dead.  
When a rogue insulted her picture,  
He filled him full of lead.  
All night long, they traileed him,  
Through mesquite and chapparal.  
And I couldn't help think of that woman,  
As I saw him pitch and fall.  
If she'd been the pal that she should have,  
He might have been raising a son,  
Instead of out there on the prairie,  
To fall by a ranger's gun.  
They're all alike at the bottom,  
Selfish and grasping for all,  
They'll stick by a man when he's winning,  
And laugh in his face when he falls.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\nunscop1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Nuns of U. O. P. (University Of Pacific)  
We are the nuns, nuns, nuns of U. O. P.  
There's not a goddamn man in this nunnery,  
And every night at eight, they bar the door,  
I don't know what the hell I ever came here for.  
And when vacation time it rolls around,

I'm going to turn my home town upside down.  
I'm going to drink and smoke and neck, by heck,  
Double check!  
To Hell with U. O. P.  
(Myrna McWilliam Towle 1956)

Ride on, you buggers, ride on.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\old-97-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Wreck Of The Old "97"

They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,  
Saying, "Steve, you're a way behind time.  
This is not '38', this is old '97',  
You must bring her in to Spencer on time."  
He turned and he said to his black greasy fireman,  
"Just shovel on a little more coal,  
And when we reach that White Oak Mountain,  
You can watch old '97' roll."  
It's a long way from Richmond to Danville,  
And in line with a three mile grade.  
It was on that grade that he lost his airbrakes,  
You could see what a jump he made.  
He was going down the grade doing ninety miles an hour,  
When his whistle broke into a scream.  
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle,  
Scalded to death by the steam.  
Oh ladies, you must take warning,  
From this time on and learn,  
Never speak harsh words to your true-loving husband,  
He may leave you and never return.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\oldgrey1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

When You Are Old And Grey  
Since I still appreciate you,  
Let's find love while we may.  
Because I know that I will hate you,  
When you are old and grey.  
So say you love me here and now,  
I'll make the most of that.  
Say you love and trust me,  
For I know you'll disgust me,  
When you're old and getting fat.

An awful debility,  
A lessened utility,  
A loss of mobility,  
Is a strong possibility.  
In all probability,  
I'll lose my virility,  
And you your fertility,  
And desirability.  
And this liability  
Of total sterility,  
Will lead to hostility  
And a sense of futility.  
Let's act with agility  
While we still have the facility,  
For we'll soon reach senility,  
And lose the ability.  
Your teeth will start to go dear,  
Your waist will start to spread.  
In twenty years or so dear,  
I'll wish that you were dead.  
I'll never love you then at all  
The way I do today.  
So please remember,  
When I leave in December,  
I told you so in May.  
(Tom Lehrer)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\oldmaid1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Old Maid  
He asked to hold my hand,  
I seriously objected.  
I knew the feeling was grand,  
But I might not be respected.  
He asked me for a hug,  
I seriously objected.  
I knew the feeling was snug,  
But I might no be respected.  
He asked me for a kiss,  
I seriously objected.  
I knew the feeling was bliss,  
But I might not be respected.  
Now I'm old and grey,  
My love I have rejected.  
They call me an old maid,  
But, By God I'm respected.  
Yes, my love, yes.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\oldsmok1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### On Top Of Old Smoky

On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,  
I lost my true lover by courting too slow.  
For courting's a pleasure, and parting is grief,  
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.  
A thief will but rob you and take what you have,  
But a false hearted lover will send you to your grave.  
The grave will decay you and turn you to dust,  
Not a girl in ten thousand that a poor boy can trust.  
They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies,  
Than the cross-ties on a railroad or the stars in the skies.  
They'll tell you they love you, to give your heart ease,  
But the minute you back's turned, they'll court who they please.  
On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,  
I lost my true lover for courting too slow.  
Bury me on old Smoky, old Smoky so high,  
Where the wild birds in heaven can hear my sad cry.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\oldwhis1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Old Whiskers

Old Whiskers was a catfish in the Mississippi,  
Living easy, feeding on what ever he could eat.  
Johnson brothers caught him, didn't want to eat him,  
Decided they could train him, make Old Whiskers their pet.  
They bought a bathtub and filled it with muddy water,  
They'd swim him for an hour, promenade him for two.  
By June they had him walking, boarding at the bunkhouse.  
You wouldn't believe the chores that catfish could do.  
He'd wash the dishes, sweep the floor,  
Hang the clothes on the line.  
Learned to play poker on Saturday night,  
Every thing was going along fine.  
Then came a day in August, boys were going fishing,  
Old Whiskers feeling lonely, was just hanging around.  
The boys took Old Whiskers with 'em, he caught a whopper,  
Lost his balance, fell in the river, and drowned.  
The boys haven't felt the same since that day in August,  
To find another Whiskers is their greatest wish.  
And the moral of this story is really kind of simple,  
You can lead a fish from water, but you can't make him fish.



C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\olpaint1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### I Ride An Old Paint

I ride an old paint, I lead an old dan,  
I'm going to Montana to throw the hoolian.  
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw,  
Their tales are all matted, their backs are all raw.  
chorus: Ride around little dogies, ride around and slow,  
For the fiery and snuffy are raring to go.  
Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son,  
Son went to Denver and the daughter went wrong.  
His wife was killed in a poolroom fight,  
But still he keeps singing from morning till night.  
When I die, take my saddle from the wall,  
Put it on my pony, lead him out of his stall,  
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the west,  
And we'll ride the prairie that we love the best.  
He didn't mind their quack quack quack,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\oranflt1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Old Orange Flute

In the county Tyrone, in the town of Dungannon,  
Where many a ruckus myself had a hand in,  
Bob Williamson lived there, a weaver by trade,  
And all of us thought him a stout Orange blade.  
On the twelfth of July as it yearly did come,  
Bob played on the flute to the sound of the drum.  
You can talk of your fiddles, your harp and your lute,  
But there's nothing could sound like the Old Orange Flute  
But the treacherous scoundrel, he took us all in,  
He married a Papist named Bridget McGinn,  
Turned papish himself, and forsook the old cause,  
That gave us our freedom, religion, and laws.  
Now the boys of the place made some comments upon it,  
And Bob had to flee to the province of Connaught;  
Took with him his wife and his fixin's to boot,  
Along with the latter, the Old Orange Flute.  
Each Sunday, at Mass, to atone for past deeds,  
Bob said Paters and Aves and counted his beads.  
Till one Sunday morn, at the priest's own desire,  
Bob went for to play with the flute in the choir.  
Bob went for to play with the flute in the Mass,

But the instrument shivvered and cried "Oh! Alas!"  
And blow as he would, though he made a great noise,  
The flute would play only "The Protestant Boys".  
Bob jumped up and huffed, and all was a flutter.  
He pitched the Old Flute in the best holy water.  
He thought that this charm would bring some other sound,  
When he tried it again, it played "Croppies Lie Down".  
And for all he would finger and twiddle and blow,  
For to play Papish music, the flute would not go.  
"Kick the Pope" to "Boyne Water" was all it would sound,  
Not one Papish bleat in it could ever be found.  
At the council of priests that was held the next day,  
They decided to banish the Old Flute away.  
They couldn't knock heresy out of its head,  
So they bought Bob a new one to play in its stead.  
The Old Flute was doomed and its fate was pathetic,  
'Twas fastened and burned at the stake as heretic.  
As the flames rose around it, you could hear a great noise,  
As the Old Flute kept playing "The Protestant Boys"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\oxdrive1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Ox Drivers Song

To hear me curse and crack my whip,  
And see my oxen turn and slip.  
chorus: To-mo-row to-mo-row, to-mo-ride-ee-oh  
To-mo-row to-mo-row, to-mo-ride-ee-oh  
I pop my whip, you know I bring the blood.  
I make my leader take the mud.  
We grab the wheels and we turn them round.  
One long pull and we're on hard ground.  
When I get there, the hills are steep.  
It would make a tender person weep.  
When I get there, I'll have revenge,  
I'll settle my family among my friends.  
And see no more of the whip and line,  
And I'll drive no more in the summertime.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\oystnan1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Oyster Nan

From D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy  
As Oyster Nan stood by her Tub,  
To shew her vicious Inclination;

She gave her noblest Parts a Scrub,  
And sighed for want of Copulation:  
A Vintner of no little Fame,  
Who excellent Red and White can sell ye,  
Beheld the little dirty Dame,  
As she stood scratching of her Belly.  
Come in, says he, you silly Slut,  
'Tis now a rare convenient Minute;  
I'll lay the Itching of your Scut,  
Except some greedy Devil be in it:  
With that the Flat-capt Fusby smiled,  
And would have blushed, but that she could not;  
Alas! says she, we're soon beguil'd,  
By Men to do those things we should not.  
From Door they went behind the Bar,  
As it's by common Fame reported;  
And there upon a Turkey Chair,  
Unseen the loving Couple sported;  
But being called by Company,  
As he was taking pains to please her;  
I'm coming, coming Sir, says he,  
My Dear, and so am I, says she, Sir.  
Her Mole-hill Belly swelled about,  
Into a Mountain quickly after;  
And when the pretty Mouse crept out,  
The Creature caused a mighty Laughter:  
And now she has learnt the pleasing Game,  
Altho' much Pain and Shame it cost her;  
She daily ventures at the same,  
And shuts and opens like an Oyster.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\pagrave1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

They're Digging Up Father's Grave  
They're digging up father's grave to build a sewer,  
They're doing the job regardless of expense.  
They are moving his remains,  
To make way for outhouse drains,  
To ease the bums of some new residents.  
Now what's the use of having a religion,  
If when your dead, your troubles never cease.  
Because some bloody fool  
Wants a pipeline for his stool,  
They won't let dear old father rest in piece  
Yes, they're digging up father's grave to build a sewer,  
They're shoving his blasted coffin all around.  
But father's not the type

To make way for sewage pipe.  
He's not going to take this outrage lying down.  
And his ghost will rise up nightly in the crapper,  
And he'll haunt the place from double-seat to drain.  
And the councilmen will quail,  
The aldermen turn pale,  
They'll never try that ruddy trick again.  
Now father in his day was not a quitter,  
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now.  
He'll dress up in a sheet,  
And haunt the toilet seat,  
And nobody will s(h)it he don't allow.  
And won't there be some bloody constipation,  
And won't the bastards rant and roar and rave.  
Which is more than they deserve,  
For having the bloody nerve,  
Of mucking with a British Workman's grave.  
We had newspapers on the wall.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\parsley1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Parsley Sage Rosemary And Thyme  
Are you going to Scarborough Fair;  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Remember me to one who lives there.  
She once was a true love of mine.  
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Without no seams or needle work.  
Tell her to find me an acre of land,  
Between the salt water and the sea strand.  
Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather,  
And gather it all in a bunch of heather.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\peerage1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

PEERAGES ARE GIVEN FOR A REASON  
Tune: There are no Fighter Pilots  
Chorus: Put it on the ground  
Spread it all around  
Dig it with a hoe  
It'll make your flowers grow!  
Now, peerages are given for a reason  
And that reason is simply understood:  
For Chivalry, and Honesty, and Bravery

And being very, very, very Good!  
Titles are given out to the deserving,  
And no one ever bitches, out of spite.  
They forget the little slights and innuendoes  
And they really do believe that Right makes Might!  
Nepotism is a word they've never heard of,  
Politics is just a friendly little game;  
We have countered every shot that we've been given,  
And the peerage is where we always aim!  
The King is up there, sitting in his Throne Room,  
And nobility are sitting on the grass.  
The Knights are getting drunk and falling down, the sots,  
And the peerage are all sitting on their arse.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\perlby1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Pearl Bryan  
In Greencastle lived Pearl Bryan,  
Who was known both near and far,  
Beheaded by Stub Jackson,  
Who she really did adore.  
In a cab one rainy evening,  
Just before the close of day,  
A duo named Walling and Jackson,  
And with Pearl they rode away.  
Little did poor Pearl think,  
When she left her home so gay,  
That the suitcase that she carried  
Would hide her head some day.  
The driver tells the story,  
How little Pearl did moan,  
All the way from Cincinnati  
To where the cruel deed was done.  
The drove far from the city,  
To a place so far from her home,  
And there they left her headless,  
Bloodstained and alone.  
A farmer passing by,  
Her lifeless form he found,  
Lying without a head,  
Her blood all over the ground.  
Next morning the people came out,  
And they looked around and they said,  
"Here lays a woman's body,  
But where, oh where is the head."  
They phoned for miles and miles,  
Till at last one answer came,

It was from Pearl's sister,  
It must be Pearl that's slain.  
They arrested Jackson and Walling,  
And they locked them up in a cell,  
And the people gathered around them,  
But nothing would they tell.  
In came Pearl's sister,  
And she fell down on her knees,  
Pleading to Stub Jackson,  
"Give me sister's head, Oh Please!"  
Jackson he was so stubborn,  
That this is what he said,  
"If you meet your sister in heaven,  
You will find the missing head."  
She thought it was her lover,  
She could trust both night and day,  
And yet it was her lover,  
That took her life away.  
So girls who fall in love,  
You still may be misled.  
Don't take any hasty action.  
Girls, don't lose your head.  
That the suitcase that she carried

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\persian1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Persian Kitty  
The persian kitty, perfumed and fair,  
Stepped out one night for a breath of air.  
A dirty old tomcat lean and strong,  
Dirty and yellow, came along.  
He sniffed at the perfumned persian cat,  
As she strutted about with much eclat,  
And thinking a bit of time to pass,  
He whispered, "Kid, you sure got class."  
Now, fitting and proper was her reply,  
As she arched her whisker over her eye,  
"I'm ribboned and sleep on a pillow of silk,  
And daily fed on certified milk."  
"I should be happy with what I've got.  
I should be happy but happy I'm not.  
I should be happy, why shouldn't I be,  
Because I'm highly pedigreed."  
"Cheer up", said the tomcat with a smile,  
"And trust in your new found friend for a while.  
You need not escape from you backyard fence,  
My dear, what you need is experience."

The joys of life he then unfurled,  
As he told her tales of the outside world,  
Suggesting at last, with a lurid laugh,  
A trip for the two down the primrose path.  
The morning after the night before,  
When the kitty came in at the hour of four,  
The innocent look from her eyes had went,  
And in it's place was a smile of content.  
And after months when the people came,  
To see the persian kittens of the pedigreed fame,  
They weren't persian, they were black and tan,  
She told them that their father was a traveling man.  
(Squaw Valley 1956)  
Dat goddam hog no stan' for that

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\petgray1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Peter Gray

Once on a time, there lived a man, whose name was Peter Gray.  
He lived way down in that there town, called Penn-syl-van-i-a.  
chorus: Blow ye winds of morning,  
Blow ye winds hi ho.  
Blow ye winds of morning,  
Blow, blow, blow.  
Now Peter fell in love with a nice young girl,  
And the first three letters of her name were Lucy Anny Pearl.  
Just as they were about to wed, her father did say no,  
And consequently she was sent beyond the O-hi-o.  
When Peter heard of this sad news, he knew not what to say,  
He'd half a mind to jump into the Sus-que-han-i-a.  
Peter went a way out west to seek his for-ti-an,  
But he was caught and scal-pi-ed by a blood-y in-di-an.  
When Lucy heard of the sad news, she knew not what to say,  
She wept and wept and wep-i-ed her poor sweet life away.  
(Burl Ives)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\phillaw1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Philadelphia Lawyer

Way out in old Reno Nevada,  
Where romance blooms and fades.  
A rich Phildaelphia lawyer,  
Fell in love with a Hollywood maid.  
"Come love and we will wander,

Out where the lights are so bright.  
I'll win you a divorce from your husband,  
And we can get married tonight."  
Wild Bill was a gun-toting cowboy,  
Ten notches was carved on his gun.  
And all of the boys around Reno,  
Left Wild Bill's darling alone.  
One night as Bill was returning,  
From riding the range in the cold.  
He thought of his Hollywood sweetheart,  
Her love was as lasting as gold.  
Well as Bill drew near to the window,  
Two shadows he saw on the shade.  
'Twas the rich Philadelphia lawyer,  
Making love to Bill's Hollywood maid.  
Well the night was as still as the desert,  
And the moon was hanging high overhead.  
Bill listened awhile at the window,  
He could hear every word that was said.  
"Your hands are so pretty and lovely,  
Your form so rare and divine.  
Come back with me to Philadelphia,  
And leave this wild cowboy behind."  
Well, tonight in old Pennsylvania,  
Among the beautiful sights,  
There's one less Philadelphia lawyer,  
In old Philadelphia tonight.  
(Rose Maddox)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\phoenix1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

By The Time I Get To Phoenix  
By the time I get to Phoenix, she'll be rising,  
She'll find the note I left hangin by the door.  
She'll laugh when she reads the part that says I'm leaving,  
Cause I've left that girl so many times before.  
By the time I make Alburquerque, she'll be working,  
She'll probably stop at lunch and give me a call.  
But she'll just hear that phone keep on ringing,  
Off the wall, that's all.  
By the time I make Oklahoma, she'll be sleeping,  
She'll turn softly and call my name out low.  
She'll cry just to think I'd really leave her,  
Time and time I've tried to tell her so,  
She just didn't know,  
I'd really go.



C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\pianomn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Piano Man

-

Billy Joel

It's nine o'clock on a Saturday,

The regular crowd shuffles in.

There's an old man sitting next to me,

Making love to his whiskey and gin.

He says, "Son, can you play me a melody?

I'm not really sure how it goes,

But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete,

When I wore a younger man's clothes.

chorus: La de dah, de da da dah,

La de dah, de da da dah,

Dah, Dah, Dah, Dah,

Sing us a song, you're the piano man,

Sing us a song tonight.

Well we're all in the mood for a melody,

And you've got us feeling alright.

Now John at the bar is a friend of mine,

He gets me my drinks for free.X

And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke,

But there's some place that he'd rather be.

He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me."

As the smile ran away from his face.

"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star,

If I could get out of this place."

chorus

Now Paul is a real estate movelist,

Who never had time for a wife.

And he's talking with Davy who's still in the navy,

And probably will be for life.

And the waitress is practicing politics,

As the businessmen slowly get stoned.

Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness,

But it's better than drinking alone.

chorus

It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday,

And the manager gives me a smile,

'Cause he knows that it's me they've been coming to see,

To forget about life for awhile.

And the piano, it sounds like a carnival,

And the microphone smells like a beer,

And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar,

And say, "Man, what are you doing here?"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\piinsky1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Pie In The Sky

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
To tell you what's wrong and what's right,  
But then ask about something to eat,  
They will answer in voices so sweet.  
chorus: You will eat bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky, (way up high).  
Work and pray, live on hope,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die, that's a lie  
And the Starvation Army they play,  
They sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum.  
Holy Rollers and Jumpers come out,  
And they holler, they jump, and they shout.  
Give yourself to Jesus, they say,  
He will cure all your troubles today.  
If you fight hard for children and wife,  
Trying to get something good from this life,  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die, you will sure go to hell.  
Working men of all countries unite,  
Side by side for freedom we'll fight.  
When the world and its wealth we have gained,  
To the rafters we'll sing this refrain.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\platyps1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Duck-Billed Platypus

We call him duckbilled platypus,  
And mock him for his name,  
And yet he does not mind it,  
He does not feel the shame.  
Because he does not know himself  
By such a title, he's  
A golden shining lovebird,  
In duckbill platypese.  
(Flanders and Swann)  
Portuguese Man Of War  
I do not care to share the seas,  
With jellyfishes such as these,  
Especially Portuguese.

(Flanders and Swann)

The Hummingbird

The hummingbird he has no song,  
From flower to flower he hums along,  
Among the jacaranda trees.  
He finds no words for what he sees.

(Flanders and Swann)

Dead Ducks

The brontosaurus had a brain no bigger than a crisp.  
The dodo had a stammer, the mammoth had a lisp.  
The auk was just too awkward,  
Now there're none of them alive.  
Each one (like man) has shown himself,  
Unfitted to survive.

Their story points a moral,

Now it's we who wear the pants.  
The extinction of these species,  
Holds a lesson for us ants.

(Flanders and Swann)

Ah, the adventures of a slut,  
In a market they can't glut,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\plowman1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Plowman

(llewtraH)

The ploughman he's a bonnie lad  
His mind is ever true, jo;  
His garters knit below the knee  
His bonnet it is blue, jo.  
Chorus: Sing up wi't a', the ploughman lad,  
And hey the merry ploughman;  
O' a' the trades that I do ken,  
Commend me to the ploughman.  
As wakin' forth upon a day,  
I met a jolly ploughman,  
I tald him I had lands to plough,  
If he wad prove true, man.  
He says, my dear, tak ye nae fear,  
I'll fit you til a hair jo;  
I'll cleave it up, and hit it down,  
And water-furrow't fair, jo.  
I hae three ousen in my plough,  
Three better ne'er plough'd ground, jo.  
The foremost ox is lang and sma',  
The twa are plump and round, jo.  
Then he wi' speed did yoke his plough

Which by a gaud was driven, jo!  
But when he wan between the stilts,  
I thought I was in heaven, jo!  
But the foremost ox fell in the fur,  
The tither twa did founder;  
The ploughman lad he breathless grew,  
In faith it was nae wonder.  
But a sykie risk, below the hill,  
The plough she took a stane, jo,  
Which gart the fire flee frae the sock,  
The ploughman gied a grane, jo.  
I hae plough'd east, I hae plough'd west,  
In weather foul and fair, jo;  
But the sairest ploughing e'er I plough'd,  
Was ploughing amang hair, jo.  
Sing up wi't a', and in wi't a',  
And hey my merry ploughman;  
O' a' the trades, and crafts I ken,  
Commend me to the ploughman.

#### THE PLOUGHMAN

The ploughman he's a bonny lad  
And does his work at leisure,  
And aye when he comes home at e'en  
He kisses me with pleasure.  
Chorus: Then up wi't now my ploughman lad  
Up wi't all my ploughman  
Of all the lads that I do ken  
Commend me to the ploughman  
The ploughman he comes home at e'en  
He comes both wet and weary  
Cast off the wet put on the dry  
And come to bed my deary  
The ploughman he goes to his bed  
And thinks to get the ease o't  
But he must yoke the stots again  
And brisk about the braes o't.  
He has three oxen in his plough  
And two of them are blind, jo  
The seeing one he goes before  
The other two behind, jo  
Now the blooming spring's come on  
He takes his yoking early  
And whistling o'er the furrowed land  
He goes to fallow cheerly  
I will wash my ploughman's hose  
And I will wash his o'erlay  
And I will make my ploughman's bed  
And cheer him late and early  
Merry but and merry ben  
Merry is my ploughman

Of all the trade s that I do ken  
Commend me to the ploughnan

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\pollutn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Pollution

If you visit American city,  
You will find it very pretty.  
Just two things of which you must beware,  
Don't drink the water and don't breathe the air.  
Pollution, pollution,  
They've got smog and sewage and mud.  
Turn on your tap,  
And get hot and cold running crud.  
See the halibut and the sturgeons,  
Getting wiped out by detergents.  
Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly,  
But they don't last long if they try.  
Pollution, pollution,  
You can use the latest toothpaste,  
Then rinse you mouth,  
In industrial waste.  
Just go out for a breathe of air,  
And you'll be ready for Medicare.  
The city streets are really quite a thrill,  
If the stink don't get you, the monoxide will.  
Pollution, pollution,  
Wear a gas mask and a veil,  
Then you can breathe,  
If you don't inhale.  
Lots of things there you can drink,  
But stay away from the kitchen sink.  
The breakfast garbage the you throw in the bay,  
They drink at lunch in San Jose.  
So go to the city, see the crazy people there,  
Like lambs to the slaughter,  
They're drinking the water,  
And breathing the air.  
(Tom Lehrer)  
Unless we take a stand and hand in hand,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\poorboy1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Poor Boy

As I went down to the river, poor boy,  
To watch the ships go by,  
My sweetheart stood on the deck of one,  
And she waved to me goodbye.  
chorus: Bow down your head and cry poor boy,  
Bow down your head and cry.  
Stop thinking about the woman you love,  
Bow down your head and cry.  
I followed her for months and months,  
She offered me her hand,  
We were just about to get married,  
When she ran off with a gambling man.  
He came at me with a big jack-knife,  
I went at him with lead.  
And when the fight was over, poor boy,  
He lay down beside me dead.  
They took me to the big jailhouse,  
The months and months rolled by.  
The jury found me guilty, poor boy,  
And the judge said you must die.  
And yet they call this justice, poor boy,  
Then justice let it be.  
I only killed a man who was  
A-fixing to kill me.  
I have a five pound note inside  
My regimental small clothes.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\poornaz1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Poor Nazz

Poor Nazz is dead, the Nazz Cat is dead,  
All gather 'round his cave now and wail,  
He swung, so it is told.  
He wasn't very old.  
It's all because old Judas told his tale.  
Poor Nazz is dead, the Nazz Cat is dead,  
A twelve apostles thrashing on the ground,  
They stomp about and yell, they've learned their lesson well,  
Somewhere a new Head Cat must be found.  
Poor Nazz is dead, the Nazz Cat is dead,  
So Simon volunteered to do the job,  
He changed his name to Pete, but the fuzz put on the heat,  
So he founded the Vatican for god.  
Poor Nazz,  
I. N. R. I. (pronounced inree, gets the Papists every time)  
(McWilliam, House of Loki, Berkeley 1960)  
(Tune - Poor Jud Is Dead from Oklahoma)

"Dear Captain Smith", the ghost replied,  
"You've used me ungentlely.  
The coroner's quest goes hard with me,  
Because I acted frailly,  
And Parson Bg disaffection  
Amongst the heavenly host.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\popupno1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

His Pop-Up Doesn't Pop Up  
(llewtraH)  
Oh, his pop-up doesn't pop up anymore.  
It just doesn't do the thing it did before.  
Johnny used to have a flair,  
And all the girls would stare  
To see the way he made it pop up into the air.  
Almost any time of night no matter what;  
You oughta see the thing when it got hot.  
Look, now he jiggles it; he wiggles it;  
He bangs it on the floor  
But to no avail; a poor sad tale;  
His pop-up doesn't pop up anymore.  
Oh, his pop-up doesn't pop up anymore  
It just doesn't do the thing it did before  
I never will forget the night he brought it home for me,  
Tied with a blue ribbon and as cute as it could be.  
And it popped right up with just the slightest touch.  
And now I fear we've used it much to much.  
We just can't make it and I can't take it.  
It isn't good for one piece more.  
In the same groove; it just won't move.  
His pop-up doesn't pop up anymore.  
Oh, his pop-up doesn't pop up anymore,  
And a thing like that can be an awful bore.  
Now I sit and stare at it; it's just as cold as ice.  
But I recall the nights it was worth most any price.  
And it popped right up each time I wanted more.  
We'd have such fun and he'd let me keep score.  
But now it's beat up; it won't repeat up;  
No use in hollering, "Encore!"  
His little pop-up sure needs a prop up.  
His pop-up toaster will not pop up anymore!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\preach-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Preacher And The Bear

I

A preacher went out a-hunting,  
Upon one Sunday morn.  
It was against his religion  
But he took his gun along.  
He shot himself some mighty fine quail  
And one little measly hare,  
When on his way returning home,  
He met a great big grizzly bear.

II

The bear walked out in the middle of the road,  
Right up to the preacher, you see,  
And the preacher got so excited,  
He climbed up a persimmon tree.  
The bear sat down upon the ground,  
And the preacher climbed out on a limb,  
He cast his eyes to the Lord in the skies,  
And these words said to Him.  
(chorus for both versions:)  
Oh Lord!

You delivered Daniel from the lion's den.  
Also delivered Jonah from the belly of the whale and then,  
The Hebrew children from the fiery furnace,  
As the Good Book do declare.  
Oh Lord!

If you can't help me,  
For goodness sakes don't you help that bear.

alternate II

The bear walked out in the middle of the road,  
On all fours like a great big toad,  
And he looked that preacher right square in the eye,  
And the preacher looked at him, and said, "Bye Bye!"  
The preacher down that road did run,  
And the bear right after that preacher did come.  
They ran and they ran for about a mile,  
Then they both sat down and rested a while.  
Bear got up and started again,  
The preacher he lit out with more vim,  
And he ran and he ran till he spotted a tree,  
Said, "Up on a limb is the place for me."  
Bear got close, made a grab for him.  
Preacher reached up and he made the limb,  
Pulled himself up and turned about,  
Cast his eyes to the skies and he did shout.

III

The preacher he stayed up in that tree,  
I think it was all night.



He said, "Oh Lord, if you don't help ;me,  
You're going to see one awful fight."  
About that time the limb let go,  
And the preacher come atumbling down.  
You ought to see him get his razor out,  
Before he hit the ground.

IV

He hit the ground cutting left and right,  
He put up a very good fight.  
Then the bear hugged the preacher,  
And he squeezed him a little too tight.  
The preacher lost his razor,  
And the bear held on with a grin.  
He cast his eyes to the Lord in the skies,  
And these words said to him.

alternate III

Just about then the limb let go,  
And the preacher come a-tumbling down.  
He reached in his pocket, pulled his razor out,  
Just before he hit the ground.  
He hit the ground with a terrible crash,  
It was a terrible sight,  
To see the preacher and the bear with the razor in his hair, Just a cutting left  
and right.  
They rolled around on the ground,  
The preacher was up and then he was down,  
The bear let out an awful moan,  
Looked like the preacher was holding his own.  
He thought if I get out of here alive,  
That Good Book I will abide,  
I'll never sin on Sabbath day,  
And Sunday come, I'll pray and pray.  
To the heavens he did glance,  
"Oh Lord, just give me one more chance!"  
And his suspenders gave away,  
And he knocked that bear ten feet away.  
Bear got close, made a grab for him.  
Preacher reached up and the made the limb,  
Pulled himself up and turned about,  
Cast his eyes to the skies and he did shout.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\preggal1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Unfortunate Lass  
(llewtraH)

As I was a-walking one fine summer's morning,  
One fine summer's morning all early in May,

Who should I spy but my own daughter Mary,  
All wrapped up in flannel some hot summer's day.  
"O mother, O mother, come sit you down by me,  
Come sit you down by me and pity my case:  
It's of a young officer lately deserted,  
See how he has brought me to shame and disgrace."  
"O daughter, O daughter, why hadn't you told me?  
Why hadn't you told me, we'd took it in time,"  
"I might have got salts and pills of white mercury,  
But now I' m a young girl cut down in my prime. "  
"O doctor, O doctor, come wash up your bottles,  
Come wash up your bottles and wipe them quite dry,  
My bones they are aching, my poor heart's a-breaking,  
And I in a deep solemn fashion must die.  
Have six jolly fellows to carry my coffin,  
Have six pretty maidens to bear up my pall,  
Give to each pretty fair maid a glass of brown ale  
Saying, "Here lies the bones of a true-hearted girl".  
Come rattle your drums and play your fifes merrily,  
Merrily play the dead marches along,  
And over my coffin throw handfuls of laurel  
Saying, "There goes a true-hearted girl to her home."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\presaro1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Pretty Saro  
Down in some lone valley,  
In a lonesome place,  
Where the wild birds do whistle,  
Their notes do increase.  
Farewell Pretty Saro,  
I bid you adieu,  
But I'll dream of Pretty Saro,  
Where ever I go.  
My love she won't have me,  
So I understand.  
She wants a freeholder,  
And I have no land.  
I cannot maintain her  
With silver and gold,  
Nor buy all the fine things,  
That a big house can hold.  
If I were a merchant,  
And could write a fine hand,  
I'd write my love a letter,  
That she'd understand.  
I'd write it by the river,

Where the waters overflow.  
But I'll dream of Pretty Saro  
Where ever I go.  
He searched till a door looked familiar,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\pretflo1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Pretty Boy Floyd

Come gather round me children, a story I will tell,  
About Pretty Boy Floyd, the outlaw; Oklahoma knew him well.  
'Twas in the town of Shawnee on a Saturday afternoon,  
With his wife beside him on the wagon, in to town they rode.  
A deputy sherrif approached them in a manner rather rude,  
Using vulgar words of language and his wife, she overheard.  
Pretty Boy grabbed a logchain, the deputy grabbed his gun,  
And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down.  
Then he took to the trees and rivers to live a life of shame,  
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name.  
Yes, he took to the trees and rivers on the Canadian River shore,  
And the outlaw found a welcome at many a farmer's door.  
Yes, there's many a starving farmer this same story told,  
How the outlaw paid their mortgage and save their little home.  
Others tell about the stranger who came to beg a meal,  
And underneath the napkin left a hundred dollar bill.  
'Twas in Oklahoma City, 'twas on a christmas day,  
Came a whole carload of groceries and a letter that did say,  
"Well they say that I'm an outlaw and they say that I'm a thief.  
Here's a Christmas dinner for the families on relief.  
It's through the world I've rambled, I've seen lots of funny men,  
Some rob you with a six-gun, some with a fountain pen.  
As through the world you travel, as through the world you roam,  
You'll never see an outlaw drive a family from their home.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\pretpeg1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Pretty Peggy-o

As we marched down through Canario,  
As we marched down through Canario,  
Our Captain fell in love,  
With a lady like a dove,  
They called her by name, Pretty Peggy-o.  
What will your mother think, Pretty Peggy-o,  
What will your mother think, Pretty Peggy-o,  
What will your mother think,

When she hears the guineas clink,  
The soldiers all marching before you-o.  
In a carriage you will ride, Pretty Peggy-o  
In a carriage you will ride, Pretty Peggy-o  
In a carriage you will ride,  
With your true love by your side,  
As fair as any maiden in the area-o.  
Come stepping down the stair, Pretty Peggy-o,  
Come stepping down the stair, Pretty Peggy-o,  
Come stepping down the stair,  
Combing back your yellow hair,  
And bid fare well to Sweet William-o.  
Sweet William is dead, Pretty Peggy-o,  
Sweet William is dead, Pretty Peggy-o,  
Sweet William is dead,  
And he died for a maid,  
The fairest maid in the area-o.  
If ever I return, Pretty Peggy-o,  
If ever I return, Pretty Peggy-o,  
If ever I return,  
All your cities I will burn,  
Destroying all the cities in the area-o.  
Before the war began.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\primpum1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Prime The Pump  
I was traveling west to Buckskin,  
On a way to a cattle run,  
Cross a little cactus desert,  
Under a hot blistering sun.  
I was thirsty down to my toemails,  
Stopped to rest me on a stump,  
But I tell you I couldn't believe it,  
When I saw the water pump.  
I took it to be a mirage, at first,  
It will fool a thirsty man.  
Then I saw a note stuck right into  
A baking powder can.  
"This pump is old," the note began,  
"But she works so give her a try.  
I put a new sucker washer in,  
You may find the leather dry."  
chorus: "You got to prime the pump,  
You must have faith and believe.  
You got to give of yourself,  
Before you're willing to receive.

Drink all the water you can hold,  
 Wash your face, cool your feet,  
 But leave the bottle full for others,  
 Thank you kindly, Desert Pete."  
 "Yes, you have to prime the pump,  
 Work that handle like there's a fire,  
 Under that rock you'll find some water,  
 I left in a bitters jar.  
 Now there's just enough to prime it with,  
 And don't go drinking first.  
 Just pour it in and pump like hell,  
 Buddy, you'll quench your thirst."  
 Well, I found that jar, I'll tell you,  
 Nothing was prettier to my eye.  
 And I was tempted strong to drink it,  
 Cause that pump looked mighty dry.  
 But the note went on, "Have faith my friend,  
 There is water down below.  
 You got to give before you get,  
 I'm the one who ought to know."  
 So I poured in the jar and started pumping,  
 And I heard a beautiful sound.  
 Of water bubbling and splashing,  
 Out of the hole in the ground.  
 I took off my shoes and I drunk my fill,  
 Of that cool refreshing treat.  
 The thanked the Lord, I thanked the pump,  
 And I thanked old Desert Pete.  
 On his way to hi dignified court,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\prosthe1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

(llewtraH)

Tune:

After The Ball

Last week my honeymoon started:

I like a fool took a wife

But after the guests had departed

I took the shock of my life:

Out came her big glass eye

Her false teeth on the sly

She gently placed them down upon the chiffonier.

She then unscrewed her leg

And hung it on a peg

And oh my eyes were filled with many a bitter tear.

Her beautiful golden hair

She hung upon the chair  
And what was left of her  
Slipped in between the blankets.  
I looked at her and said  
I am not coming to bed  
I'd rather sleep instead  
Among my souvenirs...

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\puffdra1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Puff The Magic Dragon

Puff the magic dragon, lived by the sea,  
And frolicked in the autumn mist, in a land called Hannalee.  
Little Jacky Paper loved that rascal Puff,  
And bought him skins and sealing wax and other fancy stuff.  
chorus: Puff the magic dragon, lived by the sea,  
And frolicked in the autumn mist, in a land called Hannalee.  
Puff the magic dragon, lived by the sea,  
And frolicked in the autumn mist, in a land called Hannalee.  
Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail.  
Jacky kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail.  
Noble Kings and Princes would bow where'er they came,  
Pirate ships would lower their flags when Puff roared out his name.  
A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys,  
Painted wings and giants rings make way for other toys.  
One grey night it happened, Jacky Paper came no more,  
And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar.  
His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain,  
Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane.  
Without his lifelong friend, Puff could no be brave,  
So Puff, that mighty dragon, sadly slipped into his cave.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\putinal1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### PUT IN ALL

A young man and his maid,  
Put in all, put in all,  
Together lately played,  
Put in all,  
The young man was in jest,  
The maid she did protest,  
She bid him do his best,  
Put in all, put in all.  
With that her rolling eyes,

Put in all, put in all,  
Turned upward to the skies,  
Put in all,  
The young man was in heat,  
The maid did soundly sweat,  
A little further get,  
Put in all, put in all,  
According to her will,  
Put in all, put in all,  
The young man tried his skill,  
Put in all,  
But the proverb plain does tell,  
That, use them ne'er so well,  
For an inch, they'd take an ell,  
Put in all, put in all  
When they had ended sport,  
Put in all, put in all,  
She found him all too short,  
Put in all,  
For when he'd done his best,  
The maid she did protest,  
'Twas nothing but a jest,  
Put in all, put in all.  
(Pills to Purge Melancholy by Thomas D'urfy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\queenie1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Strip Polka (Queenie) (llewtraH)  
Queenie, queen of them all,  
Queenie, some day you'll fall.  
Some day, church bells will chime  
In strip polka time.  
There's a burlesque the-ay-ter where the gang loves to go  
To see Queenie, the cutie of the burlesque show.  
And the thrill of the evening is when out Queenie slips,  
And the band plays the polka while she strips.  
CHORUS  
"Take it off, take it off!" comes a voice from the rear,  
"Take it off, take it off!" Soon that's all you can hear.  
But she's always a lady, even in pantomime,  
So she stops, and always just in time.  
"Take it off, take it off!" all the customers shout,  
"Down in front, down in front!" while the band beats it out, But she's always a  
lady, even in pantomime,  
And she stops---and always just in time.  
She's as fresh and as wholesome as the flowers in May,  
And she hopes to retire to the farm some day.

But you can't buy a farm until you're up in the chips,  
So the band plays the polka while she strips.  
Oh, she hates dreamy waltzes and she hates the gavotte,  
But there's one big advantage when the music's hot:  
It's a fast moving exit just in case something rips  
When the band plays the polka while she strips.  
Drop around, take it in -- it's the best in the West.  
"Take it off, take it off!" you can yell with the best.  
But she's always a lady, even in pantomime,  
And she stops -- and always just in time.  
FINAL CHORUS:  
"Take it off, take it off!" comes a voice from the rear,  
"Take it off, take it off!" Soon that's all you can hear.  
Stick around when it's over -- I'm a peach when I'm dressed, But I stop -- and  
always just in time!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\quest9-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Devil's Nine Questions  
If you don't answer my questions nine,  
Sing ninety nine and ninety,  
You're not God's own but one of mine,  
And you are the weaver's bonny.  
What is whiter than the milk?  
What is softer than the silk?  
Snow is whiter than milk,  
Down is softer than silk.  
What is louder than a horn?  
What is sharper than a thorn?  
Thunder's louder than a horn,  
Death is sharper than a thorn.  
What is higher than a tree?  
What is deeper than the sea?  
Heaven's higher than a tree.  
Hell is deeper than the sea.  
What is more innocent than a lamb?  
What is worse than womankind?  
The babe is more innocent than a lamb.  
The devil's worse than womankind.  
You have answered my questions nine.  
You are God's own and none of mine.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\railrd-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



### Railroad Boy

She went upstairs to make her bed,  
And not a word to her mother said.  
Her mother, she went upstairs, too,  
Saying, "Daughter, oh daughter, what's troubling you?"  
"Oh Mother dear, I cannot tell,  
It's the railroad boy, that I love so well.  
He's courted me five months away,  
And now at home, he will not stay."  
"There is a place in London Town,  
Where the Railroad Boy goes and sits down,  
He takes a strange girl on his knee,  
And he tells to her what he won't tell me."  
Her father he came home from work,  
Saying, "Where's my daughter, she seems so hurt."  
He went upstairs to bid her hope,  
And he found her hanging by a rope.  
He took a knife and cut her down,  
And on her bosom, these words were found,  
Go dig my grave both wide and deep,  
Put a marble stone at my head and feet,  
And at my breast put a snow white turtle dove,  
To tell the world I died for love.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\rainfrz1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Don't Care If It Rains Or Freezes  
I don't care if it rains or freezes,  
As long as I got my plastic Jesus,  
Glued to the dashboard of my car.  
You can buy him pink and pleasant,  
Anyways he's phosphorescent,  
Take him with you anywhere you are.  
You can buy a sweet Madonna,  
Dressed in rhinestones sitting on a  
Pedestal of abalone shell.  
Going ninety is not scary,  
'Cause I got the Virgin Mary,  
Guaranteeing I won't go to hell.  
And Sunday come, I'll pray and pray.  
To the heavens he did glance,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\ramble-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Ramble Away

(llewtraH)

As I was walking to Burlington Fair,  
With top-hat and gaiters I'd ordered to wear,  
To meet all the lasses so buxom and gay,  
For I swore I was willing to ramble away.  
And the very first step that I took to the fair,  
I saw pretty Nancy a-combing her hair.  
I tipped her the wink, and she rolled a dark eye;  
Thought I to myself, I'll be there by and by.  
The very first step that I took in the dark  
I took this girl, Nancy, to be my sweetheart.  
She smiled in my face and these words she did say,  
"Are you the young fellow called Ramble-away?"  
I said, "Pretty Nancy, don't smile in my face,  
For I've not very long for to stay in this place.  
She packed up her clothes, farewell Birlingtonshire;  
She swore she would ramble; she didn't care where.  
My father and mother, they're both gone along,  
And when they return, I will sing them a song.  
The song it will tell how their daughter's astray;  
She'll be gone on her travels with young Ramble-away.  
The summer is over and the winter is past,  
And pretty young Nancy grew stout round her waist.  
Her shoes wouldn't lace nor her apron strings tie;  
You see what you've done with your Ramble-away?  
The autumn has passed and the winter has come,  
And the pretty girl Nancy's a lovely fine son.  
She huddled him and cuddled him, and these words did say,  
Grow up like your father and ramble away.  
Come, all you young maidens, wherever you be.  
With those jolly young fellows don't make over free.  
And come all you ramblers, and mind you take care,  
Or else you'll get brambled at Burlington Fair.  
Or else you'll get brambled at Burlington Fair.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\ram-boy1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Rambling Boy

chorus: Here's to you, my rambling boy,  
May all your rambling bring you joy.  
Here's to you, my rambling boy,  
May all your rambling bring you joy.  
He was a friend and a pal always.  
He stuck with me in the hard old days.  
He never cared if I had no dough.  
We rambled round in the rain and snow.

In Tulsa town we chanced to stray,  
We thought we'd try to work one day.  
The boss said he'd room for one.  
Said my old pal, "We'd rather bum."  
Late one night in a jungle camp,  
The weather it was cold and damp.  
He got the chills and he got them bad,  
They took the only friend I had.  
He left me here to ramble on.  
My rambling pal, he's dead and gone.  
If when we die, we go somewhere,  
Bet you a dollar, he's rambling there.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\redride1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time in the land of Oo-blah-dee, there lived a fine chick  
named Red Riding Hood.

One day Red's mother said, "Honey, your grandma  
is feeling the least, so I fixed up a real wild basket of ribs and a bottle of  
juice and I'd like you to fall by her joint and lay it on her."

"Crazy," said Red, and taking the basket, she cut out through the  
woods.

Well she had gone but a short distance, when the wolf appeared on  
the scene from behind the timber.

"Baby," said the wolf, "Give me some skin."

"Sorry daddio," said Red, "Some other time."

Right now I have to make  
it over to Grandma's place."

"Momma, say no more," said the wolf.

"I'm hip."

Dig you later."

So

saying the wolf made it over to Grandma's post haste, swallowed the old  
lady up, disguised himself in her night clothes, and stashed himself  
between the lily-whites.

Pretty soon Little Red Riding Hood knocked.

"Hit me again," said the wolf.

"Who goes?"

"It's me, Gram," said Red.

Mother heard you were sick and she thought you might like to pick up on some ribs."

"Wild," said the wolf.

"Fall in."

Red Riding Hood entered and cased the joint and said, "Man, what a  
crazy pad!"

"Sorry, I didn't have time to straighten the joint up before you got  
here," said the wolf.

"What's in the basket?"  
"Same old jazz," said Red.  
"Baby," said the wolf, "Don't put it down."  
"I have to," said Red, "It's getting heavy."  
"OK," said the wolf, "Open the basket, I've got eyes."  
"I'm hip," said Red, "Grandma, what frantic eyes you have."  
"The better to dig you with, my dear," said the wolf.  
"And Grandma," said Red, "What a long nose you have."  
"Yeah," said the wolf, "It's a gasser."  
"And Grandma," said Red, "Your ears are the most to say the least."  
"I know my ears aren't the greatest," said the wolf.  
"Lets just say  
somebody goofed."  
"You know something?" said Red, "I don't want to sound square, but you don't look  
like my Grandma at all.  
You look like some other cat."  
"Baby," said the wolf, "You're flipping."  
"No man," said Red, "I just dug your nose again and it's the most.  
I don't want to come right out and ask for your card, but where's my  
Grandma?"  
"Your Grandma is gone," said the wolf.  
"You're right, she is the swinginest, but where is she?"  
"She cut out," said the wolf.  
"Don't hand me that jazz," said Red.  
Whereupon the wolf leapt out of bed and began chasing her about the  
room.  
Little did he know that the wolf season had opened that day.  
But a  
local hunter was hip and he came on with an ax and dispatched the wolf  
forthwith.  
"Dad," said Red gratefully, "Your timing was like the end."  
And so it was.  
(Steve Allen)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\reedriv1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Reedy River  
Ten miles down Reedy River, one Sunday afternoon,  
I rode with Mary Campbell, through that broad and bright lagoon.  
We left out horses grazing while the shadows climbed the peaks,  
And we strolled beneath the shade on the banks of Rocky Creek.  
Then home along the river that night we rode a race.  
And the moonlight it lent a glory to my Mary Campbell's face.  
I pleaded for our future all through that midnight ride,  
Until our weary horses, they drew closer side by side.  
Ten miles below Ryan's crossing and five below the peak,  
I built a little homestead on the banks of Rocky Creek.

I cleared the land and fenced it and I plowed the rich red loam,  
And my first crop was golden when I brought my Mary home.  
But of the house I builded, there are no traces now.  
The many rains have leveled all the furrows of my plow.  
Those glad bright days have vanished and somber branches wave.  
There are wild blossoms golden about my Mary's grave.  
I'm simply the best by far.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\remember1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Try to Remember (Tom Joes and Harvey Schmidt)

Try to remember the kind of September  
When life was slow and oh so mellow.

Try to remember the kind of September  
When grass was green and grain was yellow.

Try to remember the kind of September  
When you were a young and a callow fellow.

Try to remember and if you remember  
Then follow...

Try to remember when life was so tender  
That no one wept except the willow.

Try to remember when life was so tender  
That dreams were kept beside your pillow.

Try to remember when life was so tender  
That love was an ember about to billow.

Try to remember and if you remember  
Then follow...

Deep in December it's nice to remember  
Although you know the snow will follow.

Deep in December it's nice to remember  
Without a hurt, the heart is hollow.

Deep in December it's nice to remember  
The fire of September that made you mellow.

Deep in December our hearts should remember  
Then follow...

But when that clock strikes midnight  
And I'm all by myself,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\riddson1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Riddle Song

I gave my love a cherry that had no stone,  
I gave my love a chicken that had no bone.

I gave my love a story that had no end.

I gave my love a baby with no crying.  
How can there be a cherry that has no stone.  
How can there be a chicken that has no bone.  
How can there be a story that has no end.  
How can there be a baby with no crying.  
A cherry in the blossom, it has no stone.  
A chicken when it's pipping, it has no bone.  
The story that I love you it has not end.  
A baby when it's sleeping, there's no crying.  
(Alternate last verse)  
A cherry in a manhattan, it has no stone.  
Chicken 'a la king' it has no bone.  
A story from the bible, it has no end,  
A baby when it's strangled, has no crying.  
Than down in town below.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\ringtom1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Ringtail Tom

I got an old tomcat,  
And when he steps out,  
All the other cats in the neighborhood,  
They begin to shout  
There goes ringtailed Tom,  
Strutting round this town,  
And if you got your heater turned up,  
You better turn your damper down.  
Ringtail Tom in a tough,  
He's the boss around this town.  
He don't allow any other tomcats,  
Pussyfooting around.  
Ringtail Tom on the fence,  
Little pussycat on the ground,  
Ringtail Tom come off of that fence,  
And they start rousting around.  
Ringtail Tom is a tough,  
He's a natural-born crackshot.  
He finds a new target every night,  
And he sure does practice a lot.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\riverbt1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

This Old Riverboat

This old riverboat, walking up the river,

Keep her steady as she goes.  
Heave the lead and play the line,  
    Read the marking on the twine,  
    Four fathoms below,  
Way up the river we go.  
This old riverboat, walking by the levee,  
Keep her steady as she goes.  
You can hear the Captain say,  
"Pull ahead, we're on our way"  
    Three fathoms below,  
Way up the river we go.  
Keep on a moving, we gotta beat Old Dixie,  
    Or we'll come back empty, I know.  
    Way down the river, I can hear her whistle blow.  
This old riverboat, churning muddy water,  
Ease her down and take it slow.  
Can't you hear that rumbling sound,  
Lord, I think we've run aground.  
No fathoms below,  
Better pray it ain't so.  
We're bucking bottom and hear comes old Dixie,  
Saying who's got the cotton to sell.  
    And when she's passing, we're rising high on her swell.  
    This old riverboat, racing up the river,  
Little Dixie runs aground.  
There she stands high and dry,  
    And we're walking right on by.  
    I can see the lights of the town.  
Way up the river we go.  
This old riverboat seen a lot of water,  
    Lot of cotton you can bet.  
You can ask anyone you meet,  
They say she can't be beat.  
    She ain't never been yet.  
Can't you hear the whistle blow?  
Way up the river we go.  
    Then she stopped and turned,  
We looked into each others eyes,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\rollpin1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Rolling Pin  
I take my girl friend home the other night,  
And I got myself in a awful fight.  
As she said, "Jimmy boy, do come in."  
Her old lady hit me with a rolling pin.  
chorus: And I bawl, Lord I bawl.

Oh Lord! You should of heard me bawl.  
I bawl when I feel the pain,  
I no meet with that old woman again.  
I slip and I slide and I try to duck,  
But that old woman is really amuck.  
And when she twirl that pin with agility,  
I could tell she was an authority.  
The first blow she hit me, she knocked me down,  
She wouldn't even let me get off the ground.  
I tried to tell her 'bout the rules of Queensbury;  
She said, "That don't cut no ice with me."  
Well that old woman could really hit,  
And here is one can tell you about it.  
Not even the champion Joe Louis,  
Could give you blows like that old lady.  
Talk about eternity,  
That's what the encounter seemed to me.  
But she stopped to sneeze and I started to run,  
I was gone like a bullet from a machine gun.  
And I can prove statistically,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\rover--1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I'm Looking Over My Dead Dog Rover  
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,  
That I hit with the power mower.  
One leg is missing, the other is gone,  
A third leg is scattered all over the lawn.  
No need explaining, the one remaining  
Is spinning on the carport floor.  
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,  
That I overlooked before.  
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,  
That I hit with the power mower.  
My dog's not eating, he no longer barks;  
He hit the propeellor and turned into sparks.  
No need explaining, there's no dog remaining,  
He's part of the lawn, you see.  
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,  
Who I sent to eternity.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\rovgamb1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Roving Gambler



I am a roving gambler, I've gambled over in town,  
Whenever I meet with a deck of cards, I lay my money down.  
I've gambled down in Washington, I gambled over in Spain,  
I'm going down to Georgia, to gamble my last game.  
I had not been in Washington for many more days than three,  
When I fell in love with a pretty girl, and she fell in love with me.  
She took me in her parlor, she cooled me with her fan,  
She whispered low in her mother's ear, "I love that gambling man".  
"Oh daughter, oh dear daughter, how could you treat me so,  
To leave your dear old mother and with a gambler go."  
"Oh mother, oh dear mother, you know I love you well,  
But the love I hold for the gambling man, no human heart can tell.  
I wouldn't marry a railroad man, I tell you the reason why,  
I've never seen a railroad man who wouldn't tell his wife a lie.  
I wouldn't marry a farmer, he's always in the rain,  
The man I want to marry wears a great big gold watch chain."  
I hear the train a coming, a coming around the curve,  
A whistling and a blowing and straining every nerve.  
"Oh mother, oh dear mother, I'll tell you if I can,  
If you ever see me coming back, it will be with the gambling man."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\roycanl1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Royal Canal

A hungry feeling came over me stealing,  
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell.  
chorus: And that old triangle goes jingle-jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.  
To begin in the morning, the water a-boiling,  
Get out of bed and clean up yourselves.  
One fine spring evening, the land is dreaming,  
The seagulls peeling high above the wall.  
The screw was beating and the lad lay sleeping,  
As he lay there weeping for his gal Sal.  
In the female prison, there are seventy women,  
And with each of them I would like to dwell.  
The day was dying, and the wind was sighing,  
As I lay there crying in my prison cell.  
I'd be a rich man today.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\ruffnek1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Roughneck

Well I was born in a boomer's shack,

About half a mile from town.  
Poppa was a driller on a wildcat crew,  
And my momma never was around.  
Well I learned to cuss when I was two,  
And to fight when I was three.  
By the time I was five, there was no kid alive,  
Could ever get the best of me.  
chorus: Born to be a roughneck, I'd never amount to nothing,  
Pulling casing, laying pipe, hard labor.  
I started working like a regular man,  
When I was just knee-high.  
Skinning my knuckles and my two bare hands,  
But they never heard me cry.  
I remember walking down the street,  
And I'd hear somebody say,  
"Now he was born to live a roughneck's life,  
And he's never going to change his ways."  
Then I got lucky on a wildcat scheme,  
And the money kept rolling in.  
I drive me a big long Cadillac,  
I'm a man with a million frineds.  
I smile when I walk down the street,  
And I hear somebody say,  
"There goes one of them millionaires,  
I'll bet he was born that way."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\run-com1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Run Come See Jerusalem  
It was nineteen hundred and twenty.  
Run come see,  
I remember the day pretty well.  
It was nineteen hundred and twenty.  
Run come see Jerusalem.  
They were talking bout a storm in the islands.  
Oh Lord! What a beautiful morning.  
There were three ships standing on the water.  
The Ethel, the Myrtle, the Praetoria.  
These ships were bound for Stanyan Creek.  
With mothers and children aboard.  
The Praetoria was out on the water,  
Rocking from side to side.  
There was a big sea built up in the Northwest.  
They were out on the perilous ocean.  
When the first wave hit the Praetoria,  
The mothers grabbed hold of their children.  
It sent her head down to the bottom.

The Captain grabbed hold of the tiller.  
There were thirty-three souls on the water,  
Swimming and praying to the Lord.  
George Brown he was the Captain,  
He shouted my children come pray.  
Come now witness your judgement.  
He shouted my children come pray.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\ryewhis1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Rye Whiskey

I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry,  
If whiskey don't kill me, I'll live till I die.  
chorus: Whiskey, rye whiskey, whiskey I cry,  
If I don't get rye whiskey, I think I will die.  
Beefsteak when I'm hungry, rye whiskey when I'm dry,  
Greenback when I'm hard up, religion when I die.  
Sometimes I drink whiskey, sometimes I drink rum,  
Sometimes I drink brandy, at other times, none.  
But if I get boozy, my whiskey's my own,  
And them that don't like me can leave me alone.  
Jack of diamond, jack of diamond, and I know you of old,  
You've robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold.  
If the ocean was whiskey, and I was a duck,  
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.  
The ocean ain't whiskey, I ain't a duck,  
I'll play jack of diamond and trust to my luck.  
Oh whiskey, you villain, you've been my downfall,  
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me, but I love you for all.  
I'll drink my own whiskey, I'll drink my own wine.  
Some ten thousand bottles, I've killed in my time.  
I've no wife to quarrel, no babies to bawl.  
The best way of living is no wife at all.  
Sometimes I drink whiskey, sometimes I drink gin,  
It doesn't really matter the state that I'm in.  
Sometimes I drink whiskey, sometimes I drink rum,  
I only do that when I want to come.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\samhous1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Black Bull (Sam Houston) (llewtraH)

The big black bull came down from the mountain,  
Houston Sam houston,

The big black bull came down from the mountain,  
Long time ago.

It was a long time ago - o - o  
A long time ago - o - o  
The big black bull came down from the mountain,  
Long time ago.  
He spied a heifer in the pasture,  
There was a fence around that pasture,  
He jumped that fence and he jumped that heifer,  
He missed his mark and he fff-ed on the pasture,  
The big black bull he fell on his balls,  
The big black bull he bent his prick,  
The big black bull went back to the mountain,  
His head hung low; his balls hung lower,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\sfsshake1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

San Francisco Shaking Away

chorus:

Day after day, more people come to LA.  
Don't you tell them, the whole place is slipping away.  
Where can we go, when there's no San Francisco,  
Better get ready to tie up the boat in Idaho.  
Do you know the swim, you better learn quick, Jim.  
Those who don't know the swim, better sing the hymn.  
Do you know the crawl, you better learn quick Saul.  
Those who don't know the crawl, going to start to bawl.  
When you hear the crack, you better jump back, Jack.  
Those who don't jump like the oughter, start to treading water.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\shincrn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Shiny Little Crown With The Thorns On The Top

When I nail him up upon that tree,  
What a swinging party that will be.  
Folks will come and throw the dice  
For the robes he's wearing,  
And they'll all get drunk in spite of me.  
Folks will think that I'm quite a clown,  
When I walk to him with the crown,  
When I walk to him with the crown with the thorns on top.  
See those sharp points winking and blinking,  
There's no finer torture, I'm thinking.  
You can keep you crown if you're thinking,

That I'd care to swap.  
The top is nettles and the sides are briars,  
The lining is genuine spike-thorn,  
With great big stickers that will make him frown,  
And squirm as his flesh is so slowly torn.  
In killing him, we are succeeding,  
See the flies feasting and feeding,  
See the blood and the gore and the bleeding,  
At a slow drip drop,  
From that shiny little crown with the thorns on the top.  
(McWilliam, House of Loki, Berkeley 1960)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\side-by1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Wedding Song

(llewtraH)

Tune: Side by Side

We got married on Sunday,  
The party didn't finish till Monday,  
And when the guests had gone home,  
We were alone,  
Side by side.

Well we got ready for bed then,  
And I very nearly dropped dead when,  
Her teeth and her hair,  
She placed on the chair,  
Side by side.

Well the shock did very near kill me,  
When her glass eye did fall,  
Then her leg and her arm,  
She placed by the chair,  
Side by side.

And then she took off her merkin,  
She had no pubes at all,  
And her prosthetic breasts,  
She took from her chest,  
Side by side.

Well this left me broken hearted,  
For most of my wife had departed,  
So I slept on the chair,  
There was more of her there,  
Side by side.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\silvdoll1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Silver Dollar Down On The Ground

Throw a silver dollar down upon the ground

And it will roll, because it's round.

A woman doesn't know what a good man she's got,

Until she turns him down, down, down, down

Listen my honey, listen to me,

I want you to understand:

As a silver dollar goes from hand to hand,

A woman goes from man to man.

A man without a woman is like a ship without a sail,

Or a boat with a rudder or a fish without a tail.

A man without a woman is like a wreck upon the sand;

There's only one thing worse in the universe

And that's a woman without a man.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\skier--1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Skier One Day

A skier one day did make his way

To the top of a mountain side.

He waxed his skis and flexed his knees,

And then began to slide.

Around a curve he lost his nerve,

When a tree loomed up ahead.

They found him in the spring when the birdies sing,

Both he and the tree were dead.

chorus: So let the snowflakes fall,

I've no desire at all,

To splatter my nose or freeze my toes,

Or pile into a tree.

I have but one desire,

A great big open fire,

And a bottle of brew, or maybe two,

And a girl to drink with me.

So listen to me, to learn to ski,

Is harder than you may think.

You can go outside and freeze your hide,

But I'll sit inside and drink.

A bottle of wine is always fine,

But any old brew is nice.

I'll get my scars in nice warm bars,

Instead of on snow or ice.

e they punctured him till he looked like a sieve.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\skismok1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

On Top Of Old Smokey (Skiing)

On top of old Smokey,  
Where lots of kids go,  
I found my true lover,  
Her face in the snow.  
I turned her head over,  
And looked in her eyes.  
Her face was all bloody,  
And covered with flies.  
Oh this is my story,  
Oh this is my song.  
It may me all gory,  
But it's not very long.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\sloopjb1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Sloop John B

We sailed on the sloop John B., my grandfather and me,  
Round Nassau town we did roam,  
Drinking all night, we got in a fight,  
I feel so break up, I want to go home.  
chorus: So hist up the John B.'s sails,  
See how the mainsail sets,  
Send for the Captain ashore, let me go home.  
Let me go home, let me go home,  
I feel so break up, I want to go home.  
The first mate he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk,  
Constabule had to come and take him away.  
Sheriff John Stone, please let me alone,  
I feel so break up, I want to go home.  
The poor cook was a wreck, he was sick all over the deck,  
Then he went and drunk up all of my corn.  
I'll never more roam, let me go home,  
I feel so break up, I want to go home.  
The stewardess she got stewed, ran out on the poopdeck nude, Took several men to  
subdue her.  
I'll never more roam, please let me go home,  
I feel so break up, I want to go home.  
Crying, "John! John! The grey goose is gone,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\smlbird1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Small Bird Or Two

Two maidens went milking one day,  
Two maidens went milking one day,  
And the wind it did blow high,  
And the wind it did blow low,  
And it tossed their pails to and fro, la la la,  
It tossed their pails to and fro.  
They met with a man they did know,  
They met with a man they did know,  
And they said if you've the will,  
And they said if you've the skill,  
You might catch us a small bird or two, la la la,  
You might catch us a small bird or two.  
Here's health to the blackbird in the bush,  
Here's health to the merry merry doe.  
If you'll come along with me,  
Under yonder flowering tree,  
I will catch you a small bird or two, la la la,  
I will catch you a small bird or two.  
And they went and they sat beneath the tree,  
And they went and they sat beneath the tree,  
And the birds flew round about,  
And the birds flew in and out,  
And he caught them by two and by three, la la la,  
And he caught them by two and by three.  
Now boys, let us drink down the sun,  
Now boys, let us drink down the moon.  
Take your lady to the wood,  
If you really think you should,  
You might catch her a small bird or two, la la la,  
You might catch her a small bird or two.  
(Pill To Purge Melancholy by Thomas D'urfy)  
He piddled on the floor,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\smokcig1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Smoke!  
Smoke!  
Smoke That Cigarette  
(Merle Travis)  
Cho: Smoke, Smoke, Smoke that cigarette,  
Puff, Puff, Puff it is you smoke yourself to death.  
Tell St. Peter at the pearly gate,  
That you hate to make him wait,  
But you just gotta have another cigarette.  
Now I'm a fellow with a heart of gold,



And the ways of a gentleman I've been told,  
The kind of a guy that wouldn't even harm a flea.  
But if me and a certain gentleman met,  
The guy that invented that cigarette,  
I'd murder that son of a bitch in the first degree.  
It's not that I don't smoke myself,  
I don't reckon they'll harm your health,  
I smoked all my life and I ain't dead yet.  
But nicotine slaves are all the same,  
At a petting party or a poker game,  
Everything must stop while they smoke that cigarette.  
In a game of chance the other night,  
Old Dame Fortune was doing me right,  
The kings and queens just kept on comin' round.  
I played 'em hard and I bet 'em high,  
But my bluff didn't work on a certain guy,  
He kept on raising and laying that money down.  
He raise me and I'd raise him,  
I sweated blood, gotta sink or swim,  
He finally called and didn't raise the bet.  
I said, "Aces full, pal,  
How about you?"  
He said, "I'll tell you in a minute or two,  
But right now I gotta have a cigarette."  
The other night I had a date,  
With the cutest little gal in the forty eight states,  
A high-bred, uptown, fancy little dame.  
She said she loved me and it seemed to me,  
That things were about like they ought to be,  
So hand in hand we strolled down lover's lane.  
She was oh, so far from a cake of ice,  
And our smooching party was going quite nice,  
So help me Hannah, I think I'd of been there yet.  
But I giver her a kiss and a little squeeze,  
And she said, "Tex, excuse me please,  
But I've just got to have another cigarette."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\smokoff1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Worlds Greatest Smoke-Off

-

Shel Silverstein

In the laidback California town of sunny San Rafael,  
Lived a girl named Pearly Sweetcake, you probably know her well.  
She was stoned 15 of her 18 years, and her story was widely told,  
That she could smoke them faster than any dude could roll.  
Well, her legend finally reached New York, in a Grove Street walkup flat, Where

dwelt the Calistoga Kid, a beatnik from the past.

He'd been rolling dope since time began, and he took a cultured toke,  
And said, "Jim I can rollem faster than any chick can smoke."

So a note gets sent to San Rafael, for the championship of the world,  
The Kid demands a smoke off, "Well bring him on!", says Pearl.

"I'll grind his fingers off his hands, he'll roll until he drops",  
Says Calstoge, "I'll smoke that chick 'til she blows up and pops!"

So they rent out Yankee Stadium and the word is quickly spread,  
Come one, come all, who walk or crawl, tickets just two lids.

And from every town and hamlet, over land and sea they speed,  
The

world's greatest dopers with the world's greatest weed.

Hashish from Morocco, hemp smokers from Peru,

And the Shashnicks from Rangoon, who smoke the deadly Pugaroo.

And those who call it 'Light of Life', and those who call it 'Boo'.

See the dealers and their ladies wearing turquoise, lace and leather,  
See the narco and the closet smokers, puffing all together.

From the teenies who smoke legal to the ones who've done some time,

To the old man who smoked 'reefer', back before it was a crime.

And the 'Grand Old House That Ruth Built' is filled with smoke and cries, Of 50,000  
screaming heads, all stoned out of their minds.

And they play the National Anthem, and the crowd lets out a roar,

As the spotlight hits the Kid and Pearl, ready for their smoking WAR!

And the Calistoga Kid, he smiles, and Pearly she just grins,

And the drums roll low, and the crowd yells, "GO!"

And the world's first smoke off begins.

The kid he flicks his fingers once, ZAP! the first joints rolled,

Pearl takes one toke with her famous lungs, WHOOSH! that roach is cold.

Then the Kid he rolls his superbomb, that would paralyze a moose,

And Pearl takes one mighty hit, and now that bomb's diffuse.

And now he rolls three in just ten seconds, she smokes them up in nine.

And everybody sits back and says, "This just might take some time."

See the blur of flying fingers, see the red coal burning bright,

As the night turns into morning, and the morning fades to night.

And the Autumn turns to Summer, and the whole damned year is gone,

And the two still sit, on that roach filled stage, smoking and roling on.

With trembling hands, he rolls his 'Js', with fingers blue and stiff,

She coughs and stares with bloodshot eyes, and puffs thru blistered lips. And as she  
reaches out her hands for another stick of gold,

The Kid, he gasps, "Dammit Bitch! There's nothing left to roll!"

"Nothing left to roll!", screams Pearl, "Is this some twisted joke?"

I didn't come here to fuck around, Man, I come here to smoke!"

And she reaches 'cross the table, and grabs his bony sleeves,

And crumbles his body between her hands, like dry and brittle leaves.

Flicking out his teeth and bones, like useless stems and seeds,

And then she rolls him in a Zigzag, and lights him like a roach,

And the fastest man, with the fastest hands, goes up in a puff of smoke.

In the laid back california town of sunny San Rafael,

Lives a firl named Pearly Sweetcake, you probably know her well.

She's been stoned 21 of her 24 years, and her story is widely told,  
How she can smoke them faster than any dude could roll.  
Way off in New York City, on a street that has no name,  
There's the hands of the Calistoga Kid, in the Viper Hall of Fame.  
And underneath his fingers, there's a little golden scroll,  
That says, "Beware of being the roller,  
When there's nothing left to roll."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\smut---1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Smut  
Smut!  
Give me smut and nothing but,  
A dirty novel I can't shut,  
If it's uncut and unsubt-le.  
I've never quibbled if it was ribald.  
I could devour where others only nibbled.  
As the judge remarked the day  
That he acquitted my aunt Hortense,  
To be smut it must be utt-erly  
Without redeeming social importance.  
Pornographic pictures I adore,  
Indecent magazines galore,  
I like them more if they're hard-core.  
Bring on the obscene movies, murals, postcards,  
Neckties, samplers, stain-glass windows, tattoos,  
Anything!  
Stories of tortures used by debauchers,  
Lurid, licentious, and vile,  
Make me smile.  
Novels that pander to my taste for candor,  
Give me a pleasure sublime,  
I love slime.  
All books can be indecent books,  
Thought recent books are bolder.  
For filth, I'm glad to say,  
Is in the mind of the beholder.  
When directly viewed,  
Everything is lewd.  
I could tell you things about Peter Pan,  
And the Wizard of Oz, there's a dirty old man.  
I thrill,  
To any book like Fanny Hill,  
And I suppose I always will,  
If it is swill, and really fil-thy.  
Who needs a hobby like tennis or philately,  
I've got a hobby rereading Lady Chatterly.

But now they're trying to take it all away from us,  
Unless we take a stand and hand in hand,  
We fight for freedom of the press.

Smut!

Ah, the adventures of a slut,  
In a market they can't glut,  
Don't let them take it away.

(Tom Lehrer)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\soldier1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Proud To Be A Soldier

-

Tom Lehrer

The heart of every man in our platoon must swell with pride.  
For the nation's youth, the cream of which is marching at his side.  
For the fascinating rules and regulations what we share,  
And the quaint and curious costumes that we're called upon to wear.  
Now Al joined up to do his part defending you and me.  
He wants to fight and bleed and kill and die for liberty.

With the hell of war he's come to grips,

Policing up the filter tips,

It makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.

When Pete was only in the seventh grade, he stabbed a cop.

He's real R.A. material and he was glad to swap

His switchblade and his old zip-gun

For a boyonet and a new M-1.

It makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.

After Johnny got through basic training,

He was a soldier through and through when he was done.

It's effects were so well rooted,

That the next day he saluted

A Good Humor man, an usher, and a nun

Now Fred's an intellectual, brings a book to every meal.

He likes the deep philosophers, like Norman Vincent Peale.

He thinks the army's just the thing,

Because he finds it broadening.

It makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.

Now Ed flunked out in second grade, he never finished school.

He doesn't know a shelter half from an entrenching tool.

But he's going to be a big success.

He heads his class at OCS.

It makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.

Our old mess sergeant's taste buds had been shot off in the war.

But his savory collations add to our esprit de corps.

To think of all the marvelous ways

They're using plastic nowadays.

It makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.  
Our lieutenant is the up-and-coming type.  
Played with soldiers as a boy you just can bet.  
It is written in the stars  
He will get his captain's bars,  
But he hasn't got enough box tops yet.  
Our captain has a handicap to cope with, sad to tell.  
He's from Georgia, and he doesn't speak the language very well.  
He used to be, so rumor has,  
The Dean of Men at Alcatraz,  
It makes a fellow proud to be,  
When as a kid I vowed to be,  
One ought to be allowed to be  
A Soldier.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\solong-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

So Long, It's Been Good To Know You  
I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,  
Of the place I've wandered and the places I've been.  
In the month of April, the county call Gray,  
Here's what all of the people there say:  
chorus: So long, it's been good to know you,  
So long, it's been good to know you,  
So long, it's been good to know you,  
It's been a long time since I've been home,  
And I gotta be drifting along.  
The dust storm came and it came like thunder,  
It dusted us over and covered us under,  
It blocked out the traffic and blocked out the sun,  
And straight for home all the people did run, singing--  
The sweethearts sat in the dark and they sparked,  
They hugged and they kissed in that dusty old dark.  
They sighed, they cried, they hugged and they kissed,  
Instead of marriage, they were talking like this:  
The telephone rang, and it jumped off the wall,  
That was the preacher, a-making his call;  
He said, "We're getting ready to tie the knot,  
You're getting married, believe it or not."  
Well the church it was jammed, the church it was packed;  
That dusty old dust storm, it blew so black,  
The preacher could not read a word of his text,  
He folded his specs, took up a collection, said:  
(Woody Guthrie)  
But Biddy gave her a belt in the knob,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\sorrow-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Man Of Constant Sorrow

I am a man of constant sorrow,  
I've seen trouble all my days.  
I'm going home to California,  
The place where I was partly raised  
All through this world, I'm bound to ramble,  
Through storm and wind, through sleet and rain,  
I'm bound to ride that northern railroad,  
Perhaps I'll take the very next train.  
Your friends they say I am a stranger.  
You'll never see my face no more.  
There is just one promise that's given,  
We'll sail on God's golden shore.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\sothcst1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

South Coast

The south coast, the wild coast, is lonely,  
You may win at a game at Jolon.  
But the lion still rules the barranca,  
And a man there is always alone.  
My name is Don Juan de Castro,  
My father's a Spanish Grandee.  
But I won my wife in a card game,  
To hell with the lords o'er the sea.  
I picked up the ace, I had won her.  
My heart which was down at my feet  
Jumped up to my throat in a hurry.  
Like a warm summer's day, she was sweet.  
Her arms had to tighten around me,  
As we rode up the hills from the south.  
Not a word did I hear from her that day,  
Nor a kiss from her pretty red mouth.  
We came to my cabin at twilight;  
The stars twinkled out on the coast.  
She soon loved the valley, the orchard,  
But I knew that she loved me the most.  
Then I got hurt in a landslide,  
With crushed hip and twice broken bone.  
She saddled my pony like lightning,  
And rode off in the night all alone.  
The lion screamed in the barranca,  
The pony fell back on the slide.

My young wife lay dead in the moonlight;  
My heart died that night with my bride.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\sowtook1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Sow Took The Measles

How do you think I began in this world?  
I got me a sow and several other things.  
The sow took the measles and she died in the spring.  
What do you think I made of her hide?  
The very best saddle that you ever did ride.  
Saddle or bridle or any such thing,  
The sow took the measles and she died in the spring.  
What do you think I made of her tail?  
The very best whip that ever set sail.  
Whip or whips or any such thing,  
The sow took the measles and she died in the spring.  
What do you think I made of her hair?  
The very best satin you ever did wear.  
Satin or silk or any such thing,  
The sow took the measles and she died in the spring.  
What do you think I made with her feet?  
The very best pickles you ever did eat.  
Pickles or glue or any such thing,  
The sow took the measles and she died in the spring.  
(Burl Ives)  
Such a pretty corpse she never did see,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\speleop1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Speleopod  
(llewtraH)

A jolly decasexapod went down a cave one day,  
"Fuck me!" said he, "What a jolly spree, down here I think I'll stay."  
Now sixteen million years have gone, and he has quite evolved;  
All problems of environment are finally resolved.  
Six of his sixteen hairy legs have all atrophied;  
He's grown a trunk and trumpet ears and lost his twinkling eyes.  
His adaptive digestion utilises small free energy gains,  
And he lives quite successfully on rich organic veins.  
The problem of navigation had first to be resolved,  
And after just a million years the problem it was solved.  
His newly developed trunk acts as an ultra-sonic source;  
He detects it with his trumpet ears and so perceives his course.

His sexual member petrified, just like a stalagmite,  
And in the mating season, the females all take fright.  
It's not much fun with a tool whose length can stretch a yard,  
And run around the rest of the night stuffed full of calcite shard.  
One day a buxom Piltdown maid sat down upon the ground,  
And speleopod detected her with his ultra-sonic sound.  
Now speleopod was a dirty old sod and he though he'd have a shot!  
And that's how homotroglophile was originally begot.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\sporjen1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Darling Sporting Jenny (Killgarry Mountain)

I have been a rover, I have been a bold deceiver,  
And now I make my living with my pistol and my rapier.  
I don't know what I've stolen but 'twould make a pretty penny,  
And now I've lost it all to my Darling Sporting Jenny.  
I robbed colonel Farrel up on Kilgarry Mountain.  
I took the gold to Jenny just to help me with the countin'.  
But Jenny called the guards, Lord I never saw so many,  
I almost lost my freedom with my Darling Sporting Jenny.  
I'd like to find my brother, he's the one that's in the army.  
I don't know where he's stationed, be it Portsmouth or Killarney. Together we'd go  
roaming o'er the Mountains of Kilkenny.  
I swear he'd treat me fairer than my Darling Sporting Jenny.  
'Twas early in the morning, at the barracks of Killarney,  
My brother took his leave but he didn't tell the army.  
Our horses they were speedy, 'twas all over but the shoutin'.  
Now we make our living up on Kilgarry Mountain.  
As I was out riding out on Kilgarry Mountain,  
I robbed Colonel Pepper as his money he was counting.  
Took it home to Jenny and she swore she'd not deceive me,  
But the girls and the women, they lie, oh so easy.  
Went in my chamber for to get myself some lumber,  
Dreamed of gold and jewels and sure it was no wonder,  
Jenny took my pistols and filled them up with water,  
And called on Colonel Pepper to get ready for the slaughter.  
They threw me into jail without no judge nor writing,  
For robbing Colonel Pepper up on Kilgarry Mountain.  
But they didn't take my bayonet so dug thirty feet down,  
And said a fond farewell to the jail in that old town.  
Some takes delight in the fishing or the bowling,  
Some takes delight in the carriages arolling.  
Me I takes delight in the drinking so hearty,  
Courting pretty girls in the morning oh so early.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\sprngmt1.txt



\*\*\*\*\*

On Springfield Mountain  
On Springfield Mountain there did dwell,  
A lovely youth, I knew him well.  
chorus: Ray-to-day-de-ay ray-to-do,  
Ray-to-day-de-ay ray-to do.  
This lovely youth one day did go,  
Down to the meadow for to mow.  
He had not mowed half round the field,  
When a poison serpent bit his heel.  
They took him home to Molly Dear,  
Which made him feel so very queer.  
Now Molly had two ruby lips,  
With which the poison she did sip.  
But Molly had a rotten tooth,  
And so the poison killed them both.  
re oh where is the head."  
They phoned for mil

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\stewball1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Stewball  
Stewball was a race horse,  
And I wish he were mine.  
He never drank water,  
He always drank wine.  
His bridle was silver,  
His mane it was gold.  
And the worth of his saddle  
Has never been told.  
Oh the fairgrounds were crowded,  
And Stewball was there.  
But the betting was heavy  
On the Bay and the Mare.  
And away up yonder,  
Ahead of them all,  
Came a prancing and a dancing,  
My noble Stewball.  
I bet on the Grey Mare,  
I bet on the Bay,  
If I'd of bet on old Stewball,  
I'd be a rich man today.  
Oh, the hoot-owl she hollers,  
And the turtledove moans,  
I'm a poorboy in trouble,

I'm a long way from home.

Let me ask you one que

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\stjamin1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

St. James Infirmary

It was down in old Joe's barroom,

On a corner of the square.

The drinks were served as usual,

And the usual crowd was there.

On my left stood Big Joe McKennedy,

His eyes were a bloodshot red.

He looked all about the barroom,

And these are the words that he said:

"I went down to the St. James Infirmary,

To see my baby there,

Stretched out on a cold white table,

So sweet, so cold, so fair."

"Let her go, let her go, God bless her,

Wherever she may be.

She can search this wide world over,

And never find as sweet a man as me."

"When I die, you can bury me,

In my high silk Stetson hat.

Put a twenty dollar gold piece on my watchchain,

So the gang will know I died standing pat.

I want six crap shooters for my pallbearers,

A chorus-gal to sing me a song.

Put a jazz band on my hearse wagon,

To raise hell as we roll along.

Ike gazed at her with sobs and with sighs,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\strawrn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Strawberry Roan

I was hanging round town just a spending my time,

Nothing else to spend, not even a dime,

When a feller steps up and he says, "I suppose

You're a bronc-busting man by the looks of your clothes."

"You guessed me right, and a good one," I claim.

"Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?"

He says, "I've got one and a bad one to buck;

At throwin' bronc riders he's had lots of luck."

Well it's Oh, that strawberry roan,  
Oh, that strawberry roan.  
He says, "This old pony ain't never been rode,  
And the boy that gets on him is sure to get throwed."  
Oh, that strawberry roan.  
I gets all excited and I ask what he pays  
To ride this old goat for a couple of days.  
He offers a ten spot, I says, "I'm your man,  
For the bronc never lived that I couldn't fan;  
No, the bronc never lived, nor he never drew breath,  
That I couldn't ride till he starved plumb to death."  
He says, "Get your saddle, I'll give you a chance."  
We got in the buckboard and rode to the ranch.  
Well it's Oh, that strawberry roan,  
Oh, that strawberry roan.  
We stayed until morning, and right after chuck  
We goes out to see how this outlaw can buck,  
Oh, that strawberry roan.  
Well, down in the horse corral standing alone  
Was that old cavayo, old strawberry roan.  
His legs were spavined, and he had pigeon toes,  
Little pig eyes and a big Roman nose.  
Little pig ears that were crimped at the tip,  
With a big '44' branded 'cross his left hip;  
He's ewe-necked and old, with a long lower jaw,  
You can see with one eye he's a re'lar outlaw.  
Well it's Oh, that strawberry roan.  
Oh, that strawberry roan.  
He's ewe-necked and old, with a long lower jaw,  
You can see with one eye he's a reg'lar outlaw,  
Oh, that strawberry roan.  
Well, I put on my spurs and I coils up my twine,  
I piled my loop on him,--I'm sure feeling fine.  
I piled my loop on him and well I knew then,  
If I rode this old pony, I'd sure earn my ten.  
I put the blinds on him,--it sure was a fight,--  
Next come my saddle, I screws her down tight;  
I gets in his middle and opens the blind,  
I'm right in his middle to see him unwind.  
Well it's Oh, that strawberry roan,  
Oh, that strawberry roan.  
He lowered his old neck, and I think he unwound--  
He seemed to quit living down there on the ground.  
Oh, that strawberry roan.  
He went up towards the east and came down towards the west;  
To stay in his middle, I'm doing my best.  
He's about the worst buckner I've seen on the range;  
He can turn on a nickel and give you some change.  
He turns his old belly right up to the sun,  
He sure is one sun-fishin' son of a gun.

I'll tell you, no foolin', this pony can step,  
 But I'm still in his middle and buildin' a rep.  
 Well it's Oh, that strawberry roan,  
 Oh, that strawberry roan.  
 He goes up on all fours and comes down on his side,  
 I don't see what keeps him from losing his hide,  
 Oh, that strawberry roan.  
 I loses my stirrup and also my hat,  
 I starts pulling leather, I'm blind as a bat.  
 With a big forward jump, he goes up on high,  
 Leaves me sittin' on nothing way up in the sky.  
 I turns over twice, and I comes back to earth,  
 I lights in a-cussing the day of his birth.  
 I know there is ponies I'm unable to ride;  
 Some are still living, they haven't all died.  
 Well it's Oh, that strawberry roan,  
 Oh, that strawberry roan.  
 I'll bet all my money, the man ain't alive,  
 That can stay with old strawberry when he makes his high dive,  
 Oh, that strawberry roan.  
 (Cisco Huston)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\stripol1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Strip Polka

There's a burlesque theater where the boys like to go,  
 To see Queenie, the cutie of the burlesque show.  
 And the thrill of the evening is when out Queenie trips,  
 And the band plays the polka while she strips.  
 "Take it off!  
 Take it off!"  
 All the customers shout,  
 "Down in front!  
 Down in front!"  
 While the band beats it out.  
 But she's always a lady, even in pantomime,  
 And she stops, and always just in time.  
 She's as fresh and as wholesome as the flowers of May,  
 And she hopes to retire to a farm some day,  
 But you can't buy a farm unless you're up in the chips,  
 So the band plays the polka while she strips.  
 "Take it off!  
 Take it off!"  
 Cries a voice from the rear,  
 "Take if off!  
 Take it off!"  
 Soon that's all you can hear.

But she's always a lady, even in pantomime,  
And she stops, and always just in time.  
She hates corney waltzes, and she hates the gavotte,  
But the greatest advantage when the music's hot:  
There's a fast moving exit in case something rips,  
So the band plays the polka while she strips.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\strtlar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Streets Of Laredo

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,  
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.  
"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy",  
These words he did say as I boldly walked by.  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,  
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die."  
"Once in the saddle, I used to go dashing,  
Once in the saddle, I used to go gay.  
First to the barroom and then to the whorehouse,  
I'm shot in the breast and I'm dying today."  
"Get six handsome gamblers to carry my coffin,  
Get six pretty maidens to sing me a song.  
Take me to the valley and lay the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."  
"Beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,  
Play the Dead March as they carry me along.  
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin;  
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."  
"Oh bring me a cup, a cup of cool water,  
To cool my parched lips", the cowboy then said.  
Before I returned, his soul had departed,  
And gone to the roundup, the cowboy was dead.  
Ike gazed at her with sobs and with sighs,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\sunshin1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### We'll Sing In The Sunshine

chorus: We'll sing in the sunshine,  
We'll laugh every day.  
We'll sing in the sunshine,  
And I'll be on my way.  
I will never love you,

The cost of love's too dear.  
But though I'll never love you,  
I'll live with you one year,  
I'll sing to you each morning,  
I'll kiss you every night.  
But darling, don't cling to me,  
I'll soon be out of sight.  
My daddy he once told me,  
Don't love you any woman.  
Just take what they may give you,  
And give but what you can.  
And when our year has ended,  
And I have gone away,  
You'll often speak about me,  
And this is what you'll say.  
Mommy, mommy, come and see,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\sunstro1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Sunstroke, Syphilis, Varicose Veins  
You wake up in the morning in a terrible rage;  
Your mouth, it feels like an unswept cage.  
You've got lead in your pants, you've got fluff in your brains;  
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.  
The agony goes but the order remains,  
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.  
Your legs, your realize, are far from limber,  
Your teeth, they chatter like a baby marimba,  
You call the doctor, and he explains,  
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.  
You're full of genital and vascular pains,  
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.  
We call in the specialists from all the nations;  
They say you have the usual complications.  
The sunstroke loses, and the syphilis gains;  
And for the rest of your life you'll have varicose veins.  
You feel like your water's cut off at the mains,  
When you've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\takatom1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Talking Atom  
I'm gonna preach you a sermon about Old Man Atom,  
Now I don't mean the Adam in the Bible datum,

No, I don't mean the Adam that mother Eve mated,  
I mean the thing that science liberated.  
Einstein said he's scared,  
And when he's scared,  
I'm scared.  
You know, life used to be just a simple joy,  
The cyclotron was a super toy.  
Folks got born, they'd work and marry,  
And atom was a word in the dictionary.  
Then it happened.  
Those science boys from every clime,  
They all pitched in with overtime.  
Before you knew it, the job was done;  
They'd hitched up the power of the doggone sun.  
Put a harness on old Sol,  
Splitting atoms right and left,  
While the diplomats was splitting hairs.  
The cartel crowd up and put on a show,  
They're gonna turn back the clock on the U. N. O.  
Grab a corner on atoms and maybe extinguish,  
Every damn atom that don't speak English.  
America for American atoms.  
Lets atomize world peace.  
But the atom's international in spite of hysteria,  
Flourishes in Utah also Siberia,  
The atom don't care about politics,  
Or who got what in whichever fix.  
All he wants to do is sit around,  
And have his nucleus bombarded by neutrons.  
It's up to the people cause the atom don't care,  
You can't fence him in, he's just like air,  
And whether you're white, black, red or brown,  
The question is, when you boil it down,  
To be or not to be,  
That is the question.  
The answer to it all ain't military datum,  
Like who gets there furstest with the mostest atoms.  
The people of the world must decide their fate,  
We got to stick together or disintegrate.  
We hold these truths to be self evident,  
All men can be cremated equal.  
chorus: Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamagordo, Bikini.  
(Sons of the Pioneers)

To know that Grace and Henry Coy  
Both had sworn that they would finish up the job.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\thacant1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

That Can't Be

Oh, my mother chose my husband, a lawyers son was he.  
And on our wedding night, he came to bed with me.  
chorus: Nuh uh uh, that's no the way too--  
Nuh uh uh, that can't be.  
He bit me on the shoulder and nearly broke my knee.  
I called my waiting woman, "Come quickly, Marjory."  
Go tell mama I'm dying, bid her come hastily.  
She came to my bedside, before I could count to three.  
Cheer up, my girl, what ails you, will never kill," said she.  
If I had died of that my child, God knows where you would be.  
So if you die, my daughter, I'll grave you splendidly,  
And write upon your tombstone for all the world to see.  
Here lies the only girl who died of this malady.  
(Pete Seeger)  
Got no money and you're way past due.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\thais--1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Thais

One time in Alexandria,  
In wicked Alexandria,  
Where nights are wild with revelry,  
And life is but a game,  
There lived, so the report is,  
An adventuress and courtesan,  
The pride of Alexandria,  
And Thais was her name.  
Nearby in peace and piety,  
Avoiding all society,  
There dwelt a band of holy men  
Who'd built their refuge there.  
And in the desert's solitude  
They spurned all earthly folly to  
Devote their lives to holy works,  
To fasting and to prayer.  
Now one monk whom I solely men-  
tion of this group of holy men  
Was known as Athanael, he  
was famous near and far.  
At fasting bouts or prayer with him,  
No other could compare with him,  
At grand and lofty praying, he  
Could do the course in par.  
One day while sleeping heavily,



From wrestling with the devil, he  
Had gone to bed exhausted while  
The sun was shining still.  
He had a vision Freudian,  
And though he was annoyed, he analyzed it in the well-known style  
Of doctors Jung and Brill.  
He dreamed of Alexandria,  
Of wicked Alexandria,  
A crowd of men were cheering  
In a manner rather rude,  
As Thais who was dancing there,  
And Athanael, glancing there,  
Observed her do the shimmy in  
What the artist call the nude.  
Said he, "This dream fantastical  
Disturbs my thoughts monastical.  
Some unsuppressed desire, I fear,  
Has found my monkish cell.  
I blushed up to the hat of me,  
To view that girl's anatomy.  
I'll go to Alexandria  
And save her soul from hell.  
So pausing not to wonder where  
He'd put his summer underwear,  
He quickly packed his evening clothes,  
His toothbrush and a vest.  
To guard against exposure, he  
Threw in some woolen hosiery,  
And bidding all the boys goodbye,  
He started on his quest.  
The monk, though warned and fortified,  
Was deeply shocked and mortified,  
To find on his arrival  
Wild debauchery in sway,  
While some lay in a stupor, sent  
By booze of more than two per cent,  
The others were behaving  
In a most immoral way.  
Said he to Thais, "Pardon me,  
Although this job is hard on me,  
I've got to put you wise  
To what I came down here to tell.  
What's all this sousing getting you,  
Cut out this pied-eyed retinue,  
Let's hit the trail together, kid,  
And save your soul from hell.  
Although this bold admonishment  
Caused Thais some astonishment,  
She coyly answered, "Say, you said

A heaping mouthful, Bo.  
This burg's a frost, I'm telling you,  
The brand of hooch they're selling you,  
Ain't like the stuff we used to get,  
So let's pack up and go."  
So forth from Alexandria,  
From wicked Alexandria,  
Across the desert sands they go,  
Beneath the blazing sun.  
Till Thais, parched and sweltering,  
Finds refuge in the sheltering  
Seclusion in a convent  
In the habit of a nun.  
But now the monk is terrified,  
To find his fears are verified,  
His holy vows of chastity  
Have cracked beneath the strain.  
Like one who has a jag on, he  
Cries out in grief and agony,  
"I'd sell my soul to see her  
Do the shimmy once again."  
Alas, his pleadings clamorous,  
Though passionate and amorous,  
Have come too late; the courtesan  
Has danced her final dance.  
Says he, "Now that's a joke on me,  
For that there dame to croak on me,  
I hadn't ought to passed her up,  
The time I had the chance.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\thefox-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Fox  
The fox went out on a chase one night,  
Prayed for the moon for to give him light,  
For he'd many a mile to go that night,  
Before he reached the town-o,  
The town-o, the town-o,  
He'd many a mile to go that night,  
Before he reached the town-o  
He ran 'til he came to a great big pen,  
Where the ducks and the geese were kept therein,  
"A couple of you will grease my chin,  
Before I leave this town-o,  
The town-o, the town-o,  
A couple of you will grease my chin,  
Before I leave this town-o."

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck,  
 Threw a duck across his back.  
 He didn't mind their quack quack quack,  
 And the legs all dangling down-o,  
 Down-o, down-o,  
 He didn't mind their quack quack quack,  
 And the legs all dangling down-o.  
 Then old mother Flipperflopper jumped out of bed,  
 Out of the window she cocked her head,  
 Crying, "John! John! The grey goose is gone,  
 And the fox is on the town-o,  
 The town-o, the town-o",  
 Crying, "John! John! The grey goose is gone,  
 And the fox is on the town-o."  
 Then John he ran to the top of the hill,  
 Blowed his horn both loud and shrill.  
 The fox, says he, "Better flee with my kill,  
 Cause they'll soon be on my trail-o,  
 Trail-o, trail-o",  
 The fox, says he, "Better flee with my kill,  
 Cause they'll soon be on my trail-o."  
 He ran till he came to his own den,  
 There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten,  
 Saying "Daddy, daddy, better go back again,  
 Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o,  
 Town-o, Town-o,  
 Daddy, daddy, better go back again,  
 Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o.  
 Then the fox and his wife, without any strife,  
 Cut up the goose with a fork and a knife,  
 They never had such a supper in their life,  
 And the little ones chewed on the bones-o,  
 The bones-o, the bones-o,  
 They never had such a supper in their life,  
 And the little ones chewed on the bones-o.  
 By the light of the pale northern star,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\thepill1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# Bridget And The Pill

(Brian Pearson)

Bridget O'Reilly was a fine looking girl,  
 Her skin was like ivory and her teeth shone like pearls.  
 The fellows all chased her in vain till one day,  
 She went and got married to Barney O'Shea.  
 They'd been married a year, when to their pride and joy,  
 Along came a baby, a fine strapping boy.

When three years had past, they'd two boys and a girl.  
How to feed them and clothe them made Bridget's head whirl.  
Bridget went to the priest, she was near desperation,  
Because of this process of constant gestation.  
Oh Father, this business is making me ill.  
Would it be a sin if I took to the Pill?  
The priest heard her story and when he had heard it,  
To higher authorities, perplexed, her referred it.  
The Bishops were baffled, the Cardinals too.  
Not one could tell Bridget just what she should do.  
Two years they debated with holy profundity;  
What should be done about Bridget's fecundity,  
For now Bridget's children amounted to five,  
And she scarcely was able to keep them alive.  
They gave due attention to points theological,  
Points philosophic and physiological,  
Till in desperation, the Pope cried, "Woe is me!  
These's one thing to do, I'd best ask old J.C."  
So the Pope sent a letter by five penny post,  
On Papal notepaper, addressed, Holy Ghost.  
Come send me an answer in double quick time,  
You can reach me at home, just ring VAT 69.  
The Pope got his answer and then he announced it,  
Oral contraception, he thoroughly denounced it.  
All chemical means to prevent procreation  
Are banned on the pain of eternal damnation.  
If we were to allow it, unashamed fornication,  
Would spread like a flash, to all parts of the nation.  
There'd be plagues, fire, and famine and moral pollution,  
Atheistical notions and red revolution.  
And the Lord knows what women would do with their lives,  
If they weren't keep so busy as mothers and wives.  
They might get ideas not befitting their station,  
And wind up in Women's or Gay Liberation.  
So Bridget, my dear, there's no need for frustration,  
Because of the banning of this medication.  
The Church, it is merciful, holy, and gracious.  
Surely the old rhythm method you'll find efficacious.  
Away now! said Bridget, I'll have none of your row,  
For I tried it before and just look at me now.  
Whatever I did, we continued to breed;  
And she's off to the chemists with maximum speed.  
Now the Church is in ferment, in great trepidation,  
Lest such thought should spread to the whole congregation.  
And they've issued a record to prevent a schism,  
By the Pope and the Hierarchy called, "I've got rhythm".

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\thepope1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Pope

The Pope he leads a jolly life,  
He's free from every care and strife.  
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,  
I would the Pope's gay life were mine.  
The Sultan better pleases me,  
His life is full of jollity.  
His wives are many as he will,  
I fain the sultan's throne would fill.  
But the Pope he leads a wretched life,  
He has no maid or blooming wife.  
He had no son to raise his hope,  
Indeed I would not be the Pope.  
The Sultan is a wretched man,  
He must obey the Al Koran.  
He dare not touch one drop of wine,  
I would not change his life for mine.  
So when my sweetheart kisses me,  
It's then I fain the Sultan be.  
But when my Rhenish wine I tope,  
Why then I think that I'm the Pope.  
Her trembling husband thought sure he would die,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\thetoy-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Toy

When I was just a wee little boy,  
Full of health and joy,  
My father homeward came one night,  
And he gave to me a toy.  
A wonder to behold, it was  
With many colors bright,  
And the moment I laid eyes on it,  
It became my heart's delight.  
It went ZIP when in moved,  
BOPP when it stopped,  
WHRRR when it stood still.  
I never knew just what it was,  
And I guess I never will.  
The first time that I picked it up,  
I had a big surprise,  
For right on the bottom were two green buttons,  
That looked like big green eyes.  
I first pushed one, then the other,  
Then I twisted the lid.

And when I set it down again,  
Here is what it did.  
It first marched left, then marched right,  
Then marched under a chair,  
And when I looked where it had gone,  
It wasn't even there.  
I started to cry and my father laughed,  
For he knew what I would find,  
When I turned around my marvelous toy,  
Was chugging from behind.  
Now the years have gone by, too quickly it seems,  
I have my own little boy.  
And yesterday I gave to him  
My marvelous little toy.  
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head,  
He gave a squeal of glee.  
Neither one of us knows just what it is,  
But he loves it just like me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\thstran1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

This Train  
This train don't carry no gamblers,  
This train.  
This train don't carry no gamblers,  
this train.  
This train don't carry no gamblers,  
No crap shooters, no midnight rambles,  
This train don't carry no gamblers,  
This train.  
This train is bound for glory,  
Don't carry nothing but the righteous and the holy.  
This train don't carry no dancers,  
Hootchy kootchy shakers and Charleston prancers.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\timchan1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Times Are A-Changing  
Come gather round people where ever you roam,  
And admit that the waters around you have grown,  
And accept it that soon you will be drenched to the bone,  
It is time the U.S. is changing,  
And you better start swimming  
Or you'll sink like a stone,

For the times they are a-changing.

Come writers and critics who prophesy with your pen,  
And keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again.  
And don't speak too soon, for the wheels still in spin,  
And there's no telling who that it's naming,

'Cause the loser for now

Will be later to win,

For the times they are a changing.

Come Senators, Congressmen, please heed the call,  
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall,  
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled,  
The battle it is outside raging,  
Will soon shake your windows  
And rattle you walls,

For the times they are a changing.

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land,  
And don't criticize what you can't understand,  
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command,  
Your old road is rapidly aging,  
Please get on the new one,  
If you can't lend a hand,  
For the times they are a changing.

The line it is gone, the curse it is cast,  
The slow ones now will later be fast,  
As the present now will later be past,  
The old order is rapidly fading,  
And the first ones now,  
Will later be last,  
For the times they are a changing.

Alas, his pleadings clamorous,  
Though passionate and amorous,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\timebot1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Time In A Bottle -- Jim Corce

If I could save time in a bottle,  
The first thing that I'd like to do,  
Is to save every day 'til eternity passes away  
Just to spend them with you.  
If I could make days last forever,  
If words could make wishes come true,  
I'd save every day like a treasure and then  
Again I would spend them with you.  
But there never seems to be enough time  
To do the things you want,  
Once you find them.  
I've looked around enough to know

That you're the one I want to go  
Through time with.  
If I had a box just for wishes,  
And dreams that had never come true,  
The box would be empty except for the memories  
Of how they were answered by you.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\timeman1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Time Of Man  
chorus: Once there were trees and a river,  
Once there was grass where you stand.  
Once there were songs about rights instead of wrongs,  
Once was the time of man.  
We heard the humming like thunder,  
We saw the cloud rise at dawn,  
Then came the rain, as we watched and prayed in vain,  
Then all was still, all was gone.  
Grass doesn't grow on the hillside,  
Trees shrink and die in the sun.  
No place to hide my little baby's eyes,  
From the damage that the death has done.  
They didn't know in the old time,  
The earth and the seas were to share.  
They didn't know in the old time,  
Or care.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\timemov1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Time to Move On  
Well you know that it's time to move on, Babe,  
Winter is fast coming one, Babe.  
It's been snowing all night,  
The Black Hills are white.  
You know, Babe, it's time to move on.  
All the dry days that turned into years, Babe,  
We watered the earth with our tears, Babe.  
Got no fruit from the trees,  
No honey from the bees.  
You know, Babe, it's time to move on.  
The land is so empty and bare, Babe,  
Can't see nothing green anywhere, Babe.  
Just some flowers I saved,  
To lay on your grave.



You know, Babe, it's time to move on.  
Only one thing I can give, Babe,  
Keep this promise I made you to live, Babe.  
So I'm going away,  
I'll die if I stay,  
And it's time, Babe, it's time to move on.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\timslip1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

How Time Slips Away

Well hello there,  
My it's been a long long time.  
How am I doing?  
I guess I doing fine.  
It's been so long and it seems like it was only yesterday,  
Gee, ain't it funny how time slips away.  
Well, how's your new love?  
I hope he's doing fine.  
Heard you told him you'd love him to the end of time.  
Now that's the same thing you told me, seems like only yesterday, Gee, ain't it  
funny how time slips away.  
Well, I got to go now, guess I'll see you around.  
Don't know when though, don't know when I'll be back in town.  
But remember what I tell you, that in time you're going to pay,  
And it's surprising how time slips away.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\titanti1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Ship Titantic

Oh, the built the ship Titantic,  
To sail the oceans blue,  
And they thought they had a ship,  
That the water would never come through,  
But the lord's almighty hand,  
Knew that ship would never stand,  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
chorus: It was sad, it was sad,  
It was sad when the great ship went down,  
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
Oh, they sailed from England and  
They were almost to the shore,  
When the rich refused  
To associate with the poor,

So they put them down below,  
Where they were the first to go.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
The boat was full of sin,  
And the sides about to burst,  
When the Captain shouted,  
"Women and children first!"  
And the Captain tried to wire,  
But the lines were all on fire,  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
Oh, they swung the lifeboats out  
Over the deep and raging sea,  
When the band struck up  
'Nearer My God To Thee'.  
Little children wept and cried,  
As the waves swept over the side.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
Intermix these....  
Husbands and wives  
Little children lost their lives  
Uncles and aunts  
Little children lost their pants  
Sisters and brothers  
Everybody fucked each other  
Brothers and sisters  
Fucked until they all had blisters  
We were down below trying to make that damn ship go  
When the chief shouted out, "Boys she's gonna blow."  
We heard a mighty crash and we knew our ass was grassed;  
It was said when the great ship went down.  
The ship began to pitch and the lights began to flicker,  
And the captain shouted "Me gosh where's me liquor?"  
He got completely ripped and went down with the ship.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
Lady Astor looked around as she watched her husband drown,  
And the great Titanic made a gurgling sound.  
So she wrapped herself in mink as she watched that damn ship sink.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
Duluth and Thunder Bay were scrumming on the deck,  
When the scrum half shouted "Boys she's gonna wreck!"  
So we shouted out with fear, "GIMME ANOTHER BEER!"  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
So they built another ship Titanic Number Two,  
And they thought they had a ship that the water'd never go through.  
But they christened it with beer and it sank right off the pier.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
The moral of the story is very plain to see  
Always wear your life preserver when you go out to sea.  
The Titanic never made it and never more shall be.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\tldixie1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Wanna Go Back To Dixie

I wanna go back to Dixie,  
Take me back to dear old Dixie,  
That's the only little old place for little old me.  
Old times there are not forgotton,  
Whipping slaves and selling cotton,  
And waiting for the Robert E. Lee. (It was never there on time)  
I'll go back to the Swanee,  
Where pellagra make you scrawney,  
And the honeysuckle clutters up the vine.  
I really am a fixing  
To go home and start a mixing  
Down below that Mason-Dixon line.  
I want to go back to Alabammy,  
Back to the arms fo my dear old mammy.  
Her cookings lousy and her hand are clammy,  
But what the hell, it's home.  
Yes for paradise the Southland is my nominee.  
Just give me a ham-hock and a grit of hominy.  
I want to go back to Dixie,  
I want to be a Dixie pixie,  
And eat cornpone till it's coming out my ears.  
I want to talk with Southern gentlemen,  
And put my white sheet on again,  
I ain't seen one good lynching in years.  
The land of the boll weevil,  
Where the laws are medieval,  
Is calling me to come and nevermore roam.  
I want to go back to the Southland,  
That you-all and shut-my-mouth land.  
Be it ever so decadent,  
There's no place like home.  
(Tom Lehrer)

I think it was all night.  
He said, "Oh Lord, if you don't help ;me,  
You're going to see one awful fight."  
About that time the limb let go,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\torqmda1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Torquemada's Band

My name is Torquemada, I'm the leader of the band.  
Although we're few in number, we're the finest in the land.  
We work on Jews and Protestants, we kick them as they fall,  
But when we work on heretics, we work the best of all!  
Oh, the racks they creak, and the thumbscrews squeak,  
And the whips they flail away.  
The Jesuit slams the Iron Maiden shut,  
While I sit in the corner and pray.  
The auto-da-fe is God's chosen way  
And the screams of the fvictims are grand.  
Another soul to heaven, from Torquemada's band.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\travsho1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Traveling Shoes

Well I had a fickle sweetheart,  
But I didn't moan and cry,  
I just grabbed me an armful of freight train,  
And I told that girl goodbye.  
chorus: Put on my traveling shoes,  
Put on my traveling shoes,  
Well I don't know where I'm going but I gotta go,  
Got on my traveling shoes.  
I've gotta lose them blues,  
I've gotta lose them blues,  
But I don't know where or how but I gotta go,  
Got on my traveling shoes.  
Now I've been from Maine to Texas,  
And I've roamed from sea to sea,  
And there isn't a girl in this whole wide world,  
Can make a fool of me.  
Now if you see me coming,  
Please don't run away and hide,  
'Cause all I need is a pretty little girl,  
To travel by my side.  
ns and your daughters are beyond your command,  
Your old road is rapidly aging,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\trekspk1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Vulcan Fever

by Nick Pollotta

(llewtraH)

Tune: The Neutron Dance [The Pointer Sisters]  
Pass that beer and give this joint a light,  
I've got seven years to make up in one night.  
Far away from prying Human eyes,  
If McCoy could see me now he'd be surprised.  
Chorus: It's a curse at first, then it gets a little worse,  
Then my mind breaks clear, and I pull a woman near.  
I'm so happy doing the Pon-For Dance!  
Got a Vulcan demon in my pants,  
Hormones are just bubbling in my blood,  
Its time to go get naked in the mud!  
I've got to have a female every hour,  
I'm rigid now, but not from logic's power,  
It's the funky monkey, jungle boogie slam,  
So teleport those panties - Here I am!  
Soon the fever fades, I stumble from the bed,  
And prepare to brag to Kirk high overhead.  
The captain thinks he's hot, but that's just whack,  
'Cause in seven years, baby, I'll be back!  
Live long and funky.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\trouba-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Troubador Song

Do you happen to know of a maiden in need,  
Of a sweetheart, here's one who is anxious to plead,  
It's a shame that a handsome young fellow like me,  
Should be left while the nightengale sings in the tree.  
It's a shame that a handsome young fellow like me,  
Should be left while the nightengale sings in the tree.  
Through the wood and the meadow beneath the bright moon,  
Every lad with his lass makes the most of the June.  
The world's gone a wooing, excepting for me,  
And the nightengale sings to his mate in the tree.  
The world's gone a wooing, excepting for me,  
And the nightengale sings to his mate in the tree.  
The time it is short, there is none I can spare,  
And the nightengale's song will soon die in the air,  
Don't you think dear it's foolish, you'd better agree,  
To make love while the nightengale sings in the tree.  
Don't you think dear it's foolish, you'd better agree,  
To make love while the nightengale sings in the tree.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\trouser1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Donald Where's Your Trousers  
I just got in from the Isle of Skye,  
I'm not very big and I'm awfully shy,  
The ladies shout as I go by  
Donald where's your trousers.  
Let the winds blow high,  
Let the winds blow low,  
As down the street in my kilt I go.  
And all the ladies say hello--  
Donald where's your trousers.  
A lady took me to a ball,  
And it was slippery in the hall,  
I was afraid that I would fall,  
'Cause I didn't have on trousers.  
They'd like to wed me everyone,  
Just let them catfch me if they can.  
You canna put the brakes on a highland man,  
Who doesn't like wearing trousers.  
To wear the kilt is my delight,  
It isn't wrong, I know it's right.  
The highlanders would get a fright,  
If they saw me in trousers.  
I had caught a cold and me nose was raw,  
I had no handkerchief at all,  
So I hiked up my kilt and I gave it a blow,  
Now you can't do that with trousers.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\tumblwd1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Tumbling Tumbleweed  
See them tumbling along,  
Pledging their love to the ground,  
Lonely but free I'll be found,  
Drifting along with a tumbling tumbleweed.  
Cares of the past are behind,  
Nowhere to go but I'll find,  
Just where the trail will wind,  
Drifting along with a tumbling tumbleweed.  
I know when night is gone,  
That a new world's born at dawn.  
I'll keep rolling along,  
Deep in my heart is a song,  
Here on the range I belong,  
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweed.  
I've been hitting some hard harvesting,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\turnaro1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Turn Around

Where are you going, my little one, little one,

Where are you going, my baby, my own?

Turn around and you're two, turn around and you four,

Turn around and you're a young girl, going out of my door.

Where are you going, my little one, little one,

Pringles and petticoats, where have you gone?

Turn around and you're growing, turn around and you grown,

Turn around and you're a young wife with babes of your own.

(Malvina Reynolds 1960)

I stood alone and cried,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\turtdov1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Turtle Dove - Burl Ives version

Can you see yon little turtle dove,

Sitting under the mulberry tree.

Oh see how he doth mourn for his true love,

As I myself shall mourn for thee,

As I shall mourn for thee.

Oh fare thee well, my little turtle dove,

Oh fare thee well for awhile.

For though I go, I will surely come again,

If I go ten thousand miles, my love,

If I go ten thousand miles.

The crow that's black, my little turtle dove,

Will change its color white,

Before I'm forced from the maiden that I love,

The noon-day shall be night, my love,

The noon-day shall be night.

Turtle Dove - Ed McCurdy version

Can you see that turtle dove,

Flies from pine to pine,

Mourning for his own true love,

As I do mourn for mine,

As I do mourn for mine.

I am just a country boy,

Money have I none,

But there's silver in the moon,

Gold in the shining sun,

Gold in the shining sun.

Here I sit on a carpet thick,

Feathers from the wing,  
Feathers to caress me,  
Birds to hear me sing,  
Birds to hear me sing.

Woody knows nothing but pecking on a log,  
Under skies of blue.

Never knew till I met you,  
What love, oh love, could do,  
What love, oh love, could do.  
I'm going to marry in the fall,  
I'm going to marry in the spring.

I'm in love with a pretty little girl,  
Who wears a diamond ring,  
Who wears a diamond ring.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\uglyaur1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Can See Your Aura, And It's Ugly  
(Mark Graham)

I've done lots of spiritual healing,  
I'm in touch with all my feelings,  
I've read palms and read the stars for kings and queens,  
And I hate to bum you out,  
But you have, without a doubt,  
The ugliest aura this poor boy's has seen.  
'Cause I can see your aura and it's ugly.  
Your spirit must be rotten to the core,  
And to a new age guy like me,  
You'll just bring pain and misery,  
So dear, I cannot love you anymore.  
In some life you've lived before,  
You murdered people by the score.  
You evil is so totally complete.  
All good in you has gone,  
You are darkness with no dawn,  
Either that or you are eating too much meat.  
And we'll possess within our pale,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\uglywom1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Ugly Woman

If you want to be happy and lead a king's life,  
Never make a pretty woman your wife.  
If you want to be happy and lead a king's life,



(Harry Belafonte)

Uu

\*\*\*\*\*

My husband couldn't wait for me,

'Cause he was forty-seven.  
 My kin-folks up and had him hung,  
 Said I was married far too young,  
 And I must wait 'till I become,  
 A growed-up gal of seven.  
 So I ups and marries my brother-in-law,  
 I didn't have to ask my pa.  
 My ma says "Shucks, he ain't your pa,  
 Your pa's your uncle Fud."  
 My Uncle Fud says, "No he warn't,  
 Your cousin Lukey is the guilty varmint.  
 They waylaid ma that night, consarn it.",  
 Got relatives in my blood.  
 So that makes my cousin my sister Sue,  
 Darned if we know who is who.  
 My nephew is my uncle, too,  
 Just one big happy family.  
 Well, I gets tired of my brother in law,  
 So I thought I'd tarry,  
 With my nit-wit uncle on my nephews side,  
 My nit-wit uncle Harry.  
 Now he sets around and he whittles wood,  
 He goes a bubl-bubl-bubl and he does it good.  
 I'd sure marry him if I could,  
 But he's got six wives already.  
 There must be something uncle Harry's got,  
 That makes them women hang around a lot,  
 He chased me once, and I got caught!  
 Way down in Tennessee.  
 So that's the reason I long to be,  
 In the hills of Tennessee,  
 With my Uncle Harry just amusing me,  
 With his bubl-bubl-bubl-bubl.  
 (Dorothy Shay)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\unicorn1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## UNICORNS

-

Shel Silverstein

A long time ago, when the Earth was green,  
 There were more kinds of animals than you've ever seen.  
 They'd run around free while the Earth was being born,  
 And the loveliest of all was the unicorn.  
 There were green alligators and long-necked geese,  
 Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees.  
 Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born

The loveliest of all was the unicorn.

The Lord seen some sinning and it have Him pain,  
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain."

He says, "Hey Noah, I'll tell you what to do,  
Build me a floating zoo,  
And take some of those  
Green alligators and long-necked geese,  
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees.  
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born  
Don't you forget my unicorns.

Old Noah was there to answer the call,

He finished making up the ark just as the rain started to fall.  
He marched the animals two by two,  
And he called out as they came through--

"Hey Lord,

"I've got green alligators and long-necked geese,  
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees.

Some cats and rats and elephants, but Lord I'm so forlorn  
I just can't find any unicorns."

And Noah looked out through the driving rain,  
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games,  
Kicking and splashing while the rain was falling.

Oh them silly unicorns.

There was green alligators and long-necked geese,  
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees.

Noah cried, "Close the door because the rain is falling  
And we just can't wait for no unicorns."

The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide,  
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried.

And the waters came down and sort of floated them away,  
That's why you never see unicorns to this very day.

You'll see green alligators and long-necked geese,  
Some humpty-backed camels and some chimpanzees.

Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born  
You're never going to see no unicorns.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\univsoll1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Universal Soldier

He's five foot two and he's six foot four,  
He fights with missiles and with spears.  
He's all of thirty-one and he's only seventeen.

He's been a soldier for a thousand years.

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an Atheist, a Jane,  
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew.

And he knows he shouldn't kill, and he knows he always will,  
He'll kill you for me, my friend, and me for you.

And he's fighting for Canada, he's fighting for France,  
He fighting for the U.S.A.  
He's fighting for the Russians, he's fighting for Japan,  
He thinks we'll put an end to war this way.  
He's fighting for Democracy, he's fighting for the Reds,  
He says it's for the peace of all.  
He's the one who must decide, who's to live and who's to die,  
And he never sees the writing on the wall.  
But without him, how could Hitler have condemned them a Dachau?  
Without him, Caesar would have stood alone.  
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war,  
And without him all this killing can't go on.  
He's the universal soldier and he really is to blame,  
His orders come from far away no more.  
They come from him and you and me, and brother can't you see,  
This is not the way we put an end to war.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\upatree1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Up A Tree  
(llewtraH)

As I went rambling for pleasure one day,  
In the oaks of sweet Dunkirk I happened to stray;  
In that shady bower I climbed up a tree,  
With pleasures of passion so likely to see.  
And slowly approaching a man and a maid,  
I sat still and listened to hear what they said.  
He said "My dearest jewel, to meet you once more,  
You find me so stiff that my bollocks are sore.  
"To try the thing over, for now you are here;  
There's none in this arbor that you need to fear."  
But I couldn't help shouting, their folly to see,  
And my God! how they scattered from under my tree.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\vatirag1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Vatican Rag

chorus: First you get down on you knees,  
Fiddle with your Rosaries,  
Bow your head with great respect,  
And genuflect, genuflect, genuflect.  
Do what ever steps you want if,  
You have cleared them with the Pontiff.  
Everybody say his own Kyrie Eleison,

Doing the Vatican Rag.  
Get in line in that processional,  
Step into that small confessional,  
There that guy whose got religion'll  
Tell you if your sins original.  
If it is try playing it safer,  
Drink the wine and chew the wafer.  
Two, four, six, eight,  
Time to transubstantiate.  
Make a mark on your abdomen,  
When in Rome, do like a Roman,  
Ave Maria, Gee it's good to see ya,  
Getting estatic and sorta dramatic,  
And doing the Vatican Rag.  
(Tom Lehrer)

I want to go back to Dixie,  
I wan

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\venezul1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Venezuela  
I met her in Venezuela,  
With a basket on her head.  
If she loved others, she didn't say,  
But I knew she'd do to pass away,  
To pass away the time in Venezuela,  
To pass away the time in Venezuela.  
I bought her a sash of blue,  
A beautiful sash of blue.  
Because I knew what she could do,  
With all of the tricks I knew she knew,  
To pass away the time in Venezuela,  
To pass away the time in Venezuela.  
When the wind was out to sea,  
The wind was out to sea.  
And she was taking leave of me,  
I said, "Cheer up there will always be,  
Sailors ashore in Venezuela,  
Sailors ashore in Venezuela.  
Her lingo was strange but the thought of her beautiful smile,  
The thought of her beautiful smile.  
Will haunt me and taunt me for many a mile,  
For she was my gal, and she did the while,  
To pass away the time in Venezuela,  
To pass away the time in Venezuela.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\vikings1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Vikings Come And We Want Them Go Home

Chorus: Day-Oh, Day-oh,

Vikings come and we want them go home.

Dey chase de sheep and dey burn de village.

Dey drink all de wine and den dey pillage.

Dey drag off de nuns for sale in chains.

Dey melt down de mitres for pocket change.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\vinegar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Vinegar Man

The crazy old vinegar man is dead,

He had never missed a day before,

But someone went to his tumble-down shed,

By the haunted house and forced the door.

There in the litter of his pungent pans,

In the murky mess of his mixing place,

Creepy sticky spiders and empty cans,

And the same old frown on his sour old face.

Vinegar, vinegar, vinegar Man,

Face us and chase us and catch us if you can.

Pepper for a tongue and pickle for a nose,

Stick a pin in him and vinegar flows.

Well, glare at us, swear at us, catch us if you can,

Ketchup and chow chow and vinegar man.

Nothing but recipes and worthless junk,

Greasy old record books of paid and due.

Down in the depths of a battered old trunk,

A queer quaint Valentine torn in two.

Broken hearts and arrows silver laced,

And a prim dim ladylike script that said,

"Dearest Love from Ellen to Ned."

Old Vinegar Man with a sour old face,

Steal us and peel us and drown us in brine.

He pickles his heart in a Valentine.

Vinegar for blood and pepper for a tongue,

Stick a pin in him and -- Once he was young.

Glare at us, swear at us, catch us if you can.

With dearest love to the Vinegar Man.

Musty old record books of profit and loss.

Died about Saturday, so they say.

And a prim dim ladylike script that said,

"Dearest love from Ellen to Ned."  
Old pepper tongue, pickles his heart in brine,  
The Vinegar man is a long time dead.  
He died when he tore his Valentine.  
S,  
But he loves it just like me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\vinover1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

In Vino Veritas  
(H. J. Taylor)  
When Science led me by the hand,  
Right up her garden path, Sir  
They tried to make me understand  
Her Physics, Chem, and Math, Sir.  
It came to naught, and all they taught,  
Could not have fallen flatter,  
Except for this, which gave me bliss,  
The liquid state of matter.  
And this is plain, as I maintain,  
Since good old Aristotle,  
The truth has been most cleaqrly seen  
Reflected in a bottle.  
What always jars in seminars,  
And causes constant panics,  
Is all that talk and blackboard chalk  
To inculcate mechanics;  
I feel I need a glass of mead,  
As drunk by ancient Druids,  
And so thereby eximplify,  
The properties of fluids.  
And still today I find no way  
To handle apparatus.  
For me alone the Great Unknown,  
Brings no divine afflatus.  
Yet this I know, when problems show  
No hope of resolution,  
This glass of mine when filled with wine,  
Will give the right solution.  
In Physics, I can only make  
Uneducated guesses,  
My wooley pate can't calculate  
The simplest strains and stresses;  
Yet when my head is almost dead  
With mental acrobatics,  
A pint of ale will never fail  
To teach me hydrostatics.

To learn the rules of molecules  
Confound my best resources,  
For Van Der Waals get me in snarls,  
With his atomic forces.  
The parachor, and what it's for,  
I never dare to mention:  
A glass of stout includes me out  
Of studying surface tension.  
Both rho and phee are Greek to me,  
I find them most unruly;  
I don't see why they satisfy  
The equation of Bernoulli.  
I can't make sense of turbulence,  
I merely get to know, Sir.  
From half a quart of vintage port,  
The facts of liquid flow, Sir.  
In deep research let others lurch  
And hunt elusive muons.  
For QED is not for me,  
With all its quarks and gluons.  
Let others gaze at cosmic rays,  
Revealed in sparkling bubbles.  
A glass of beer will always clear  
My head, and end my troubles.  
(A contest winner held by New Scientist)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\vorbeck1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Johnny Vorbeck

There was a little dutchman, his name was Johnny Vorbeck.  
He was a dealer in sausages and saurkraut and speck.  
He made the finest sausages that evermore were seen.  
Till one day he invented a wonderful sausage machine.  
chorus: Mister Mister Johnny Vorbeck, how could you be so mean,  
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine.  
Now all the neighbors cats and dogs will never more be seen,  
They'll all be ground to sausages in Johnny Vorbeck's machine.  
One day a little fat boy came walking in the store,  
He bought a pound of sausages and laid them on the floor.  
He began to whistle, he whistled up a tune,  
And all the little sausages went dancing round the room.  
One day the darn thing busted, the darn thing wouldn't go,  
So Johnny Vorbeck, he climbed inside to see what made it so.  
His wife she had a nightmare, and walking in her sleep,  
She gave the thing a hell of a yank, and Johnny Vorbeck was meat.



C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wabash-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Wabash Cannonbal

From the waves of the Atlantic to the far Pacific shore,  
From the coast of California to icebound Labrador,  
There's a train of doozie layout that's known quite well by all,  
It's the 'bo's accomodation called the Wabash Cannonball.  
This train she runs to Quincy, Monroe, and Mexico.  
She runs to Kansas City, she's never running slow.  
She runs right in to Denver, and she makes an awful squall,  
They all know by the whistle it's the Wabash Cannonball  
Now listen to the rumble, now listen to the roar,  
As she echoes down the valley, and tears along the shore.  
Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hobo's call,  
As we ride the rods and brakebeams on the Wabash Cannonball.  
Our eastern states are dandy so the people always say,  
From New York to St Louis and Chicago, by the way.  
From the hill of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall,  
No transfers can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball.  
Now here's to Long Slim Perkins, may his name forever stand,  
To be honored and respected by the Bo's throughout the land.  
And when his days are over and the curtains round him fall,  
We'll carry him home to victory on the Wabash Cannonball.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wagnlad1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Wagoneer Lad

Hard luck is the fortune of all womankind;  
There're always controlled, they're always confined.  
Controlled by their parents until they are wives,  
Then slaves to their husbands the rest of their lives.  
I knew one poor girl and her fortune was sad,  
She'd always been courted by the wagoneer lad.  
He courted her truly, by night and by day,  
Now his wagons were loaded, he's pulling away.  
Your horses are hungry, come feed them some hay,  
Come sit down beside me, as long as you may.  
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,  
So fare ye well, darling, no longer to stay.  
Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor.  
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.  
Hard living's my pleasure, my moneys my own,  
And those who don't like me, can leave me alone.  
Your wagons need loading, your whip needs to mend,  
Come sit down beside me, as long as you can.

My wagons are loaded, my whips in my hand,  
So fare ye well, darling, no longer to stand.  
He jumped on his wagon, and bade her adieu.  
He never returned, he was killed by the Sioux.  
And when she heard of this, she just wasted away,  
But her ghost still lingers and you'll hear it say.  
Hard luck is the fortune of all womankind.  
They're always controlled, they're always confined.  
Controlled by their parents, until they are wives,  
Then slaves to their husbands the rest of their lives.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wailee-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Wailee Wailee  
When cockles shells turn silver bells,  
Then will my love return to me.  
When roses grow in wintry snow,  
Then will my love return to me.  
Oh wailee, wailee,  
All love is bonny a little while,  
While it is new.  
But love grows old, and waxes cold,  
And fades away like evening dew.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\waitchu1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Waiting At The Church  
I'm in a nice bit of trouble, I confess,  
Somebody with me 'as had a gyme.  
I should by now be a proud and happy bride,  
But I still 'ave to keep me single nyme.  
I was proposed to by Obediah Binks,  
In a very gentlemanly way.  
I lent him all me money so that he bould buy me home,  
And punctually at twelve o'clock today.  
chorus: There was I waiting at the church,  
Waiting at the church, waiting at the church.  
When I found he left me in the lurch,  
Lord, how it did upset me.  
All at once, he sent me round a note,  
Here's the very note, this is what he wrote,  
"I can't get away to marry you today,  
My wife won't let me."  
Lo, what a fuss Obediah made of me,

When he used to tyke me in the park.  
He used to squeeze me till I was black and blue,  
When he kissed me, he used to leave a mark.  
Each time he met me, he treated me to wine,  
He took me now and then to see a play.  
Understand me rightly, when I say he treated me,  
It wasn't him but me that used to pay.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\waltzmt1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong,  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he watched and he waited while his billy boiled.  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.  
chorus: Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.  
(repeat the third line of preceding verse)  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.  
Down came a jumpbuck to drink beside the billabong,  
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee,  
And he popped that jumpbuck right into his tucker bag,  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.  
Down came a squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,  
Up jumped the troopers, one, two, three,  
Where's that jolly jumpbuck you've got in your tucker bag,  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.  
Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong,  
You'll never catch me alive, cried he.  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with with me.  
Guh-foo-ya-bar! (meaning get fucked you bastards)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wantrik1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### A WANTON TRICK

If anyone long for a musical song,  
Although his hearing be thick,  
The sound that it bears, will lavish his ears,  
'Tis but a wanton trick.  
A pleasant young maid on an instrument played,  
That knew neither note nor prick.  
She had a good will to live by her skill,  
'Tis but a wanton trick.

A youth in that art, well seen in his part,  
 They called him Derbyshire Dick,  
 Came to her a suitor, and would be her tutor,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.  
 He pleased her so well that backwards she fell,  
 And swooned as though she were sick.  
 So sweet was his note, that up went her coat,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.  
 The string of his viol, she put to the trial,  
 'Til she had the full length of the stick.  
 Her white-bellied lute, she set to his flute,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.  
 Thus she with her lute and he with his flute,  
 Held every crotchet and prick.  
 She learned at her leisure, yet paid for her pleasure,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.  
 His viol string burst, her tutor she cursed,  
 However, she played with the stick.  
 From October to June, she was quite out of tune,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.  
 And then she repented that e'er she consented,  
 To have either note or prick.  
 For learning so well made her belly to swell,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.  
 All maids that make trial of a lute or a viol,  
 Take heed how you handle the stick.  
 If you like not this order, come try my recorder,  
 'Tis but a wanton trick.  
 (Pills to Purge Meloncholy by Thomas D'urfy)  
 Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\warrant1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Warranty Deed  
 There once was a lawyer they called Mr. Clay.  
 He had but few clients and they wouldn't pay.  
 At last of starvation he grew so afraid,  
 That he courted and married a wealthy old maid.  
 At the wedding the lawyer made one big mistake,  
 'Twas not in omitting the wine or the cake,  
 The ring was well chosen, they had a big feed,  
 But the lawyer did not get a warranty deed.  
 That night in their chamber, the lady arose,  
 And began to prepare to retire and repose.  
 Her husband sat near her, admiring her charms,  
 Which gave him such pleasure to hold in his arms.  
 She went to the washstand to bathe her fair face,

And there she destroyed all her beauty and grace.  
The rose in her cheek quickly grew very faint,  
And he saw on the towel, it was nothing but paint.  
She went to the mirror to take down her hair,  
And when she had done so, her scalp was all bare.  
Said she, "Don't be frightened to see my bald head,  
I'll put on my cap when I get into bed."  
She hung her false hair on the wall on a peg,  
And then she proceeded to take off a leg.  
Her trembling husband thought sure he would die,  
When she asked him to come and take out her glass eye.  
The husband was biting his quivering lips,  
While she was removing her counterfeit hips.  
Just then her false nose clattered down on the floor,  
And the poor lawyer screamed and ran out of the door.  
Now all you young men who would marry for life,  
Be sure to examine your intended wife.  
Remember the lawyer who trusted his eyes,  
And a little bit later, got quite a surprise.  
I never liked her much at all,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wasntha1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Wasn't That A Time

Our fathers died at Valley Forge,  
The snow was red with blood,  
Their faith was warm at Valley Forge,  
Their faith was brotherhood.  
chorus: Wasn't that a time,  
Wasn't that a time,  
A time to try the soul of man,  
Wasn't that a terrible time.  
Brave men who died at Gettysberg,  
Now lie in soldiers graves,  
But there they stemmed the slavery tide,  
And there, the faith was saved.  
When fascists came with chains of war,  
And prisoners of hate,  
And once again men fought and died,  
To save the stricken faith.  
Our faith cries out, we have no fear.  
We dare to reach our hand,  
To other neighbors far and near,  
To friends in every land.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wavroll1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Waves Roll Out

Come along boys, I'll sing a little song,  
Of the days when fish were thick and I was young and strong,  
We set sail one morning in the teeth of a howling wind,  
And the waves roll out and the waves roll in.  
And late that night, there rose a gale,  
And it snapped the mast like a stick of wood and ripped the sail.  
You should have seen the compass roll as the ship began to spin,  
And the waves roll out and the waves roll in.  
The sea turned red, the sky went white,  
I heard a weird and wailing cry tear through the night.  
And the sea opened up like a gaping mouth and it pulled us screaming in.  
And the waves roll out and the waves roll in.  
There I saw on the ocean floor,  
The sailors drowned and dead for thirty years or more.  
Their bony skinless toothless jaws in a ghostly ghastly grin,  
And the waves roll out and the waves roll in.  
Their ghostly eyes burned through the sea,  
And each one screamed and reached a bony hand for me,  
Crying, "This is the grave of the sailors damned to pay for a life of sin,  
And the waves roll out and the waves roll in.  
The morning found me on the shore,  
And none believed I was the man who sailed the day before.  
My hair was white, my eyes were old, and I was bent and thin,  
And the waves roll out and the waves roll in.  
So Bully Boys, you've heard my song,  
Of the days when fish were thick and I was young and strong.  
I've told of the curse that waits for you if you hold to a live of sin,  
And the waves roll out and the waves roll in.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wayfair1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfaring stranger,  
A traveling through this world of woe,  
But there's no sickness, no toil, nor danger,  
To that fair land to which I go.  
I'm going home to see my mother,  
I'm going home no more to roam.  
I'm just a traveling over Jordan,  
I'm just a going over home.

When I fell in love with a pretty girl, and she

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\weather1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Weather

(Flanders and Swann)

January brings the snow,  
Makes your feet and fingers glow.  
February's ice and sleet,  
Freeze the toes right off your feet.  
Welcome March with wintry wind,  
Would thou wert not so unkind.  
April brings the sweet Spring showers,  
On and on for hours and hours.  
Farmers fear unkindly May,  
Frost by night and hail by day.  
June just rains and never stops,  
Thirty days and spoils the crops.  
In July the sun is hot.  
Is it shining?  
No it's not.  
August cold and dank and wet,  
Brings more rain than any yet.  
Bleak September's mist and mud,  
Is enough to chill the blood.  
Then October adds a gale,  
Wind and slush and rain and hail.  
Dark November brings the fog,  
Should not do it to a dog.  
Freezing wet December, then  
BLOODY JANUARY AGAIN!!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\werwolf1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lycanthropic Silver Bullet Blues

(llewtraH)

by Michael Longcor

One night while I was walking , when the moon was fat and full,  
I had a little run-in with a big old ugly wolf.  
And ever since he bit me, it's been nothing but bad news.  
I got them lycanthropic, low-down silver bullet blues.  
It's no fun to be a werewolf, it puts you through a change.  
Not mention dog-food breath, distemper, heartworms, fleas, and mange.  
And the dandruff!  
Did you ever take a bath in Selsun Blue?

I got them lycanthropic, low-down silver bullet blues.  
Some people think night stalking, it must be something sweet.  
Well, you go eat somebody raw and never brush your teeth!

And there's no toothpicks!  
It's getting so I hate to chew!  
Ah-oooooooo!

I got them lycanthropic, low-down silver bullet blues.  
Oh, my nerves are shot and frazzled;  
being different ain't no fun,  
But now the National Enquirer wants my picture on page one!  
Right next to Sex Changed Dwarf Nun, Takes a UFO Cruise,  
I got them lycanthropic, low-down silver bullet blues.  
Oh, the hunters they don't scare me,  
even though they shot me some.  
But this new guy has a black mask and a faithful Indian chum!  
Looks like the gig's up, Kimosabe!  
It looks like I am through!

Shot down by those lycanthropic, low-down silver bullet --  
Misanthropomorphic low-down silver bullet --  
.44 magnum low-down silver bullet blues.  
Ah-oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\westprt1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Westport (from Julius Monk's "Take Five")  
There's a little ranch house in the vale,  
Pretty little ranch house up for sale;  
All the shutters drawn, tenants are all gone,  
And thereby  
hangs a long, unhappy tale.  
'Cause he caught her in the kitchen playing Westport,  
A game indigenous to suburban life,  
Where you take a wife of whom you're not the husband,  
While some else's husband takes your wife.  
Some claim that the name of the game is Scarsdale,  
Or Beverley Hills, or even Shaker Heights,  
But commuters from Man hattan call it Westport.  
And that's the game that some of our local leading lights  
Play to while away those cold Connecticut nights.  
Now in that little ranch house used to dwell  
An advertising fellow and his Nell.  
Two kids and a pup, living it up,  
And everything was sounder than a bell --  
'Til he caught her in the kitchen playing Westport,  
Between the washing machine and the thermostat.  
The husband thought it really wa an outrage.  
Said he, "You might at least remove your hat!"



Well, they  
may play it that way in Great Neck,  
While in Levittown they'd never think it odd.  
But there is not an architect in Westport,  
Who'll ever forgive the cad that said, "My God!  
I must have got the wrong 'Cape Cod'!"  
Since they are no longer groom and bride,  
Quoting from the sunday classified:  
"Are there any takers, for three lovely acres,  
Of peaceful old New England countryside?"  
'Cause he caught her in the kitchen playing Westport  
Which would ordinarily be a cause for gloom;  
But though the sanctity of wedlock's on the downgrade,  
Currently housing is enjoying quite a boom!  
And while they defame the name of the game in Boston,  
Where naturally they think it's a dirty shame,  
In the green and fertile pastures of suburbia,  
The local dealers in real estate acclaim  
It the best thing since the FHA, Hey,  
Westport is a grand old ..  
'Midst pleasures and palaces ...  
Westport is a grand old game.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\whistgp1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Whistling Gypsy

The whistling Gypsy came over the hill,  
Down through the valley so shady.  
He whistled and he sang till the green wood rang,  
And he won the heart of a lady.  
chorus: Ah de do, ah de do di day,  
Ah de do ah de day dee.  
He whistled and he sang till the green wood rang,  
And he won the heart of a lady.  
She left her father's castle gate,  
She left her fair young mother,  
She left her servants and her estate,  
To follow her gypsy rover.  
She left behind her velvet gown,  
And shoes of spanish leather.  
They whistled and they sang till the green wood rang,  
As they rode off together.  
Last night she slept on a goose-feather bed,  
With silken sheets for a cover.  
Tonight she sleeps on the cold cold ground,  
Beside her Gypsy lover.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\willy--1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Little Willy

Little Willy shot his sister.  
She was dead before we missed her.  
Willy's always up to tricks.  
Ain't he cute; he's only six  
Willy with a thirst for gore,  
Nailed the baby to the door.  
Mother said with humor quaint,  
"Willy dear, don't mar the paint."  
Willy studied chemistry  
But he doesn't anymore.  
For what he thought was H2O  
Was H2SO4.  
Willy saw some dynamite,  
Couldn't understand it quite.  
Curiosity never pays.  
It rained Willy seven days.  
Willy with a great big shout,  
Gouged the baby's eyeballs out.  
Stomped on them to make them pop.  
Mother said, "Now Willy, Stop!"  
Willy in his bright new sash,  
Fell in the fireplace, burned to ash.  
Now although the room grows chilly,  
I haven't the heart to poke poor Willy.  
Willy fell down the elevator,  
Wasn't found till six days later.  
The neighbors sniffed and said, "Gee Whizz,  
What a spoiled child Willy is."  
Little Willy picked his nose,  
Way up where the snot grows.  
His finger digging for the crud,  
Nicked a vessel, Look at the blood!  
Little Willy with a rock,  
Beaned the cocoo in the clock.  
When asked why the clock did not tick,  
Willy said the bird is sick.  
Poor little Willy is crying so sore,  
A sad little boy is he.  
'Cause he has broken the baby's neck,  
He'll not have jam for tea.  
Little Willy feeling bored, and addled in the brain,  
Cut the baby into bits and stuffed him down the drain.  
Mother cried in desperate haste, "You horrid little sinner!  
One thing I deplore is waste; we've nothing else for dinner.

Willy and three other brats,  
Ate up all the Rough-On-Rats.  
Papa said, when Mama cried,  
"Don't worry dear, they'll die outside.  
Yesterday my gun exploded,  
When I thought it wasn't loaded.  
Near my wife I pressed the trigger,  
Chipped a fragment off her figure.  
'Course I'm sorry and all that,  
But she shouldn't be so fat.  
Grandpapa fell down a drain.  
Couldn't scramble up again.  
Now he's floating down the sewer,  
There's one grandpapa the fewer.  
In the family drinking well  
Willy pushed his sister Nell.  
There she's yet because it kilt her;  
Now we have to buy a filter.  
Willy in a rage insane,  
Threw his head beneath a train.  
All were quite surprised to find,  
How it broadened Willy's mind.  
Little Willy, from the mirror, licked the mercury all off;  
Thinking in his childish error, it would cure the whooping cough. At the funeral  
Willy's mother, said to Mrs. Brown,  
"'Twas a chilly day for Willy when the mercury went down."  
Little Willy, feeling mean,  
Pushed his sister through a screen.  
Mother stopped his innovations,  
Said it made for strained relations.  
Little Willy, mad as hell,  
Threw his sister down the well.  
Mother said, while drawing water,  
It's so hard to raise a daughter.  
Little Willy, pair of skates,  
Hole in ice, Golden Gates.  
Little Willy on the railroad tracks,  
The engine gave a squeal.  
The engineer just took a spade  
And scraped him off the wheel.  
Mother held her little daughter  
Fifty minutes under water;  
Not to make her any trouble,  
But to see those funny bubbles.  
Little Willy, loathsome tyke,  
Poured glue on his sister's bike.  
Sister pedaled all through France  
Welded to her underpants.  
Father heard his children scream  
So he threw them in the stream.

Saying as he drowned the third,  
"Children should be seen, not heard."  
Little Willy on his bike  
Through the village took a hike.  
Mrs. Thompson blocked the walk,  
She will live but still can't talk.  
Little Willy's good as gold;  
He neither cries nor hollers.  
He lived just two-and-twenty days,  
And cost us forty dollars.  
Little Willy poisoned grandma's tea;  
Poor grandma died in agony.  
His poppa he was greatly vexed,  
And said to Willy, "Now, what's next!"  
Little Willy on the track,  
Didn't hear the engine squeal.  
Now the engines coming back,  
Scraping Willy off the wheel.  
Willy pushed his brother Ned  
Headlong into traffic;  
Once the peevish brat was dead,  
It seemed a little drastic.  
Willy ran to catch a ball,  
Tripped and took a nasty fall.  
His classmates thought it most amusing  
To see the way the blood was oozing.  
Into the cistern little Willy  
Pushed his little sister Lily.  
Mother couldn't find our daughter;  
Not we sterilize the water.  
Willy with an awful curse  
Threw the saucepan at the nurse.  
When he hit her on the nose,  
Mother said, "How straight he throws."  
Willy split the baby's head  
To see if brains were grey or red.  
Mother, troubled, said to Father,  
Children are an awful bother.  
Willy in his roughish way  
Pushed grandpa in the fire one day.  
Mother said, "Why dear, that's cruel,  
But of course it saves on fuel."  
Willy hitting at a ball,  
Lined one down the schoolhouse hall.  
Thought the door came Mr. Hill;  
Several teeth are missing still.  
Willy's cute as cute can be.  
Beneath his brother, only three,  
He lit a stick of dynamite.  
Now Bubby's simply out of sight.

Willy in the cauldron fell;  
See the grief on Mother's brow.  
Mother loved her darling well.  
Willy's quite hard boiled by now.  
Willy stopped the cable car  
While standing on the track.  
It gave his system quite a jar;  
His sisters now wear black.  
Willy killed his sister Sue,  
A thing a brother should not do.  
Cried his mother, "Now you'll catch it!  
You've spoiled your father's brand new hatchet.  
Willy pushed his Aunt Elizer  
Off a rock into a geyser.  
Now he's feeling quite dejected;  
Didn't get the rise expected.  
Willy writing for a book,  
Woman was the theme he took.  
Woman was the only text.  
Ain't he cute? He's oversexed.  
Willy with his fathers gun,  
Punctured Grandma, just for fun.  
Mother frowned so at the lad;  
'Twas the last shell Father had.  
Willy while the ice was thin,  
Tried to skate and he fell in.  
Willy tasted rather nice  
When they cut the pond for ice.  
Willy, looking down the gun,  
Pulled the trigger just for fun.  
Mother said, in accents pained,  
Willy is so scatterbrained  
Willy took a pair of shears,  
Cut off both the baby's ears.  
At the baby, so unsightly,  
Mama raised her eyebrows slightly.  
Baby's in the ice cream freezer;  
Willy turns the crank to squeeze her.  
Ma says, "Dear, the way that's fixed,  
You'll have the baby completely mixed.  
Little William Arther White  
Found a stick of dynamite.  
His parents now are picking small  
Bits of Willie off the wall.  
"There's been an accident," they said.  
"Your servants cut in half; he's dead."  
"Indeed!" said Mr. Jones.  
"And please  
Send me the half with the car keys."  
Dr. Jones fell in the well

And died without a moan.  
He should have tended to the sick  
And left the well alone.  
I never shall forget my shame  
To find my son had forged my name.  
If he'd had any thought for others,  
He might at least have forged his mother's.  
They caught Old Puss, the little sinners,  
And made a bowstring from her inners.  
Mother hollered, "Children, scat!  
Don't be fiddling with the cat." (J S Newman)  
Father when he took his nap,  
Put his dentures on the ledge.  
Little Willie got a slap  
For setting Fathers teeth on edge. (J S Newman)  
Willie sent to buy some thread,  
Bought a candy bar instead.  
Said nosey neighbor, Mrs Totten,  
"Willie's gone, but not for cotton." (J S Newman)  
Willie, radiantly alive  
Swallowed U-235.  
Willie died and that's a shame!  
Willie's radiant, just the same.! (J S Newman)  
Willie ran to  
catch a ball;  
Tripped and took a nasty fall.  
His classmates thought it quite amusing,  
To see the way the blood was oozing.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

At the baby, so unsightly,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wilweep1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Willy The Weeper  
Have you heard about Willy the Weeper,  
He had a job as a chimney sweeper.  
He had the dope habit and he had it bad.

Listen while I tell you 'bout a dream he had.  
He went down to the dopeshop one Saturday night,  
He knew the lights would be burning bright.  
Well I guess he smoked a dozen pills or more,  
And when he woke up, he was on a foreign shore.  
The Queen of Sheba was the first he met,  
She called him lovey-dovey and honey-pet.  
She gave him a great big automobile,  
With a diamond headlight and a golden wheel.  
He had a million cattle, he had a million sheep,  
He had a million vessels on the ocean deep.  
He had a million dollars just in nickels and dimes,  
He knew because he counted it a million times.  
He landed with a splash on the River Nile,  
Riding a sea-going crocodile.  
He winked at Cleopatra, she said, "Ain't he a sight."  
He said, "How about a date next Saturday night."  
He landed in New York one evening late,  
He asked his little sugar for a little date.  
He started in to kiss her and she started to pout,  
When Bing! Bang! And the dope ran out.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wilyset1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Willy Seaton

Willy Seaton was a lad, his age of just sixteen,  
Golden curls hung down his neck, the fairest ever seen.  
His true love was the prettiest thing in all the countryside,  
And after Willy courted her, she swore to be his bride.  
He had no gold to give his love, no gold to buy the banns,  
And in his haste to wed his love, he joined an outlaw band.  
They ravaged over the countryside, they swore and swore to gain.  
Until one cold and wintry day, they robbed the Briscoe Train.  
The trainman lost his life that day, but just before he died,  
He fired a deadly pistol ball in Willy Seaton's side.  
His comrades, they deserted, and left him all alone.  
And holding tightly to his side, he started out for home.  
He had not traveled many a mile, until a storm came on.  
And Willy Seaton found a log to set himself upon.  
He leaned his back against a tree, and held on to his side.  
And in that cold and snowy wood, young Willy Seaton died.  
He was sixteen when he loved, sixteen when he cried,  
Sixteen when he robbed the train, sixteen when he died.

I'll tell you, boys, this life is hard and cruel.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure>window-1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Cute Little Window

A bonnie wee lassie, her name it was Nell,  
Lived in a house where her grandfather dwelled.  
The shutters were white and the trimmings were brass,  
And all that was lacking was one pane of glass in that:  
chorus: Cute little window, that sweet little window,  
That dear little window, where grandfather dwelled.  
"Oh Willy!" she cried, "Don't leave me like this,  
Before going home won't you give me one kiss?"  
And "Nelly," said Willy, "'Tis that I will do."  
And to her surprise, then he stuck his head through that:  
Here grandfather woke to her clamor and roar,  
Grabbed up his gun and flung open the door.  
Oh, Willy went running as grandpa took aim,  
And around Willy's neck was the sash and the chain of that:  
But now they are married, dear Willy and Nell,  
And now in their own little cottage they dwell.  
No hugging, no kissing, and ain't it a shame,  
For Willy's still wearing the sash and the chain.  
(Burl Ives)  
They come from him and you and me, and brother can't you see,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\willyded1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Willy's Several Deaths

How well do I remember the night that Willy died,  
It was early, about twelve o'clock at night.  
The cows were buzzing sweetly and the bees were chewing hay,  
An the sun and moon were shining dark and bright.  
You could see that he was dying by the freckles on his breath,  
You could see the blossom nipping in the bud.  
But the doctor said the only way to save our lad from death,  
Was to stop the circulation of his blood.  
'Twas on the forty-third of May that our Willy passed away,  
He died harder tha he ever died before.  
He was sitting on a chair, but he didn't like it there,  
So he got up and died upon the floor.  
So we gently place his head in a pail of boiling lead,  
As we laid our little Willy out to rest.  
But it really was a shame, 'cause that night a burglar came,  
And he stole the mustard plaster off his chest.  
Then we filled him full of glue in hopes to bring him to,  
But we only brought him eight and nine and ten.



He was lying on his side, when he blew his nose and died,  
Then he sneezed and blew his nose and died again.  
No more upon the mat shall he play with pussy cat,  
No more between his teeth he'll hold her tail.  
No more on the red-hot coals, shall he gently rub her nose,  
'Cause our Willy, darling Willy, kicked the pail.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wltzbar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Waltzing With Bears

He goes wa-wa-wa wa-wa, waltzing with bears,  
Raggy bears, shaggy bears, baggy bears too,  
There's nothing on Earth my Uncle Walter wouldn't do  
So he can go wa-wa-wa waltzing with bears.  
I went to his room in the middle of the night,  
I tip-toed inside and I turned on the light.  
But to my dismay, he was nowhere in sight.  
My Uncle Walter goes waltzing at night.  
I bought Uncle Walter a new coat to wear,  
But when he comes home, it's all covered with hair,  
And lately I've noticed several new tears.  
My Uncle Walter goes waltzing with bears.  
We told Uncle Walter that he should be good,  
And do all the things that we said that he should,  
But we know that he'd rather be out in the woods,  
We're afraid that we'll lose Uncle Walter for good.  
We begged and we pleaded, "Oh, Please won't you stay?"  
And we managed to keep him home for a day.  
But the bears all barged in and they took him away.  
And the bears all demand at least one dance a day.  
My Aunt Matilda was mad as could be,  
"Walter, the rat, never waltzes with me."  
So she took her fur coat and remodeled it so,  
Now she can go waltzing and Walter won't know.  
She goes wa-wa-wa wa-wa, waltzing with bears,  
Raggy bears, shaggy bears, baggy bears too.  
And there's nothing on earth Aunt Matilda won't do,  
So she can go---  
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,  
So she can go waltzing Matilda with bears.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\woadclo1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Woad Song

by Flanders and Swann)  
Tune: Men of Harlech  
Whats the point of wearing braces,  
Coats and ties and shoes with laces,  
Spats and hats you buy in places,  
Down the Gloucester Road.  
What's the use of shirts of cotton,  
Studs that only get forgotten,  
These affairs are simply rotten,  
Better far is woad!  
Woad's the stuff to show men,  
Woad to beat your foe men,  
Boil it to a brilliant hue,  
And rub it on your back and your abdomen,  
Ancient Britons never hit on,  
Anything as good as woad to fit on,  
Necks or knees or where you sit on,  
Tailors you be blowed!  
Romans came from o'er the channel,  
All wrapped up in tin and flannel,  
Half a pint of woad per man'll,  
Dress us more than these.  
Saxons you can waste your stitches,  
Building beds and bugs in britches,  
We have woad to dress us, which is  
Not a nest for fleas!  
Romans keep your armours,  
Saxons your pyjamas,  
Hairy coats were made for goats,  
Gorillas, Yaks retriever dogs and llamas,  
Tramp up Snowdon with your woad on,  
Never mind if you get rained or blowed on,  
Never want a button sewed on,  
Go it ancient B's.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wom-lib1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Women's Liberation or How To Get A Man  
(Annette Kirk)

Since I was a tiny tot, Mama taught me quite a lot,  
How to look, how to sew and cook,  
And of course, how to get a man.  
Mama read the magazines, watched the color TV screens,  
Each advertiser, made her much wiser, at how to get a man.  
My Mama tell me:  
"Don't show too much common sense, I know from experience,

Use you head, at the stove and bed, and you'll surely get a man"  
My Mama tell me:  
"Stay slender like sugar cane, eat no chocolate and no chow mein,  
False eyelashes and perfume splashes will help you get a man"  
Soon I went on my first date, golly  
but I could not wait;  
Mama gave me every recipe for how to get a man.  
My Mama tell me:  
"Go gargle with Listerine, take a bath in Mr. Clean,  
Lift your dress up, spray FSD up, that's how to get a man."  
Don't you tiptoe down the stairs, without you clip you nose's hairs,  
Shave your armpits and make them charmpits, that's how to get a man.  
Cover up with acnomel, store-bought hair made of dynel,  
Lots of bother, but ask your father, that's how I got a man.  
Finally a man I got, he eats and drinks a lot,  
Got big belly and kind of smelly, but still it is a man.  
I make for him chocolate cake, half a grapefruit myself I take,  
He got fatter and I got flatter, but still I got a man.  
I am tired now of shaving and for chocolate I'm craving,  
Liveration flag is waving, got to change my plan.  
I tell my Mama:  
"You can keep you recipe for femininity,  
You may love it, You can shove it, and you may keep that man."  
I tell my Mama:  
"When a man for me does fall, he will love me hair and all.  
He'll admire though I perspire and that will be my man.  
That will be my man."

\*x

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\worldno1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

In The World I Used To Know  
Someday some old familiar rain,  
Will come along and know my name.  
And my shelter will be gone,  
And I'll have to move along.  
But Till I do, I'll stay awhile,  
And track the hidden country of your smile.  
Someday the man I used to be,  
Will come along and call to me.  
And then because I'm just a man,  
You'll find my feet are made of sand.  
But till that day, I'll tell you lies,  
And chart the hidden boundaries of your eyes.  
Someday the world I used to know,  
Will come along and bid me go.

Then I'll be leaving you behind,  
For love is just a state of mind.  
But till that day, I'll be your man,  
And love away your troubles if I can.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\wtknale1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Watkins Ale  
(llewtrah)  
1592 or earlier  
That was a maid this other day  
And she must needs go forth to play.  
And as she walked, she sighed and said,  
"I am afraid to die a maid."  
When that he heard a lad, what talk this maiden had,  
Where of he was full glad and did not spare  
To say "Fair maid, I pray, wither go to today?"  
"Good sir," then did she say, "What do you care?"  
"For I will, without fail,  
Maiden give to you Watkins ale."  
"Watkins ale, sir," quoth she,  
"What is that, I pray you tell me?"  
'Tis sweeter far than sugar fine  
And pleasanter than Muscadine.  
And if you please, fair maid, to stay  
A little while to sport and play,  
I will give you the same, Watkins ale called by name,  
Or else I were to blame, in truth fair maid.  
"Good sir," quoth she again, "If you will take the pain,  
I shall it not refrain, nor be dismayed."  
He took this maiden then aside  
And led her where she was not spied,  
And told her many a pretty tale,  
And gave her well of Watkins ale.  
When he had done to her his will,  
They talked but what I shall not skill.  
At last she said, "Spare your tale,  
Give me some more of Watkins ale,  
Or else I will not stay, for I must needs away.  
My mother bade me play, the time is past.  
Therefore, good sir," quoth she, "if you have done with --" "Nay soft, fair maid,"  
quoth he again at last,  
"Let us talk a little while."  
With that the maiden began to smile.  
And said, "Good sir, full well I know,  
Your ale I see runs very low."  
This young man then, begin so blamed,

Did blush as one being ashamed.  
He took her by the middle small,  
And gave her more of Watkins ale  
And said, "Fair maid I pray, when you go forth to play,  
Remember what I say, walk not alone."  
"Nay soft," said she again. "I thank you for your pain,  
For fear of further stain, I must be gone."  
"Farewell maiden," then quoth he;  
"Adieu good sir," again quoth she.  
Thus they parted then at last,  
Till thrice three months were gone and passed.  
This maiden then fell very sick.  
Her maidenhead began to kick.  
Her color waxed wan and pale,  
With taking much of Watkins ale.  
I wish all maidens coy, that hear this pretty toy,  
Wherein most women's joy, how they do sport.  
For surely Watkins ale, and if it be not stale,  
Will bring them to some bale, as hath report.  
New ale will make their bellies bowne,  
As trial by this same has shown.  
This proverb hath been taught in schools,  
It is no jesting with edged tools.  
Good maids and wives, I pardon crave,  
And lack not that which you would have.  
To blush it is a woman's grace,  
And well becometh a maiden's face.  
For women will refuse the thing that they would choose,  
So men should them excuse of thinking ill.  
Cat will after kind, all winkers are not blind,  
You maidens know my mind, say what you will.  
When you drink ale, beware the toast,  
For therein lies the danger most.  
If any here offended be,  
Then blame the author, blame not me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\xmascar1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### A Christmas Carol

-

Tom Lehrer  
Christmas time is here, by golly,  
Disapproval would be folly,  
Deck the halls with hunks of holly,  
Fill the cup and don't say "when".  
Kill the turkeys, ducks, and chickens,  
Mix the punch, drag out the Dickens,

Even though th prospect sickens,  
Brother, here we go again.  
On Christmas Day you can't get sore,  
Your fellow man you must adore,  
There's time to rob him all the more,  
The other three hundred and sixty-four.  
Relations, sparing no expense'll  
Send some useless old utensil,  
Or a matching pen and pencil.  
"Just the thing I need!  
How Nice!"  
It doesn't matter how sincere it  
Is, nor how heartfelt the spirit,  
Sentiment will not endear it,  
What's important is the price.  
Hark the Herald Tribune sings,  
Advertising wondrous things.  
God rest you merry, merchants,  
May you make the Yuletide pay.  
Angels we have heard on high  
Tell us to go out and buy.  
So let the raucous sleighbells jingle,  
Hail our dear old friend Kris Kringle,  
Driving his reindeer across the sky.  
Don't stand underneath when they fly by.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\yukonjk1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Ballad of Yukon Jake  
The North Country is a hard country,  
That mothers a bloody brood;  
And its icy arms hold hidden charms  
For the greedy, the sinful and lewd.  
And strong men rust from the gold and lust  
That sears the Northland's soul;  
But the wickedest born, for the Pole to the Horn,  
Is the Hermit of Sharktooth Shoal.  
Now Jacob Kaime was the Hermit's name,  
In the days of his pious youth,  
Ere he cast a smirch on the Baptist Church  
By betraying a girl named Ruth.  
But now men quake at Yukon Jake,  
The Hermit of Sharktooth Shoal;  
For that is the name that Jacob Kaime  
Is known by, from Nome to the Pole.  
He was just a boy and the parson's joy  
Ere he fell for the gold and the muck,

And he learned to pray 'mid the hogs and hay  
On a farm near Keokuk.  
But a Service tale of illicit sale,  
And whiskey and women wild,  
Drained the morals clean as a soup tureen  
From this poor but honest child.  
He longed for the bite of a Yukon night  
And the Northern-lights' weird flicker,  
Or a game of stud in the frozen mud  
And the tast of raw red liquor.  
He wanted to mush along in the slush  
With a team of husky hounds,  
And to fire his gat at a beaver hat,  
And knock it out of bounds.  
So he left his home for the hell-town Nome,  
On Alaska's ice-ribbed shores,  
And he learned to curse and drink, and worse,  
'Til the rum dripped from his pores;  
When the boys on a spree were drinking it free  
In a Malamute saloon,  
And Dan McGrew and his dangerous crew  
Shot craps with a piebald coon,  
While the kid on his stool banged away like a fool  
At a rag-time melody,  
And the barkeep vowed to the hardboiled crowd  
That he'd cremate Sam McGee.  
Then Jacob Kaime, who had taken the name  
Of Yukon Jake The Killer,  
Would rake the dive with his forty-five,  
'Til the atmosphere grew chiller.  
With a sharp command, he'd make 'em stand  
And deliver their hard earned dust;  
Then drink the bar dry of rum and rye,  
As a Klondike bully must.  
Without coming to blows, he would tweak the nose  
Of Dangerous Dan McGrew,  
And, becoming bolder, throw over his shoulder  
The lady that's known as Lou.  
Oh, tough as a steak was Yukon Jake,  
Hardboiled as a picnic egg;  
He washed his shirt in Klondike dirt,  
And drank his rum by the keg.  
In fear of their lives, or because of their wives,  
He was shunned by the best of his pals.;  
And outcast he, from the cameraderie  
Of all but wild animals.  
So be bought him the whole of Sharktooth Shoal,  
A reef in the Bering Sea,  
Where he lived by himself on a sea-lion's shelf  
In lonely iniquity.

But miles away in Keokuk,  
Did a lovely maiden fight  
To remove the smirch from the Baptist Church  
By bringing the heathen light;  
And the elders declared that all would be squared  
If she carried the Holy Words  
From her Keokuk home to the hellhole Nome  
And save those awful birds.

So two weeks later she took a freighter  
For the gold-cursed land near the Pole,  
But heaven ain't made for a girl that's betrayed,  
She was wrecked on Sharktooth Shoal!  
All hand were tossed in the sea and lost,  
All but the maiden Ruth,

Who swam to the edge of the sea-lions ledge  
Where abode the love of her youth.

He was hunting a seal for his evening meal  
(He handled a mean harpoon)

When he saw at his feet not something to eat,  
But a girl in a frozen swoon.

He dragged her to his lair by the frozen hair,  
And he rubbed her knees with gin.

To his great surprise she open her eyes,  
And revealed--his original sin!

His eight months' beard grew still and weird,  
And it felt like a chestnut burr.

He swore by his gizzard and the Arctic blizzard,  
That he'd do right by her.

The cold sweat froze on the end of his nose,  
'Til it gleamed like Teckla pearl,  
While her bright hair fell like a flame from hell  
Down the back of the grateful girl.

But a hopeless rake was Yukon Jake,  
The Hermit of Sharktooth Shoal;  
And the dizzy maid he re-betrayed,  
And wrecked her immortal soul!

Then he rowed her ashore with a broken oar,  
And he sold her to Dan McGrew,

For a husky dog and a hot egg-nog,  
As rascals are wont to do.

Now ruthless Ruth is a maid uncouth  
With scarlet cheeks and lips,  
And she sing rough song to the drunken throngs  
That come from the sealing ships.

For a rouge-stained kiss from the infamous miss,  
They will give a seal's sleek fur,  
Or perhaps a sable, if they are able,  
For it's all the same to her.

Oh, the North Country is a rough country,  
That mothers a bloody brood;



And its icy arms hold hidden charms,  
For the sinful, the greedy and lewd.  
And strong men rust with the gold and lust  
That sears the Northland's soul,  
But the wickedest born, from the Pole to the Horn,  
Is the Hermit of Sharktooth Shoal.  
(Immortalia)  
(Edward E. Paramore, Jr.)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 1 Pure\zombies1.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Zombie Jamboree

chorus: Back to back, belly to belly,  
Well I don't give a damn cause I done that already.  
Back to back, belly to belly,  
At the zombie jamboree.  
Zombie jamboree took place in New York cemetery.  
Zombie jamboree took place in Long Island cemetery.  
Zombies from all parts of the island,  
Some of them were great calypsonians,  
And since the season was catabolic ,  
And all together in Bacchanal.  
One female zombie wouldn't behave,  
She say she want me for a slave.  
In one hand she's holding a quart of wine,  
In the other, she's pointing that she'll be mine.  
Now believe me folks, I had to run,  
A husband of a zombie ain't no fun.  
I says, "Oh no, my turtle dove,  
That old bag of bones I cannot love.  
Right there and then, she raise her feet,  
"I'm going to catch you now, my sweet.  
I'm gonna make you call me sweetie pie."  
I says, "Oh no, get back, you lie!"  
"I may be lying now but you will see,  
After you kiss this dead zombie",  
Well I never see such a horror in me life,  
Can you imagine me with a zombie wife?"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\3-birds2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Three Birds

There were three birds that built very low

Said the first to the second, let't have at her toe  
The third he went merrily, merrily in  
The third he went merrily in.  
Chorus: With never went wimble or timber so nimble  
With so little screwing or knocking in  
With so little knocking in.  
There were three birds that built very free  
Said the first to the second, let't have at her knee  
The third he went merrily, merrily in  
The third he went merrily in.  
There were three birds that built very high  
Said the first to the second, let't have at her thigh  
The third he went merrily, merrily in  
The third he went merrily in.  
There were three birds that built on a stump  
Said the first to the second, let't have at her rump  
The third he went merrily, merrily in  
The third he went merrily in.  
There were three birds that built on a limb  
Said the first to the second, let't have at her quim  
The third he went merrily, merrily in  
The third he went merrily in.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\3inches2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Three Incb Tool

(llewtraH)

Little me, my nuts are small as pearls.

You like to laugh at me cause I'm hung just like a squirrel. Sometimes it bugs me,  
I'm not a bigger guy.

When I was a baby it was exactly the same size.

But there's nothing I can do,

'Cause I got a three inch tool.

Come home with me -- have a cocktail at my place;

To tell you before we get to second base,

In my pants ain't no big schwing;

But if you can find him, he's a friendly little thing.

But there's nothing I can do;

I only got a three inch tool.

When I'm coming out of the pool,

I only got a one inch tool.

Sometimes I wonder if it will ever extend;

I get embarrassed when I'm hanging with my friends.

They like to razz me.

I don't know why.

They get me a happy meal and super size my fry.

And there's nothing I can do;  
I only got a three inch tool.  
When I coming out of the pool,  
I only got a one inch tool.  
Yeah, It's small, but it's real cool.  
I'm happy with a three inch tool.  
I only got a three inch tool.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\3whores2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Three Old Whores From Winnepeg (llewtraH)

Three old whores from Winnipeg were drinking cherry wine,  
Said one of them to the other two "Yours is smaller than mine."

#### CHORUS

So take up the sheets me hearties, water the decks with brine,  
Bend to the oars, you lousy whores, none is bigger than mine.

#### ALTERNATIVE CHORUS:

Oh, roly-poly stick-a my holey, up my slimy slough,  
I drag my nuts across your guts, I'm one of the whorey crew.  
"You're a liar," said the second old whore, "Mine's as big as the sea;  
The battleships sail in and out and never a bother me."  
"You're a liar" said the third old whore, "Mine's as big as the moon;  
The battleships sail in on New Years day and never come out till June."  
"You're a liar," said the first again, "Mines as big as the air,  
The battle ships sail in and out and never tickle a hair."  
"You're a liar," said the second again, "Mine is bigger than all;  
Many are the ships that sail right in and never come out at all."  
"You're a liar," said the third old whore, "I've had me a thousand men;  
There's some go by and some go in and some what never come out again."  
"You're both liars," said the first old whore, "Mine's as big as the air.  
Why the sun could set in the crack of my cunt and never burn a pubic hair."

#### Variant:

#### FOUR OLD WHORES FROM BALTIMORE

There were four old whores from Baltimore drinking beer and wine.  
The topic of conversation was "Mine is bigger than thine."

#### Chorus:

Roly, poly, tickle my hole-y, smell of my slimy slough.  
Then drag your nuts across my guts, I'm a bigger whore than you.  
The first old whore from Baltimore said, "Mine's as big as the air.  
The birds fly in, the birds fly out, and never touch a hair."  
The second old whore from Baltimore said, "Mine's as big as the moon.  
The men jump in, the men jump out, and never touch the womb."  
The third old whore from Baltimore said, "Mine's as big as the sea.  
The ships sail in, the ships sail out, and leave their rigging free."  
The fourth old whore from Baltimore said, "Mine's the biggest of all."

A man went up in the springtime, and didn't come out till fall."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\4drnkg2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Four Drunken Maidens

(llewtraH)

There were three drunken maidens come from the Isle of Wight.  
They drunk from Monday morning, non-stop 'til Saturday night.  
When Saturday night came 'round me boys, they would not then go out.  
These three drunken maidens they pushed the jug about.  
Then up come handsome Sally, her cheeks as red as bloom.  
Move up me jolly sisters and give young Sally room,  
For I'll be your equal before we then go out.  
These four drunken maidens they pushed the jug about.  
There's woodcock and pheasant, there's partridge and hare,  
There's all sorts of dainties, no scarcity was there.  
There's forty quarts of beer, me boys, they fairly drunk them out.  
These four drunken maidens they pushed the jug about.  
Then up come the landlord, he's asking for his pay.  
It's a forty pound bill, me boys, these girls have got to pay.  
That's ten pounds apiece, me boys, but still they wouldn't go out.  
These four drunken maidens they pushed the jug about.  
Oh, where are your feathered hats, your mantles rich and fine?  
They've all been swallowed up in tankards of good wine.  
And where are your maidenheads, you maidens brisk and gay?  
We left them in the alehouse, we drunk them clear away!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\5timnit2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Would You Do That

(llewtraH)

Good wife, when your goodman's from home,  
Might I but be so bold,  
As come to your bed chamber  
When winter nights are cold?  
As come to your bed chamber  
When nights are cold an' wet  
And lie in your goodman's stead.  
Would you do that?  
Young man, an you should be so kind  
When our goodman's from home,  
As come to my bed chamber

Where I am laid my lane;  
And lie in our goodman's stead  
I will tell you what,  
He fucks me five times every night  
Would you do that?

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\9timnit2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Nine Times A Night  
(llewtraH)

A handsome young sailor to London came down;  
He'd been paid off his ship in old Liverpool town.  
They asked him his name and he answered them, "Quite,  
I belong to a family called Nine Times A Night."  
Well a handsome young widow who still wore her weeds,  
Her husband had left her his money and deeds,  
Resolved she was on her conjugal rights,  
And to soften her sorrows with nine times a night.  
So she's called to her serving maids Ann and Amelia,  
To keep a good watch for this wonderful sailor.  
And if ever he happened to chance in their sight,  
To bring her fond tidings of Nine Times A Night.  
She was favored by fortune the very next day;  
These two giggling saw him coming their way;  
They've rushed up the stairs full of amorous delight,  
"Here comes that bold sailor with his Nine Times A Night."  
She's jumped out of bed and she's pulled on her clothes;  
And straight to the hall door like lightning she goes.  
She's looked him once over and gave him a smack;  
And the bargain was struck: no more sailing for Jack.  
The wedding was over, the bride tolled the bell.  
Jack trimmed her sails five times and that pleased her well.  
She vowed to herself she was satisfied quite,  
But she still gives sly hints about nine times a night.  
Says Jack, "My dear bride, you mistook me quite wrong;  
I said to that family I did belong.  
Nine times a night's a bit hard for a man  
I couldn't do it myself, but me sister she can."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\abrdeen2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ABERDEEN ANGUS

(llewtraH)

Aberdeen Angus is built like a bull,  
With his kilt and his sporran,  
The lassies adore him,  
For the mighty size of his tool.  
Aberdeen Angus, dick like a bullock,  
It hangs down to his knees,  
And the Scottish breeze,  
Up his kilt keeps his bollocks cool.  
Aberdeen Angus is from north of the border,  
Ask what's worn under his kilt,  
And he'll say in a lilt,  
'It's all in good working order.'

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\abuse--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Like Abuse

(llewtraH)

Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

I've been tied up with leather and beaten with chains;

I've bathed in lime jello and suffered great pains.

My dear I'll be truthful; I won't be obtuse.

I know It's our first date, but I want Abuse.

Chorus: Abuse, Abuse, I want Abuse.

I've never had anything quite like Abuse.

I've had many lovers, my life has been loose,

But I've never had anything quite like Abuse.

My mother and father think I'm kind of sick,

Lighting my pubic hair up with a BIC.

My brother and sister think I am obscene,

Using sandpaper dildoes without Vaseline.

I like small furry creatures who claw and who bite;

There's something about them that's tingly and tight.

There is but one drawback to this kinky mode:

You have to use duct tape, or they will explode.

I like meeting new people as I go my way;

I never do suffer for something to say;

I walk into biker's clubs calling them gay;

Bike chains and pool cues, they just make my day.

Now those of you people who have heard my fair song,

May think it's too bawdy, may say it's too long.

May say I'm disgusting or my morals are loose,

But I guess we all get our fair share of Abuse.

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\admiral2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

THE ADVENTURES OF THE ADMIRAL AND HIS MAID

(llewtraH)

(Linn S. Schulz)

"Untimely!" said the voice of the Rear Admiral's maid

Who didn't object to be modestly laid

At a proper hour, like nine . . . or ten . . .

But the Admiral objected; said that most men

Of seagoing nature don't mind the hour.

"Come now, my dear, and please don't cower

In the corner, standing there dressed in your clothes.

It's really quite silly, you in that pose

While I'm over here, lusting after you, my dear,

With a bedroom grin on my face

And my mind full of sin."

So the Rear Admiral's maid, led on by this line

(She's about as innocent as a concubine)

Began to disrobe in a manner quite lewd

And soon was found seductively nude

In a bed in the cabin in the ship on the sea

When a rap on the door proclaimed "It's time for tea!"

And knocked the Admiral out of his trance

And scared the poor man half out of his pants

(And the other half his doing alone).

"I'll hide the maid! For who could condone

An Admiral caught in a compromise with his own maid?

No one will know if she's under the bed in the dark and the cold.

The door then did open. The ship then did roll

And so did the maid. The steward aghast

Stared at the Admiral standing bare-assed

Above the maid in a natural state.

Oh!

What a cruel turn of fate!

The only person who gained from this spree

Was the steward who learned to take tea and see.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\alabama2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ALABAMA'S CREW

(llewtraH)

(Andrea Aldridge)

When the Alabama's crew was laid,  
Roll Alabama Roll  
They were laid on the day that they got paid.  
Oh roll, Alabama Roll  
They were laid in the house of Madame Laird;  
They were laid in the town of Maidenhead.  
At the Bull and Bear they downed their swill;  
At the Grey Horse they got drunker still.  
Down the cobbled streets they staggered forth,  
To Madame Laird's to prove their worth.  
Her girls lay waiting night and day,  
To collect their share of prize mo-nay.  
There many a sailor saw his doom,  
When he entered Miss Eliza's room.  
She challanged him to a roll and lay;  
The pride of the floored and the soused na-vay.  
It was then they found to their dismay,  
One shot too many took the urge away.  
At the three bottle limit in '64,  
The Alabamans rose no more.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\amerpie2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### AMERICAN PIE PARODIES

Bye bye, Miss American Pie,  
Though my fingers want to linger, your vagina is dry,  
Good time girls are waiting, soaking they'll sigh,  
Saying 'kiss my clit and I'll lose my mind'  
'Kiss my clit and I'll lose my mind'

#### BESTIAL PIE

A long, long time ago, I can still remember,  
I got my very first blow job,  
How my little pecker quivered  
With every tongue lap she delivered,  
And when she licked my ball sack,  
I couldn't hold my wad back!  
I tried to stick it up her butt,  
but I split her ass and ripped her gut,  
I knew I had to find a slut  
The day my doggy died.  
And I was singin' why why did my dog have to die,  
That retriever had a beaver that would never go dry.  
And good old boys were drinkin' whisky and rye  
Why did his dog have to die.  
Why, why did my dog have to die  
That retriever she'd get my pipe and slippers,



And she'd unzip my fly.  
Why did my dog have to die.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ancient2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### ANCIENT HASH SONG

Melody - Tidings of Comfort and Joy

A hasher is a manly chap,  
He's full of vim and vigor.  
And maidens gather round in droves,  
To see his manly figure.  
Of flashing thighs and knobby knees,  
He makes a splendid sight.

And all the girls do seek of him,  
To spend with them the night.  
At this ancient sport he does excel,  
None is better in the land.

'Tis only on a Monday night,  
He needs a bit of a hand.  
But Tuesday sees him big and bold,  
If a little red of eye.  
He tells himself he's not so old,  
And has another try.

As lovers go he is the best,  
The girls cannot go wrong.

Where others limp and sweat and pant,  
The hasher cries, "On On!"

Now you may think this splendid brute,  
Is more animal than man.

But concealed inside his noble head,  
Is more than an empty beer can.

Of intellect he is most high,  
Long words come naturally.

In more than a dozen languages,  
He cries, "Jeez, I need to pee!"  
On hashing nights great minds confer,  
To put the world to right.

Engineers and scientists,  
Politicians from left and right.

It really is a treasure trove,  
Of wit and repartee.

Foul language is never heard,  
Just the occasional "Cooee!"  
This lofty band, this group most high  
Gentlemen, one and all.

If only the world was made of such,  
Then life would be a ball.  
In this modern world we find,  
Such violence and sin,  
    Isn't it a comfort then,  
To find this band of men.  
Whose only care is a maiden's prayer,  
And to keep her safe from harm.  
Oh, fret not, pretty maiden,  
A hasher will keep you warm.  
Not only warm but fed and clothed,  
    With oils he'll anoint your body,  
And all he wants in return,  
Is the occasional bit of nookie!  
And when a hasher's run is o'er,  
To the Golden Gate he goes.  
St Peter studies the Hash Cash book,  
To see what he might owe.  
"Thee's fully paid oop, nae problem there,  
    And what's this I see here?  
Thee likes a bit o' hot nookie,  
After a few cold beers.  
Thee's just the sort we needs oop here,  
So thee may move along,  
Vestal Virgins is on the left."  
And the hasher cries, "On On!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\angelin2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Poor Little Angeline  
She was sweet sixteen, little Angeline,  
Pure and clean, the cowboy's queen,  
Never had a thrill, was a virgin still.  
Poor little Angeline  
Now the foreman, he was a crud confessed,  
Biggest bastard in the whole southwest,  
He set his heart for a vital part, of  
Poor little Angeline.  
Came the county fair, the foreman was there,  
Drumming and a coming in the village square,  
When he chanced to see the dainty little knee  
Of poor little Angeline.  
As she raised her skirt to avoid the dirt,  
    Skipping over the puddles that the foreman squirt,  
    Her thighs he saw, his nerves were raw.  
Poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat, and he said, "Your cat  
Has been hit by a horse, and smashed quite flat.  
My buggies in the square, I'll take you there."  
Poor little Angeline.  
They'd not gone far when he stopped to spar,  
He dragged her into the Horse-shoe Bar,  
And he filled her with gin to tempt her to sin.  
Poor little Angeline.  
When he filled her well, they drove to a dell,  
And he started in to give her hell.  
His spirits soared as he jumped aboard,  
Poor little Angeline.  
Angeline cried Rape! as he raised her cape,  
But the poor little thing, there was no escape,  
Unless someone came to protect the name of  
Poor little Angeline.  
Now it can be told that the blacksmith bold,  
Had loved Angeline for years untold.  
He was handsome, true, and faithful too, to  
Poor little Angeline.  
But sad to say, on that very day,  
He was put in jail, and was there to stay,  
For coming in his pants at a local dance, with  
Poor little Angeline.  
The window of his cell overlooked the dell,  
And he saw the foreman giving her hell.  
He rammed the bars with his mighty arse,  
Poor little Angeline.  
He kicked the foreman square on the butt,  
And he kneed the villain in his low slung nut,  
Till he fled the scene with a painful gut.  
Poor little Angeline.  
She said, "Darling Blacksmith, I love you.  
I can see by your trousers, you love me too.  
I'm still undressed, come do you best, to  
Poor little Angeline.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\artifmn2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Love Is Kept Alive By Artificial Means  
Johnny and Janie were the perfect married couple,  
But not in bed.  
Oh they tried taking drugs, How-to Books, even Dr. Ruth,  
But for all intents and purposes, their love life was dead.  
Till one day Janie went to the Pink Pussycat Boutique.  
She bought a long cylindrical pink thing.

Now Janie is smiling, Johnny is not.  
Every night you can hear him sing.  
"Our love is being kept alive by Artificial Means.  
You have grown  
emotionally attached to that little pink machine.  
Our relationship is not as healthy as it seems.  
Our love is being kept alive by Artificial Means."  
Johnny went down to the barroom.  
He bought one drink, he bought two, he bought three.  
He moaned to the bartender the state of his married life.  
The bartender said, "Hey Bud, Just listen to me!"  
So John went over to the Pink Pussycat Boutique.  
He bought a plastic blow-up doll.  
Now Johnny is smiling, Janie is not.  
She's angry, she's jealous, she's appalled.  
"Our love is being kept alive by Artificial Means.  
You've grown emotionally attached to that polyethylene.  
Our relationship is not as healthy as it seems.  
Our love is being kept alive by Artificial Means."  
Then one fateful day thos batteries died.  
At the same moment, the big doll sprung a leak.  
Janie looked at Johnny looked at Janie looked at Johnny.  
They both found it difficult to speak.  
I will I could say that they threw those conatraptions away,  
And fell in love all over again.  
But Johnny taped up that hissing woman,  
And Janie stole the batteries from his Sony Walkman.  
Their love is being kept alive by Artificial Means.  
They've grown attached to those modern sex machines.  
Their relationship is not as healthy as it seems,  
Their love is being kept alive by Artificial Means.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\asiwent2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

As I Went Out One May Morning

-----

As I went out one May morning,  
A May morning it chanced to be,  
There I was aware of a weelfair maid  
Cam linkin' o'er the lea to me.  
O but she was a weelfair maid,  
The boniest lass that's under the sun;  
I spied if she could fancy me,  
But her answer was, "I am too young."  
To be your bride I am too young;  
To be your loun wad shame my kin.

So therefore pray young man begone,  
 For you never, never shall my favour win.  
 But among yon birks and hawthorns green,  
 Where roses blow and woodbines heen,  
 O there I learn'd my bonnie lass,  
 That she was not an hour too young.  
 The lassie blushed; the lassie sighed  
 And the tear stood twinkling in her e'e.  
 "O kind Sir, since ye hae done me wrang  
 It's pray when will ye marry me?  
 It's of that day take ye no heed,  
 For that's a day ye ne'er shall see.  
 For ought that pass'd between us twa,  
 Ye had your share as weel as me.  
 She wrang her hands; she tore her hair;  
 She cried out most bitterly,  
 "Oh what will I say to my mammie.  
 When I gae hame wi' my big bellie!"  
 O as ye maut, so maun ye brew  
 And as ye brew, so maun ye tun.  
 But come to my arms my ae bonie lass,  
 For ye never shall rue what ye now hae done!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bachelo2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THE BACHELOR'S SON

##### CHORUS:

And when I die I'll surely fry  
 In the brimstone pots of hell,  
 But until that day, and if you can pay.  
 Then I have sin to sell.  
 I'm a bachelor's son and I live in sin  
 With another man's wife at The Cross,  
 I've a fantan pool, a two-up school,  
 A brothel and a fourpenny doss.  
 I've three ex-wives running sly grog dives,  
 And my brother forges ten-pound notes.  
 For a union on the rocks, we can rig a ballot box,  
 With a million phoney votes.  
 I sell sex to moral wrecks, and drugs to damn your nerves,  
 Abortions, too, I can fix for you  
 We've a special line for perves, Lesbian love and incest, too,  
 And flagellists quite a few,  
 And I've a special file marked "Utterly Vile!"  
 And an embalmed corpse for a homo-necrophile.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bakside2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Backside Rules The Navy

Backside rules the navy, backside rules the sea,  
If you want a bit of bum, better get it from my chum,  
You get no bum from me.

Let us sing a bit, of good old Captain Kit  
Who sat once morning early in the head.

A bee came flying past, and stung him on the ass,  
And this is what the gallant Captain said.

Now we'll sing some rhymes, of yeoman second Grimes,  
Who ran the hook that hoisted up the mail.

One night as he stood watch, it caught him in the crotch,  
And he cried as he went flying cross the rail.

Now let us end our song, and sing of Abie Long,  
Whose member wasn't like his name at all.

When asked if he would tell, how he got on so well,  
His explanation was, if I recall.

(Oscar Brand)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ballslo2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Do Your Balls Hang Low

Do your balls hang low, can you swing them to and fro,  
Can you tie 'em in a knot, can you tie 'em in a bow,  
Can you throw 'em over your shoulder,

Like a European soldier,  
Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low.

Fiddle dee, God damn, get a woman if you can,  
If you can't get a woman, get a clean young man.

If you're ever in Gibraltar,  
Take a flying-fuck at Walter,

Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low.

chorus: Any old storm, any old port,

Life is long, love is short,

Better get a woman, get a woman if you can,

If you can't get a woman, get a clean young man.

Do they feel too light, do they rattle when you fight,

Can you keep them out of harm, can you throw them over your arm,

Do they irritate your knees, do they tear your B.V.D.'s,

Do your balls hang low in the morning.

Do they hang way down, do they drag along the ground,

Do they feel so cool and nice, when the slide along the ice,  
Do they irritate, when you snag them on the gate,  
Do they hang too low in the morning.  
Do they hang too loose with self abuse,  
Do they tangle in a knot, do they bang around a lot,  
Do they twist and kink, do you wish that they would shrink,  
Do they hang too low in the morning.

(U.C. @ Davis 1950)

(Oscar Brand)

Does your droopy glans leave a trail upon the sand.  
Has it got a bitter taste when you wind it 'round your waist.  
Does it flip and flop and dangle and around your ankles tangle.  
Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low.  
Can you coil it like a snake; does it ever stand up straight?  
Does it look like a hose and dangle to your toes.  
When your pecker hangs down, does it drag along the ground.  
Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low.  
Does it start to hurt as it drags along the dirt.  
Can you tuck your cock into your ankle sock.  
Does the long drop of your prick make the other fellows sick.  
Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bantam-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Bantam Cock  
He was a fine upstanding bantam cock,  
So brisk and stiff and spry,  
With a springy step and a jaunty plum,  
And a purposeful look to his eye,  
In his little black laughing eye.  
So took him to the coop and introduced him to  
My seventeen wide-eyed hens  
And he tupped and he tupped as a hero tupps,  
And he bowed to them all and then,  
He up and took them all again.  
Then upon the peace of my ducks and geese,  
He boldly did intrude  
And with glazed eyes and opened mouths  
They bore him with fortitude.  
And a little bit of gratitude.  
He jumped my giggling guinea-fowl.  
He thrust his attentions upon  
Twenty hyterical turkeys,  
And a visiting migrant swan!  
And the bantam thundered on!  
He groped my fantailed pigeon-doves,

My lily-white columbines,  
And as I was looking at my budgebriar,  
He jumped him from behind,  
Sitting on my shoulder at the time!  
But all of a sudden with a gasp and a gulp,  
He clapped his wings to his head.  
He lay flat on his back with his legs in the air;  
My bantam cock was dead!  
And the vultures circled overhead!  
What a noble beast!  
What a champion cock!  
What a way to live and die!  
As I dug him a grave to protect his bones,  
From those hungry buzzards in the sky.  
The bantam opened his eyes.  
He gave me a wink and a terrible grin,  
The way you rapists do.  
He said, "You see those silly daft buggers up there?  
They'll be down in a minute or two!  
They'll be down in a minute or two!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\barhasl2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Pub Hassle

(llewtraH)

\*

Hello darling I like your knockers,  
I like the way they're hanging free,  
Did you leave it off tonight then?  
I bet you did that just for me.  
What, what do you mean you ain't interested,  
What do you mean, you're with your friend,  
What do you birds hang around in bars for,  
If it ain't to pick up men.  
Are you one of those women's libbers,  
Are you the kind that burns your bra,  
Wouldn't you rather we burnt your knickers,  
That's a good one, ha ha ha.  
What do you mean it ain't original,  
Can't you even take a joke,  
If you got no sense of humour,  
How do you expect to get a bloke?  
You what, you don't need one - what does that mean,  
What are you, some kind of a "les"?  
Is that your girlfriend - is she jealous?  
Well, never you mind about what she says.



Why don't you invite me over,  
So I can watch you kiss your friend,  
If she's the man and you're the woman,  
How come you both dress like men?  
Yeah, I bet you are fed up explaining,  
I'm not surprised if she's all you got,  
Wouldn't you rather try the real thing,  
Big and throbbing, red and hot.  
Alright - steady on, steady on, blimey,  
I'm only trying to be your friend,  
I don't think you chicks are really liberated,  
I just think you're scared of men.  
Here get off, you can't bleeding do that,  
You've torn my shirt and spilled my drink,  
This place has got a reputation,  
What will all the customers think?  
Here Fred, show these tarts the door now,  
They won't leave a feller alone,  
This old coppers has gone too far now,  
There's nowhere left a man can call his own.  
Pubic hair, you've got the cutest little

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\beatbot2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Dominatrix' Song

by Leslie Fish

(llewtraH)

Tune: I Love Paris

I beat bottoms for a living.

I beat bottoms fat and thin.

I beat bottoms with a crop or cat-o'-nine tails.

I beat bottoms with bizzare things, such as lunch-pails.

I beat bottoms red and rosy.

I beat bottoms black and blue.

I beat bottoms.

Why, oh why do I beat bottoms?

Because they pay me to!

I beat bottoms for amusement.

I beat bottoms night and day.

I make men dress up in nylons, with a corset,

Chains and dildos -- if it won't fit, I can force it.

I beat bottoms like an artist,

Lashes dancing bun to bun.

I beat bottoms.

Why, oh why do I beat bottoms?

Because it's so much fun!

I beat bottoms.  
What's your fetish?  
State your limits and your code:  
Bondage, ass-play or slave-training, humiliation,  
Latex, leather, or cross-dressing, feminization.  
I beat bottoms.  
I play nasty;  
Any game your dream directs.  
I beat bottoms.  
Why, oh why do I beat bottoms?  
'Cause there's no safer sex!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bedwme-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

To Bed With Me  
There was a lass in Cumberland,  
A bonny lass of high degree.  
There was a lass, her name was Nell,  
The blithest lass you e'er did see.  
chorus: To bed with me, to bed with me,  
The lass that comes to bed with me.  
Light and bonny may she be,  
The lass that comes to bed with me.  
Her cherry cheeks, her ruby lips,  
Doth with the damask rose agree.  
With other parts that I'll not name,  
That are so pleasing unto me.  
When I embrace her in my arms,  
She takes it kind and courteously,  
And hath such pretty winning charms,  
The likes of which you ne'er did see.  
There's not a lass in Cumberland,  
To be compared with smiling Nell.  
She hath so soft and white a hand,  
And something more that I'll not tell.  
Up to my chambers, I her got,  
There I did treat her courteously.  
I told her I thought 'twas her lot,  
To come at night to bed with me.  
She made the bed both broad and wide,  
And with her hand she smoothed it down.  
She kissed me thrice and smiling said,  
"My love, I fear you'll sleep too soon."  
In to my bed I hastened straight,  
And presently she followed me.  
It was in vain to make her wait,

A bargain must a bargain be.  
Then I embraced this lovely lass,  
And stroked her oh so courteously.  
But for the rest, well let it pass,  
She afterwards did comfort me.  
(Pills To Purge Melancholy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\beecow-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Bee And The Cow  
'Twas a sunny morn in June,  
The bee had put his pipes atune,  
And buzzed his way across the field.  
And, while the birds their love songs spieled,  
He buzzed and ate full many an hour,  
Then crawled into a dainty flower,  
And curled himself up for a nap,  
The same as any drowsy chap.  
A cow came browsing through the moor,  
And towards the little flowerlet bore.  
Not knowing that the bee was there,  
She put it on her bill-of-fare.  
So rudely wakened from his doze,  
His beeship's fiery temper rose--  
"Old cow," he said, "I'll sting you deep,  
When I have finished with my sleep."  
So, cuddled in his darksome den,  
Eftsoon, he went to sleep again.  
He slumbered on 'til early dawn,  
But when he awoke, the cow was gone!  
I've been fucking two hours and I haven't come yet.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\beerdnk2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Beer That I Drink  
(llewtraH)  
Tune: Flowers that Bloom in the Spring  
By Flying Booger  
HARRIER'S VERSE:  
The beer that I drink at the hash, Tra la,  
Doth fill me with lust for some ass.  
As I merrily drink and I sing, Tra la,

I dream of your fine furry thing, Tra la,  
 Of a night of hot sex so divine,  
 Of a night of hot sex so divine.  
 And that's what I mean when I say, that my beer  
 Doth fill Mister Happy with horny good cheer,  
 Tra la la la la-a,  
 Tra la la la la-a,  
 The beer that I drink at the hash.  
 Tra la la la la-a,  
 Tra la la la la-a,  
 Tra la la la la la!  
 HARRIETTE'S VERSE:  
 The beer that you drink at the hash, tra la,  
 Prevents you from getting some ass.  
 You come home a boozy old wimp, tra la,  
 Your willy is willing but limp, tra la,  
 It's a caricature of a dick,  
 It's a caricature of a dick.  
 And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing,  
 "Oh bugger the beer that shrinks your wee thing."  
 Tra la la la la-a,  
 Tra la la la la-a,  
 Oh bugger your nasty old beer.  
 Tra la la la la-a,  
 Tra la la la la-a,  
 Tra la la la la la!  
 X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\beggarm2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Jolly Beggarman  
 (llewtraH)  
 It's of a jolly beggarman come tripping o'er the plains.  
 He came unto a farmer's door, a lodging for to gain.  
 The farmer's daughter she came down and viewed him cheek and chin;  
 She says he is a handsome man, I pray you take him in.  
 Chorus: We'll go no more a roving, a roving in the night,  
 We'll go no more a roving less the moon shines bright,  
 We'll go no more a roving.  
 He would not lie out in the barn nor yet within the byre,  
 But he would in the corner lie down by the kitchen fire.  
 But then the beggar's bed was made of good clean sheets and hay,  
 And down beside the kitchen fire the jolly beggar lay.  
 The farmer's daughter she got up to close the kitchen door,  
 But there she saw the beggar standing naked on the floor.  
 He took the daughter in his arms and to the bed he ran.

Kind sir, be easy now, you'll waken my old man.  
Oh no, you are no beggar, you are some gentleman,  
For you have stole my maidenhead and I am quite undone,  
I am a lord, I am a squire, of beggars I be one.  
And beggars they be robbers all and you are quite undone.  
She took the bed in both her hands and threw it at the wall;  
Says go ye with the beggar man, my maidenhead and all.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bella--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bella

Bella was young and Bella was fair,  
With bright blue eyes and golden hair.  
Oh, unhappy Bella!  
Her step was light and her heart was gay,  
But she had no sense, and one fine day,  
She found herself put in a family way,  
By a mean and wicked, heartless cruel deceiver.  
She went to his house, but the dirty skunk,  
Had packed his bags and shipped his trunk.  
Oh, unhappy Bella!  
Her landlady said, "Get out, your whore,  
Don't cross my threshold or darken my door!"  
Poor Bella was put to affliction sore,  
By a mean and wicked, heartless cruel deceiver.  
All night she tramped through the icy snows,  
What she suffered, nobody knows.  
Oh, unhappy Bella!  
And when the morning dawned so red,  
Alas! Alas! Poor Bella was dead!  
Sent in her youth to a lonely bed,  
By a mean and wicked, heartless cruel deceiver.  
So, thus you see, do what you will,  
The fruits of sin are suffering still.  
Oh, unhappy Bella!  
As into the grave, they laid her low,  
The men said, "Alas, but life it is so."  
But the women were murmuring sweet and low,  
"It's all the men! They've done it again! The bastards!  
The mean and wicked, heartless cruel deceivers!"  
Hark all you young maidens, the moral is clear,  
If you trust those foul bastards, you'll shed many a tear,  
Like poor unhappy Bella.  
So bear this in mind: the semen may spill,  
And you'll find yourself getting more than your fill.  
Precautions are best; take a birth control pill,

With your mean and wicked heartless cruel deceiver.  
 (Oscar Brand and Michael Green)  
 Miss Milly  
 (llewtraH)  
 Young Miss Milly was sweet and fair,  
 With snow white tits and curly hair,  
 Oh, unhappy maiden.  
 Her heart was happy, her step was light,  
 But she was a fool and one dark night  
 She got herself put in a pregnant plight  
 By a lecherous, lewd and lustful cruel deceiver.  
 She went to this home but as she'd feared  
 The filthy old bastard had disappeared,  
 Oh, unhappy maiden.  
 Her mother declared: "Get out, you whore.  
 So never again dare to darken my door."  
 Poor Milly was put to affliction sore  
 With your lecherous, lewd and lustful cruel deceiver.  
 All night she wandered through the snow  
 How she suffered who can know,  
 Oh, unhappy maiden.  
 And when the morning cockerel cried,  
 Poor abandoned Milly had died  
 Frozen stiff as she lay outside.  
 Oh, the lecherous, lewd and lustful cruel deceiver.  
 Hark all you young maidens, the moral is clear:  
 If you trust these foul bastards, you'll shed many a tear.  
 Like this oh, so unhappy maiden.  
 So bear this in mind: the semen may spill  
 And you'll find yourself getting more than your fill.  
 Precautions are best; take a birth control pill  
 With your lecherous, lewd and lustful cruel deceiver.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bellbot2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# Bell-Bottomed Trousers

British version:

Once I was a barmaid, who lived in Drury Lane.  
 My master he was kind to me, my mistress was the same.  
 Along came a sailor, from far across the sea,  
 And he was the cause of all my misery  
 Once there was a waitress in the Prince George Hotel,  
 Her mistress was a beauty and her master was a swell.  
 They knew she was a simple girl and lately from the farm;  
 And so they watched her carefully to keep her from all harm.  
 The Forty Second Fusiliers came marching into town,

And with them was a complement of rapists of renown.

They busted every maidenhead that came within their spell,  
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.  
Next came a company of the Prince of Wales Hussars;  
They piled into the whore houses, and packed along the bars.

Many a maid and mistress and wife before them fell,  
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.  
One day there came a sailor, just an ordinary bloke.

A-bulging at his trousers, with a heart of solid oak.

At sea without a woman for seven years or more,  
There wasn't any need to ask what he was looking for.

chorus: Wearing bell-bottomed trousers,

Coat of navy blue,

Let him climb the rigging

Like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed,

He asked me for a kerchief to cover up his head.

And I a foolish maiden, and thinking it no harm,

Climbed into the sailor's bed to keep the sailor warm.

She lifted up the blanket and a moment there did lie;

He was on her, he was in her in the twinkling of an eye.

He was out again and in again and plowing up a storm,

And the only words she spoke to him: "I hope you're keeping warm."

Now, early in the morning, just at the break of day,

He handed me a five pound note, and this to me did say,

"Take this, my darling, for the damage I have done,

You may have a daughter, you may have a son.

If you have daughter, jounce her on her knee,

If you have a son, send the bastard out to sea."

The moral of this story is very plain to see;

Never trust a sailor an inch above your knee.

I trusted one once, and now just look at me,

I've got a little bastard to bounce upon my knee.

American version:

Once I was young and happy, it was my heart's delight,

To go to balls and parties and stay out late at night.

It was at a ball one evening, he asked me for a dance;

I knew he was a sailor by the bottoms on his pants.

He danced with me all evening and asked to take me home;

His shoes were brightly polished and his hair was neatly combed.

It was on my father's doorstep where I was led astray,

It was in my mother's bedroom where I was forced to lay.

When nine months came and passed, as son was born to me.

He looked just like his father, and filled my heart with glee.

He grew to be a sailor, and sailed the seven seas,

And he knocked up a girl in Boston, like his daddy did to me.

Now all you pretty maidens, just take a tip from me,

Never trust a sailor an inch above your knee.

He will love you and caress you, and he'll say that he'll be true,

But once he's got your cherry, it's all to hell with you.

(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bichdog2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bitch, A Dog  
(llewtraH)  
Melody -- Do, Re, Mi from Sound of Music  
Bitch, a dog, a female dog,  
Itch, a place for you to scratch,  
Hitch, I pull my knickers up,  
Grab, another word for snatch,  
Bath, a place for making gin,  
Sex, another word for sin,  
Prick, a needle going in,  
And that will bring us back to  
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch . . .

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bigball2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ANTHONY CLAIRE  
CHORUS:  
For they were large balls, large balls,  
Twice as heavy as lead.  
With a dexterous twist of his muscular wrist,  
He threw them right over his head.  
Now, there once was a man called Anthony Clair  
He was a very fine jugulaire,  
There wasn't a man who could compare  
With the way that he played with his balls.  
Now, Anthony was walking down the street,  
Just by chance he happened to meet,  
A pretty young maid with a dog at her feet,  
Watching him fiddle and play with his balls.  
Now, Anthony swung 'em round and round,  
Let 'em go with a hell of a bound,  
Right on the head of the faithful hound,  
Watching him fiddle and play with his balls.  
Now, the maiden, she was overwrought,  
Swore she'd take the case to court,  
For in her opinion no man ought  
To fiddle and play with his balls.  
They took him to a magistrate,



Who put him in a cell in state,  
And left him there to meditate,  
And fiddle and play with his balls.  
And when they took the case to court,  
The lawyer of the lady sought,  
To prove that Anthony shouldn't ought,  
To fiddle and play with his balls.  
The jury said, "It's a bloody disgrace,  
Exposing yourself in a public place;  
Whacking your tool in a lady's face,  
Twisting and playing with your balls."  
The judge and jury couldn't agree,  
And the judge said, "It's plain to see,  
And really and truly I cannot see,  
Why a man shouldn't play with his balls."  
Then Anthony gave the crowd a shock,  
Bold as brass he left the dock,  
Swinging his balls around his cock,  
Twisting and playing with his balls.  
And this is the moral of this song,  
If you play with your balls, you can't go wrong;  
So bang your cock against the gong,  
And fiddle and play with your balls.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bigbamb2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Big Bamboo

I asked my lady what should I do,  
To make her happy, not make her blue,  
She said, "The only thing I want from you,  
Is a little bitty of the big bamboo."  
Chorus: She wanted the big bamboo, bamboo,  
Eye eye-eye eye-eye-eye,  
Working for the Yankee dollar.  
So I gave her a coconut,  
She said, "I like him, he's okay,  
But there's just one thing that worries me,  
What good are the nuts without the tree?"  
So I sold my lady a banana plant,  
She said, "I like him, he's elegant,  
We should not let him go to waste,  
But he's much too soft to suit my taste."  
So I bought my lady a sugar cane,  
The fruit of fruits, I did explain.  
But she was tired of him very quick,  
She said, "I'd rather get my lips around your dip stick."

So I gave my honey a rambutan,  
Soft and prickly, how the juices ran.  
She said, "I've seen a fruit like this before,  
But it had a long stalk and two pips in the core."  
She met a chinaman, Him Hung Low;  
They got married, went to Mexico.  
But she divorced him very quick,  
She said, "I want bamboo, not chopstick."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bigboob2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Big-Breasted Maid

A big-breasted maid up to London had strayed  
And with her the young blokes made free.  
She wept and she sighed and she bitterly cried  
"I wish I'd not let them my titties to see."  
chorus: Her breasts and her thighs and her cunny between,  
They flourish, all three, the finest you've seen.  
Too eager to please, she showed 'bove her knees,  
What maidens, so sexy, should cover.  
And once they had spied her dark curly pride,  
Up rose each prick in the guise of a lover.  
One at a time her despoilers did prime her,  
By gently caressing her nipples so red.  
Once they had roused her, they quickly caroused her,  
Poking the fire their coaxing had fed.  
Each satisfied lout, have come up her spout,  
Lay back to recover his gravity.  
But she wept and she swore and she cried out for more  
Of that stoking and poking her cavity.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bigfata2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Big Fat Ass

Mother bought a rooster, she thought it was a hen,  
She thought it would lay eggs, about nine or ten.  
So she built it a nest out of leaves and grass,  
But it didn't lay nothing but its big fat ass.  
Mama, mama, you get inside here Sis,  
Cause Cissy's in the backyard dancing like this.  
Now get inside here gal, and get inside here fast,  
And stop that shaking your big fat Ass.

Come on momma, the old folks do it too.  
These are modern times, you tell me what to do.  
Shake your shoulders and shake 'em fast,  
If you can't shake your shoulders, shake your big fat ass.  
Way down yonder in New Orleans,  
A black cat sat on a sewing machine.  
Sewing machine, well, it sewed so fast,  
It sewed ninety-nine stitches on its big fat ass.  
Big bullfrog on a mountain peak,  
Dipped his tail in a hot pan of grease.  
Excuse me ladies, kindly let me pass,  
'Cause I'm slipping, sliding, skidding, on my big fat ass.  
The night before Christmas, and all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
When over by the chimney, I heard something pass,  
It was Santa Claus sliding on his big fat ass.  
But once each hundred year; but when he do,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\birds--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## Birds

There once was a robin who lived in the west;  
He discovered a very strange egg in his nest.  
He turned to his wife with an angry remark;  
She said, "Don't get ruffled, I did it just for a lark."  
chorus: Too ra la, too ra la  
A rolling stone gathers no moss, so they say,  
Sing along, learn the words,  
It's a wonderful song but its all for the birds.  
A sparrow and vulture once met in the air,  
Soon they were coupling, the love-hungry pair.  
The passionate vulture emitted some bleats,  
The sparrow enquired, "Am I hurting you, sweets?"  
How to kiss a duck's ass without tasting the down,  
This question has puzzled many men of renown.  
Endless experiments have shown them the trick,  
You blow and you kiss (whhh, smack), but you got to be quick.  
There once was a parrot with strings on his feet.  
If you pulled on the left string, he'd recite 'Nelsons Fleet'.  
If you pulled on the right string, he'd act out a farce,  
If you pulled on them both, he'd fall flat on his arse.  
So here's to the birds, let us sing loud their praise,  
Their plumage, their habits, their natural ways.  
We're grateful its birds flying up in the sky;  
Think of the fallout if horses could fly.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\birthcn2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# Contraceptive Jinge Bells

(llewtraH)

\*Uune:

## Jingle Bells

\*Ch:

Chorus: Jingle pills, dangle coils, condoms three a day,

Oh what fun it is to risk your life for him each day.

Dashing from the clinic with a bagful of supplies,

Ovysmen and spermicide and a new cap tried for size.

Basking in the glow of responsibility,

What fun it is to know you control your destiny.

Your partners hates the sheathes, complains they numb and chafe,

Loss of sensation is the price for having sex that's safe.

KY Jelly's great, it makes the passage wet,

He doesn't have to hear you whine 'But I'm not ready yet!'

Feet up in the straps, legs are open wide,

The metal instruments feel like they're made of ice.

'Now just relax,' she says, 'I need cervical cells,'

It makes you wince, it makes you mince, it makes you itch like hell.

Dancing with your cap, it's hard to get it in,

If you have IUD, must check to feel the string.

The pill controls your flow, less period pain and blood,

It makes you fat, it makes you sick, but the coil makes you flood.

The Dalkon Shield is out, there's a compensation boom;

It caused infection and its barbs embedded in your womb.

Sponges made a mess, they never did catch on;

There's a condom now for girls, known as the Femidom.

'Just a question, dear!' the nurse shouts at the queue,

'Have you had your smear?'

The whole room stares at you.

'Oh yes, the notes are here, you're almost right as rain,

Just inflammatory I fear, come back if you get pain'

Dashing to the clinic, you've got an STD,

Don't panic if it's too far gone, hysterectomies are free!

Legs up in the air, it's called the gyne dance,

These are the steps of heterosex, skipped over in romance.

No-one mentioned aids, VD or NSU,

Trichomonas was, you thought, something magicians do.

Cancer can be screened and really you're not ill,

With side-effects like heart disease from ten years on the pill.

'You've had the pill ten years, you'd better take a rest,

Switch to the sheathe and by the way - have you checked your breasts?' It's just a light discharge, nothing you need fear;

Do you think there's any chance you've picked up gonorrhea?'

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\blowman2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

I'm a blue water sailor just back from Hong Kong  
Way, hey, blow the man down  
If you give me some whiskey I'll sing you a song  
Give us some time to blow the man down  
As I was a-walkin' down Paradise Street,  
A dashing young damsel I chanced for to meet.  
She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow,  
So I took in all sail and cried, "Way enough now."  
I hailed her in English and I hailed her all round;  
I hauled up alongside and asked where she's bound.  
She said to me, "Sir, will you stand a treat?"  
"Delighted," says I, "For a charmer so sweet."  
So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow,  
And yard-arm to yard-arm away we did go.  
It was up in her quarters she piped me aboard;  
And there on her bed I cut loose with my sword.  
Ah, but just as my cutter was forging ahead,  
She shouted, "My husband!" and jumped out of bed.  
He was seven feet tall, had a chest like a horse;  
And straight for my jawbone he plotted his course.  
He loosened my rigging, he kicked in my stays.  
I flew down the stairs like a ship on the ways.  
I chanced on a packet that happened on by,  
And when I awoke I was bound for Shanghai.  
So come all you young laddies that follow the sea.  
Don't never take heed of what pretty girls say.

X  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bluemov2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Blue Movie Blues

(llewtraH) by Chris Bridges

(Guy sings)

Every week I show up just to clean her pool,  
But whenever I do she grabs hold of my tool.  
It's a lot of fun but it's been a whole year,  
And my boss wants to know what I do over here.

As the things in the pool have all started to ooze;  
I think I got the blue movie blues.

(Guy's chorus)

'Cause wherever I go and whatever I do,  
Every woman I meet I just happen to screw.  
There's no logic involved and no mystery solved;  
I got a case of the blue movie blues

(Girl sings)

Gave up delivery jobs 'cause they're all the same;  
I'd show up with the goods and I'd stay for the game.  
I brought groceries, laundry, pizza at night,  
'Til I found what they all really wanted to bite.  
I'm not a good-lookin' girl but I can't seem to lose,  
Because I've got the blue movie blues

(Girl's chorus)

These guys are all rugged, well-dressed and hung;  
Get it up on cue and with a prehensile tongue.

They making me shout but they keep pulling out;  
Oh Lord, I've got the blue movie blues.

(Guy sings)

I worked really hard in an executive way,  
'Til they made me the president one day.  
Secretary came in, did an arabesque;  
Said "I don't work right 'til I'm screwed to the desk!"  
Now I got fourteen temps 'cause I don't like to choose,  
Not while I've got the blue movie blues.

(Guy's chorus)

Every woman's a knockout, tits out to there,  
And not a single one wears underwear.  
They're all fantastic in bed and they all give me head,  
To try and cure my blue movie blues.

(Girl sings)

You know, last summer the aliens dropped,  
And they kidnapped me in the parking lot.  
I shrieked and I screamed 'cause I knew I'd die,  
But they strapped me down and unzipped their flies.  
So now I'm back here on Earth, but nobody screws,  
Not like the cosmic blue movie blues.

(Girl's chorus)

I've heard of VD and AIDS but I can't get a dose,  
And I've never even seen a condom up close.  
'Cause there's no birth control until the credits roll,  
Not when you've got the blue movie blues

(Guy and girl alternate)

(Guy) It's every guy's fantasy; it's starting to bore.

(Girl) And every hole that I've got is incredibly sore.

(Guy) I want a steady girl, not whoever's here now,

(Girl) And I'm sick of directors telling me how.

(Together)

I keep thinking I'll quit but it's hard to refuse

Another case of the blue movie blues.  
Another taste of the blue movie blues,  
I just can't face the blue movie blues.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bobbit-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# BALLAD OF THE BOBBITS (two versions)

## Version 1

Come and listen to a story 'bout a man named John,  
Woke up one morn, found his throbbing 'member' gone,  
Lorena cut it off, then she got behind the wheel,  
Drove down the road then she tossed it in a field.  
The penis, that is...Trouser snake...Love machine...  
Well the first thing you know, old John is lookin' pale.  
'Cause he's just realized that his is no longer male.  
They stuck it back on him, took several hours to do,  
Now it's a little shorter, but about as good as new.  
Now we all watch the story on Court T.V.  
With pictures of the severed whang for all the world to see. To reattach it to him  
must have been a pretty trick,  
They've named a gulch here after him,  
It's called the "Bloody Dick."  
by Miss Jean, night clerk at the Super 8 Motel, Dillon,  
Montana.

There is a gulch in the area called "Bloody Dick."

## Version 2

Come and listen to my story 'bout a man named John,  
A poor ex-marine with his little wanker gone.  
It seems one night after getting with his wife,  
She lopped off her pecker with swipe of a knife.  
The next thing you know there's a Ginsu by his side,  
And Lorena's in the car taking willie for a ride.  
She soon got tired of her purple-headed friend --  
So she tossed him out the window as she rounded a bend.  
She went to the cops and confessed to the attack,  
And they called out the hounds just to get his weenie back.  
The sniff and they pbarked and they pointed "over there"  
To John Wayne's jenny that was waving in the air.  
Now peter and John couldn't stay apart for long,  
So a dick doc said, "Hey, I can't fix that dong!  
A needle and a thread are all we're going to need,"  
And the whole world waited till they heard that Johnny peed.  
He healed and he hardened and he took his case to court,  
With a half-assed lawyer 'cause his assets came up short.  
They cleared her of assault and they acquitted him of rape,  
And his pecker was the only thing they didn't show on tape.

Some said it wouldn't function, that he'd never use his dong So he went to make a movie just to prove the nation wrong.

It featured several women, but his pecker was the star;  
When they did the come-shots, you could hardly see the scar.  
Now, John Wayne and Lorena gave the world a brand new word,  
John Wayne had a Bobbitt-job, and  
bobbitted's a verb.

But I want to tell Lorena that she did a cock-eyed job,  
Next time she lops a pecker off, go feed it to the dog.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bobbitt2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bobbitt Sleeps Tonight

(llewtraH)

In the bedroom, the quiet bedroom,  
John Bobbit sleeps tonight...  
But in the kitchen, the shiny kitchen,  
Lorena grabs a knife!  
In the driveway, the cement driveway,  
Lorena starts the car;  
And on the highway, the empty highway.  
Lorena flings it far!  
In the ER, the frantic ER,  
John Bobbit screams "It's Gone!"  
And by the highway, the pitch black highway,  
The policemen found his dong!  
In the courtroom, the solemn courtroom,  
Lorena wins her case.  
And on the skin flick, the smutty skin flick,  
John shows Much more than his face!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bonyblk2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bonnie Black Hare

(llewtraH)

On the 14th of May, at the dawn of the day,  
With me gun on me shoulder, to the woods I did stray,  
In search of some game, if the weather prove fair,  
To see can I get a shot at the bonny black hare.  
I met a young damsel, her eyes black as sloes;  
Her teeth white as ivory, her cheeks like a rose.  
Her hair hung in ringlets on her shoulders bare.



Sweet maiden, I cried, "Did you see my black hare?"  
This morning a-hunting I have been all around,  
But my bonnie black hare is not to be found.  
The maid she then answered and at me did stare:  
"I never yet heard of, or saw, a black hare."  
The answer she gave me, the answer was no,  
But under thy apron they say it may go.  
And if you'll not deceive me, I vow and declare,  
We'll both go together to hunt the black hare.  
My gun's in good order, my balls are also,  
And under her smock I was told it did go.  
So delay me no longer, I cannot stop here;  
One shot I will fire at your bonnie black hare.  
My gun was then loaded, determined I was,  
And instantly laid her down on the green grass.  
My trigger I drew, my balls I put near,  
And fired one shot at her bonnie black hare.  
I laid this girl down with her face to the sky;  
I took out me ramrod, me bullets likewise;  
Saying, "Wrap your legs round me, dig in with your heels,  
For the closer we get, O, the better it feels.  
Her eyes they did twinkle; she smiling did say:  
"How often, dear sportsman, do you come this way?  
There are few in this country can with you compare,  
So fire once more at my bonnie black hare."  
The birds, they were singing in bushes and trees,  
And the song that they sang was, "She's easy to please."  
I felt her heart quiver and I knew what I'd done  
Said I, "Have you enough of my old sporting gun?"  
The answer she gave me, the answer was nay.  
"It's not often young sportsmen like you come this way.  
If your powder is good and your bullets are fair,  
Why don't you keep firing at the bonny black hare?"  
My gun I reloaded and fired once more.  
She cried, "Draw your trigger and never give o'er.  
Your powder and balls are so sweet I declare;  
Keep shooting away at my bonnie black hare."  
I said, "My dear maiden, my powder's all gone;  
My gun's out of order; I cannot ram home.  
But meet me tomorrow, my darling so fair,  
And I'll fire once more at your bonnie black hare."  
My powder is wet and my bullets all spent.  
And my gun I can't fire, for it's choked at the vent.  
But I'll be back in the morning, and if you are still here,  
We'll go together to hunt the bonny black hare.

Do Your Boobs Hang Low

(Tune: Sailor's Hornpipe)

Do your boobs hang low,

Can you swing them to and fro,

Can you tie 'em in a knot,

Can you tie 'em in a bow?

Can you toss them on your shoulders

Like a continental soldier.

Chorus: Can you do the double shuffle

When your boobs hang low?

Do they have a milky taste

Can you tie 'em round your waist?

Can you throw them on your shoulder?

Do you need a boulder holder?

Do they dangle, do the teats,

Get wrapped around your feet?

Do they flip and flop and dangle,

Do they wind around your ankles?

Can you tie 'em like a turban,

And does it look absurd on?

Can you use them like a diaper

Or a handy bottom wiper?

Do they oscillate and wobble,

Do you tip up, do you hobble?

Are they big and pink and round,

Can you bounce them on the ground?

Are they long and shaped like marrows,

Do you wheel them round on barrows?

Do your oversized zucchinis,

Overflow your best bikini?

Are they as big as pumpkins,

Can you walk without them bumping?

Can you roll 'em up like carpets?

Do they fit beneath your armpits?

Do your droopy mam'ry glands

Leave a trail upon the sands?

Can you get a bra that fits

Without rolling up your tits?

Your bra is sixty inches,

Triple-F cup but still pinches.

Do your floppy, flapping boobs,

Look like pink deflated tubes,

When your boobies hang right down,

Do they drag along the ground?

Can you bounce 'em off the wall,

Like an leather soccer ball?

Do the nipples start to hurt,

'Cause they're dragging in the dirt?

ALTERNATIVE VERSES:

Are your tits real small?  
Are they flat just like a wall?  
Can you hide them with your hands?  
Can you see them there at all?  
Would you look just like a male  
If it weren't for your pigtails?  
Can you never get a feller,  
With your tits so small?  
Are your tits just right?  
Are your blouses kinda tight?  
If you had a disagreement  
Could you use them in a fight?  
Do the boys throw fits  
When you flash your tits,  
Can you always get a feller  
With your tits just right?  
Do your tits go squish  
When you poke them like this?  
Do they feel just like  
A slimy jelly fish?  
Does your man's pecker stand  
When he holds them in his hand?  
When he suckles at the nipples  
Do your tits go squish?  
Are your tits real hard?  
Could you use them as a guard?  
Do your nipples poke through  
Your pink leotard?  
When its wet and cold  
Do they stand out proud and bold?  
Have you chapel hat-peg nipples  
Are your tits real hard?  
Do your tits have hair?  
Do people stop and stare  
When you wear a french braid  
Down to your underwear?  
Do people think your breasts  
Are like your father's chest?  
Do his teeth get tangled in them,  
Do your tits have hair?  
Are your tits really real?  
Did it take them long to heal?  
Are they only silicone  
Or are they saline filled?  
Do the boys hearts race  
When you shake them in their face?  
Are they falsies, are they fakies,  
Are your tits really real?  
If your tits are teeny weenie

Or too big for your bikini  
No matter how they look  
No matter how they feel  
Be glad that you got 'em  
Cause you know the boys will want 'em,  
You can always get a feller  
With your tits just right!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bordhse2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Boarding House Food

(llewtraH)

At the boarding house where I lived,  
Everything was growing old;  
Old grey hairs were in the butter  
And the bread was green with mold.  
When the dog died we had sausage;  
When the cat died, catnip tea;  
When the landlord died, I left there.  
Spareribs were too much for me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\boreoil2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Boring For Oil

It's not an uncommon but an unpleasant thing  
To be asked for a song and have nothing to sing.  
So I'll sing you an old one, if an old one will do.  
This world, it's been searching for something that's new.  
I went to oil city, a place of renown,  
To view the oil wells; I looked all around.  
Around and around prospecting the soil,  
In search of someplace to go boring for oil.  
As I was out searching for oil wells one day,  
I met a fair damsel and to her did say,  
"It's all for a fortune I'm willing to toil,  
If you'll show me some place to go boring for oil."  
"I know of one place, sir," she said with a smile,  
"Which I've guarded and protected sinch I was a child;  
I've always been taught, sir, this place not to spoil.  
And if you bore there, your sure to get oil."  
She lifted her garments in fear they might soil,  
And showed me the place to go boring for oil.

My feeling did tremble, my blood it did boil,  
As I pulled out my auger to go boring for oil.  
I hadn't bored more than six inches, I know,  
And the oil from my auger so freely did flow;  
"My character's ruined, my garments you soil;  
You've busted the bedrock while boring for oil."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\boygirl2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Boy Meets Girl

(llewtraH)

Boy meets girl, holds her hand,  
Visions of a promised land,  
Tender words, cling and kiss,  
Crafty feel, heavenly bliss,  
Nibble nipples, squeeze thighs,  
Gets a beat, feels a rise,  
Eyes ablaze, drawers down,  
Really starts to go to town,  
Legs outspread, virgin lass,  
Fanny foams like bottled Bass,  
Ram it home, moans of joy,  
Teenage love, girl meets boy,  
Love's a jewel, pearls he's won,  
Shoots his load, what's he done,  
Comes the pay off, here's the rub,  
He's got her in the pudding club,  
Comes the wedding, bridesmaids flap,  
Love and cherish, all that crap,  
A tubby tum, weighty gain,  
Prams and nappies, labour pain,  
Begins to realize what he did,  
Nagging wife and screaming kid,  
Sweats his prick off, works his stint;  
The back home to nagging bint,  
Only pleasure is evening time,  
When mattress creaks she's off again,  
Can't forsake those sexy habits,  
Breeding kids like bloody rabbits.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\brasser2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Brassieres

(Earl H. Emmons)

I was once calm, reserved and shy,  
A rather quiet sort of guy,  
A simple scribe of artless odes and sonnets.  
But that's before I chanced to stray  
Into that brassiere display,  
Where the lovely ladies modeled bosom bonnets.  
And now my simple lyric soul  
Is prone to rear and rip and roll;  
I'm frisky as a dozen playful kittens;  
And I'm afraid I'm not the same  
Since thos divine upholstered dames  
Exhibited their mamillary mittens.  
Now I admit that here and there,  
Among the sex described as fair,  
I've looked on bosoms foreign and domestic,  
From puny papillary warts,  
And sagging saddle-baggy sorts,  
To massive mounds impressive and majestic.  
Ah yes, I've been around and yet  
Of all the udders I have met,  
And all that I have seen and felt and tasted,  
Compared to those I saw the day,  
I crashed that brassiere display,  
Suggest my life has been completely wasted.  
For there were busts that stood supreme,  
The tit-ulary creme de creme;  
They filled me with tit-antic tit-illations;  
I snort and prance, my reason rants,  
My morals rip, I rend my pants,  
Just thinking of thos lactic decorations.  
For papillary pulchritude  
Imbues in me a wanton mood.  
My system seethes with fierce, salacious surges;  
When I recall those gorgeous goals  
And their delightful bosom pals,  
My spirit howls with indecorous urges.  
And through my old rheumatic frame,  
Primeval passions flash and flame;  
Those domes divine are driving me demented,  
And if but once in dishabille  
I saw them, I would die to feel,  
But I would perish happy and contented.  
Bound for the land they adore.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bringls2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Go Bring Me A Lass

Hey boy, ho boy, come come along boy,  
And bring me my longing desire;  
A lass that is neat and can well do the feat,  
When lusty young blood is on fire.  
Let her body be tall, her waist be small,  
And her age not above eighteen.  
Let her care fore no bed, but here let her spread,  
Her mantle upon the green.  
Let her have cherry lips, where I nectar may sip,  
Let her eyes be as black as the sloe,  
Dangling locks I do love, so that those hang above,  
Are the same as with what grows below.  
Let her face be fair, her bosom be bare,  
And a voice let her have that can warble.  
Let her belly be soft, but to mount me aloft,  
Let her bounding buttocks be marble.  
(Pills To Purge Melancholy by Thomas D'urfy)  
The girl that I married is neither,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\britbud2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The British Budget (1978 about)

The country was in such a terrible state.  
Then the Commons arose for a budget debate.  
It was quite a few minutes before Healy spoke,  
And then he said "SEX will cost one quid a poke."  
(Healy - Labor MP - Exchequer)  
Whether you're short, little, long, fat or thick,  
The tax will bew paid on the use of your dick.  
Then Jeremy Thorpe said "Now look Dennis dear,  
Will this tax apply to the boys who are queer?"  
(Thopre - Liberal MP - ousted for being queer)  
Then Ted Heath arose and looked rather glum,  
"Will I be exempted -- I like only bum?"  
Mr Healy replied and he sounded quite airy,  
"The tax will be doubled for you, you old fairy!"  
(Heath - Conservated MP)  
Mr Foot then arose to tremndous applause.  
He grabbed Maggie Thatcher and ripped off her drawers.  
He straddled across her and rode her at will.  
Then shouted at Dennis, "Put that on my bill."  
(Thatcher - Conservative MP, later prime minister)  
(Foot - Labour MP)

Mr Wilson then shouted, "I think I'll resign,  
I haven't had sex for a very long time.  
I dream every night for a fanny that's hairy.  
But I get no response form my darling Mary."  
(Wilson - Labor prime minister)  
The debate carried on, oh my, what a sight!  
David Owen was wanking the whole of the night.  
The speaker then said, "Let the voters decide,  
But I think they'll all settle for one quid a ride."  
(Owen - Social Democrat MP)  
So now in the bedrooms of Britain at night,  
There's many a fanny that's closed good and tight.  
We're taxed on our booze and we're taxed on our smoking,  
But we didn't expect to be taked on our poking.  
(fanny - British term for vagina)  
If one quid a grind is the price we must pay,  
The answer is this, with ourselves we must play.  
To quench our furstration, we now have to wank,  
And for the state of our country, we've got Healy to thank.  
\*X  
\*X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\brmdclp2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Pub With No Beer  
(llewtraH)  
Chorus: It's a bastard away from the women and all,  
With a pain in the guts from a great lover's ball,  
But there's nothing so lonely, shocking, or queer,  
Than to knock off a barmaid that's got gonorrhoea.  
The publican's anxious for the chemist to come;  
He's looking with lust at the barmaid's big bum.  
He's waiting to give her a belt up the back,  
But without a French letter he might get the jack.  
The stockman rides in with a masterly stroke,  
Takes the pants off her and gives a poke.  
The look on his face quickly turns into fear,  
When the barmaid informs him he just got gonorrhoea.  
The swaggie tramps in undoing his fly,  
He says, "Give me a poke or I'll shoot in your eye."  
The stockman jumps up and says, "Don't do it, mate."  
But the swaggie says sadly, "It's too bloody late."  
Billy the blacksmith, the first time in his life,  
Goes home for a roger with his darling wife.  
As he walks in the bedroom, she says with a sneer,  
"Without a Frenchie, you'll get nothin' here."



There's a dog on the verandah, still sufferin' from shock;  
He's just seen the size of old Billy's cock.  
He dashes for cover and cringes in fear;  
Billy's sure to root something; I'm movin' from here!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\broomkr2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Besom Maker (llewtraH)

\*

I am a besom maker, come listen to my tale,  
I am a besom maker, I live in yonder vale;  
Sweet pleasure I enjoy, both morning, night and noon,  
Going over the hills so high a-gathering of green broom.  
chorus: O, come buy my besoms  
(broom made of twigs)  
Besoms fine and new,  
Bonny green broom besoms  
Better never grew.  
One day as I was roving, over the hills so high,  
I met with a rakish squire, all with a rolling eye;  
He tipp'd to me the wink, I wrote to him the tune,  
I eased him of his gink, a-gathering of green broom.  
One day as I was turning all to my native vale,  
I met Jack Sprat the miller, he asked me to turn tail;  
His mill I rattled round, I ground the grists so clean,  
I eased him of his gink, a-gathering broom so green.  
One day I was returning all to my native cot,  
I met a buxom farmer, so happy was his lot;  
He ploughed his furrows deep and laid his corn so low,  
He left it there to keep, just like green brooms to grow.  
Now when the corn grew up, all in its native soil  
A pretty sweet young baby soon on me did smile  
I'm bundle up my besoms and take them to the fair  
And sell them all by wholesale, nursing's now my care.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bugbank2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bugger The Bank Of America

(llewtraH) by Brian

Bank of America is a shitty bank too.

They screw you out of thousands without a thank you.

Then when you call asking questions, to free you from muck,  
They hang up on your ear because you said the word "fuck".  
The Bank of America can bite my big stiffy.  
They give you shit taking out more than a fifty.  
They'll grow until they'll own the whole banking world,  
Then they'll screw you up and down 'til you come unfurled.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bugout-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*  
[Error] - File could not be written...

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\bunzdog2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Buntz, The Nautical Dog

Buntz was a dachshund who sailed for the Queen;  
Bahrain to Gibraltar and ports inbetween.  
He'd not seen a lamppost for three weeks or more,  
And now he's determined to head for the shore.  
Chorus: Poor old Buntz, the nautical dog,  
Sure to be sentenced for stoppage of grog.  
Poor old Buntz, for the brig he's bound,  
For falling in love with a French Afghan Hound.  
This tale that I tell, might seem quite risque,  
But as we pulled into the port of Marseille,  
A poor simple sea dog was straight-way seduced  
But a saucy mademoiselle who'd not been introduced.  
Now the Mayor and Mayoress and the French Admiral  
Arrived to extend some greetings cordial,  
When off the gangplank they were nearly sideswiped,  
'Cause Buntz wasn't waiting for leave to be piped.  
So he's laid along side this high-class French bitch,  
And he's asked her politely would she scratch his itch.  
With his sailor's allure, she could not turn him down;  
Consumation was in the full view of the town.  
Now the mademoiselle tried to please the old salt,  
Till firehoses brought their romance to a halt.  
Then the shore patrol dragged poor old Buntz back on board,  
While the crew gave three cheers for the first one to score.  
So Buntz lost his good conduct stripes and his rate  
For putting the Queen's uniform in disgrace.  
But now throughout France, a new dog breed abounds;  
The famous Marseille Afghan short-legged hound.  
(from Steve Swanson frequenting Seattle bars, 2000)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\cactusf2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Cactus Down My Front

(llewtrraH)

by F Turner

\*CHORUS:

Chorus: I've got cactus down my front,

A vulture on my head;

I've just been kissed by a Tennessee miss,

And I wish that I was dead.

I've a jock strap made of leather,

That tickles, hee, hee, hee;

But the cactus down my front,

Made a loser out of me.

I was up in Cripple Creek;

I was dying for a leak,

So I dropped behind a screening cactus there.

And when I did up my belt,

I can't tell you how it felt,

But I knew the meaning of a prickly pear.

I went down to Nevada,

Where the girls try so much harder,

And I met a cute young thing called Caroline.

But each time she felt my prickles,

She said "Goodness me, that tickles!"

Now she's gone and run off with a porcupine.

In Cal-i-for-ni-a,

Where the rustlers are so gay,

I bought a gentle gee-gee name of Jack.

But he livened up a lot,

When he felt my prickly bot,

That buckin' bronco broke my bloomin' back.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\carenot2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Care Not For These Ladies

Thomas Campion 1567-1620

I Care not for these ladies that must be wooed and prayed,

Give me kind Amaryllis, the wanton country maid,

Nature art disdaineth; her beauty is her own,

Who when we court and kiss, she cries "Forsooth, let go!"

But when we come where comfort is she never will say no.

If I love Amaryllis, she gives me fruit and flowers,

But if we love these ladies, we must give golden showers,  
Give them gold that sell love, give me the nut-brown lass,  
Who when we court and kiss, she cries "Forsooth, let go!"  
But when we come where comfort is she never will say no.  
The ladies must have pillows and beds by strangers wrought,  
Give me a bower of willows, of moss and leaves unbought,  
And fresh Amaryllis with milk and honey fed,  
Who when we court and kiss, she cries "Forsooth, let go!"  
But when we come where comfort is she never will say no.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\castlam2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

A Matter Of Taste - Lloyd M Gerber  
(recited on Johnny Carson show, Feb 1988)  
Some say castrating a calf is a matter of taste;  
Some do it slowly and others in haste.  
Some gently saw, while others pull  
While making a steer out of a bull.  
Some us heavy rubber bands;  
Don't want to get blood on their hands.  
Some use heavy tools that crush;  
Some cut them straight off -- they're in a rush.  
But lambs are another matter, you know;  
Those little round things, so slick they grow.  
They slip and slide in their woolly sheath,  
Till you finally give up and you use your teeth.  
And that's not the easiest thing to do,  
Cause you've got to remember not to chew.  
And if your teeth aren't all in place,  
They'll slip and slide right through the space.  
You've got your nose right in their wool;  
You want to gag 'cause your mouth is full.  
And when in ticks and grease you wallow,  
You hold your breath 'cause you dare not swallow.  
Finally when you come up for air,  
You bring only one and not a pair.  
Back you go to grope for the one,  
And when you tooth it, you're finally done.  
Now calves, it is true, should not be done in haste,  
But when you cut lambs, it's a matter of taste.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\castrat2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# It's A Matter Of Taste

Lloyd Gerber from his book "I Ain't No Dude"

Some say castrating a calf is a matter of taste;  
Some do it slowly and others in haste.

Some gently saw, while others pull,  
While making a steer out of a bull.

Some use rubber bands, you know,  
So blood on their hands will never show.

Some use heavy tools that crush.  
Some cut them straight off, they're in such a rush.

Now lambs are another matter, you know;  
Those little round things so slick they grow.

They slip and slide in their wooly sheath,  
Till you finally give up and you use your teeth.

And even that is hard to do,  
'Cause you've got to remember not to chew.  
If your teeth aren't all in place, best,  
They'll slip and slide right through the space.

You've got your nose right in their wooll;  
You want to gag, 'cause your mouth is full.

In ticks and grease your face does wallow;  
You hold your breath 'cause you dare not swallow.

Finally when you come up for air,  
You bring only one and not a pair.

Back you go to grope for one;  
When you tooth it, you're finally done.

Now calves, it's true, should not be done in haste.  
But when you cut lambs, it a matter of taste.

Obtained through the good graces of Bucky at the Bar-D Ranch who ran this poem down  
for me using only the clues:

Heard on the Johnny Carson show in the 50's or 60's  
and "...with sheep it's a matter of taste."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\caviar-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## Virgin Sturgeon

(llewtraH)

Chorus: Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,

The virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish,

The virgin sturgeon needs no urging,

That's why caviar is my dish.

I gave caviar to my girlfriend,

She's a virgin through and through.

Since I gave my girlfriend caviar,

There ain't nothing she won't do.

I gave caviar to my bow-wow,  
All the other doggies looked agog,  
He had what those bitches needed,  
Wasn't he a lucky dog?  
I gave caviar to my grandpa,  
Grandpa's age is ninety-three,  
Last time that I saw grandpa,  
He's chased grandma up a tree.  
My father was a lighthouse keeper,  
He had caviar for his tea,  
He had three children by a mermaid,  
Two were kippers, one was me.  
I went with Mabel to a surgeon,  
For to see what he could do.  
Said the surgeon, "She's no virgin,  
Sixty quid or no can do."  
Oysters are prolific bivalves,  
Rear their young ones in their shell,  
How they diddle is a riddle,  
But they do, so what the hell.  
The female clam is optimistic,  
Shoots her eggs out in the sea,  
She hopes her suitor as a shooter,  
Hits the self-same spot as she.  
Shad roe comes from scarlet shad fish  
Shad fish have a very sad fate:  
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish  
Got that way without a mate!  
The trout is just a little salmon,  
Just half-grown, and minus scales,  
But the trout, just like the salmon  
Can't get on without his tail!  
Give a thought to the happy codfish  
Always there when duty calls.  
Female cod fish is an odd fish  
From her come your cod fish balls!  
Ribald creatures are the crayfish,  
When a litter they essay.  
Yes, my hearties, they give parties,  
In the good old fashioned way!  
The green sea-turtle's mate is happy  
With her lover's winning ways.  
First he grips her with his flipper  
Then they flip for days and days!  
I fed caviar to my rooster  
I fed caviar to my cow,  
Now the barnyard sure looks funny:  
All the cows have feathers now!  
Every living thing will do it  
Without making lots of fuss

When they do it, they don't rue it,  
So my darlin', why not us?

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\celibat2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Celibacy (llewtraH)  
You say you're going celibate,  
Please don't decide in haste.  
I'm sure there's some won't hesitate  
To say, "Christ, what a waste!"  
Are you sure that you can contemplate  
No more fun below the waist?  
For sure you feel downhearted  
At a lifestyle gone awry.  
Relationships not started  
Because you've never time.  
Do you want to be a martyr  
Against sex when it arrives.  
Is monkhood your destiny,  
In sackcloth, ash, or habits?  
Can you take a vow of celibacy  
While others bonk like rabbits?  
Can you say with any certainty,  
If it's ready, you won't grab it?  
The answer isn't celibacy,  
Of that you can be sure.  
It's hard to say with delicacy,  
But you'll want it even more.  
Maybe you should wait and see  
If you decide to shag no more.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\chandlr2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Chandler's Shop

Version 1: Oscar Brand

As I went down to the chandler's shop, some candles for to buy,  
I looked about the chandler's shop but no one did I spy.  
Well I was disappointed and some angry words I said,  
When I heard the sound of a

\*

\*

\*, right above my head.

Yes I heard the sound of a

\*

\*

\*, right above my head.

Well I was quick and I was slick, so up the stairs I sped,  
And very surprised was I to find the chandler's wife in bed,  
And with her was another man of quite considerable size,  
And they were having a

\*

\*

\*, right before my eyes.

Yes they were having a

\*

\*

\*, right before my eyes.

When the fun was over and done, the lady raised her head,  
And very surprised was she to find me standing by the bed.  
"If you will be discreet, my boy, if you will be so kind,  
You too can come up for some \*

\*

\*, whenever you feel inclined.

You too can come up for some \*

\*

\*, whenever you feel inclined."

So manys the night and manys the day, when the chandler wasn't home,  
To get myself some candles, to the chandler's shop I'd roam.  
But never a one she give to me, she give to me instead,  
Just a little bit more of that

\*

\*

\*, to light my way to bed.

Just a little bit more of that

\*

\*

\*, to light my way to bed.

So all you married men take heed, whenever you go to town,  
If you would leave your woman at home, be sure to tie her down,  
And if you would be kind to her, just lay her right there on the floor,  
And give her so much of that

\*

\*

\*, she doesn't want any more.

Yes give her so much of that

\*

\*

\*, she doesn't want any more.

Version 2: Sarah Hartwell

The baker's boy to the chandlers went, some candles for to buy,  
But when he got upon the spot, no-one did he espy.  
So when he was about to leave, thinking that all were dead,



He heard the sound of a \*

\*

\*, right above his head.

He heard the sound of a \*

\*

\*, right above his head.

The baker's boy was cunning and wise, so he crept up the stairs,

And he crept up so silently, he caught them unawares,

And there he saw the butcher's boy between his mistress's thighs,

And they were having a \*

\*

\*, right before his eyes.

And they were having a \*

\*

\*, right before his eyes.

The chandler's wife was much alarmed, and leaping from the bed,

She turned unto the baker's boy and this is what she said,

"If you would but my secret keep, then bear this fact in mind,

You can always come down for a \*

\*

\*, whenever you feel inclined.

You can always come down for a \*

\*

\*, whenever you feel inclined.

Now the baker's boy was filled with joy at the prospect of such fun;

He vowed he'd leap into the bed, when the butcher's boy was done.

But when he reached those shorter strokes, he kissed the chandler's wife,

And he vowed he'd have a \*

\*

\*, every day of his life.

And he vowed he'd have a \*

\*

\*, every day of his life.

Now in the morn when he awoke, all over he did ache;

His back was sore, his balls were raw, all over he did shake,

But when he looked at his John Tom, he saw he'd done the trick,

For the consequence of his \*

\*

\*, was pimples on his dick.

For the consequence of his \*

\*

\*, was pimples on his dick.

The chandler returned and entered his shop, and quickly smelled a rat;

He saw his wife all naked with her hand upon her twat.

The chandler's wife ran from the room, expecting the boy had fled,

But he was having a \*

\*

\*, all by himself in bed.

The baker's boy to the doctor's went, some ointment for to buy;

The doctor looked him up and down and heaved a mighty sigh.

"My boy, my boy," the doctor said, "You've been a bloody fool,  
For the consequence of your \*

\*

\*, we'll have to cut off your tool.

For the consequence of your \*

\*

\*, we'll have to cut off your tool.

The moral of this story is, I'm sure that you should know;  
Enthusiastic amateurs are worse than any pro.

And if you would a-wooing go, and self control you lack,  
Whenever you have a \*

\*

\*, be sure to wear a mack,

Whenever you have a \*

\*

\*, be sure to wear a mack.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\changea2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Change And Christmas Goose

Tw'as at an inn in Manchester: "The Cornstalks" was the sign,  
A famous public where commercials used to stop and dine.  
A traveler, one Christmas eve -- so long had been his use --  
Stopped in to spend his holiday and choose his Christmas goose.

Chorus: All around the greenwood, so early in the morn,  
The merry, merry huntsman blows his silver bugle horn.

He sipped his pint of sherry wine and smoked his mild cigar,  
He chatted with the customers and people at the bar,

And not a thought of wickedness here entered in his head,

Until the chambermaid appeared, to light him up to bed.

At length he grew so amorous, he hugged her on the stairs,

He kissed her at the chamber door before he said his prayers.

He gave to her a guinea to prevent her being vexed,

And then he blew the candle out, and you can guess what next

Next Christmas time came round again, which filled his heart with glee

He wandered round from town to town, and strange sights did he see.

Till he ended up in Manchester, and put up for the night

At The Cornstalks, which twelve months before had filled him with delight.

He walked into the coffee-room, as jaunty as can be,

Where many a rooster like himself was waiting for his tea.

He ordered of the very best the landlord could produce,

Then called the waiter back to say, "Now don't forget the goose.

Right speedily a tray was brought, with eatables galore,

And by the selfsame chambermaid he'd kissed twelve months before.

But, nothing loath, he raised the cloth, whereon a heap was piled,

Instead of eatables thereon, was a big fat bumping child.

Enraged at seeing the others laugh, "What is this here?" said he.  
"Come sit you down beside me, and I'll tell you, Sir," said she.  
"Last Christmas you so generous was -- nay, do not look so strange;  
You gave to me a guinea, and I've brought you back your change."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\changeb2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Brisk Butcher

(llewtraH)

It's of a brisk young butcher as I have heard them say;  
He started out of London town all on a certain day.  
Says he "A frolic I will have, my fortune for to try;  
I will go into Leicestershire some cattle for to buy."  
When he arrived at Leicester town, he came into an inn.  
He called for an hostler and boldly he stepped in.  
He called for liquor of the best, he being a roving blade,  
And quickly fixed his eyes upon the lovely chambermaid.  
When she took up a candle to light him up to bed,  
And when she came into the room, these words to her he said:  
"One sovereign I will give to you all to enjoy your charms"  
And this fair maid all night to sleep, all in the butcher's arms.  
'Twas early the next morning he prepared to go away;  
The landlord said "Your reckoning, sir, you have forgot to pay."  
"Oh no", the butcher did reply "pray do not think it strange.  
A sovereign I gave your maid and I haven't got the change."  
They straight way called the chambermaid and charged her with the same The golden  
sovereign she laid down, prepared she'd get the blame.  
The butcher then went home, well pleased with what was passed,  
And soon this pretty chambermaid grew thick about the waist.  
'Twas in a twelve months after he came to town again,  
And then as he had done before, he stopped at that same inn.  
'Twas then the buxom chambermaid she chanced him for to see;  
She brought a babe just three months old and placed him on his knee.  
The butcher sat like one amazed and at the child did stare,  
But when the joke he did find out, how he did stamp and swear.  
She said "Kind sir, it is your own, pray do not think it strange.  
One sovereign you gave to me and here I've brought your change.  
So come all you brisk and lively blades, pray list to what I say:  
Look well into your bargains before your money pay.  
Or soon perhaps your folly will give you cause to range,  
If ever you sport with pretty girls be sure, to get your change."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\chasbel2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Chastity Belt

Oh pray, gentle maiden, let me be your lover,  
Condemn me no longer to mourn and to weep.  
Struck down like a hart, I lie bleeding and panting,  
Let down your drawbridge, I'll enter your keep.  
Alas, gentle errant, I am not a maiden,  
I'm married to Sir Oswald, the cunning old Celt.  
He's gone to the wars for a twelve-month or longer,  
And taken the key to my chastity belt.  
Fear not, gentle maiden, for I know a locksmith,  
To his forge we will go, on his door we will knock,  
And try to avail us of his specialized knowledge,  
And see if he's able to unpick your lock.  
Alas, sir and madam, to help I'm unable,  
My technical knowledge, it is of no avail.  
I can't find the secret of your combination,  
The cunning old bastard has fitted a Yale.  
I'm back from the wars with sad news of disaster,  
A terrible mishap, I have to confide.  
As my ship was apassing the straights of Gibraltar,  
I carelessly dropped the key over the side.  
Alas and alack, I am locked up forever,  
Then up stepped the page boy, saying leave this to me.  
If you will allow me to enter your chamber,  
I'll open it up with my duplicate key.  
(Michael Green)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\chinhor2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Chinese Maiden's Lament

(llewtraH)  
Tune: What a Friend We Have in Jesus  
Me no likee English sailor  
When Yankee sailor come ashore.  
English sailor plenty money,  
Yankee sailor plenty more.  
Yankee sailor call me ducky darling  
English sailor call me Chinese whore,  
Yankee sailor only shag for short time  
English sailor shag forevermore.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\chrslon2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Christians And The Lions

The Christians and the lions should be friends,  
The Christians and the lions should be friends.  
Christians nail their friends to trees,

Lions eat them on their knees,

But that's no reason why they can't be friends.

chorus: Colloseum folk should stick together,  
Colloseum folk should all be pals.

Romans rape the Christian daughters,

Lions eat the Christian gals.

I'd like to say a word for the Christians,

They say that they are just a bunch of dreamers.

But you ought to see them run, when the lion's got his gun,  
And gnawing on a crunchy Christian femur.

I'd like to say a word for the lion,

He comes unto us all the way from Libya.

He tries to get his nourishment the very best he can,

By chewing on a tasty Christian tibia.

I'd like to say a word for Nero,

He burned up Rome while he played the fiddle.

He was at his best with a little incest,

And with his ma and sister he did diddle.

(McWilliam, House of Loki, Berkeley, 1959)

(Tune - Farmer and The Cowman Should Be Friends - Oklahoma)

She lives down by the still.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\churchb2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### A Churchy Ballad

I went out to take a friggin' wak by the friggin' reservoir,

A-wishing for a friggin' quid to pay my friggin' score,

My head it was a-achin' and my throat was parched and dry,

So I sent a little prayer, a-wingin' to the sky.

And there came a friggin' falcon and he walked upon the waves,

A I said, "A friggen' miracle!" and sang a couple staves

Of a friggin' churchy ballad I had learned when I was young.

The friggin' bird took to the air, and spattered me with dung.

I fell upon my friggin' knees and bowed my friggin' head,

And said three friggin' Aves for all the friggin' dead,

And then I got upon my feet and said another ten.

The friggin' bird burst into flames and spattered me again.

The burnin' bird hung in the sky just like a figgen' sun.

It seared my friggin' eyelids shut, and when the job usas done,

The friggin' bird flashed across the sky just like a shootin' star,  
I ran to tell the friggin' priest.  
He bummed my last cigar.  
I told him of the miracle, he told me of the Rose,  
I showed him birdshit in my hair, the bastard held his nose.  
I went to see the Bishop, but the friggin' Bishop said,  
"Go home and sleep it off, you sod!  
And wash your friggin' head!  
Then I came upon a friggin' wake for a friggin' rotten swine,  
By the name of Jock O'Leary, and I touched his head to mine.  
And old Jock sat up in his box and raised his friggin' head,  
His wife took out a .44 and shot the bastard dead.  
Again I touched his head with mine and brought him back to life,  
His smiling face rolled on the floor, this time she used a knife.  
And then she fell upon her knees, and started in to pray,  
"It's forty years, O Lord!" she said, "I've waited for this day."  
So I walked the friggin' city 'mongst the friggin' halt and lame,  
And every time I raised them up, they got knocked down again,  
Cause the love of God comes down to man in a friggin' curious way,  
But when a man is marked for love, that love is here to stay.  
And this I know because I've got a friggin' curious sign,  
For every time I wash my head, the water turns to win!  
And I give it free to workin' blokes to brighten up their lives,  
So they don't kick no dogs around, nor beat up on their wives.  
Cause there ain't no use to miracles like walkin' on the sea;  
They crucified the Son of God, but they don't fuck with me!  
Cause I leave the friggin' blind alone, the dying and the dead,  
But every day at 4 o'clock, I wash my friggin' head.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\circum-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

A LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP  
When I was eight days old, my boys,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
When I was eight days old, my boys,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
The rabbi came with a big sharp knife,  
And I surely thought he would take my life,  
But all he took was a little bit off the top.  
Oh, that is what they call a bris,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
Oh, that is what they call a bris,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
And if the rabbi doesn't miss,  
It makes for a more interesting piss,  
But all he took was a little bit off the top.

The rabbi, he is called a moyl,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
The rabbi, he is called a moyl,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
And over me he sure did toil,  
If he'd cut off more, I'd have been a goil,  
But all he took was a little bit off the top.  
Oh, circumcision is all right,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
Oh, circumcision is all right,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
But every morning and every night,  
You aim to the left, and pee to the right,  
But all he took was a little bit off the top.  
(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)  
When Ivan was done and was wiping his gun,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\clapbck2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Clap Came Back  
(c) Melissa Binde and Larry Miller  
My old Mr. Johnson had seen better days,  
Like I screwed my way through college in a half-drunken haze.  
I never listened when they said my rascal I should wrap,  
And that, little children, is how I got the clap!  
Chorus: But the clap came back, the very next day,  
The clap came back, bad case of gonorrhea  
And the clap came back.  
It just wouldn't stay away...  
I was walking back home from a local bar,  
Hadn't walked much, but home wasn't too far.  
I met a nice girl, we had a few drinks,  
We went back to my place... now what do you think?  
I went to the doctor, and he gave me some pills,  
The doc had such cold hands that he gave me the chills.  
He said, "To carry on like this, now you are much your too old?"  
This from a man who makes me swallow bread mold!  
I bought a new device, they said it'd save time,  
By turning on the lights in a manner sublime.  
I raised my right hand and brought the left one around,  
But when the two collided I cringed at the sound...  
[spoken] Clap on (clap,clap) Clap off (clap,clap) [repeat]  
Well, since that painful time a new girl stole my heart,  
We had a wedding in June, "Till death us do part,"  
About my history, my bride said with a cough,  
"If you play around again, I'll Bobbit right off!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\clinton2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Favorite Things (Bill Clinton version)

Blow jobs and ladsn deals in backwater places,  
Big Macs and french fries and girls with big faces,  
Lots of nice cleavage that makes willie spring,  
These are a few of my favorit things.

Susan McDougal and Gennifer Flowers,  
Horny young interns who while 'way the hours,  
Profits from futures that Hillary brings,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When that Jones bites,  
When Ken Starr stings,  
When I'm feeling sad,  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
And then I don't feel so bad.

Beating the draft board and geting elected,  
Naming to judgeships some hacks I've selected,  
Conspiracy theories that blame the right wing,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Golfing with Vernon and suborning peerjury,  
Falling down drunk that required knee surgery,  
Stars in the White House who come here to sing,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Meeting with Boris and Helmut and Tony,  
States of the Union with lots of baloney,  
Winning debates and the joy of my flings,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\clockwn2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Old German Clockwinder

(llewtraH)

A German clockwinder to Manchester came  
And Peter Von Gherkin was the old German's name.  
All up our street with his little brass bell,  
"Some clocks for to wind," this old German would yell.  
He's met a young woman in Stephenson Square;  
She said, as her clock was in need of repair,  
She took him upstairs and he followed with delight;  
In less than ten minutes, he'd set her clock right.



Now this old German was the ladies' delight;  
He often went to 'em by day and by night;  
And some went too fast-like, others went too slow,  
But nine out o' ten, he could make 'em all go.  
While they were busy at what they was at,  
All of a sudden there came a rat-tat.  
And in came her hubby who got such a shock,  
To see this old German winding up his wife's clock  
Our clock it was bent and knocked out of repair;  
Well that poor old German, he got such a scare,  
That never, oh never, for the rest of his life,  
Would he wind up the clock of another man's wife.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION

A German clockwinder to Dublin once came.  
Benjamin Fooks was the old German's name.  
And as he was winding his way round the strand,  
He played on his flute and the music was grand.  
There was a young lady from Grosvenor Square,  
Who said that her clock was in need of repair.  
In walks the bold German and to her delight,  
In less than five minutes he had her clock right.  
Now as they were seated down on the floor,  
There came this very loud knock on the door.  
In walked her husband and great was his shock  
For to see the old German wind up his wife's clock.  
The husband says he `Now look here Mary Anne,  
Don't let that bold German come in here again.  
He wound up your clock and left mine on the shelf;  
If your old clock needs winding, sure I'll wind it meself!'  
Don't let that bold German come in here again

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\clonrng2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Clone On The Range  
(c)Chas. "ZiPpY" Baumerich  
Oh, give me a clone  
Of my own flesh and bone  
With its Y-chromosome changed to an X  
And when it is grown  
Then my own little clone  
Will be of the opposite sex.  
Chorus: Clone, clone of my own  
With your Y-chromosome changed to an X  
And when I'm alone  
With my own little clone  
We will both think of nothing but sex.

Oh, give me a clone  
Is my sorrowful moan,  
A clone that is wholly my own.  
And if she's an X  
Of the feminine sex  
Oh, what fun we will have when we're prone.  
My heart's not of stone  
As I've frequently shown,  
When alone with my own little X  
And after we've dined  
I'm sure we will find  
Better incest than Oedipus Rex.  
Why should such sex vex  
Or disturb or perplex  
Or induce a disparaging tone.  
After all, don't you see  
Since we're both of us me  
When we're having sex, I'm alone.  
And after I'm done  
She'll still have her fun  
For I'll clone myself ere I die.  
And this time without fail,  
They'll be both of them male,  
And they'll each ravish her by and by."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\coachmn2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Coachman's Whip  
I once took a job as a coachman;  
My money was paid in advance.  
I then took a trip down to London,  
From there I crossed over to France.  
There I met a charming young lady,  
Who 'dressed me and said with a smile,  
"Young man, I'm in need of a coachman  
To drive me in old fashioned style."  
Oh, she was such a charming young lady;  
All in the height of her bloom,  
And I being a dashing young coachman,  
I drove her ten times 'round the room.  
She then took me down to the cellar;  
She filled me with whiskey so quick.  
I hadn't been there many moments,  
When she asked for a look at my whip.  
She held it, she viewed it a moment;  
She then laid it down with a smile.

"Young man, by the look and the length of your slash  
We could drive the best part of ten mile."

She bid me get up to the Chaise-box,  
So I climbed right up to the seat.

Three swishes I gave with my cracke,  
And drove her straight down the high seat.  
I handled my whip with good judgment,  
Until I was up to her ways;  
But the very first turn that I gave on the wheel,  
I broke the main spring of her chaise.

When my mistress grew tired or grew weary,

She'd call me to stop for a rest.

She'd shout for her serving maid, Sally;

The girl that I loved second best.

"Sally, we've got a fine coachman;

He understands driving in style.

While the spring on the chaise is repairing,

I'll let him drive you for a while."

X

X

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\codfish2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Codfish Song

There was a little man, and he had a little horse.

He saddled it and bridled it and threw his leg across.

chorus: Singing Eye-tie-yi, Eye-tie-yi,

Eye-tiddley Eye-tiddley, Eye-tie-ye.

Well he rode and he rode till he came to a brook,

And there he saw a fisherman, a-baiting of his hook.

"Oh fisherman, oh fisherman, oh fisherman", says he,

"Have you a codfish for my tea?"

"Oh yes, of course, sir, I've got two,

There's one for me, and one for you."

Well he took that codfish by the leg bone,

And he mounted on his horse and he galloped on home.

But when he got home, he couldn't find a dish,

So into the chamberpot, he put his little fish.

All night long, his old woman cried,

There's the Devil down below, I can see his beady eyes.

And when in the morning, she sat down to squat,

The codfish jumped up her you know what.

She yelled bloody murder, "Well", cried she,

"There's a bloody big something getting up in me."

Well she hopped and she jumped and she gave a little roar,  
There was the codfish skating round the floor.  
They chased that codfish all around the room,  
This hit him with a brush, they hit him with a broom.  
They hit him in the belly, they hit him in the side,  
They hit him in the ass till the poor bugger died.  
The moral of this song is easy for to find,  
There's none of us got his eyes on behind.  
So better be sure before you squat,  
There's nothing swimming in the chamberpot.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\coffee-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

She'd Rather Make Coffe Then Love  
Though he bought her sweet candy, a flower, a dove,  
She preferred making pots of hot coffee to love.  
Though from Everest he plucked her a star from above,  
She preferred makeing coffee to love.  
And her outspoken credo was "Damn The Libido!  
I'd rather make coffee than love."  
She would even brew scrapings from overdone toast,  
She would open her arms to Suatran French Roast,  
Her cafe au lait was the lait she love most,  
"I'm Queen of the Bean", was her boast  
He'd have given her Cuba for one little kiss,  
A Vesuvio brewer, accounts with the Swiss,  
When he married her, thinking that thus she'd find bliss,  
She preferred making coffee to love.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\colbogy2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Hitler Has Only Got One Ball  
Hitler has only got one ball.  
Goering's are rather awfully small.  
Himmler is somewhat similar,  
And Goebbels has no balls at all.  
(In the movie, The River Kwai, they only whistled the tune.)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\colosto2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Colostomy's Best

(llewtraH)

Tune--Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

Chorus: Colostomy's best, boys,

Colostomy's best--shit in a baggie!

Colostomy's best, boys,

Colostomy's best.

Rub some shit on your clit, girls,

Rub some shit on your clit--colostomy!

Rub some shit on your clit, girls,

Rub some shit on your clit, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Take a dump in a bag, Dag

Shit through a slit in your side, Clyde

The Hershey highway is my way, boys

Stick your tool in her stool, Fool

Get down in her brown, guys

Whack off in her sack, Jack

Fart through a cut in your gut, Sut

Make doo-doo with no loo, Stu

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\comdown2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

To Come Down

A young man came to Tottingham upon a market day,

'Twas there he met with a bonny lass clothed all in grey,

Her journey was to London, with buttermilk and whey,

To come down, down, down, down, down-a-down-a-down.

So he spoke to this fair lass, "Sweetheart, you're well o'ertook",

With that she cast her head aside and gave to him a look,

Then presently this young pair both hands together shook,

To come down, down, down, down, down-a-down-a-down.

And as they rode along the way together side by side,

The maiden it so chanced, her garter came untied.

For fear that she should lose it, "Look here, sweetheart!", he cried,

Your garter's down, down, down-a-down-a-down.

"Good sir", quoth the maiden fair, "I pray you take the pain,

To do a favor unto me, and take it up again."

With a right good will the young man spoke, "When I come to yonder plain,

I will take you down, down, down-a-down-a-down.

And when they came unto the place, upon the grass so green,

The maid she held her legs so wide, the young man slipped between.

Such tying of her garter, you have but seldom seen,

To come down, down, down, down, down-a-down-a-down.

And thus sweet Tibb of Tottingham, she lost her maidenhead,

But yet it is no matter, for it stood her in small stead.  
And it did often bother her, as she lay in her bed,  
To come down, down, down, down, down-a-down-a-down.  
You maidens, wives, and widows, that listen to my song,  
When young men offer kindness, pray take it short or long,  
For there is no such comfort as lying with a man,  
To come down, down, down, down, down-a-down-a-down.  
(Pills To Purge Melancholy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\comount2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

She'll Be Coming 'Round The Mountain  
(llewtraH)  
She'll be puffing like a steam train when she comes,  
She'll be puffing like a steam train when she comes,  
She'll be puffing like a steam train,  
She'll be puffing like a steam train,  
She'll be puffing like a steam train when she comes.  
Chorus: Singing God, I'm coming, don't stop now,  
Singing God, I'm coming, don't stop now,  
Singing God, I'm coming, God I'm coming,  
God, I'm coming, don't stop now,  
She'll be panting like a bulldog when she comes...  
She'll be sucking like a hoover when she comes...  
She'll be scratching like a tiger when she comes...  
She'll be biting like a vampire when she comes...  
She'll be screaming like a banshee when she comes...  
She'll be howling like a she-wolf when she comes...  
You'll be dogknotted for an hour when she comes...  
She'll nearly bite your cock off when she comes...  
She'll close her legs and crush face when she comes...  
She'll be revving like a Harley when she comes...  
She'll be whooping like a monkey when she comes...

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\coopdun2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Cooper O'Dundee  
Ye coopers and hoopers, attend to my ditty,  
I sing o'a cooper wha dwelt in Dundee;  
This young man he was baith am'rous and witty,  
He pleased the fair maids wi the blink o' his e'e.  
He was nae a cooper, a common tub-hooper,

The most o'his trade lay in pleasin' the fair;  
He hoopt them, he coopt them, he bort them, he plugt them,  
An' a' sent for Sandy when out o'repair.  
For a twelvemonth or sae this youth was respected,  
An' he was as busy, as weel he could be;  
But bus'ness increased so that some were neglected,  
Which ruined trade in the town o'Dundee.  
A baillie's fair daughter had wanted a coopin',  
And Sandy was sent for, as oft time was he;  
He yerkt her sae hard that she sprung an end-hoopin'  
Which banish'd poor Sandy frae bonnie Dundee.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\countes2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Countess  
Tune: Cornell's Alma Mater  
High above a Countess' garter, high above her knee  
Lies the key to her successes: her virginity!  
Once she had it, now she's lost it  
It is gone for good!  
She goes down for belted fighters  
Like a Countess should!  
Lift her skirts, Oh lift them gently,  
Lay her on the grass!  
Often are the times I've dreamed of  
A piece of Countess' ass!  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\country2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Country Lass  
Give me the buxom country lass,  
Hot piping from the cow.  
Who'll take a touch upon the grass,  
Ah yes, and thank you too,  
Ah yes, and thank you too.  
Her color fresh as a rose in June,  
Her temper as a dove.  
She'll please the swain with a wholesome tune,  
And freely give her love,  
And freely give her love.  
These London wenches are so stout,

They care not what they do.  
They will not let you have a bout,  
Without a crown or two,  
Without a crown or two.  
They double their chaps and curl their locks,  
Their breasts perfume they do.  
Their tails are peppered with the pox,  
And that you're welcome to,  
And that you're welcome to.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\covntgr2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Virgin Phyllis At Covent Gardens

Near famous Covent Gardens, adorned they stand on high,  
Where Kings are represented and Queens, in meter, lie.  
The bozen men of business divergence hither bring,  
To see with wanton doxies prate and hear them dance and sing.  
chorus: With a fa la la la, la la la la la,  
With a fa la la la la.  
Here Phyllis is a darling, as she herself gives out,  
As tight a lass as ever did wear a double clout.  
She's brisk and gay and willing, and wants a wedlock yoke.  
Her mother was before her, as good at every stroke.  
Of suitors she had many, from squire up to Lord,  
And daily she refused them, for virtue was the word.  
A saint she would be thought, and assembled all she could,  
But jolly rakes all knew she was of playhouse flesh and blood.  
Her mother when encouraged, with warns an evil dose,  
Still cried, "Take care, dear Philly", and keep thy haunches closed.  
This made her stand out stoutly, opposing all who come,  
And twenty dummy cannons there, were mounted at her bum.  
The knight and country squire, were shot with her disdain,  
The lawyer was outwitted, the hardy soldier slain,  
The bluff Tarpolian sailor in vain cried, "Hard a port!"  
She baffled all the ships at sea, in the country, town and court.  
The God of Love grown angry, that Phyllis seemed so shy,  
Resolved her pride to ;humble and route her pish and thigh.  
He sent a slothful tailor who knew well how to stitch,  
And in a little time had found a button for her breech.  
Yet, it is not so close, but it's known with out a doubt,  
A little human figure has secretly dropped out.  
And though some petty scandal pursues this venial fact,  
Her mothers swears and does aver her honor is intact.  
(Pills To Purge Melancholy)



C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\cross-i2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Cross-eyed Bill And Me

It was down in the Lehigh Valley in early sixty three,

We were panning sand in the Rio Grande,

My cross-eyed partner, Bill, and me,

When Bill got stuck on a gal named Nell.

Well, she warn't so goldarned bad,

But he brought her up to the house to live,

And I was a rooty lad.

While cross-eyed Bill was panning in the crick,

As it trickled through the trees near by,

Nell and I'd be at it, atearing off a trick.

Well, Spring rolled by in the old Lehigh,

And Nell dropped twins, you see.

One was a cross-eyed son of a bitch,

And the other looked just like me.

He slumbered on 'til early dawn,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\crshbal2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Crusher Bailey

Crusher Bailey went to college,

Howdy derry down doy,

For to get a little knowledge.

Let us sing again boys.

When the proctor seen him coming,

Jane sweet Jane,

He went right home to hide his woman,

Jane Jane Come to the glen,

To sing praise of Jeannee Fach Wyne.

Jane Jane Come to the glen,

To sing praise fo Jeannee Fach Wyne.

Crusher Bailey had a sister,

Laughed like blazes when you kissed her.

Couldn't knit nor darn no stocking,

But what she'd do, it sure was shocking.

Listen while I sing a solo,

About his ship the Marco Polo.

See her puffing through the water;

I wish I was in bed with the captain's daughter.

Crusher Bailey had a stoker,

Thought himself a bloody joker.

Just to watch the flames go higher,  
He'd make water on the fire.  
Crusher Bailey had a daughter,  
Who did thing she didn't oughter,  
She was quite beyond the pale,  
But over that we'll draw a veil.  
Crusher Bailey's brother Matthew,  
Had a job at cleaning statues.  
But when he was cleaning Venus,  
He slipped and broke his penis.  
Crusher Bailey's Uncle Reg,  
He did go behind a hedge,  
Uncle Reg is feeling better,  
But the hedge is somewhat wetter.  
Crusher Bailey's brother Rupert,  
Played scrum-half for Newport.  
Ah, but when he took up rugger,  
He looked such a silly fugger.  
Crusher Bailey's sister Hannah,  
She played upon the grand piana,  
She went hammer, hammer, hammer,  
Till the neighbors said "Goddamn her!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\cucunst2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Cuckoo's Nest

There's a parnbush in the garden where the lads and lassies meet,  
And it wouldna do to do the do they're doing in the street.  
For the first time that I come there, I was very much impressed,  
To see the young folks busy rumpling up the cuckoo's nest.  
chorus: Hi the cuckoo, Ho the cuckoo, Hi the cuckoo's nest.  
Hi the cuckoo, Ho the cuckoo, Hi the cuckoo's nest.  
I'll give any man a shilling and a bottle of the best,  
To rumple up the feathers of the cuckoo's nest.  
I met her in the morning, I took her in the night;  
I never had another, so I had to do it right.  
I'd never gone that way before, I never would have guessed,  
If she hadna shown me how to find the cuckoo's nest.  
She told me where to find it, and she told me where to go,  
Through the prickles and the brambles where the little cuckoos grow.  
From the minute that I found it, she wouldna let me rest,  
Till I rumpled up the feathers of the cuckoo's nest.  
It was thorny, it was prickled, it was feathered all around;  
It was tucked into a corner and it wasna easy found.  
She said, "Young man, your fumbling!", I said it wasna true,  
And I left her with the makings of a young cuckoo.

(Oscar Brand)

CUCKOOS NEST

\*-----

As I was a walking one morning in May,  
I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did say,  
"I'll tell you me mind, it's for love I am inclined,  
An me inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest."  
Some like a girl who is pretty of face,  
And some like a girl who is slender of waist.  
But give me a girl who will wriggle and twist,  
At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest.  
"Me darling," says she, "I am innocent and young,  
And I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue.  
Yet I see it in your eyes and it fills me with surprise,  
That your inclination lies in me cuckoo's nest."  
"Me darling," says me, "if you can see it in me eyes,  
Then think of it as fondness and do not be surprised.  
For I love you, me dear, and I'll marry you I swear,  
If you'll let me clap my hand on your cuckoo's nest.  
"Me darling," says she, "I can do no such thing,  
For me mother oft told me, 'twas committing sin.  
Me maidenhead to lose and me sex to be abused,  
So have no more to do with me cuckoo's nest."  
"Me darling," says me, "it's not committing sin,  
But common sense should tell you it is a pleasing thing,  
For you were brought into this world to increase and do your best,  
And to help a man to heaven in your cuckoo's nest.  
"Me darling," says she, "I cannot you deny,  
For you've surely won my heart by the rolling of your eye.  
Yet I see it in your eyes that your courage is surprised,  
So gently lift your hand into me cuckoo's nest.  
This couple they got married and soon they went to bed,  
And now this pretty fair maid has lost her maidenhead.  
In a small country cottage they increase and do their best,  
And he often claps his hand on her cuckoo's nest.  
(llewtraH)  
She said, "Young man, your fumbling!", I said it wasna true,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\cunling2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Super-Callous-Flagellistic-Expect-Cunnilingus  
Super-callous-flagellistic-expect-cunnilingus,  
Queers like to take it up the bum from dildoes, dicks or fingers,  
Lesbians like their tonguing slow to make the climax linger,  
But super-callous-flagellistic-expect-cunnilingus.  
My fat Auntie Ethel was into suits of rubber,

The she met the Michelin Man and took him as a lover.  
But they used a diesel tube for enemas on each other,  
The xplosion rocked the city hall and covered it with blubber.  
Cousin Suzie she likes sex, but she prefers it oral,  
Her cunt itt has its own bouquet, you couldn't call it floral.  
Though some would say it is a sin, she says it's not immoral,  
And when she comes singing out loud, and singing praises choral.  
Uncle John likes whips and knives and ladies to disfigure,  
Auntie Kate likes to be tied and whipped with canes or wicker.  
She said "Oh please whip me now and make me writhe and slither."  
He said, "No I will tickle you and make my dick get stiffer".  
Uncle Jim is into quim, but would rather be fellated.  
When a girl goes down on him he always feels elated.  
His brother Joe, he likes a blow, but is more innovative.  
He bought himself a milk-machine and now he's always sated.  
Uncle Cyril, we always knew, was into brown and battery.  
A dildo up his boyfriend's ass with quite a lot of flattery.  
"Take it out; I'll give you dick," he said quite matter of factly  
"Oh no, please do not take it out but please just change the battery."  
Mary Jane looks like a man but on little girls she's keener,  
Thought she'd take a virgin home and try to get between her.  
The virgin said, "Oh no, please sir, I don't know where its been, sir" Mary Jane  
said, "It's factory fresh," and introduced a weiner.  
Uncle Bob could never let a girl slip through his fingers,  
Sticks his fist in to the wrist, the the aroma lingers.  
The girls all say that Uncle Bob he is a cunning linguist.  
He says the juices that he sucks work like a good cough linctus.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dafodil2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Wandered London's Streets So Loud  
Llewtrah, 2000 with apologies to Wordsworth  
I wandered London's streets so loud,  
Among the hordes who must commute,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of lovely prostitutes;  
Beside the kerb, before the doors,  
Fluttering and dancing gilded whores.  
Beckoning me with practised smiles,  
And kohl-rimmed eyes in painted face,  
They worked their false and female wiles,  
From Centre Point to Torrington Place.  
A dozen saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their curls in coquette's dance.  
Some passing tourists saw them, jeered,  
As they their tawdry trade did ply,

Some city broker stopped and sneered,  
Mimed unzipping of his fly.  
I gazed, and gazed, had little thought  
What shame their trade to them had brought:  
For oft, when I must masturbate,  
Or lie alone in contemplation,  
I wonder "what's the going rate?",  
Should I succumb to their temptation.  
And then my hand with pleasure fills,  
Through fantasies of working girls.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\daringf2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Daring Fly  
The little fly flew through the door,  
He flew into the grocery store,  
He shit on the cheese, and shit on the halm,  
Then he wiped his feet on the grocery man.  
When the grocery man saw what he'd done,  
He went and got his gatling gun;  
Then he chased that fly all over the place,  
And tried to shoot him in the face.  
But the little fly was awfully slick,  
He showed that grocery man a trick,  
He flew roun the store, and then,  
Went over and shit on the ham again.  
And when he'd finished his dirty work,  
He went over and lit on the lady clerk.  
He climbed her leg way past her knee,  
And tickled her into ecstasy.  
He fluttered so fast, he made her sigh,  
And she softly murmured, "Oh my! Oh my!"  
Then she softly closed her legs and her her breath,  
And the poor little fly was smothered to death.  
Ricocheted and killed her dead,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dedsper2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Father Was Dead  
Chorus: Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back dead dad's sperm to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back,

Oh bring back dad's dead sperm to me.  
My father he died in a car wreck;  
My mother went down to the morgue.  
She asked for his sperm in a bottle;  
The docs sucked it out of his balls.  
The sperm it went into the icebox;  
My Mom dept my dead daddy stored.  
She wanted a souvenir baby,  
The ethics committee said "Sure!"  
She put his sperm into a baster;  
She lay herself down on the bed.  
She basted herself to a climax,  
With the sperm of my daddy, who's dead.  
My mommy lives in San Francisco,  
My daddy lives under the earth.  
The children at nursery school tease me,  
'Cause daddy died years 'fore my birth.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\derrier2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

London Derriere

I watch you walk upon the streets of London,  
You mini-skirt stretched tight, and looking sweet.  
I watch you walk, and I walked in to a lamppost  
I didn't see, up on the London street.  
So turn your back, and wiggle softly from me,  
With mini-skirt, (perhaps no underwear).  
Your legs are great!  
But by the gods above me!  
I watch your wondrous London derriere!  
The Paris girls are wonders full of beauty,  
And California grows the long-stemmed L.A. rose.  
Berlin nights are full of life, and lovely,  
But London girls don't wear no panty-hose.  
So turn your back, and wiggle softly from me.  
And let me watch, and dream a dream so rare.  
In my hotel, you naked there above me,  
And then I watch your lovely London Derriere.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\deryair2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

LONDON DERRIERE.

W.J.Bethancourt III

Tune: Londonderry Air/Danny Boy

I watch you walk upon the streets of London;  
Your mini-skirt stretched tight, and looking sweet.

I watch you walk, and walk into a lamppost,

I didn't see, upon the London street.

So turn your back, and wiggle softly from me!.

With mini-skirt, (perhaps, no underwear!).

Your legs are great! But, by the Gods above me!.

I watch your wondrous London derriere!

The Paris girls are wonders full of beauty,

And California grows the long-stemmed L.A. rose;

Berlin nights are full of life, and lovely,

But London girls don't wear no panty-hose!

So turn your back, and wiggle softly from me!

And let me watch, and dream a dream so rare:

In my hotel, you naked there above me.

Sit on my face with your London derriere!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\did-see2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Did You Ever See

I've got an Auntie Sissy,

And she's only got one titty.

But it's very long and pointed,

And the nipple's double jointed.

chorus: Did you ever see,

Did you ever see,

Did you ever see,

Such a funny thing before.

I've got a cousin Daniel,

And he's got a cocker spaniel.

If you tickle him in the middle,

He will lift his leg and piddle.

Oh, I've got a cousin Rupert,

He plays outside half for Newport.,

They think so much about him,

That they always play without him.

Oh, I've got a cousin Anna,

And she's got a grand piano.

And she ram aram arama,

Till the neighbors say "God Damn her."

(Rugby Songs by Michael Green)

Every time it coughs, it spews,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dinahor2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Someone's In The Kitchen With Dinah

(llewtraH)

Dinah, won't you blow?

Dinah, won't you blow?

Dinah, won't you blow my horn?

Dinah, won't you blow?

Dinah, won't you blow?

Dinah, won't you blow my horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,

Someone's in the kitchen, I know,

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,

Humpin' like a dynamo.

Someone's in my sister's vagina,

Someone's in my sister, I know,

Someone's in my sister's vagina,

Humpin' like a dynamo.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dindang2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Long Dingle Dangle

(llewtraH)

Oh, one day in May when Mary lay a-sleeping,

Along come a corporal on hands and knees a-creeping,

With his long funny dingle-dangle

Way down to his knees.

Oh, three months went by and Mary was in clover;

She wished that the corporal would come and do it over,

With his long funny dingle-dangle

Way down to his knees.

Oh, six months went by and Mary grew much bigger

She wished that the corporal had never come and frigged her

With his long funny dingle-dangle

Way down to his knees.

Oh, nine months went by and Mary burst asunder,

And out marched a corporal with his regimental number,

And his long funny dingle-dangle

Way down to his knees.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dingdon2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



The Ballad Of Knocking Nellie  
It's gasman, postman, water-boy,  
The bloke that mends the telly;  
They're all the same to Harold's wife,  
The famous Knocking Nellie.  
She handles all their creditors;  
For years she's paid no bills;  
Likewise the various Teddy-boys  
And yes, she gets her thrills.  
It's late one night at Harold's place,  
While Harold's off at work,  
There's a football pools collector  
And he's Nellie's latest perk.  
She's got his vest and trousers off,  
She's begging him for more;  
When she hears her husband dear  
Come walking in the door.  
She hides the bloke in wardrobe door  
And then she stands there dumb,  
For hanging out the wardrobe door  
Are the pool collector's plums.  
Harold he comes up the stairs  
And he says "Hello dear,  
I've just received a day off work  
and -- what's this dangling here?"  
Well, Nellie's heard it all before,  
And a very good tale she tells:  
"I've just been out a shopping  
And I've bought this couple of bells.  
But they're not of the ringing sort  
In fact they're just a joke."  
So Harold lifts his finger up  
And he gives the bells a poke.  
Now Harold keeps on poking  
And agrees the bells are dead.  
And the bloke inside the wardrobe's gone  
A curious shade of red.  
Harold bets he'll make 'em ring  
If he hits them with a hammer,  
And Nellie, sitting on the bed,  
Can hardly raise a stammer.  
Harold swats them once or twice  
but still the bells don't ring.  
Then he pulls the hammer back  
To take one final swing.  
Harold swears he'll make 'em ring  
By gods it won't take long

When the bloke inside the wardrobe says  
"Oh for christ's sake 'Ding Ding Dong'".  
When the bloke inside the wardrobe says

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dingos-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Dingo

Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky  
Some Seventh Day Adventist went for a barbecue,  
Where they met some dingoes that could eat much more than you.  
They had packed some vegies, but those dingoes wanted meat;  
Kidneys and liver and arms and hands and feet.  
They searched and searched and searched and searched all around Ayre's rock  
But all they found were dog turds, and a light blue baby's sock.  
While the lawyers argued, Lindy got up the duff.  
The dingoes were ecstatic, cos they hadn't had enough.  
They then got the lawyers, to fuck the government;  
For a million or more, enough to pay the rent.  
The loser was the taxpayer, it always is that way.  
Especially when those lawyers and journos have their say.  
The dingo is a noble beast, who merely likes to eat,  
And a veggie-reared Adventist must have been a treat.  
Journalists and lawyers, they are a rotten lot;  
It was them and not the dingo that they should have shot.  
And now our story's over, there's just one thing left to say.  
The dingo likes to graze, upon the seventh day.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dogmeet2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Dogs All Had A Meeting

The dogs all had a meeting, and they came from near and far.  
Some came by trolley, and others came by car.  
Before they were allowed within to even have a look,  
They had to take their assholes off and hang 'em on a hook.  
But as soon as they were all within, every mother's son and sire,  
Some yellow-bellied son of a bitch, he went and hollered, "Fire!".  
They got their assholes all mixed up which made them rather sore,  
To have to wear some old asshole, they'd never worn before.  
And that is why you'll often see, while walking down the street,  
Two dogs will smell each others ass, where and when they meet.  
And that is why they'll often leave a juicy steak or bone,  
And go and smell some old asshole, in hopes they'll find their own.

(Immortalia)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dogshit2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Have A Dog His Name Is Fritz  
(llewtraH)  
(c) Ivor Biggun)  
I have a dog his name is Rover,  
And when he shits he shits all over.  
Chorus: Shit all 'round the room, me boys,  
Shit all 'round the room.  
I have a dog his name is Fritz.  
And when he shits, he shits and shits,  
I've got a dog a big Great Dane,  
He wipes his bum and pulls the chain.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dontcal2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Don't Call Me  
I don't want to be a soldier,  
I don't want to be a man of class.  
I just want to go down to old Soho,  
Pinching all the girlies on the shoulder blades.  
I don't want no bullet in me backside,  
I don't want me knockers shot away,  
I want to stay in England, jolly jolly England,  
And fornicate my blooming life away.  
Call out the members of the Queens' Marines,  
Call out the King's Artillery.  
Call out me mother, me sister and me brother,  
But for God's sake, don't call me.  
Monday night my hand was on her shoulder,  
Tuesday night my hand was on her knee.  
Wednesday night, success! I lifted up her dress.  
Thursday night I lifted up her silk chemise.  
Friday night I got my hand upon it.  
Saturday night I give it just a tweak.  
Sunday after supper, I finally got it up her,  
And now I'm paying twenty bob a week.  
I don't want to join the Navy,  
I don't want to be a man of war.  
I want to hang around the Picadilly underground,

Living off the earnings of a high class lady.  
I don't want no foreign women,  
When London's full of girls I've never 'ad.  
I want to stay in England, jolly jolly England,  
And follow in the footsteps of me dad.  
I Don't Want To Join The Convent  
(llewtraH)  
I don't want to join the convent,  
Purity is really quite a bore,  
I'd rather hang around my the Picadilly underground,  
Living off the my earnings as a high class lady,  
I don't want to waste my life a virgin,  
I don't want to count my rosary,  
I'd rather stay in England, lovely, lovely England,  
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.  
Monday I got myself deflowered,  
Tuesday I learned to get on top,  
On Wednesday I said, it's nicer in a bed,  
Thursday was a lovely bout of cunnilingus,  
Friday he told me he was leaving,  
Saturday he flew to Singapore,  
And Sunday starts the party,  
To celebrate his parting,  
And now I've got eight weeks to fuck around, gor blimey.  
I don't want to raise a family,  
I'm not cut out for nine to five,  
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,  
Living off the earnings of an off-shore expat,  
I don't care if I don't go to heaven,  
I don't want to go there all alone,  
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,  
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dotshaw2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Dorothy Shaw  
(llewtraH)

\*-----

Let me tell you the saga of Dorothy Shaw,  
Who got both her nipples stuck fast in a door.  
She pulled and she pulled, she became desperate,  
And slowly her tits became more elongate.  
Soon she was standing almost six foot back,  
But still her poor nipples were solidly trapped.  
Then with a ping, from the door frame they popped,  
And onto the floor like two dead fish they flopped.

They were long; they were flat; like two curtains they dangled,  
Looking like they had been wrung through a mangle.  
She could trail them behind her like the train of a dress,  
Or she could wrap them three times round her waist.  
Throw them over her shoulder to droop past her ass,  
Roll them up into balls to tuck into her bra,  
Tie them in knots, or braid them with ribbon,  
Display them with pride or in shame keep them hidden.  
Each morning she had to roll those tits right up,  
And stuff each one into her double-D cups.  
But one day as Dorothy strolled down the street,  
Her tits came unravelled and trailed at her feet.  
Those ribbons of flesh, they bounced and they rippled,  
And the uneven flagstones abraded her nipples.  
The passers-by stared and they started to laugh;  
It look as though Dorothy wore a living pink scarf.  
The next day she secured them with plasters and tape,  
Determined her mammaries would not escape.  
Within a few hours the tape started sagging,  
And once more behind her, those bosoms were sagging.  
Dorothy was not one to make a great fuss,  
Until those glands fell under the tires of a bus.  
Unawares she walked on, 'til caught by whiplash,  
And twanged into the vehicle with a resounding crash.  
The next time she went out, she secured them with laces,  
Crossed them over her shoulders, tied them tight round her waist. Flat-chested she  
looks, but when laborers at work,  
Yell "Show us your tits," she just lifts up her skirt.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dragons2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Do Virgins Taste Better

(llewtraH)

Tune: Wild Rover

A dragon has come to our village today;

We've asked him to leave but he won't go away.

Now he's talked to our King and they've worked out a deal:

No homes will he burn and no crops will he steal.

Now there is but one catch, we dislike it a bunch;

Twice a year he invites him a virgin to lunch.

Well, we've no other choice so the deal we'll respect,

But we can't help but wonder and pause to reflect.

Chorus: Do virgins taste better than those who are not?

Are they salty, or sweeter, more juicy or what?

Do you savour them slowly? Gulp them down on the spot?

Do virgins taste better than those who are not?

Now we'd like to be shed you and many have tried,  
But no one can get through your thick scaly hide.  
We hope that one day some knight will come by,  
'Cause we can't wait around 'til you're too fat to fly.  
You have such good taste in your women, for sure.  
They always are pretty; they always are pure.  
But your notion of dining, it makes us all flinch,  
For your favourite entree is barbecued wench.  
Now we've found a solution; it works out so neat,  
If you insist on nothing but virgins to eat.  
To ensure that their numbers ever grow small,  
We'll simply make sure there's no virgins at all!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\drinkin2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

We Go Drinking

Tune: Oh My Darlin' Clementine  
From the distant dawn of mankind,  
To the present state of bliss,  
Evolution has refined us,  
And the proof is simply this:  
CHORUS:  
We go drinking, we go drinking,  
We go drinking once a week,  
With the California drinkers,  
We go bonkers once a week.  
Prehistoric treetop monkeys,  
Taught us how to jump and fuck.  
But they had no drinking spirit;  
That we have is our good luck.  
Cro-Magnon and other cavemen,  
Did not live for very long.  
They were just as wild as we are,  
But they got the drinking wrong.  
In the early Middle Ages,  
Nuns and monks had little fun.  
They had wine and fornication,  
But they lacked a decent run.  
Billy Shakespeare wrote a sonnet,  
More than twenty pages long,  
All about the joys of drinking;  
We can do it in a song.  
Recent surveys of the country,  
Show that only magic will,  
Save the nation from perdition,  
And we have the saving skill.

Girls and boys and other sexes,  
Stand up tall and sing out clear:  
We shall never be athletic,  
We just do it for the beer.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\drivuni2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Driving Under The Influence

(llewtraH)

Tune: Jingle Bells

Sucking down a beer, feeling pretty loose;  
Just now killing off a fifth, we're running out of booze.  
I got Grandmas' keys; lets go for a ride;  
What fun it is, to get so stinkin' drunk that you can't drive.

Oh!

DUI, DUI, life is just a game.

Oh what fun it is to ride in someone elses' lane.

Oh!

DUI, DUI, throw up on the dash.

We'd go to the liquor store but we ain't got the cash!

Sliding 'round the curve in Grandma's Cadillac;

She won't even notice if we don't bring it back (She's old!)

Look at all the sparks flashing from the side.

That gaurd rail sure is close, I think we're gonna die!

Oh!

DUI, DUI, fearless guys are we.

Someone roll the window down, I really gotta pee.

Oh!

DUI, DUI, ride up on the curb.

Hit that asshole on the sidewalk, it's too late to swerve!

Riding through the town, running every light;

And if we find some Arabs, we're gonna start a fight.

We would stop for breakfast, but we just hit a truck.

Grandma's got insurance, so we don't give a fuck.

Oh!

DUI, DUI, cops are on our ass.

Watch me push 'em off the road as they begin to pass.

Oh!

DUI, DUI, now we're goin' to jail.

Someone better call Grandma so she can post our bail!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\drnkdra2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Drink, Drank, Drunk

(llewtraH)

Chorus: Drink, drink, wherever we may be,

We are the drunk and disorderly,

And we will drink wherever we may be,

For we are the drunk and disorderly.

I was drunk last night;

I was drunk the night before;

And I'm gonna get drunk like I've never been drunk before

'Cause when we're drunk, we're as happy as can be,

For we are the drunk and disorderly.

I've been drunk on whisky,

I've been drunk on gin,

I'd get drunk on tequila but they didn't have none in.

We got drunk on vodka and were happy as can be,

For we are the drunk and disorderly.

I've been drunk on cider,

I've been drunk on beer,

I started drinking cocktails but they made my stomach queer.

So I got drunk on champagne; I'm as happy as can be,

For we are the drunk and disorderly.

I've been drunk on sherry,

On port and cognac,

I started the Bacardi but I spewed the damn stuff back.

And when we're drunk we're as happy as can be,

For we are the drunk and disorderly.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\dustman2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Old Man's A Dustman

My old man's a dustman

He wears a dustman's hat,

He killed two thousand Germans

So what do you think of that?

One lay here, one lay there,

One lay round the corner.

One lay up Dusty Street,

Crying out for water.

Water, water, water,

Water came at last.

I don't want no water,

So stick it up your ass.

My old man's a dustman

He wears a dustman's hat

He took me round the corner



To watch a football match.  
Fatty passed to Skinny,  
Skinny passed it back,  
Fatty took a rotten shot  
And knocked the goalie flat.  
Where was the goalie,  
When the ball was in the net?  
Half-way round the goal post  
With his knickers round his neck.  
They put him on a stretcher  
They put him on a bed,  
Along came a little dog  
And piddled on his head.  
My old man's a dustman,  
He wears a dustman's hat.  
He farted through the keyhole  
And paralysed the cat.  
My old man's a dustman  
He wears a dustman's hat,  
He drives a dustbin lorry  
And he flattened next-door's cat.  
My old man's a postman,  
He gets to play with letters,  
He says French letters are the best,  
But without is much better.  
My old man's a butcher,  
His shop is down the street,  
You'll see him in the window  
Playing with his meat.  
My old man's a sailor  
On an Irish submarine.  
They call the subm'rine 'Durex'  
'Cause it's full of useless se(a)men.  
My old man's a farmer,  
With a hundred laying pullets,  
He also has a dandy cock,  
And a fine big pair of bullocks.  
My old man's a baker  
My sister tried his pies,  
He put a bun in her oven,  
And now it's started to rise.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\electro2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Nothing Sucks Like An Electrolux  
(llewtraH)

Dickie Jones was a man who had unnatural alliances,  
With toasters and other domestic appliances,  
But for true satisfaction there's nothing that sucks,  
Nothing that sucks like an Electrolux.  
Dickie Jones indulges his strange, risky urges,  
Without a circuit-breakers to guard against surges,  
Of the current as it powers the various appliances,  
With which poor perverted Dickie holds dangerous alliances.  
Now one lonely evening when Dickie needed his release,  
He had a odd liaison with a strong new vacuum cleaner,  
First he played the brushes up and down along his tool,  
Then he turned the brushes so they tickled 'gainst his balls.  
He then attached the nozzle, set the thing to maximum suck,  
Stuck his plonker up the tubing of his new Electrolux,  
The suction felt fantastic as he made his pelvic thrusts,  
But in this new technology young Dick put too much trust.  
He entered it too deeply and it stuck fast to his balls,  
Into the metal tubing his poor gonads were hauled,  
In agony he yelped out, in pain he crossed his eyes,  
But from the cleaner nozzle his three-piece could not be prised.  
He pulled out the mains plug, by now was feeling frantic,  
Cursed his vacuum cleaner, he regretted all his antics,  
Compressed inside the nozzle Dick's dick could not be freed,  
And to compound matters he had a desperate urge to pee.  
He disconnected all the tubing, tucked it down inside his pants,  
And limped along to Casualty, accompanied by clanks,  
The girls all cheered our Dickie as he limped along the street,  
The guys envied the hard-on which reached right down to his feet.  
The doctors at the hospital, with hacksaw and a frown,  
Cut free his tortured penis, told him not to fool around,  
With electrical appliances, vacuum cleaners and the like,  
Without a circuit breaker to guard 'gainst current spikes.  
Now he's started up a new affair with a Black and Decker drill,  
When Dickie fits the buffing pads it gives the guy a thrill,  
But for true satisfaction he knows there's nowt that sucks,  
As strongly and as keenly as a new Electrolux.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\elephan2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Hole In The Elephant's Bottom

My ambition's to go on the stage;  
From this you can see that I've got 'em.  
In pantomime I'm all the rage;  
I'm the hole in the elephant's bottom.  
His balls they hang so low,  
I think that I could knot 'me,

As I wink at the girls in the pit  
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom  
The man who plays the front part  
Is absolutely rotten.  
All he can do is to fart  
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.  
Oh! The girls think that I am it;  
As they sit in their stalls, I can spot 'em.  
And I wink at the girls in the pit,  
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.  
A young lady stood at the stage door.  
She said "You're a film star, I can spot 'em."  
You're Douglas Fairbanks.  
I said "Ma'am no thanks,  
I'm the hole in the elephant's bottom.  
One night we performed in a farce  
And they stuffed up the bottom with cotton.  
But it split and it showed my bare arse  
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.  
There are pockets inside in the cloth  
For two bottles of Bass, if you've got 'em.  
But they hiss and they boo when I blow out the froth  
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.  
Now my part doesn't have any words,  
But there's nothing that can't be forgotton.  
I spend all my time pushing property turds  
Through the hole in the elephants bottom.  
Some may think this story is good,  
And some may believe that it's rotten.  
But those that don't like it can stuff it right up  
The hole in the elephant's bottom.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\enginer2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

02/07/1999

We Are The Engineers

chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers;  
We can, we can, we can, we can, we can demolish forty beers.  
Drink run, drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, and come along with us.  
We don't give a damn for any damn man who don't give a damn for us.  
Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride,  
To show all the villagers her lovely bare white hide.  
The most observant man on Earth, an Engineer of course,  
Was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse.  
She said, "I've come a long long way, nad the man will go as far,  
Who takes me off this God-damned horse and leads me to a bar.

The men who took her off the horse and stood her to a beer,  
Were a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken Engineer.  
My father was a miner on the Upper Malemute,  
My mother was a hostess in a house of ill repute.  
They kicked me out at a tender age and never shed a tear,  
"Get out of here, you son-of-a-bitch, go join the Engineers.  
The Army and the Navy were out to have some fun,  
Looking for a tavern where the fiery liquors run.  
All they found were empties, for the Engineers had come  
And traded all their instruments for gallon jugs of rum.  
An Artsman and an Engineer once found a gallon can.  
Said the Artsman, "Match me drink for drink and prove you are a man."  
They drank three drinks, the Artsman died, his face was turning green.  
The Engineer drank on and cried, "It's only gasoline."  
I happened once upon a girl whose eyes were full of fire.  
Her physical endowments would make your hands perspire.  
To my great surprise, she said she never had been kissed,  
For her boyfriend was a worn out Engineering Physicist.  
A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the park.  
The Engineer was busy doing research in the dark.  
His scientific method was a wonder to observe;  
His left hand took the reading while his right hand traced the curve.  
Now, Venus was a statue made entirely of stone,  
There's not a fig leaf on her, she is naked as a bone.  
On seeing that her arms had gone, and Engineer discoursed,  
"Of course, the damn thing's broken, she should be re-enforced.  
Sir Francis Drake and all his ships sailed up to Calais Bay,  
'Cause they had heard the Spanish Rum Fleet was heading up that way.  
But the Engineers had beat them by a night and half a day.  
And though they were tight as virgins, you could hear them loudly say:  
An engineer once came to class so very drunk and late,  
He was carrying a load that you would exect to ship by freight.  
The only thing that held him up and kept him on his course,  
Were the boundary conditions and electromotive force.  
Said the Beauty to the Engineer, "My beer is getting warm.  
Unless some more is brought to me, I'll retire to the dorm."  
The Engineer said, "Go to Hell!  
I'm not a money tree.  
If you're so God damned thirsty, you can buy a beer for me."  
My mother peddles opium, my father's on the dole.  
My sister used to walk the streets, but now she's on parole.  
My brother runs a restaurant with some bedrooms in the rear,  
But I'm the black sheep of the lot, 'cause I'm an Engineer.  
Now, Caesar went to Egypt at the age of fifty-three,  
But Cleopatra's blood was red, her heart was warm and free.  
And every night when Caesar said goodbye at one o'clock,  
A Roman Engineer was waiting just around the block.  
After reading Kama Sutra, he tried position nine,  
For proving his virility, it truly was divine.  
On day he happened on a girl who threw him on his rear,

For he was a feeble Artsy while she was an Engineer.  
Godiva was a lady well-endowed there was no doubt,  
She never wore a stitch of clothes, just wound her hair about.  
The first man ever made was an Engineer of course,x  
But on one beer, an Artsy queer, once made Godiva's horse.  
So now you've heard our story, and you know we're Engineers,  
And like all hearty fellows, we drink our whiskey clear.  
We drink to every fellow who comes from far and near,  
'Cause we're helluva helluva helluva helluva helluva Engineers.  
(sent on the internet to Ken Smith from "Erik - I have more if you  
are interested ", but we have no address.)  
So here's to engineering, where I earn my daily bread.  
We'll rise and sing a chorus from our coffins when we're dead.  
And when we reach the Pearly Gates, we'll give St Pete the cue,  
To join the happy chorus with the engineering crew.  
And here's to the Accountant who makes us count the stock.  
I hope that he gets syphilis with a pimple on his cock.  
He lectures the apprentices, the same talk every year;  
And he screws his secretary, till her ass is out of gear.  
And here's to the Professor, the mathematical son of a bitch;  
We hope he gets the syphilis and dies with seven-year itch.  
We'll use his prick as radius, and used his balls as base,  
And prove by the theory of limits, that his asshole is his face.  
If I had a condom and a jar of Vaseline,  
I'd get me up to heaven, screw the Engineering Queen.  
Finance girls take three iches, secretaries, they take four,  
Engineering girls take all you've got, and then they yell for more.  
An engineer went to Hades, after he was dead;  
He screwed the little devils until their asshole bled.  
He made the rocks and caverns ring with engineering yells,  
And made the boys from finance wish they'd never gone to hell.  
My father was a miner in the Welsh miner's dispute;  
My mother was a mistress in a house of ill repute.  
The last time that I saw them, their words rang in my ears:  
"Go forth and multiply, you bastard, and be an engineer."  
If I had a prick of steel and balls of shiny brass,  
I'd find a marble Venus and ram it up her ass.  
I'd breed a race of giants, to roam throughout the land,  
And sing another chorus with the engineering band.  
The compnay's run by marketing who like to make a sale.  
The salesmen all are drunkards who'll do anything for tail.  
HR's full of stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand,  
But us masturbating sons of bitches, are the finest in the land.  
n know an engineer, my lads, a cunning little tyke;  
He went out walking after dark and got a brand-new bike.  
It's owner stripped off all her clothes and falshed her milky tits:  
"Take whatever you like, my lad," but her clothing wouldn't fit.

\*\*\*\*\*

## We Are The Engineers

chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers;  
We can, we can, we can, we can, we can demolish forty beers.  
Drink run, drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, and come along with us.  
We don't give a damn for any damn man who don't give a damn for us.  
Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride,  
To show all the villagers her lovely bare white hide.  
The most observant man on Earth, an Engineer of course,  
Was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse.  
She said, "I've come a long long way, nad the man will go as far,  
Who takes me off this God-damned horse and leads me to a bar.  
The men who took her off the horse and stood her to a beer,  
Were a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken Engineer.  
My father was a miner on the Upper Malemute,  
My mother was a hostess in a house of ill repute.  
They kicked me out at a tender age and never shed a tear,  
"Get out of here, you son-of-a-bitch, go join the Engineers.  
The Army and the Navy were out to have some fun,  
Looking for a tavern where the fiery liquors run.  
All they found were empties, for the Engineers had come  
And traded all their instruments for gallon jugs of rum.  
An Artsman and an Engineer once found a gallon can.  
Said the Artsman, "Match me drink for drink and prove you are a man."  
They drank three drinks, the Artsman died, his face was turning green.  
The Engineer drank on and cried, "It's only gasoline."  
I happened once upon a girl whose eyes were full of fire.  
Her physical endowments would make your hands perspire.  
To my great surprise, she said she never had been kissed,  
For her boyfriend was a worn out Engineering Physicist.  
A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the park.  
The Engineer was busy doing research in the dark.  
His scientific method was a wonder to observe;  
His left hand took the reading while his right hand traced the curve.  
Now, Venus was a statue made entirely of stone,  
There's not a fig leaf on her, she is naked as a bone.  
On seeing that her arms had gone, and Engineer discoursed,  
"Of course, the damn thing's broken, she should be re-enforced.  
Sir Francis Drake and all his ships sailed up to Calais Bay,  
'Cause they had heard the Spanish Rum Fleet was heading up that way.  
But the Engineers had beat them by a night and half a day.  
And though they were tight as virgins, you could hear them loudly say:  
An engineer once came to class so very drunk and late,  
He was carrying a load that you would exect to ship by freight.  
The only thing that held him up and kept him on his course,  
Were the boundary conditions and electromotive force.  
Said the Beauty to the Engineer, "My beer is getting warm.

Unless some more is brought to me, I'll retire to the dorm."  
The Engineer said, "Go to Hell!  
I'm not a money tree.  
If you're so God damned thirsty, you can buy a beer for me."  
My mother peddles opium, my father's on the dole.  
My sister used to walk the streets, but now she's on parole.  
My brother runs a restaurant with some bedrooms in the rear,  
But I'm the black sheep of the lot, 'cause I'm an Engineer.  
Now, Caesar went to Egypt at the age of fifty-three,  
But Cleopatra's blood was red, her heart was warm and free.  
And every night when Caesar said goodbye at one o'clock,  
A Roman Engineer was waiting just around the block.  
After reading Kama Sutra, he tried position nine,  
For proving his virility, it truly was divine.  
On day he happened on a girl who threw him on his rear,  
For he was a feeble Artsy while she was an Engineer.  
Godiva was a lady well-endowed there was no doubt,  
She never wore a stitch of clothes, just wound her hair about.  
The first man ever made was an Engineer of course,x  
But on one beer, an Artsy queer, once made Godiva's horse.  
So now you've heard our story, and you know we're Engineers,  
And like all hearty fellows, we drink our whiskey clear.  
We drink to every fellow who comes from far and near,  
'Cause we're helluva helluva helluva helluva helluva Engineers.  
(sent on the internet to Ken Smith from "Erik - I have more if you  
are interested ", but we have no address.)  
So here's to engineering, where I earn my daily bread.  
We'll rise and sing a chorus from our coffins when we're dead.  
And when we reach the Pearly Gates, we'll give St Pete the cue,  
To join the happy chorus with the engineering crew.  
And here's to the Accountant who makes us count the stock.  
I hope that he gets syphilis with a pimple on his cock.  
He lectures the apprentices, the same talk every year;  
And he screws his secretary, till her ass is out of gear.  
And here's to the Professor, the mathematical son of a bitch;  
We hope he gets the syphilis and dies with seven-year itch.  
We'll use his prick as radius, and used his balls as base,  
And prove by the theory of limits, that his asshole is his face.  
If I had a condom and a jar of Vaseline,  
I'd get me up to heaven, screw the Engineering Queen.  
Finance girls take three iches, secretaries, they take four,  
Engineering girls take all you've got, and then they yell for more.  
An engineer went to Hades, after he was dead;  
He screwed the little devils until their asshole bled.  
He made the rocks and caverns ring with engineering yells,  
And made the boys from finance wish they'd never gone to hell.  
My father was a miner in the Welsh miner's dispute;  
My mother was a mistress in a house of ill repute.  
The last time that I saw them, their words rang in my ears:  
"Go forth and multiply, you bastard, and be an engineer."

If I had a prick of steel and balls of shiny brass,  
I'd find a marble Venus and ram it up her ass.  
I'd breed a race of giants, to roam throughout the land,  
And sing another chorus with the engineering band.  
The company's run by marketing who like to make a sale.  
The salesmen all are drunkards who'll do anything for tail.  
HR's full of stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand,  
But us masturbating sons of bitches, are the finest in the land.  
I know an engineer, my lads, a cunning little tyke;  
He went out walking after dark and got a brand-new bike.  
It's owner stripped off all her clothes and flashed her milky tits:  
"Take whatever you like, my lad," but her clothing wouldn't fit.  
Rapunzel let her hair down for two suitors from below,  
So one of them could grab ahold and give the old heave-ho.  
The prince began to climb at once, but soon came out the worst,  
For the Engineer rode up a lift, and reached Rapunzel first.  
An MIT computer man got drunk one fateful night.  
He opened up the console and smashed everything in sight.  
When they finally subdued him, the judge he stood before  
Said, "Lock him up for twenty years, he's rotten to the core!"  
Princeton's run by Wellesley, and Wellesley's run by Yale,  
And Yale is run by Vassar, and Vassar's run by tail;  
Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand,  
But Tech is run by Engineers, the finest in the land.  
And should there be a Harvard man a-strolling our Great Court,  
We'll fetch a pail of river gunk and make him drink a quart.  
The water of the River Charles can fix his every flaw,  
And the Engineers all drink it 'cause it makes us what we are.  
MIT was MIT when Harvard was a pup,  
And MIT will be MIT when Harvard's time is up.  
And any Harvard Son of a Bitch who thinks he's in our class  
Can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the beaver's ass.  
An MIT surveyor once found the gates of Hell.  
He looked the devil in the eye and said, "You're looking well!"  
The devil looked right back at him and said, "Why visit me?  
You've been through Hell already; you went to MIT!"  
That Engineer from MIT, he tried to enter Heaven.  
Saint Peter told the Engineer, "Get back to Building 7!"  
The Engineer said he was damned if he was going home -  
So he climbed atop the roof, and dropped through Heaven's dome.  
A friend in ol' New Haven called me up the other day.  
He said he was depressed because he hadn't got an A.  
I said to him, "You idiot!  
Why did you go to Yale?  
If you had come to MIT you'd still be on Pass/Fail!"  
(llewtraH)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fairmai2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



The Fair Maid Of Islington

(llewtraH)

There was a fair maid of Islington,

As I heard many tell,

And she was going to London town,

Her pears and apples to sell.

As she was going along the road

A vintner did her espy.

And what shall I give, fair maid, says he,

One night with you to lie ?

If you would lie with me one night,

You must give me five pounds.

A match, a match, the vintner said,

And so let this go round.

When he had lain with her all night,

Her money she did crave.

O no, O no, the vintner said,

The devil a penny you'll have.

This maid she made no more ado,

But to the justice went;

This vintner hired a cellar of me

And will not pay the rent.

Then straight the justice for him sent

And asked the reason why

That he would pay this maid no rent.

To which he did reply.

Although I hired a cellar of her,

And the possession was mine,

I ne'er put anything into it

But one small pipe of wine.

This fair maid being ripe of wit,

She straight replied again,

There lay two butts at the cellar door

Why didn't you roll them in ?

The justice told the vintner plain,

If he a tenant be,

He must expect to pay the price,

For he could not sit rent-free.

And when the maid her money got,

She put it in her purse,

And clapped her hand o'er the cellar door,

And swore it was never the worse.

Farmer (Sweet Violets)

There once was a farmer who lived by a creek,  
He was always a-fooling around with his--  
Toy things and play things all over the grass.  
He met a nice girl and she showed him her--  
Shoes and her stockings and all things and such.  
Whe told him she'd teach him a new way to--  
Raise up a family and teach them to knit,  
While the boys in the barnyard were shoveling--  
Contents of barnyard all over the sod.  
If you think I composed this, you're crazy, by God.  
(learned at Menlo JC, 1950)

Mary had a little dog; all night long he'd hunt.  
He stuck his head in Mary's lap to smell her little --  
Control yourself, you naughty dog! You make my pressure jump.  
Ain't but one man in this town who's good enough to --  
Pumpkin pie is almost done; lots of corn to shuck.  
Brother's got a lazy wife; she doesn't give a --  
F'crying out loud, look outside!  
The captain and the crew  
Heading down to Mazie's house to get themselves a --  
Screw the lightbulb in the lamp; Please don't break the glass.  
If you eat those pepper pods, they're sure to burn your --  
Asked a woman, What's your name?  
She wrote it by the creek.  
Pardon me, I'll step outside.  
I've gotta take a leak.  
Off the internet 2004

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fartcon2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Farting Contest

(Rima Laibow)

I'll tell you a story that is sure to please,  
Of a great farting contest at Sutton-on-Peas,  
Where all the best arses paraded the field,  
To compete in a contest for various shields.  
Some tighten their asses and fart up the scale,  
To compete for a cup and a barrel of ale.  
While others whose arses are biggest and strongest,  
Compete in the section for loudest and longest.  
Now, this year's event had drawn quite a big crowd,  
And the betting was even on Mrs. McDowd.  
For it had appeared in the evening edition,

That this lady's arse was in perfect condition.  
Mrs. Bingle arrived amid roars of applause,  
And promptly proceeded to pull off her drawers.  
For though she'd no chance in the farting display,  
She'd the prettiest bottom you'd seen in a day.  
Now young Mrs. Porter was backed for a place,  
Though she'd often been placed in the deepest disgrace,  
By dropping a fart on a Sunday in church,  
And disturbing the sermon of Reverend McGurch.  
The ladies lined up at the signal to start,  
And winning the toss, Mrs. Jones to first fart.  
The people around stood in silence and wonder,  
While the wireless transmitted gale force and thunder.  
Now Mrs. McDowd reckoned nothing of this,  
For she'd had some weak tea and was all wind and piss.  
So she took up her place and her arse opened wide,  
But, unluckily shit and was disqualified.  
Then young Mrs. Porter was called to the front,  
And started by doing a wonderful stunt.  
She took a deep breath, and clenching her hands,  
She blew the damned roof off the popular stands.  
This left Mrs. Bingle, who shyly appeared,  
And smiled at the clergy, who lustily cheered.  
And though it was thought that her chances were small,  
Sne ran out a winner, out-farting them all.  
She went to the rostrum with dignified gait,  
And took from the vicar a set of gold plate.  
Then she turned to the clergy with sweetness sublime,  
And smiling, said, "Come up and see me sometime."  
The clergy was shocked by Miz Bingle's remark,  
Though some felt a stirring 'neath vestment and sark.  
Perhaps 'twas the wind, but who could have guessed?  
And that was the end of the farting contest.  
(Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fartdef2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Ubiquitous Farts

There's an affliction common to both lads and lasses;  
The inexorable build-up of intestinal gases.  
Sometimes it comes out with barely a squeak,  
Expelled in near silence with an odor that's weak.  
Oftimes it comes out as a thunderous fart,  
That frightens the horses and gives colleagues a start.  
The odor is noxious, like cabbage or eggs,  
And lingers about the butt-hole or the legs.

Like a childhood-stinkbomb, a fart can be dropped;  
Though the sphincter is clenched tight, it cannot be stopped.  
The silent killer has a joy all its own;  
Sometimes it just sneaks out, surreptitious and warm.  
It smells like a dung-heap, sulphur dioxide is strong,  
And it hangs in the air for far far too long.  
The thunderous fart has its merits as well;  
It startles your colleagues and warns of bad smells.  
And though it may be scentless, the warning is clear,  
"Hold on to your noses, I've dropped a fart here."  
Farts may vibrate your sphincter with a whistling sound,  
Clearing your path for some miles around.  
Or may blare like a bugle announcing their entry,  
"Hello World!  
Here I am!  
Standing tall like a sentry!"  
Sometimes it brings with it liquid excrement;  
A wet fart it's called, and a messy event.  
But whatever it smells like, whatever the noise,  
Its common in couth and uncouth girls and boys.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fartfoo2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Poor Old Fartin' Fool  
(llewtraH)  
"What crawled up your ass and died," she asked,  
As we neared our first embrace.  
I had to let loose; I know I was wrong;  
It was not the time or the place.  
It stunk like hell.  
We nearly fell  
For on an odor deadly for sure.  
But I had to fart; my ass comes first,  
And for this I have no cure.  
Chorus:  
I'm a poor old fartin' fool;  
I always lose my cool.  
I always smell; my life is hell;  
Flatulence can be cruel,  
I plugged it up, stuck a cork up my butt;  
My efforts were to no avail.  
And now I see, I'll always be  
A poor old fartin' fool.  
I hope some day the well runs dry,  
And I'll be odor free,  
But the chili dogs, the pork and beans

Just keep on callin' me.  
If I had my way, I'd fart all day,  
Locked up in my stinkin' room,  
Inhaling the fumes from my precious butt,  
Fartin' to my doom.  
I'm gonna cut one,  
Stay away from me.  
Save yourself,  
From the cloud surrounding me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fartson2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Farting Song

by Ivor Bigguns

(llewtraH)

I've Farted, I've farted;  
I've made a trouser cough;  
I've whistled in me Y fronts;  
I've just peeled one off.  
I've blown my bowel bugle  
I've been eating pees,  
I've broken wind I've dropped my guts  
open the window please

CHORUS

Bubbles in the bath, real rip snorters,  
Up on one cheek and hope it makes no noise.  
Window rattlers, cushion creepers,  
Don't shake your legs; keep it in your corduroys.  
A gentleman tells before it smells;  
He waves his jacket till its gone.  
But I'm the kind of sneaky bugger  
That lets one and doesn't let on.  
I let them go in lifts and planes,  
In phone boxes and trains.  
And when they stink, the people blink  
And blame it on the drains.  
And when they stink the people blink

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fasbich2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Fascinating Bitch

x

I wish I was a fascinating bitch,  
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich,  
I'd live in a house with a little red light,  
Sleep all day, work all night.  
And once a month I'd take a little trip,  
Just to drive my customers wild.  
Oh I wish I was a fascinating bitch,  
And not a illegitimate child.  
x  
(Mamma Mc used to sing this but knew few of the words.)  
How they diddle is a riddle,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fatassd2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## BIG FAT ARSE

\*-----

Here's a song about something we've seen,  
About a girl with everything;  
Looks and brains and personality,  
And more of her ass than there ought to be.  
Living in a land of good and plenty here  
We've got a lot of good food, wine and beer;  
Hard to keep trim with all that going on  
But a single man must sing this song.  
A big, fat arse.  
A big fat arse,  
Goddam I hate a big fat arse.  
So, just stay put, we'll drink some beer;  
We can't be sure from over here.  
When she goes to the loo, it will tell the tale;  
I told you so, it's a baby whale.  
A baby whale.  
A baby whale,  
I won't make a move on a baby whale.  
Here's another little verse about the same old thing,  
About this girl with everything,  
Looks and brains and personality,  
And more in back than what's meant for me.  
We're living in the land of good and plenty here;  
Too much food and wine and beer.  
Hard to keep fit with all that going on..  
But her boyfriend might just sing this song.  
You know I don't mind the smoking of the halitosis,  
A few bad zits or a mild neurosis  
A little B.O. or a flabby gut,  
But I just can't hack your big fat butt.

Your big fat butt, your big fat butt,  
 Don't want to be seen with that big fat butt.  
 Here's another little verse about the same old thing,  
 About this girl with everything,  
 Looks and brains an personality,  
 And a rear like a five ton GMC  
 We're living in the land of good and plenty here  
 Too much food and wine and beer  
 Hard to keep trim with all that going on  
 But a married man might just sing this song.  
 Now baby what the hell can I do?  
 To buy you dinner costs the price of two.  
 To games, to shows, you need two seats,  
 The city's planning wider streets.  
 Wider walks, wider seats,  
 Now we've got to have wider streets.  
 Well you broke my chair with those humungous hocks;  
 The car's gotten four new overload shocks.  
 You broke the toilet and an escalator;  
 Now you've got to ride in the freight elevator.  
 A freight elevator and an escalator  
 You even crushed your new vibrator.  
 Well about this girl with everything,  
 This candidate for diary queen.  
 She's pissed off now so I'll end this song  
 Get rid of them buns and we'll get it on.  
 Get it on, get it on,  
 Get rid of them buns and we'll get it on.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fatgrov2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Fatty Groves

(c) Dick Nudds & Chris Sugden 1987

A holiday, a holiday, and all the people dozed.

Lord Ormsby's wife went into the town, but everything was closed.

She couldn't get no shopping done, and so she looked around,

And there she saw big Fatty Groves, a-lying on the ground.

"Go home, go home, you Fatty Groves, you are a drunken lout;

Go home, go home, you Fatty Groves, you shouldn't be let out."

"Oh I can't go home, and I won't go home, and I can't go home for my life;

For the ring off my finger I have lost, I'll be murdered by me wife."

"Well if I am quite frank with you, your wife is not at home,

For she is in my husband's bed, and she is not alone.

So as I've nothing else to do - no really not a thing -

I might as well come back with you and help you find the ring."

A servant who was standing there, just why nobody knows,

He swore his cronies they should know before the pub was closed.  
 And when he came to the broad mill stream, he did not see the plank,  
 And in his hurry to carry the news he fell on his belly and sank.  
 Big Fatty and Lord Ormsby's wife they hunted high and wide,  
 Till Fatty fell upon his bed and she fell by his side.  
 Big Fatty Groves he then got up to go and wash his face;  
 When he returned Lady Ormsby's husband lay there in his place.  
 Saying "Well, I like your feather bed and well, I like your sheets,  
 And well, to be frank, I like your wife who lies in my arms asleep.  
 "Stay there, stay there," said Fatty Groves, "I shall not rant and curse,  
 For you have got the better of me and I have got the worse."  
 "Stout fellow," said Lady Ormsby's husband, "Taken like a man."  
 But in then come Mrs. Fatty Groves and in amazement stands.  
 Saying "How do you like my feather bed, and how do you like my sheet,  
 And how do you like my curtains that I got in the sale last week?"  
 And then up spoke Mrs. Fatty Groves, never heard to speak so cheap,  
 "You told me you didn't like your wife, and now with her you sleep."  
 Lady Ormsby's husband he jumped up and ran right out the door,  
 "I didn't know it was her", he cried, and was never seen no more.  
 Fatty fainted clean away at the closeness of the call,  
 The ladies picked him up, and they leant him against the wall.  
 They leant him up against the wall, and that was a disaster,  
 For Fatty weighed full twenty stone and the wall just lathe and plaster.  
 The wall gave way and Fatty fell, oh Fatty fell outside,  
 And when he came to the broad pavement, he fell on his head and he died.  
 "A grave, a grave," the ladies cried "To bury Fatty in,  
 But better you make it extra large, or you won't get him all in."  
 "Now isn't that just typical," these ladies they did say,  
 "The men can be relied upon to spoil a holiday."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fatherd2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jenny Be Fair - Buffy St. Marie

Jenny be fair and Jenny be fine and wants me for to wed.  
 And I would marry Jenny but me father up and said,  
 "I'm sad to tell you, son of mine, what your mother never knew,  
 But Jenny is a child of mine, and so is kin to you.  
 Mary be fair....  
 Coleen be fair...

You never saw a lad so sad and sorry as I was,  
 The girls in town are all my kin and me father is the cause.  
 If life should thus continue, I'm a bachelor for sure,  
 So I will go to mother and complain of this to her.  
 Well, son of mine, I've taught you to forgive and to forget,  
 And if your father sowed his oats, well, still you needn't fret,  
 Your father may be father to all the girls, but still,



He's not the one who fathered you, so marry who you will.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fillyrc2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Filly At The Races

I went for a day at the races.

I was up on the Epsom Downs.

In the parade ring, I saw a nice filly,  
Who needed a good rub down.

She looked a sure bet at the paddock;  
She looked very fine in her stall.

I laid ten to one I would ride her,  
That I'd bed her down in the straw.

She had a good eye and good carriage;  
She held her head high as she moved.  
Her fetlocks were shapely and clean;  
Her rump was compact, her gait smooth.

I followed her into the gallops,  
Watched her warm up on the grass.  
She'd seated up in the sunshine,  
But she'd plenty of speed in her ass.  
I slipped my hand under her girth-strap;  
I made sure her crupper was loose.

Ran my hands down her fore-quarters,  
And from haunches right down to her shoes.  
I removed her tack and my trousers,  
Then had her down on the turf.

She lifted her ass up to meet me  
Half-say as I knelt behind her.

She gave a quiet nicker as i entered,  
When I thrust, gave a full throated neigh.

She tossed her fine head in excitement,  
And climaxed with a trumpeting bray.  
She welcomed me like a fine stallion;  
She had stamina and a fine turn of speed.

My filly was no untried maiden;  
She completed the distance with ease.  
I'd have ridden her hour after hour,  
But a jockey dismounts when race ends.

She rolled her brown eyes as I left her,  
And tightened her girth-strap again.

I made my way pack to the paddock,

Where a pretty dark mare caught my eye,  
But she was saddled with a bridal,

So I made my way home bye and bye.

It was only one day at the races;

I rode like a jockey inspired.  
But the filly's in foal since that meeting,  
And I' to be named as the sire.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\firelck2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Firelock Stile

(llewtraH)

So come all young men, come listen awhile,

I'll tell you what happened at Firelock Stile,

When a stump of a nail caught hold of her clothes

She fell down, and did expose

Her old Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy

Rump-a-tump tooral looral day.

A gay young buck was standing by;

The sight of her quim so dazzled his eye.

She said "Young man, I feel amazed

To see a young gentleman stand and gaze

At my Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy

Rump-a-tump tooral looral day."

She said "Young man, if you mean what you say

And twenty bright guineas in gold were to pay,

If twenty bright guineas in gold you did pay,

Then, young man, you can fiddle away

On my Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy

Rump-a-tump tooral looral day."

Then very soon he gave consent

And into the woods together they went.

While he pre-formed and she pre-tuned

The boy and the beauty kept time to the tune

On her Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy

Rump-a-tump tooral looral day.

Now six weeks being over, as I have been told,

She gave him some fire to keep him from cold.

To keep him from cold, both night and day,

And he cursed the young damsel that learned him to play

On her Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy

Rump-a-tump tooral looral day.

Now all young men, come listen awhile;

I've told you what happened at Firelock Stile.

Or else, like me, you'll rue the day

You go into the woods to learn to play

On her Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy

Rump-a-tump tooral looral day.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fireshp2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Fireship

As I strolled out one evening upon my night's career,  
I spied a pretty fireship and to her I did steer.  
I hoisted out my sig-a-nals which she did quickly view,  
And when she saw my bunting fly, she immediately hove to.  
chorus: She had a dark and a roving eye,  
And her hair hung down in ring-a-lets.  
She was a nice girl, a decent girl,  
But one of the roving kind.  
"Excuse me, sir," she said to me, "for being out so late.  
For if my parents knew of this, then sad would be my fate.  
My father is a minister, a good and righteous man,  
My mother is a Methodist, I do the best I can."  
I eyed that girl both up and down, I'd heard such talk before,  
And when she moored herself to me, I knew she was a whore.  
But still she was a pretty girl, she shyly hung her head.  
"I'll go along with you, my lad," this to me she said.  
I took her to a tav-er-in and treated her to wine.  
Oh little did I ever think she was the rakish kind.  
I handled her, I dandled her, but much to my surprise,  
She was nothing but a pirate ship rigged up in a disguise.  
So up the stairs and into bed I took that maiden fair.  
I fired off my cannon into her thatch of hair.  
I fired off a broadside until my shot was spent,  
Then rammed that fireship's waterline until my ram was bent.  
Then in the morning she was gone, my money was gone too.  
My clothes she'd hocked, my watch she stole, my seabag bid adieu.  
But she'd left behind a souvenir, I'd have you all to know,  
And in nine days, to my surprise, there was fire down below.  
So listen all you sailor men who sail upon the sea,  
Beware of them there fireships, one was the ruin of me.  
Beware of them, stay clear of them, they'll be the death of you.  
'Twas there I had my mizzen sprung and my strong-box broken too.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fitrplt2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### No Fighter Pilots Down In Hell

There are no fighter pilots down in hell,  
There are no fighter pilots down in hell.  
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombadiers,  
There are no fighter pilots down in hell.

There are no fighter pilots in the states,  
They are off to foreign shores, making mothers out of whores  
The bomber pilot's life is just a farce,  
The automatic pilot's on, he's reading novels in the john.  
There are no fighter pilots up in Fifth,  
The place is full of brass, sitting on their big fat ass.  
It's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.  
If you ever do it once, you'll do it twice.  
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\flatwag2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Fart Wager  
(llewtraH)  
My lady and her maid,  
Upon a merry pin,  
They made a match at farting,  
Who should the wager win.  
Joan lights three candles then,  
And sets them bolt upright.  
With the first fart she blew them out,  
With the next she gave them light.  
In comes my lady then,  
With all her might and main,  
And blew them out and in and out  
And in and out again.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\flossie2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Flossie The Aussie  
Flossie was an Aussie, who lived in Aussieland.  
Her face was like a picture and her figure it was grand.  
And she met a Yankee sailor who worked on Fremantle Dock.  
He had time to woo our Flossie, and he wooed her round the clock.  
He bought her silken scanties, bought her whiskey, bought her gin.  
Even gave her ration coupons when her shoes were wearing thin.  
She loved this Yankee sailor for the things that he could buy.  
For this seaman was a demon in the Service of Supply.  
They she met another sailor from a Yankee submarine.  
He was dirty, he was greasy, he was nasty, he was mean.  
But he wooed her and pursued her, then afterwards won the day.  
"I just love my submariner", was what Flossie used to say.

Now Flossie was an Aussie and she knew her way around.  
She knew those paths of happiness and where those paths were found.  
So she led him to a churchyard and shortly they were wed,  
And retired for some service to a Flossie Aussie Bed.  
Now she gets no silken scanties, she gets damn few cigarettes,  
But when she wakes each morning she never never has regrets.  
She has learned this simple lesson, just the same as you and I,  
That a good supply of service beats the service of supply.  
(Dave and Ann Hawkins, Mill Valley, Calif 1966)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\flushma2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Flush The Magic Toilet

(llewtraH)

Tune: Puff the Magic Dragon

Flush the magic toilet lived by the Lune,  
And frolicked in the Autumn mist from Morecambe to Prestoon,  
Flush the magic toilet filled up the sea,  
Polluting northern beaches for the likes of you and me.  
Little Susy Snodgrass loved that rascal loo;  
And Flush he did love Susy with a love so rare and true.  
His bowl was made of silver, his pipes were just the same,  
And water came cascading down when you pulled his little chain.  
He cleaned himself with Harpic, with Brobat and with spit,  
Just so he was all nice and clean when Susy came to sit.  
Little Susy Snodgrass used Flush every day;  
She'd sit for hours and hours just to pass the time of day.  
No one else could use him for he would make them blush;  
For when they'd finished what they'd done, he would refuse to flush.  
He would wait for hours till Susy did next come,  
And you should hear his pipework sing at the touch of Susy's bum.  
Then one day it happened, Susy came no more.  
They traded him in for an inside loo with an underheated floor.  
When he was quite certain this was his final day,  
He took an overdose of Harpic and he flushed himself away.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\foodeat2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Food Dreamer

(llewtraH)

Last night a dream came into my head  
You were a fine white loaf of bread.

Then if may butter I could be  
How I would spread myself on thee.  
Prepare, prepare, my friends prepare,  
That you were made a cool tankard  
Then could I but a lemon be  
How I would squeeze my juice in thee.  
Lately, when fancy too, did roam,  
You were my dear, a honeycomb;  
And had I been a pretty bee  
How I would suck and creep in thee.  
A vision, too, I had of old,  
That you a mortar were of gold,  
Then could I but the pestle be  
How I would pound my spice in thee.  
Once too, my dream did humour take;  
You were a bowl of Hefford's Rack  
Zounds! Could I then the ladle be  
How would I pour out joys from thee.  
Another time, by charm divine,  
I dreamt you were an orchard fine.  
Then could I but thy farmer be;  
How I would plant my fruit in thee.  
Soon after whims came in my pate,  
You were a pot of chocolate.  
And could I but the rowler be  
How would I rub and froth up thee.  
But since all dreams are vain my dear  
Let now some solid joy appear.  
My soul still thine is proved to be;  
Let body now with soul agree.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\foolish2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Foolish, Incredibly Foolish  
From 'Women's Bawdy Songs', Graetz & Goodale  
As I was out walking one fine summer's day,  
There I met a man who unto me did say,  
"Won't you come with me and walk along my way?"  
I said I'd come.  
Foolish, incredibly foolish  
Foolish, incredibly foolish  
Foolish, incredibly foolish  
Dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb  
So we walked along together for a while.  
I gave to him a glance, he gave to me a smile.  
I had visions of us walking down the aisle,

To organ and drum.  
Then he asked me if I'd say with him the night.  
Modestly I said that it would not be right.  
He didn't say a word, he only got me tight,  
(Grapefruit juice and rum).  
I woke up next morning, hammers in my head.  
Found my gallant lover, gallantly had fled.  
Didn't care, too busy wishing I were dead,  
Feeling so glum.  
I have vowed the next time that I meet a boy,  
I won't be snowed, new tactics I'll employ.  
Guess I'll stay away and maybe I'll enjoy  
All the foolish fun.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fotgraf2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Photographer's Ballad

by Grit Laskin

(llewtraH)

\*(Grit Laskin)

Well early Saturday morning, I was strolling in the wood;  
I came upon a lady who by the wayside stood.  
And what, pray tell, would such a lass as you be doing here?  
I've come to take some photographs, said she as I drew near.  
Said I to her, I do declare, this is a fateful day,  
For I have come to photograph, the same as you did say.  
Then I took out my Nikon-F and placed it in her hand;  
She said that's quite a camera, sir, you have at your command.  
My camera so delighted her, she could no more delay;  
She let me see her camera case, wherein her accessories lay.  
I'm sure, she said, you have most everything that can be bought.  
Just let me stretch my tripod out before I take some shots.  
We photographed from haylofts, and up against the wall;  
If you've not shot on Saturday night, you've not photographed at all.  
She had her shutter open wide, for daylight was all gone;  
Likewise my naked camera lens, it had its filter on.  
This lady had experience with cameras, yes, indeed;  
And I thought her exposures the best I'd ever seed.  
Although she seemed to tire not, as on and on we went;  
I said I'll have to stop now, my film supply is spent.  
She said I've had Mirandas, Yashicas and Rolleis  
Hasselblad and Pentax, likewise a Polaroid.  
Fujica, Canon, Nikkormat, a Kodak and the rest,  
But now I've seen your Nikon-F, and surely it's the best.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fragmnt2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Epitaph To Mary

(2)

Here lies the body of Mary Jane,  
A prey to fear and terrors.

A virgin born, a virgin died,  
No hits; no runs; no errors.

Expense Account

(2)

In Atlanta, it was Mabel,  
In Mobile her name was Flo.

Cincinnati it was Dollie,  
Betty Joe in Buffalo,  
In old Philly it was Mary,  
Down in Tampa it was Jean,  
But on the expense account sheet,  
It was "Meals and Gasoline."

Sick Virgins

(2)

No! No! for my virginity,  
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die:  
Behind the elms, last night, cried Dick,  
Rose, were you not extremely sick?

Feather Beds

(2)

There are so many feather beds,  
So many little maidenheads,  
There's practically no excuse,  
For sodomy or self-abuse.

Signs In Iodine

(2)

If I had a girl and she was mine,  
I'd paint her teats with iodine,  
And on her belly I'd paint a sign,  
Keep off the grass, this ass is mine.

Social Lass And Glass

(2)

A social glass and a social lass,  
Go very well together,  
But a social lass with a social ass,  
I like a damn site better.  
Here's to the glass, the lass, and the ass,  
May we meet in all kinds of weather.  
We'll drink from the glass, feel of the ass,  
And make the lass feel better.

Orion



(2)

Under the star of Orion,  
Under the vault of blue,  
The lamb shall lay down with the lion,  
And I, my love, with you.

Twenty-eight Days

(2)

You may get your thrills and shocks  
In many different ways.  
The difference between thrills and shocks,  
Is twenty-eight short days.

Slim's Gal

(2)

Slim's gal was tall and slender,  
My gal was short and low.  
Slim's gal wore silks and satins,  
My gal wore calico.

Slim's gal was rich and sporty,  
My gal was pure and good.  
Would I trade gals with Slim?  
You Goddamned right I would!  
The Stream Of Izzen

(2)

Drifting down the stream of Izzen,  
They were seated at the stern.  
And she had her hand on his'n,  
And he had his hand on her'n.

Gather Ye Rosebuds

(2)

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying.  
And the penis which is stiff today,  
Tomorrow will be dying.

The Bull

(2)

Here's to the bull that roams the woods,  
He does the cows and heifers good.  
If it were not for his long long rod,  
We'd not have any beef, by God!

Carnation Milk

(2)

Carnation Milk is the best in the land,  
Here I sit with a can I my hand.  
No teats to pull, no shit to pitch,  
Just poke a hole in the son of a bitch.

The Breezes

(2)

The breezes, the breezes,  
They blow through the treeses,  
And lift the chemiseses,

Above the girls kneeses,  
The little boys siezes,  
And does what he pleases,  
And catches diseases,  
B'Jesus, B'Jesus.

Skirts

(2)

If skirts get any shorter,  
Said the flapper with a sob,  
I'll have two more cheeks to powder,  
And a lot more hair to bob.

Sleigh Ride

(2)

I took my sweetie for a sleigh ride,  
The sleigh turned upside down.  
Then I heard my sweetie holler,  
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

Stop Playing

(2)

Stop playing with your brother, dear,  
It seems I've told you often.  
If you don't stop it right away,  
I'm going to close the coffin.

A Little One

(2)

I'm going to have a little one,  
She said so gay and frisky.  
Her boyfriend grabbed his hat and ran,  
Before he knew she meant whiskey.

The Girl That I Marry

(2)

The girl that I marry need not have,  
A brain that is cunning and smart.  
I also don't demand that she own,  
A warm understanding heart.  
If she has a spirit wild, untamed,  
And a soul that's so pure and devine,  
I couldn't care less.  
All that I demand,  
Is equipment that's different from mine.

Flunked At Arithmetic

(2)

She has an ermine coat, a foreign car,  
A ten-room flat with a built-in bar.  
And she does it all at thirty per,  
Believe it, that's the truth, Dear Sir.  
Yet five years back, some teacher hick,  
Flunked this gal in arithmetic.

Her Feet In The Air (2)

Her feet went up into the air,

Her face turned crimson red.  
She felt herself go cold and wet,  
And she wished that she were dead.  
Now the moral of the story,  
Is never sit down abrupt.  
Always look behind you,  
The seat may still be up.  
Grandmother's House

(2)

Over the hills and through the woods,  
To grandmother's house we go.  
Our sleigh bells ring so merrily,  
As we jog along through the snow.  
Oh Look! There's Granny on the porch,  
The old girls quite a battler.  
We love the fun at Granny's house,  
For she is Polly Adler.

Epitaph

(2)

Here lies the body of my daughter Charlotte,  
Born a virgin and died a harlot.  
For twelve long years she kept her virginity,  
Which is quite a record for this vicinity.

Misled

(2)

Little Mary pinned her hopes  
On a book by Mary Stopes.  
Judging by the girl's condition,  
It must have been an old edition.

Push In The Bush

(2)

Here's to America, the land of the push,  
Where a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,  
But if in the bush, a fair maiden should stand,  
Then a push in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Edith Donahue McQuellan

(2)

Edith Donahue McQuellan

Ate her fill of watermelon.  
Late that night with Richard Pruitt,  
Edith wet before she knew it.  
Moral: Girls who can't control the bladder,  
Ne'er will top the social ladder.

Bridget O'Flaherty McHugh

(2)

Bridget O'Flaherty McHugh  
Held venal traffic with a gnu.  
Mistaking fore for aft one morn,  
Impaled herself upon its horn.  
Moral: Those who seek high ends,

Should shun our furred and feathered friends.

Cedric Tillinghast O'Brien

(2)

Cedric Tillinghast O'Brien

Tried to masturbate a lion.

Playing with its lordly jock,

He was ripped from nape to cock.

Moral: Those who play with Leo,

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Mary Meek

(2)

Here lies the bones of Mary Meek

Her will was strong, but her won't was weak.

(H. H. Hart)

Dear Old Prick

(2)

Your spooning days are over, your pilot light is out,

What used to be your sex appeal is now your water spout.

You used to be embarrassed to make the thing behave,

For every blooming morning, it would stand and watch you shave.

But now you are growing old, it sure gives you the blues,

To see the thing hang down your leg,

And watch you shine your shoes.

(Michael Green)

I Met Miss Malone

(2)

I met Miss Malone in the graveyard,

And I laid Miss Malone on a stone;

And when I socked each stroke to her,

You could hear all the dead people moan.

Oh, I met Miss Malone in the barnyard,

And she was all covered with mud.

And when I asked what had happened,

She said she'd been climbed by a stud.

(Immortalia)

In Your Boyhood Days (2)

First you knock at the door, and then you ask for Annie,

Then you put a nickel in the old piannie.

And down comes Annie in her dirty silk kimonie,

All dolled up with perfume and colognie.

Then you pay a dollar for a bottle of beerie,

Another dollar goes for the music you hearie,

Three dollars more, and up you go with dearie.

And then you've got nine days of doubt and fearie!

(Immortalia)

Mary's Little Watch

(2)

Mary had a little watch,

She swallowed it one day.

And now she's taking laxatives

To pass the time away.  
But as the time went on and on,  
The watch refused to pass.  
So if you want to know the time,  
Just look up Mary's ass.

(Immortalia)

Old Mother Hubbard

(2)

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog some bread.  
But when she leaned over, it was too much for Rover,  
And so she got bred instead.  
Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bone.  
But when she got back there was a bitch in the shack,  
And the dog had a bone of his own.  
Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To get her poor daughter a dress.  
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,  
And so was the daughter, I guess.

Brown Eyes

(2)

Here's to the girl with eyes of brown,  
Who makes her living upside down.  
Fifteen cents is the regular price,  
Give her a quarter, she'll do it twice.  
Knees Up, Mother Brown  
Knees up, Mother Brown,  
Knees up, Mother Brown,  
Come along, dearie, let it go,  
E-I-E-I-E-I-O!  
It's your blooming birthday,  
Let's wake up all the town.  
So knees up, knees up,  
Don't get the breeze up,  
Knees up, Mother Brown.

Church Bingo

(by John Dohner)

Brethren and Cistern, we will now continue  
our worship with the singing of hymn number  
149, "The Church's One Foundation."

The Church's one foundation

Is Bingo Games, I'm told;

A form of recreation

That brings in lots of gold.

They did misname the game, though,

I really must admit.

When someone hollers BINGO!

The others answer "Shit".

Game of Twenty Toes (2)

Here's to the game of twenty toes,  
It's known all over the town;  
The girls play it with ten toes up  
And the boys with ten toes down.  
Lips Were Pink  
Her lips were pink as a rooster's dink;  
Her hair was horse-shit brown;  
Her tits hung loose as the balls on a moose,  
As she trucked all over town.

Gin and Tonic  
(by Irving Superior)  
I call her gin.  
She calls me tonic.  
I'd like to play on her harmonic...

Georgy Porgie  
Georgy Porgie Puddin' and pie,  
Kissed the girls and made them cry.  
When the boys came out to play,  
Kissed them too 'cause he was gay.  
Georgy Porgie Puddin' and pie,  
Kissed the girls and made them cry.  
Because he couldn't stand the noise,  
Georgie Porgie's kissing boys.

Days of Old, Knights were Bold  
In days of old, when knights were bold  
And toilets weren't invented,  
They dropped their load beside the road,  
And walked away contented  
In days of old, when knights were bold,  
And cared they not for trifles,  
They hung their balls on canyon walls,  
And shot them down with rifles.

Bunny Rabbit (Annie Rat)  
I am a bunny rabbit, sitting in me hutch.  
I like to sit up on me end, with something nice to clutch.  
I wrap me paw around it, and steer it into place,  
Or that bloody Peter Rabbit, will shove it in me face!

Oscar Wilde (Nicholas Maac)  
Oscar Wilde, never mild,  
Once molested many a child.  
He wrote, they say, many a play.  
So Dear Oscar, I say, bugger away!

Prosthesis  
The lovers sat on the grassy bank;  
His hands were all aquiver.  
He undid her suspender belt --  
Her leg fell in the river.

Lines on The Desirability and Inevitability of Change  
(Armand E. Singer)  
Flux sux.

Morality (Armand E. Singer)

Some do; some don't;

Most screw; a few won't.

All Things Great And Small (Monty Python)

All things dull and ugly, all creatures great and squat,

All things rude and nasty, The Lord God made the lot.

Each little snake that poisons, each little wasp that stings,

He made their brutish venom, He made their horrid wings.

All things sick and cancerous, all evil great and small,

All thing foul and dangerous, the Lord God made them all.

Each nasty little hornet, each bestly little squid,

Who made the spikey urchin, who made the sharks?

He did.

All things scabbed and ulcerous.

All pox both great and small;

Putrid, foul and gangrenous, the Lord God made them all.

Farts (Memezi Nyoni)

A fart is such a funning thing,

It gives the body ease.

It warms the bed on chilly nights

And suffocates the fleas.

Friendship (Rick H)

Friends may come and friends may go,

And friendships peter out, you know.

But your my friend, through thick and thin,

Peter out, or peter in.

Sally In The Alley

(llewtraH)

Tune:

Chitty Chitty Bang Bang)

Sally in the alley, sifting cinders,

Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,

Wind from her butt blew out six winders,

Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!

Dead Dog Rover

(llewtraH)

Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover

I'm looking over my dead dog, Rover

That I over ran with the mower.

One leg is missing, the other is gone;

The third leg is shredded all over the lawn.

You see there's no use explaining the one remaining;

It's spinning on the carport floor.

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,

That I over ran with the mower!

Don't Say No

(llewtraH)

Oh, my darlin', don't say no,

Onto the sofa you must go.

Up with your petticoat,

Down with your drawers,  
You tickle mine  
And I'll tickle yours.

Jocelyn Elders

(llewtrah)

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Jocelyn Elders lay in bed,  
A-rubbin' on her plumbing,  
She thought it safer than a lay,  
The only way for coming.

Jocelyn Elders, stir it up,

Jocelyn, are you randy?

Jocelyn Elders, rub it hard,  
You are so very handy.

Let Me Call You Sweetheart

(llewtraH)

Let me call you sweetheart,

I'm in love with you.

Let me rub your titties,  
'Til they're black and blue.

Let me stroke your vulva,  
'Til it's filled with goo.

Let's play hide the weeney,  
Up your old wazoo.

Lily McQueen

(llewtraH)

Lily McQueen was a carpenter's dream,  
She was flat as a board and was easy to screw,  
You could bang her or bodge her,  
She was damn fine to roger,

And as thick as a short four by two.

Fat Emmeline was a sailor boy's dream  
Her breasts billowed like ships in full sail,  
For any damn wanker,  
She went down like an anchor,  
But it felt like harpooning a whale.

Long And Thin

(llewtraH)

Tune: Pop Goes the Weasel

Long and thin goes too far in,  
And doesn't please the ladies;  
Short and thick will do the trick,  
And bring out proper babies.

Oh our Mary tried it once,  
Once is once too many;

Wasn't she a proper dunce?

Did it for a penny.

A Merkin, The Beautiful

by M Mitchell Marmel

Oh beautiful for spacious thighs,



For rayon waves of hair,  
For pubic mountain's majesty,  
Ne'er known the touch of Nair.

A mer-er-kin, a mer-er-kin  
Man did the curls on thee;  
So try to hide the way inside,  
Prudes don't want us to see.

Mrs Puggy-Wuggy

(llewtraH)

Mrs. Puggy-Wuggy has a square cut punt,  
Not a punt cut square,  
Just a square cut punt.

It's round in the stern and blunt in the front,

Mrs. Puggy-Wuggy has a square cut punt.

Only One Titty

(llewtraH)

Mrs McVitie has only one titty

To nurse her babe upon;

She had been ravished by Mr McTavish

And now she's six months gone.

McTavish, the vicar, decided to prick her

And now he's been defrocked,

Because of the frolics of his cock and bollocks

And members of his flock.

Pubic Hair

Tune: Baby Face

Pubic hair, you've got the cutest little

Pubic hair,

Nothing in the world can compare

To your pubic hair;

Penis or vagina, nothing could be finer.

Pubic hair, I'm in heaven when I'm in your underwear;

I didn't need a shove, I took a mouthful of

Your delicious pubic hair.

The Banana Song

Yes, we have no bananas,

We have no bananas to-day.

We've limp ones and thick ones and ravaged and sick ones,

And all kinds of dicks and say!

We have an old fashioned cucumber,

To please you till you slumber.

But, yes we have no bananas,

We have no bananas today.

Sally McWhorter

Have you ever seen Sally McWhorter?

She pisses a mightiful stream.

She pisses a mile and a quarter,

And you can't see her ass for the steam.

Happy I'm American

I'm happy I'm American,

I'm happy that I'm free.

I wish I was a puppy dog,

And Dubya was a tree.

Roses Are Red

Roses are red, violets are green;

I like your legs and what's in between.

Here's To A Woman

Here's to a woman, than beautiful vine,

Who blooms once a month, and bears once in nine.

She's the only creature this side of Hell

That can take juice from a nut, without breaking the shell.

Old MacDonald (Zimbabwe version)

Old MacDonald had a farm,

But we beat him to death,

And took it over.

Joseph Smith, Mormon

Joseph Smith was often laid;

Three times a night, or so it's said;

By different women in different positions,

Especially while husbands were away on missions.

Joseph Smith, Penis

If you want to know who controls your soul,

Don't look to Kobol or Venus.

It is Joseph Smith the prophet,

And the danger's in his penis.

x

x

x

x

x

x

x

x

x

xx

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\freckle2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

She's Got Freckles On Her, But

She's got freckles on her, but she is nice,

And when she's in my arms, it's paradise.

Although she smells just like a rose,

From her head down to her toes.

She's got freckles on her, but she is nice.

All the sailors give her chase,

'Cause they love her navel base.

She's a girl from Hackensack,  
She makes her fortune on her back.  
She gets drunk and she get plastered,  
She gets drunker than my brother.  
She sews, she purls, she knits,  
She has a lovely pair of eyes.  
With a man she likes to neck,  
She necks the wrecks and gets the checks.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\frstexp2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### My First Experience

I remember the first time I tried it,  
I was only a kid of fifteen.  
And even though she was much younger than I,  
She was far more composed and serene.  
I was eager yet backwardly awkward,  
Uncertain of how to proceed,  
But she seemed not to notice the hesitancy,  
With which I prepared for the deed.  
It was out in the barn, I remember,  
At the close of a lush summer day,  
And the evening was scented with clover in bloom,  
And the fragrance of freshly mown hay.  
I remember I spoke to her softly,  
And the touch of her body was warm.  
As my fingers moved over her throat,  
She nestled her head in my arm.  
Looking back on it now, I remember,  
How I stood while my head seemed to spin,  
With the thought of the thing I was going to do,  
Yet reluctant was I to begin.  
Long later, I stood up befuddled,  
Uncertain to stay or to run.  
I was shaking inside with a tingle of pride,  
As I knew at last it was done.  
Now my heart hammered within me,  
With the joy of a boy turned to man,  
As I made my way back to the little old shack,  
The proudest in all of the land.  
Twenty years have passed since that evening,  
But I've never forgotten my vow.  
The thrill and the joy that I felt as a boy,  
On the day when I first milked a cow.  
(Immortalia)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\fumbler2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Old Fumbler

Smug, rich and fantastic old Fumbler was known,  
That wedded a juicy brisk girl of the town.  
Her face like an angel, fair plump and a maid,  
Her lute well in tune, could he but have played.  
But lost was his skill, let him do what he can,  
She finds him in bed just a silly old man.  
He coughs in her ear, "'Tis in vain to come on,  
Forgive me my dear I'm a silly old man."  
She laid his dry hand on her snowy white breast,  
And from these fair hills gave a glimpse of the best.  
But Ah, what is youth, when our life's but a span,  
She found him an infant instead of a man.  
"Oh Pardon!", he cried, "That I'm weary so soon.  
You have let down my bass, I'm no longer in tune.  
Lay down the dear instrument, prithee lie still,  
I can play but one lesson and that I play ill."  
(Pills To Purge Melancholy by Thomas D'urfy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\furytit2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Little Furry Animals With Breat Big Tits

(llewtraH)

(c) Harold Feld

When you go to Furry parties, let me tell you what you'll see:  
There'll be artwork hung on every wall, and comics for a fee.  
The characters displayed will surely give the prudish fits,  
For these fen love furry animals with great big tits!  
These fen love furry animals, friendly furry animals  
Friendly furry animals with great big tits!  
Now not all of the characters are quite so well-endowed;  
Some are samurai or other males -- the slash zines all abound.  
But the ones these fen go ga-ga for in large or little bits,  
Are those little furry animals with great big tits!  
Little furry animals, definitely mammals all  
Those little furry animals with great big tits!  
There's a shetland with a pony-tail that makes the fellows drool.  
There's a kitty cat named Omaha with whom they'd like to fool.  
It's not quite bestiality, I don't think that title fits,  
For what real furry animal has such big tits?

No real furry animal, it surely would be comical,  
A real furry animal with such big tits.  
So if you want to make a buck or two then, listen to my scheme;  
There seems to be an endless market for these furry dreams.  
So pick up your pen and sketch pad; do not ever call it quits;  
Just keeping drawing furry animals with great big tits!  
Just keep drawing furry animals, at art-shows you see panels of  
These little furry animals with great big tits!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\galldan2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Galloping Dandruff  
(Sung to Beautiful Dreamer)  
Galloping dandruff, don't gallop on me.  
I've tried turpentine and D.D.T.  
Sounds of my scratchings echo aloud,  
My penis is bloody but unbowed.  
Twelve-legged bastards, white and brown,  
Bite right-side-up and up-side-down.  
Doesn't do any good to stand on the seat,  
California crabs jump fifteen feet,  
Galloping dandruff, don't gallop on me.  
(McWilliam 1961)  
It was there I spun her little ball of yarn.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\galsund2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Walking Around In Women's Underwear  
(llewtraH)  
by Bob Rivers  
Lacy things - the wife is missin',  
Didn't ask for her permission,  
I'm wearin' her clothes,  
Her silk pantyhose,  
Walkin' round in women's underwear.  
In the store - there's a teddy,  
Little straps - like spaghetti,  
It holds me so tight,  
Like handcuffs at night,  
Walkin' round in women's underwear.  
In the office there's a guy named Marvin,  
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown.

He'll say, "Are you ready?" I'll say, "Whoa, Man!"  
"Let's wait until our wives are out of town!"  
Later on, if you wanna,  
We can dress - like Madonna,  
Put on some eyeshade,  
And join the parade,  
Walkin' round in women's underwear!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\garter-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THE TYING OF THE GARTER

As I was goin' to Aylesbury all on a market day  
A pretty little Aylesbury girl I met upon the way  
Her business was to market with butter, cheese and whey  
And we both joined on together, me boys, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day  
And we both joined on together, me boys, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day  
As we joined on together, me boys, together side by side  
By chance this fair maid's garter, by chance it came untied  
For fear that she might lose it, I unto her did say  
"Oh your garter's come untied, me love, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day  
"Oh your garter's come untied, me love, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day  
As we rode on together, me boys, to the outskirts of the town  
At length this fair young damsel, she stopped looked 'round  
"Oh since you've been so venturesome, pray tie it on for me"  
"Oh, I will if you go to the apple grove, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day"  
"Oh, I will if you go to the apple grove, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day"  
And when we got to the apple grove, the grass was growin' high  
I laid this girl upon her back, her garter for to tie  
While tying of her garter, such sights I never did see  
And we both joined on together, me boys, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day  
And we both joined on together, me boys, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day  
"Oh, since you had your will to me, come tell to me your name  
Likewise your occupation and where and whence you came"  
"Me name is Mickey the drover boy, from Dublin town come I  
And I live at the side of the Ups and Downs, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day"  
And I live at the side of the Ups and Downs, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day"  
And when she got to Aylesbury, her butter was not sold  
And the losing of her maidenhead it made her blood run cold  
"He's gone, he's gone, he's gone" she said "he's not the lad for me  
For he lives at the side of the Ups and Downs, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day"  
For he lives at the side of the Ups and Downs, fa-ra-la-diddle-a-day"

#### THE MAID OF TOTTENHAM

As I came down from Tottenham upon a market day  
'Twas there I spied a bonny lass, her clothing was so gay  
Her journey was to London with buttermilk and whey  
So we both jogged on together, my boys

Sing fal the dal diddle al day  
 God speed fair maid, says I to her "You are well overtaken"  
 At that she cast her head aside and gave to me a look  
 That was as full of lechery as letters in a book  
 And we both jogged on together, my boys  
 Sing fal the dal diddle al day  
 And as we walked along the road together side by side  
 This pretty maid of Tottenham, her garter came untied  
 For fear that she might lose it "Look out sweetheart," I cried  
 Your garter's coming down my love  
 Sing fal the dal diddle al day  
 O now you've been so venturesome, so venturesome and free  
 O now you've been so venturesome, will you tie it up for me ?  
 O yes, o yes, if you'll come to the undergrove with me  
 So we both jogged on together, my boys  
 Sing fal the dal diddle al day  
 I took her to the undergrove among the grass so green  
 The fair maid spread her legs so wide that I fell in between  
 Such tying of a garter, you have but seldom seen  
 And we both jogged on together, my boys  
 Sing fal the dal diddle al day  
 O now you've had your will of me, pray tell to me your name  
 Likewise your occupation, from where and whence you came  
 My name is Johnny the Rover, from Dublin town I came  
 And I live alongside of the Ups and Downs  
 Sing fal the dal diddle al day  
 So when she came to Tottenham, her butter was not sold  
 By losing of her maidenhead which made her blood run cold  
 He's gone, he's gone, he's gone, he's not the lad for me  
 For he lives alongside of the Ups and Downs  
 Sing fal the dal diddle al day  
 I laid this girl upon her back, her garter for to tie

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\gathnut2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### A-Gathering Nuts

There was a lass and a bonnie lass,  
 A-gathering nuts did gang,  
 And she pulled them high, and she pulled them low,  
 And she pulled them where they hang.  
 'Til tired at length, she laid her doon,  
 And slept the woods among,  
 When by there came three lusty lads,  
 Three lusty lads and strong.  
 Oh the first did kiss her rosy lips,  
 He thought it wasna wrong.

The second unloosed her bodice fair,  
That was sewed with silk along.  
And what the third did to the lass,  
Is no put in this song.  
But the lassie wakened with a fright,  
And she says I've slept too long.  
(Robert Burns)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\gaycab-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Gay Caballero  
I am a gay caballero,  
I come from Rio de Janiero,  
And I brought with me my boom-boom-ba-dee,  
And both of my boom-boom-ba-deros.  
I met a gay young senorita,  
Who gave me a dose of clapita.  
Right on the end of my boom-boom-ba-dee,  
And both of my boom-boom-ba-deros.  
I went to a wise surgeano,  
He said, "I prescribe purgeano."  
He cut of the end of my boom-boom-ba-dee,  
And both of my boom-boom-ba-deros.  
And now I'm a sad caballero,  
Returning to Rio de Janiero.  
But not, as you see, with my boom-boom-ba-dee,  
And both of my boom-boom-ba-deros.  
At night when I lay on my pillow,  
Seeking to finger my willow.  
All I find there is a handful of hair,  
And the scars of my boom-boom-ba-deros.  
She even fucked a cedar tree,  
The harlot of Jerusalem.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\gelddev2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

GELDING THE DEVIL  
(llewtraH)  
A baker in the town o' Ayr,  
Fal la leary,  
Went out to hold his weekly fair;  
Fal la leary,



His bread to sell, his flour to buy;  
 Fal la leary,  
 He met the devil by the way,  
 Fal la leary.  
 O baker, baker, what means that?  
 What makes your grey horse sae fat?  
 Says he, I'll tell you what it means,  
 Yestreen frae him I took the stanes.  
 [castrated]  
 If this be true ye tell to me,  
 Ye'll lay me down, and sae geld me.  
 The baker lighted frae his horse,  
 It was to geld this wicked corse.  
 [Dick: corpse]  
 The knife was sharp an' it gaed in,  
 And took frae him baith cod an' stane,  
 Now sin' that ye have gelded me,  
 This day one month? Ye'll gelded be.  
 But that day-month his wife arise  
 An' she put on the baker's claes,  
 An' she is to the town o' Ayr,  
 For to hold her weekly fair.  
 Her bread to sell, her flour to buy,  
 She met the devil by the way.  
 O baker, baker, what means that?  
 O what makes your black face sae fat?  
 Says she, I'll tell you what it means,  
 Frae mysell I took the stanes.  
 Gin that be true that ye tell me,  
 Had up your doup that I may see. [Bottom, Arse]  
 She quickly lighted frae her horse,  
 And she held up her naked arse.  
 Then Nichhie said, I hae nae doubt,  
 But ye are gelded out an' out.  
 Her horse she mounted wi' a start,  
 An' fley'd the devil wi' a fart. [Affrightened -Herd]  
 Then he cried out, O fye for fye,  
 Another hole broke out forbye.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\glorius2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Glorius  
 The first thing we pray for,  
 We pray for the King,  
 Glorius, Glorius, Glorius King.  
 If he has one son, may he also have ten,

And a whole frigging army,  
Cried the seniors, amen.  
The next thing we pray for,  
We pray for the Queen,  
Glorius, Glorius, Glorius Queen.  
If she has one daughter, may she also have ten,  
And a whole frigging harem,  
Cried the juniors, amen.  
The next thing we pray for,  
We pray for the Prince,  
Glorius, Glorius, Glorius Prince.  
If he has one mistress, may he also have ten,  
And a whole frigging whorehouse,  
Cried the sophomores, amen.  
The next thing we pray for,  
We pray for our Beer,  
Glorius, Glorius, Glorius Beer.  
If we have one keg, may we also have ten,  
And a whole frigging brewery,  
Cried the freshmen, amen.  
I could orbit around the sun,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\gobslob2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

A Gob Is A Slob  
(llewtraH)  
Chorus: A gob is a slob wherever he may be;  
Just listen while I tell you  
What that sailor did to me!  
I went through the front gate  
Like a good girl should,  
And he slipped round the back way  
Like I knew he would.  
I went in the front door  
Like a good girl should,  
And he slipped in behind me  
Like I knew he would.  
I went up the stairs  
Like a good girl should,  
And he came up behind me  
Like I knew he would.  
I went in my bedroom  
Like a good girl should,  
And he slipped in behind me  
Like I hoped he would.  
I took all my clothes off

Like a good girl should,  
And he took off his trousers  
Like I knew he would.  
I put on my 'jamas  
Like a good girl should,  
And then he took them off again  
Like I knew he would.  
I got into bed  
Like a good girl should,  
And he got in beside me  
Like I knew he would.  
I laid on my side  
Like a good girl should,  
But then he turned me over  
Like I knew he would.  
FINAL CHORUS: A gob is a slob wherever hee my be;  
It's none of your damned business  
What he did to me!  
\*

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\godrest2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

God Rest Ye, Unitarians  
God rest ye, Unitarians, let nothing you dismay,  
Remember that there is no proof there was a Christmas day.  
For Christmas really started as a pagan holiday,  
chorus: Glad tidings of reason and of fact, reason and fact,  
Glad tidings of reason and of fact.  
We're too sophisticated to believe in tales so old,  
We know that human avarice means too much bought and sold,  
We only celebrate because this season is so cold,  
No wise men traveled from the East, the journey's far too long,  
There were no shepherds in the fields, the time of year's all wrong,  
We don't believe in angels; that rules out angels' songs,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\golddig2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Digging For Gold  
(llewtraH  
I went to the mountains, to hew dirt and stone;  
To stake out a gold claim and make it my own;  
Braving the hardships, the sun, drought and cold,

In search of someplace to go digging for gold.  
I'd finished searching for ore seams that week,  
And went to a gold town some pleasure to seek;  
I met prospectors, all careworn and old,  
And also young maidens who were digging for gold.  
I rode into town with one hand on my tool,  
Outside the saloon I tied up my mule.  
A warm bed and whisky, now those were my goals;  
Sharing stories with others come digging for gold.  
There in the barroom a young maid I found,  
Sloe-eyed and handsome, like all in that town.  
It was my misfortune that she made so bold,  
And showed me a place to go digging for gold.  
"I know of one place, sir," she said with a smile,  
"Which I've guarded so closely I was a child;  
I've always been taught that it's not to be sold,  
But if you dig there, sir, you're sure to strike gold."  
She lifted her garments and pulled down her drawers,  
And showed me the place to go seeking her ores;  
My feelings did tremble at what did unfold,  
And I pulled out my claim-stake, went digging her gold.  
I hadn't dug more than six inch in that seam,  
When molten gold out of my claim-stake did stream;  
The maiden cried out that her ore-bed was holed,  
It was all for a nugget of pretty fool's gold.  
Now all you prospectors who search in these hills,  
Beware of young maidens who offer you thrills;  
They'll share your blankets to keep out the cold,  
But those sweet maids are just digging for gold.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\goodman2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THE TRAVELLER

I came home on Monday night as drunk as I could be,  
And there was a hat upon the rack where my hat ought to be.  
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life, "Explain this thing to me,  
Whose is the hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be?"  
"Oh, you're drunken fool, you daft fool, as drunk as a fool can be,  
That's not a hat upon the rack, but a chamberpot you see."  
Well I've travelled this wide world over, ten thousand miles or more,  
But a jerry with a hat band on it, I've never seen before.  
I came home on Tuesday night as drunk as I could be,  
And there was a horse in the stable where my horse ought to be,  
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life, "Explain this thing to me,  
Whose is this horse in the stable where my horse ought to be?"  
Oh, you're drunken fool, you daft fool, as drunk as a fool can be,

That's not a horse in the stable, but a milk cow you can see."

Well I've travelled this wide world over, ten thousand miles or more,

But a milk cow with a saddle on, I've never seen before.

I came home on Wednesday night as drunk as I could be,

And there were some britches beside the bed where my britches ought to be,

So I said to my wife, the curse of my life, "Explain this thing to me,

Whose are those britches lying where my britches ought to be?"

Oh, you're drunken fool, you daft fool, as drunk as a fool can be,

Those aren't a pair of britches, but a polishing cloth you see."

Well I've travelled this wide world over, ten thousand miles or more,

But a polishing cloth with buttons on, I've never seen before.

I came home on Thursday night as drunk as I could be,

And there was a head on the pillow where my head out to be,

So I said to my wife, the curse of my life, "Explain this thing to me,

Whose is this head on the pillow where my head out to be?"

Oh, you're drunken fool, you daft fool, as drunk as a fool can be,

That's not a head on the pillow, but a melon you can see."

Well I've travelled this wide world over, ten thousand miles or more,

But a melon with moustache, I've never seen before.

I came home on Friday night as drunk as I could be,

And there was a cock inside my bed where my cock ought to be,

So I said to my wife, the curse of my life, "Explain this thing to me,

Whose is the cock up-standing there, where my cock ought to be?"

Oh you're drunken fool, you daft fool, as drunk as a fool can be,

That's not a cock up-standing there, but a carrot you can see."

Well I've travelled the wide world over, ten thousand miles or more,

But a carrot with bollocks on, I've never seen before.

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be,

There was a stain on the counterpane and it didn't come from me.

So I said to the wife, the curse of my life, "Explain this thing to me,

What's this stain on the counterpane which doesn't come from me?"

Oh, you're drunken fool, you daft fool, as drunk as a fool can be,

That's not a stain on the counterpane, but baby's milk you see."

Well I've travelled this wide world over, ten thousand miles or more,

But baby's milk that smelt like cum, I've never smelt before.

I came home on Sunday night as drunk as I could be,

And there was a woman inside my bed where my dear wife should be.

So I said to the woman, who wasn't bad-looking, "Explain this thing to me.

Who are you, a-lying there, where my dear wife should be?"

Oh, you're drunken fool, you daft fool, as drunk as a fool can be.

This ain't your house, I'm not your wife, you don't live here with me.

Well I've travelled this wide world over, ten thousand miles or more,

Many's the time I've stuffed this bird, and she's never complained bef

Variations:

As I came home on Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be.

I saw a horse outside the door, where my old horse should be.

I called my wife and I said to her: Will ya kindly tell to me,

Who owns that horse outside the door, where my old horse should be?

Oh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,

That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me.

Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,  
But a saddle on a sow, sure, I never saw before.  
As I came home on Tuesday night, as drunk as drunk could be.  
I saw a coat behind the door, where my old coat should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her: Will ya kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that coat behind the door, where my old coat should be?  
Oh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
That's a woolen blanket my mother sent to me.  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,  
But buttons on a blanket, sure, I never saw before.  
As I came home on Wednesday night, as drunk as drunk could be.  
I saw a hat upon the chair, where my old hat should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her: Will ya kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that hat upon the chair where my old hat should be.  
Oh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
That's just an old chamber pot my mother sent to me.  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,  
But a sweatband on a chamber pot sure I never saw before.  
As I came home on Thursday night, as drunk as drunk could be.  
I saw two boots beside the bed, where my old boots should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her: Will ya kindly tell to me,  
Who owns them boots beside the bed where my old boots should be.  
Oh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
Those are the flower pots my mother sent to me.  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,  
But leather flower pots with laces I never saw before.  
As I came home on Friday night, as drunk as drunk could be.  
I saw a head upon the bed, where my old head should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her: Will ya kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that head upon the bed, where my old head should be.  
Oh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
That's a baby boy, that my mother sent to me.  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,  
But a baby boy with his whiskers on, sure, I never saw before.  
As I came home on a Saturday night, as drunk as drunk could be  
I spied two hands upon her breasts, where my old hands should be.  
I called to my wife and I said to her: Will ya kindly tell to me,  
Who's hands are these upon your breasts, where my old hands should be?  
Oh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
'Tis nothing but a Living Bra Jane Russell sent to me.  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a hundred miles or more,  
But fingernails on a Living Bra, I never saw before.  
As I came home on Sunday night, as drunk as drunk could be.  
I saw a thing. inside my wife, where my old thing should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her: Would ya kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that thing inside the thing where my old thing should be?  
Oh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
That's just that lovely tin whistle my mother sent to me.  
Well, tis' many a night I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,  
But such hair upon a tin whistle I never saw before.

OTHER VARIATIONS ON OBJECTS:

On --day night when I got home, as drunk as drunk could be.  
I saw a pipe upon the chair where my old pipe should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her:  
Will you kindly tell to me,  
who owns that pipe upon the chair where my old pipe should be.  
Oh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely tin-whistle, that my mother sent to me.  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,  
But tobacco in a tin-whistle, I never saw before.  
On --day night when I got home, as drunk as drunk could be  
I spied hand upon her breast where my old hand should be.  
I called to my wife and I said to her:  
Will you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns the hand upon your breast, where my old hand should be?  
Oh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
'Tis nothing but a diamond brooch me mother gave to me.  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more,  
But fingernails on a diamond brooch, I never saw before.  
On --day night when I got home, as drunk as drunk could be.  
I saw a 'thing' between her legs where my old 'thing' should be.  
I called my wife and I said to her:  
Would ya kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that 'thing' between your legs, where my old 'thing' should be?  
Ah  
you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
That's the lovely footman's mace that me ma she sent to me.  
Well, tis' many a night I've traveled, a hundred miles or more,  
But a foreskin on a footman's mace, I've never seen before.  
Now when I came home on --day night, a little after three.  
I saw a man running out the door with his pants about his knee.  
So I called to my wife and I said to her: would you kindly tell to me,  
Who was that man running out the door with his pants about his knee?  
Oh you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
Twas nothing but the tax collector the Queen sent to me.  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But an Englishman that could last 'till three I never saw before.  
Now when I came home on --day night, a little after three.  
I saw some pants upon the chair, where my pants ought to be.  
So I called to my wife and I said to her: would you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns those pants upon the chair where my pants ought to be?  
Oh you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
It's nothing but a bedquilt that my mother gave to me!  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But a zipper on a bedquilt I've never seen before!  
Now when I came home on --day night, a little after three.  
There in the parlor were some boots, where my boots ought to be.  
So I called to my wife and I said to her: would you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns those boots in the parlor where my boots ought to be?  
Oh you're drunk agaom, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,

It's nothing but a geranium-pot that my mother gave to me!  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But a geranium-pot with laces on I've never seen before!

Now when I came home on --day night, a little after three.  
I saw a rise beneath the sheets where my rise ought to be.  
So I called to my wife and I said to her: would you kindly tell to me,  
Who owns that rise beneath the sheets where my rise ought to be?  
Oh you're drunk again, you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,  
It's nothing but a shillaghlegh that my mother gave to me!  
Well, it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,  
But a shillaghlegh with ballocks on I've never seen before!

#### SEVEN NIGHTS DRUNK

(llewtraH) by Tom Smith

I came home on a Monday night, as drunk as drunk can be,  
And I saw a shiny spacer-bike where my old bike should be,  
So I says to my wife, I says to her, "Would yez kindly tell to me  
Whose spacer-bike is that right there where my old bike should be?"  
"Ahh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, still you cannot see,  
That's an exercycle that Vic Tanny sold to me."  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a million miles or more,  
But an exercycle with missile racks I've never seen before.  
I came home on a Tuesday night, as drunk as drunk can be,  
And I saw an empty pressure suit, size eighty-seven-D,  
So I says to my wife, I says to her, "Please kindly tell to me  
Whose pressure suit is that right there, what's big as the average tree?"  
"Ahh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, still you cannot see,  
That's a twin-size water bed bought from the Gallery."  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a million miles or more,  
But a water bed with a codpiece on I've never seen before.  
I came home on a Wednesday night, as drunk as drunk can be,  
And I saw a charged-up laser gun where my old gun should be,  
So I says to my wife, I says to her, "Would yez kindly tell to me  
Whose laser gun is that right there where my old gun should be?"  
"Ahh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, still you cannot see,  
That's a spark-plug timing light that K-Mart sold to me."  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a million miles or more,  
But a timer that melts the engine block I've never seen before.  
I came home on a Thursday night, as drunk as drunk can be,  
And I saw some Saurian Brandy, vintage Twenty-Ninety-Three,  
So I says to my wife, I says to her, "Would you kindly tell to me  
Where'd you get that hooch for which you'd have to mortgage me?"  
"Ahh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, still you cannot see,  
That's a sample of perfume that Avon sold to me."  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a million miles or more,  
But perfume that de-hairs the cat I've never seen before.  
I came home on a Friday night, as drunk as drunk can be,  
And I saw some foil BVDs with leg holes numbering three,  
So I says to my wife, I says to her, "Would yez kindly tell to me  
Whose underwear is that right there? It don't belong to me."  
"Ahh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, still you cannot see,



That's a liquid crystal screen for my IBM PC."  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a million miles or more,  
But a PC supporting an athlete I've never seen before.  
I came home on a Saturday night, as drunk as drunk can be,  
And I saw a head upon the bed where my old head should be,  
So I says to my wife, I says to her, "Would you kindly tell to me  
Who's that there head upon the bed where my old head should be?"  
"Ahh, you're drunk again, you silly old fool, still you cannot see,  
That's a lovely hologram to keep me company."  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a million miles or more,  
But a holo with panties caught in its teeth I've never seen before.  
I came home on a Sunday night, as drunk as drunk can be,  
And I saw a nine-foot humanoid a-looming over me,  
So I says to my wife, I says to her, "Who the fuck is THAT!?"  
"Ahh, you're drunk again, you silly fool, but now I think you'll see,  
That's a Klingon-Borg half-breed what's fell in love with me."  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a million miles or more,  
But the Doppler Effect while I was on foot I've never seen before  
So now I sit in a spacer bar, as drunk as drunk can be,  
And grateful all my skin and bones are still attached to me.  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled a million miles or more,  
But if I ever look at a woman again -- Wait. Who's that babe by the door?

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\goose--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Goose Song

When I was a young lad and very naive,  
Girls told me they loved me and I would believe.  
It was not for my money, they valued my mind,  
But this was all fiction, and I would soon find.  
Then someone told me to not be footloose.  
To give up on girls and settle down with a goose.  
They're faithful and friendly though sometimes they hiss,  
But a goose is far nicer than a gold-digging miss.  
I went out next day to our small villiage pond,  
And persuaded a Canada Goose to abscond.  
All summer we mated, the feeling was nice;  
I'd found my own goose and a goose mates for life.  
As soon as the cold winds of autumn rolled 'round,  
My wild goose would fly to its wintering ground.  
But come the springtime, my heart filled with glee,  
To see my goose flying back home in a 'V'.  
But soon I got bored with this seasonal game,  
And found me a goose that was flightless and tame.  
Now all through the year when I fancy a bonk,  
I call to my goose with an amorous honk.

A turkey will gobble, if that's what you like,  
And some aviphiles swear that gobbling quite nice.  
But when gobbling palls and you're once more reduced  
To self-satisfaction, you should have chose goose.  
A chicken is fine if you're hoping for eggs,  
But a goose is the best thing, by far, on two legs.  
If you don't like the hissing, you might try your luck,  
With the avian charms of a Muscovy duck.  
I once tried a swan, though it now seems perverse,  
Inspired by Leda, but with sex roles reversed.  
Now for avian frolics, I won't be obtuse.  
Just go down to the farmyard and grapple a goose.  
When I am older and wiser with years,  
I'll look back on my live, but won't shed any tears.  
Given the option, I'd still need no excuse,  
To curl up on a cushion with Gerie the Goose.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\grandma2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Grandma's In The Cellar  
Grandma's in the cellar,  
Lordy, can't you smell her,  
Baking buscuits on her dirty old stove.  
In her eye there is some matter,  
That keeps dripping in the batter,  
And she whistles while the stuff runs down her nose.  
I smoked tha tcigar while she sang me a tune,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\granfag2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

You're A Grand Old Fag  
(llewtraH)  
You're a grand old fag,  
And your wrinkled balls sag,  
Your performance gets worse everyday.  
You're an argument,  
for abstinence,  
A broomstick would be a better lay.  
Every heart fears doom,  
When you walk into the room,  
Cause we've heard of your infamous fame,  
Your limp old cock won't be forgot,

Cause we all know that you are lame.  
Well you have no lust,  
And your humps have no thrust,  
You're a sad, sad excuse for a stud.  
You should just give up,  
Cause you can't get it up,  
I think I would rather eat mud.  
Well your body's rank,  
And the tiger in your tank,  
Is as dead as the rhythm you beat,  
'Cause we know the way that you perform,  
You remind us of a creampuff in heat.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\greybus2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Put On Your Old Grey Bustle  
Put on your old grey bustle, and get out and hustle,  
For tomorrow the mortgage's  
coming due.  
Put your ass in clover, let the boys look it over,  
If you can't get five, take two.  
Put on your old pink panties, that used to be your aunties,  
And we'll go for a tussle in the hay.  
And while they're out there haying, I be in here laying,  
In the good old fashioned way.  
Put on your old green girdle, and don't get fertile,  
'Cause there just ain't room enough to stay.  
For the bulls been haltered and the stud's been altered,  
In the good old fashioned way.  
Put on your old grey corset, if it don't fit, force it,  
For the boys are riding in today.  
And as the bees make honey, let your ass make money,  
In the good old fashioned way.  
Put on that old blue ointment, the crabs disappointment,  
And we'll kill the bastards where they lay.  
Though it stings and itches, it will kill the sons-a-bitches,  
In the good old fashioned way.  
(Oscar Brand)  
hore,  
More prompt to present you her bill.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\groupie2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Groupies

Stains on the bedsheets, a fire in your eyes,  
Stains on the bedsheets, and groupies for the guys.  
We all went out to Montreux, the Swiss girls were there too;  
How to find a decent groupie, we didn't have a clue.  
Max Headroom and the Car Parks had the best girls in town;  
All we got were old tarts, who'd not like going down.  
A red light and a case of beer we'd make ourselves to sweat;  
When we at last get out of here, we know we'll not forget.  
We wore out all the water beds; they split with awful sounds.  
The drummer in the room below was comatose and drowned.  
We really set the place alight with drink and drugs and sex;  
We had ten groupies every night and we got really wrecked.  
We lost our lead guitarist, he was smothered by a whore,  
So fat, we were discouraged, so we went back for more.  
The bass guitarist found some skag and took her in disguise.  
Spent their time in shagging and he died between her thighs.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\hairdo-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Hairdo

Tune: Bonanza Theme  
Chorus: Get it up, get it in, get it out,  
Don't mess my hairdo.  
You've got a dick, but you should lick;  
Move that tongue around.  
Hit the spot, make me hot,  
I will scream out loud  
Suck my toes, insert your hose;  
Make my juices flow.  
When I have cum, and I am done  
We'll start another round

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\hangfth2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Hooray They're Hanging Father

Hooray, Hooray, my father's going to be hung.  
Hooray, Hooray, that dirty drunken bum!  
For he was very mean to me,  
When I was very young.  
Hooray, they're hanging father.

Hooray, Hooray, my mother's going to be shot.  
Hooray, Hooray, that dirty drunken sot!  
For she was very mean to me,  
When I was just a tot.  
Hooray, they're shooting mother.  
Hooray, Hooray, my uncle's going to be hurt.  
Hooray, Hooray, that nasty sex pervert!  
For he was very free with me,  
When I was just a squirt.  
Hooray, they're hurting Uncle.  
Hooray, Hooray, brother's going to be destroyed.  
Hooray, Hooray, that nasty little boy.  
He always liked to try on me,  
The things he read in Freud.  
Hooray, they're goin to wreck my brother.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\hasher-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I'm A Dirty Smelly Hasher  
Tune: Yankee Doodle Dandy  
I'm a dirty smelly hasher;  
Chasing hares is what I do.  
I check down trails in the afternoon,  
Drink by the light of the moon.  
I love mud and blood and brambles,  
Toxic waste and smelly goo.  
Dirty shoes, & bloody knees, a real bad case of scabies;  
I am a Hasher, how 'bout you?  
I'm a drunken beer soaked Hasher;  
Draining kegs is what I do.  
For breakfast I must have some oatmeal stout;  
For lunch it's a Guinness or two.  
For dinner I must do some thinking;  
Sam's or Pete's or maybe microbrew.  
But when I'm Hashing give me Schaeffer,  
Give me Busch or Miller.  
I am a drunken Hasher, how 'bout you?  
I'm a horny sex-starved Hasher;  
Chasing tail is what I do.  
I came to Dayton just to get a lay;  
Ended up screwing a ewe.  
I love kinky sex and spankings,  
Navel shots and butt chugs, too.  
Give me dildos; give me butt plugs,  
\*Give me butt plugs  
Give me whips and bondage.

I am a horney Hasher, how 'bout you?

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\hedghog2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

02/08/1999

The Hedgehog Song

(llewtraH0

Old Noah was mucking the Ark out one day  
When he heard a great shriek from the nightboring stall.  
Said he to poor Ham, who was hugging his loins,  
The Hedgehog, my boy, can't be buggered at all.  
The humans are out, if you value your life:  
Unless you'd make love to your very own wife!  
It's incest, my son, since we're relatives all...  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
Bestiality sure is a fun thing to do,  
But I have to say this, as a warning to you.  
With all of the animals, you can have a ball,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The spines on the back are too sharp for a man;  
They'll give you a pain in the worst place they can.  
The result, I think you'll find will appal:  
The hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You tail-lifting buggers from city or plain,  
If you take my advice, you will save yourself pain.  
When the base urges strike you, it's best to recall  
That the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The kangaroo's cute, the koala is cuter;  
The 'possum plays dead when you're trying to root her.  
With aye-ayes and pottos, the pleasure may pall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
It may be a handfull and cute as a bun;  
You'd think he'd be perfect for animal fun,  
But hatpin-like pubic hair prove to us all  
That the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
All kinds of beasties with feather or fin  
Will lift up their tails and will welcome you in.  
Though panthers and pumas will threaten to maul,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
If you're feelingg quite coarse, you can bugger a horse,  
Or the palfrey, the jennet, the stallion (with force);  
You can bugger the donkey, the mare, or the mule,  
Though to bugger the pony is needlessly cruel.  
You can bugger the bear, if you do it with care,  
In the winter, when he is asleep in his lair.  
Though I would not advise it in spring or in fall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

Have you jilted your jennet?  
No need to be crass.  
Breaking her heart for a nice piece of ass.  
For beasts all have feelings, be they large or small,  
Thought the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can top a giraffe if you stand on a stool,  
Though a Jack Russel might make you look like a fool.  
Thought the fact still remains that if you want to ball,  
The hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You may pounce on the cat as he walks all alone;  
You must blindfold the basilisk or turn into stone.  
The mole has a hole into which you can crawl,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
Mounting a horse can often be fun;  
An elephant too, though he weighs half a ton;  
Even a mouse, though his hole is quite small,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The spines on its back are so awful thick,  
You'll wind up with naught by a painful prick.  
He has an impregnable hole when curled up in a ball,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The billy goat's habits though pungent and weird,  
He don't use cologne, he just comes in his beard.  
You've got to accept if it's him you would ball.  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can bugger the ox, if you stand on a box,  
And vulpologists say you can bugger the fox.  
You can bugger the shrew, though it is awfully small,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
Herptologists gasp you can bugger the asp;  
Entymoligsts claim you can bugger the wasp.  
If an insect's your thing, man, then just have a ball,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You'll find that the turtle hides deep in its shell,  
But if he relents, then the feeling is swell.  
You can bugger the dolphin by blowhole or tail,  
Likewise the porpoise and also the whale.  
You can bugger the walrus if you watch out for tusks,  
And also the dugong though he'll make quite a fuss.  
With 'gator and croc, you can have quite a ball,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The sheep is a classic as well you may find;  
The donkeys, a danger for standing behind.  
The llama's all right if he isn't too tall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The sow is a darling, so slick and so tight;  
But she don't chew her cud so you'd better not bite.  
To cuddle and kiss as you lie next the wall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The sheep is woolly and warm, you shall see;

You can try with a wasp, you can try with a bee.  
You can hump with the sheepdog that sleeps in the hall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
It's great fun with a bunny, if you don't mind the queue,  
Aand a hamster can teach you a hot thing or two.  
For a bush-baby's come-to-bed eyes we all fall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
Screwing a cow while she goes moo-moo  
Will be entertaining for both her and you.  
Or you may try a tiger if you have enough gall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The spines on its back are too sharp for a man;  
They'll give you a pain in the worst place they can.  
The results, I think that you'll find will appal;  
The hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
A lion is frisky; a leopard is fun;  
But to keep up with them you might have to run.  
You'll be liked by the fleas in the flea-market stall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can hump a baboon if he doesn't hump you,  
And a wildebeest's really's got something quite gnu.  
Carouse with a louse if your weenie is small,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can bugger the bees if your down on your knees;  
You can bugger the termites with terminal ease.  
You can bugger the beetle, the ladybird too;  
There's no end to the buggering that you can do.  
And the elephant, too, that you meet in the zoo,  
Can be buggered, if you are sure just what to do.  
You will need a large mattress upon which to fall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
To mate with a manatee might be immoral,  
And the confused should not ever consider coral.  
You can lift up the tail of the auk if you wish,  
Or even avail yourself of a large fish.  
A fish is refreshing although a bit wet,  
And a cat or a dog can be more than a pet.  
Even a giraffe, though it's ever so tall,  
But a hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
An emu or ostrich is rally a honey;  
First try to catch one, a run for your money.  
But with a hedgehog, however you wheedle,  
He'll curl in a ball and just give you the needle.  
The spines on his back are so godawful thick,  
You'll end up with naught but a painful prick.  
With an impregnable hole when curled up in a ball,  
Hence the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can bugger the cat if it isn't too fat;  
You can bugger the rabbit you draw from your hat.  
You can bugger the shark that you chase in your yawl,



But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can bugger the ermine and all other vermin,  
Like rats, mice, and roaches, if you're not discernin'.  
You can bugger the dog; it will come when you call,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can harass a hare or can roger a rabbit;  
You could bodge a badger, best not make it a habit.  
You could even abuse, if you will, armadillo;  
A pangolin's part isn't run of the mill, oh!  
A hippo is funny but take care underneath;  
A piranha is pleasant but watch for his teeth.  
Get a rodent, they can be found along the wall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can manage a snake, though its poison might kill;  
It's amazing how humping a camel will thrill.  
You can go with a snail if you slow to a crawl,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The spines on his back are too sharp for a man;  
You'll get perforations the worst place you can.  
The result I think you'll find will appal;  
The hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The aardvark's hard work but it might be worthwhile,  
Or get into iguanas; it should get a smile.  
A lobster or crawfish will both give you pause,  
While you're trying to work out what to do with the claws.  
It's hard with a crab 'cause its bum's watertight;  
The best way is sideways, then twist to the right.  
If you screw one, be thankful as shorewards you crawl;  
For the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
If you are a big fool and you have a long tool,  
Do it with a giraffe as you stand on a stool.  
Catch a yeti who lives in the snows of Nepal,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can ravage a sloth but it would take all night;  
With a shark it is faster, but the damned beast might bite.  
We've already mentioned the horse, you recall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The hedgehog escapes the posterior rapes  
Performed upon others of quite different shapes.  
Those who run, swim or slither, they get it withal,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
It is said, if you try you can bugger a fly,  
Or the swallow as it skims so skillfully by.  
Use a noose or a net, if you have the gall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can roger a skunk if you can stand the smell,  
Or even an oyster, if he lets go his shell.  
A troll could be rocky, if down you should fall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can order or shoo 'em, or run a knife through 'em;

The one thing you can't do is to stick it to 'em.  
If you try to seduce him, you'll end if a fix;  
His prickles defend him against most rampant pricks.  
You can bugger the cow; I will not tell you how,  
Or the boar, or the piglet, the shoat or the sow.  
You can bugger the ass as it stands in the stall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
For slippery fun you can cornhole an otter,  
Or pork a pig after parting his trotters,  
Or tumble a tapir, though the prospect appals,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can bugger the ram, you can bugger the lamb,  
You can bugger the ewe, though the wether's a sham.  
You can bugger the tiger (it may caterwaul!)  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can bugger the seal; you can bugger the eel,  
You can bugger the crab, though they say he can't feel.  
You can bugger the bat as the night casts its pall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
For por-simian fun, you can bugger a lemur,  
To bolster your name as a pervert and schemer.  
The lemurs cry "Frink!" as a coy mating call,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can bugger the snake -- hold it down with a rake,  
Though to bugger the quetzal may be a mistake.  
You can bugger the billy, the nanny, the kid,  
But to bugger the hedgehog just cannot be did.  
You can bugger the slug, though it messes the rug;  
You can bugger the different species of bug.  
Though the prickles upon him with be your downfall,  
The hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
A gorilla is fine if it gives you the horn;  
Even virgins can bugger the white unicorn.  
Or try a hyena, you'll have quite a laugh,  
Or a forest okapi (a horse-like giraffe).  
If you're limber and willing to climb up a tree,  
With the woodpecker's hole you can surely make free.  
The results, I think, you will find they appal,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
The camel is likely to spit in your face;  
He simply detests the whole human race.  
But don't take it bad, it's not personal,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
Antipodean pranks -- you can fuck with a wombat,  
Or strive with a 'roo in veneral combat.  
Or hump an iguana -- go on, do it all,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
As a frend to the children, I commend the yak;  
The children can't slip off his very broad back.  
He's perfect to start on when they are quite small,

But the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
A moose is amusing; a squid quite confusing,  
Or try on a rhino if you fancy a bruising.  
Or mounting a mountain goat but mind you don't fall,  
And the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
Take care when you lift up the elephant's tail;  
If you pick the wrong end, you could wind up impaled.  
And beware of the fate that else may befall,  
But the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
To futter the bat you must take to the air,  
She might pitch you off into God-only-knows-where.  
She'll flutter her wings and go into a stall,  
But the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
The dog's man's best friend if you don't mind the fleas.  
The squirrel requires the climbing of trees,  
Which puts you at risk of a slip and a fall,  
But the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
Do it with giraffe is you stand on a stool;  
Or do it with frogs in a puddle or pool.  
Though you might catch a cold in your what-you-may-call,  
The hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
I must have been extraordinarily drunk,  
But I don't recommend that you tackle a skunk.  
I did once myself, I'm ashamed to recall,  
But the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
The platypus lurks in the muck of his pool;  
The kangaroo's pocket can carry your tool,  
Though her kick can propel you right over the wall,  
And the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
The rhino is often reluctant to flirt;  
You can scare him away with your very first squirt.  
The termite's a challenge because he's so small,  
But the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
The bonobo monkey is willing to hump;  
He'll do it to you if you show him your rump.  
He'll do all your friends, both the large and the small,  
But the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
You can bandit a bison or shirt-tail a lemming;  
No need for discretion, though folks are condemning.  
When molesting a marmoset, stand proud and tall,  
And the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
Try mating a mongoose, or prodding a panda,  
Or ramming a ram, or goosing a gander.  
When passing the zoo, come in one, come in all,  
And the hedgehog can never be bugged at all.  
I've tried a stick insect with some satisfaction,  
And even a house fly, with little reaction.  
A mosquito will bite you, a scorpion fight you,  
And a fling with a flea won't do much to excite you.  
And those who have tried it with termites have found,

You can ignore the insects and hump on the mound.  
With a funnel-web spider, the fun will just stall,  
And the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You'll find that the hedgehog has hundreds of prickles,  
To other hedgehogs, these spines merely tickle.  
If buggering hedgehogs is what gets you raving,  
Just remember that first of all, you have to shave him.  
The spines on his back are so goddamn thick,  
You'll end up with naught but a perforate prick.  
Forgetting to pluck them has led to the call  
That the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
And while we are at it and talking of spines,  
How about humping a nice porcupine.  
He'll let loose his shafts like a volley of darts,  
To puncture you in your most intimate parts.  
The spines on his back are too sharp to relate,  
Porcupine prodding - who would contemplate?  
The results you will find will surely appal,  
Porcupines, too, can't be buggered at all.  
Some say that a porcupine is just as bad,  
With those quills which protect from a man, bloke, or lad.  
But there is a way through, if you fancy a crawl,  
Whilst the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
Though they give you the glad eye and tip you a wink,  
Bringing you to the point where you're just on the brink,  
Spurning porky's advances will be your best call,  
Porcupines, too, can't be buggered at all.  
A spiny anteater will lead you a dance;  
You'll soon find it quicker to bugger the ants.  
But if you seek danger and like perforations,  
That echidna will give you a feel of elation.  
If to zoophilia you are still a virgin,  
I'd warn you away from cornholing sea-urchins.  
Of all of the creatures that fly, swim, and crawl,  
The spiny ones cannot be buggered at all.  
You can poke your own fist, but that doesn't count.  
You can take a wild ride on the wild catamount,  
If your ears can stand up to his wild caterwaul.  
And the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You can bugger a whale if you're willing to swim;  
Or an orangutan if you can hang from a limb.  
You can bugger dolphins who swim in the school,  
The hedgehog cannot be buggered, as a rule.  
The guinea pig's timid, and brainless to boot.  
But you can't pass him up 'cause he's so bloody cute.  
He's worse than no use in a ruckus or brawl,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
You could thrust with a thrush, if you fancy a climb,  
Or pork a few piglets if you have the time.  
A skinhead's pet cat, if you fancy a brawl,

But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
If you're feeling brave after downing a flagon,  
You might try you luck at cornholing a dragon.  
You might bugger a mouse if it's wrapped in duct tape,  
Or roger a rat, although strictly, it's rape.  
If birds are a turn-on, you might try your luck  
With a chicken or turkey, a goose, or a duck.  
Zoophilia's fine, but remember this rule,  
A man attempting a hedgehog's a fool.  
If you don't mind a swim in pursuit of a fuck,  
You are welcome to wing it with a goose or a duck.  
Have the whole flock and if that's not enough,  
The poor Christmas turkey is ripe to be stuffed.  
You can puncture a pigeon or diddle a dove,  
Settle down with a swan for some Leda-like love.  
The hole of a hoopoe is sure to enthrall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
Go Greek with a turkey, a rooster or goose;  
The fowl of the farmyard can handle abuse.  
Make free with a pheasant, a partridge or quail,  
Though to pork the vain peacock, first cut off its tail.  
You can sodomize swine, you can bugger a bull,  
Or ream out the hole of a horse with your tool.  
The ass in its stable, the ox in its stall,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
So here's to the hedgehog, he's as sharp as they come;  
So you'll never get through his impregnable bum.  
With his nose up his arsehole and rolled in a ball,  
The hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
Its spines are so sharp, they are prone to dismember  
Your tool, 'less a condom of Kevlar you remember.  
So remember this warning from Summer to Fall,  
The hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
At the end of the day, when you've had your rough way  
With all of those creatures, you'll just have to say  
"That damned Erinaceous has been my downfall --  
For the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.  
Hedgehogs can be buggered, it just takes some will;  
Just locate the entrance and using some skill,  
Shave off all those prickles that might hurt your crotch;  
Don't do this in public, or crowds they will watch.  
All this talk about the hedgehogs is honest and fine,  
To warn zoophiliacs away from the spines,  
But in one recitation, came a voice from the back,  
"What about verses for a vegphiliac?"  
You can bugger the knotholes in oak, elm or ash,  
Or screw poison ivy, if you're feeling so rash.  
Carve a hole in a melon, a marrow, or squash;  
Do lewd things with lichen, or mushrooms, or moss.  
If you don't mind the prickles and ho-ho, you're jolly,

You can have a good time with a garland of holly.  
You can even have fun with some types of toadstool,  
But the cactus can never be buggered at all.  
You could roll with a rowan in suitable fashion;  
With passion-fruit, you'll find vegetable passion;  
The rose is a sweet, but break off her thorns;  
You could frolic in fields of golden sweetcorn.  
Cucumbers are classic, but try some tomatoes,  
Or for underground fun, you could play with potatoes.  
The Brassica family are good as a rule,  
But the cactus can only be buggered by fools.  
You can lie with a lilac in fondest embrace,  
And do vile things to violets if you like disgrace.  
Go loopy with lupine or daffy with 'dills;  
Some swear the sunflower's better for thrills.  
If trees are your turn-on, they try the stout oak,  
Or jump into a juniper bush for a poke.  
A yew will do nicely should you feel the call,  
But the cactus can never be buggered at all.  
A cactus has prickles and barbs on each spine.  
You might try to shave them if you have the time.  
But your diligent actions won't serve to remove  
Those tiniest spines and he won't be shaved smooth.  
You can ram rhododendrons if you are feeling crass,  
But a cactus will give you a pain in the ass.  
The mighty saguaro is many feet tall,  
But the cactus can never be buggered at all.  
Some say the pine tree should never be porked,  
Though with patience, I'm sure that it can be sweet-talked.  
But sweet talk is useless on the mighty Sequoia;  
You may whisper sweet nothings and only annoy her.  
If you seek veggie friends in the antipodes,  
You cannot go wrong with some Eucalypt trees.  
Though you're fruity with fruit, be they giant or small,  
But the cactus can never be buggered at all.  
His spines are a menace to men young and old;  
You'll be impaled if you try to make bold.  
Wear body armour if you wish to get serious,  
With and echino, opuntia, or cereus.  
Though they look most inviting, all covered with fur,  
The prickles will prick you far worse than a burr.  
Bore a hole in a pumpkin and you'll have a ball,  
But the cactus can never be buggered at all.  
The willow is graceful, so supple and lithe;  
Some swear by plums for the ultimate swive.  
The oats and the barely are said to be nice,  
And, though it's quite tricky, 'tis said so for rice.  
The onion's a strange one and could make you cry,  
Though carrots and courgettes are both worth a try.  
Be salacious with salad, but don't be a fool,

For the cactus can never be buggered, by rule.  
The salty wet seaweed will give you a a ride,  
But best do it quickly, one eye on the tide!  
You can tumble a tumbleweed, cling to a vine,  
Try a Venus fly trap for an interesting time.  
The pitcher plant's roomy and takes you with ease.  
A hollyhock's handy, a pansy's a tease.  
There's no room in a mushroom, unless you are small,  
And a cactus can never be buggered at all.  
When you're getting horny, in the garden bed,  
Find the row of lettuce and get some nice head;  
An iceberg, a romaine, a red-leaf and endive --  
They're all very succulent, they're all worth a dive.  
And if your rod's harder than an old farmer's hoe,  
Slide it up a cabbage head, a Teutonic blow!  
The leafy types fondle, they enjoy a ball,  
And the cactus can never be buggered at all.  
All boys from Idaho, they know it is true,  
When you're feeling dirty and in need of a screw,  
Go to the potato patch and find a nice size  
Of tuber, and then you can go slide inside.  
For a longer root and you're horny as I am,  
Go to sweet potatoes and dig up a yam.  
Taters of all types will thrill you for all,  
But a cactus can never be buggered at all.  
Use a carrot that's three times as thick as your thumb,  
To prod on your pussy or bugger your bum.  
A Japanese radish or "daikon" by name,  
For dykes or for pansys will serve for the same.  
A hot chili pepper adds spice to the dance,  
If you aren't averse to the flame in your pants.  
A dill for a dildo can answer the call,  
Buyt the cactus can never be bugger at all.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\hedghog2-other.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[Error] - File could not be written...

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\hermit-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Hermit

There once was a hermit who dwelt in a dell,  
I'll swear by the truth of the tale that I tell,  
My grandfather's grandfather knew him quite well,  
This hermit, (bum bum bum bum).

He lived all alone by the side of a lake,  
Concoctions of herbs for his food he would make,  
And naught but of fish would the good man partake,  
On Fridays, (bum bum bum bum).  
To ordinary mortals his portals he closed,  
Once yearly he bathed both his body and clothes,  
And how the lake stood it the Lord only knows,  
And he wouldn't tell, (bum bum bum bum).  
One morning he rose all dripping and wet,  
When his horrified vision two young ladies met.  
Now in feminine matters, this man was no vet,  
So he blushed, (bum bum bum bum).  
He grabbed for his hat as it lay on the beach,  
To cover up all that its broad brim would reach,  
And he yelled at the girls in a horrified screech,  
"Get the hell out of here!", (bum bum bum bum).  
But the maids only laughed at his pitious plight,  
And begged him to show them the wonderful sight,  
But he clutched at the hat and he held it quite tight,  
For to hide it, (bum bum bum bum).  
But just at that instant, a wandering gnat,  
Made the hermit forget just where he was at,  
He swatted the insect and let go the hat,  
Oh Horrors! (bum bum bum bum).  
And now we have come to the crux of my tale,  
The hermit turned red, and then he turned pale.  
He offered a prayer for prayers never fail,  
So 'tis said, (bum bum bum bum).  
Of the truth of my story, there's no doubt at all,  
The Lord heard his prayer, and he answered his call.  
Though he let go the hat, the hat didn't fall,  
A blessed miracle! (bum bum bum bum)  
(Charlie Stivers Stanford 1956)  
(Oscar Brand)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\heyboy-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Go Bring Me A Lass  
Hey boy, ho boy, come, come along boy,  
And bring me my longing desire:  
A lass that is neat and can well do the feat,  
When lusty young blood is on fire.  
Let her body be tall, her waist be small,  
And her age not above eighteen;  
Let her care for no bed but her let her spread,  
Her mantle upon the green.



Let her have cherry lips, where I nectar may sip,  
Let her eyes be as black as the sloe.  
Dangling locks I do love, so that those hang above,  
Are the same as with what grows below.  
Let her face be fair, her breasts be bare,  
And a voice let her have that can warble.  
Let her belly be soft, but to mount me aloft,  
Let her bounding buttocks be marble.  
(Thomas D'urfy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\hivbees2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Hive Of Bees

My mistress is a hive of bees,  
In yonder flowering garden.  
To her they come with laden thighs,  
To ease them of their burden.  
As under the beehive lieth the wax,  
And under the wax is honey,  
So under her waist her belly is placed,  
And under that her connie.  
My mistress is a mine of gold,  
Would that it was your pleasure,  
To let me dig within her mold,  
And roll among her treasure.  
As under the moss, the mold doth lie,  
And under the mold is money,  
So under her waist her belly is placed,  
And under that her connie.  
My mistress is a morn of May,  
Which drops of dew down stilleth,  
Where e'er she goes to sport and play,  
The dew down sweetly trilleth.  
As under the sun, the mist doth lie,  
So under the mist is sunny,  
So under her waist her belly is placed,  
And under that her connie.  
My mistress is a pleasant spring,  
That filled with water sweet,  
That doth refresh each withered thing,  
Lies trodden under feet.  
Her valley is both white and soft,  
And downy as a bunny,  
That many gallants wish full oft,  
To play but with her connie.  
My mistress hath the magic spray,

Of late she takes such pain,  
That she can pleasing spirits raise,  
And lay them down again.  
Such power hath my tripping doe,  
My pretty little bonnie,  
That many would their lives forego,  
To play but with her connie.  
For coming in his pants at a local dance, with

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\hookbom2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Hooker Of Bombay  
(llewtraH)

Chorus:

She can do the Kama Sutra!  
She can do the Kama Sutra!  
She can do the Kama Sutra!  
The Hooker of Bombay.

Have you ever been to Bombay in the dives and stews, you'll see  
That there you'll meet a hooker, who is supple as can be.  
She'll do it standing on her hands, her head between her knees.  
The Hooker of Bombay.

Some guys go to Goa or to Bengal or to Delhi;  
There they look for red-lights and do it belly-to-belly.

But if you go to Bombay, she will turn you into jelly.  
The Hooker of Bombay.

She's got rings upon her fingers and a sapphire in her nose;  
A ruby in her navel and more rings upon her toes.

Another through her clitoris that chimes in passion's throes.  
The Hooker of Bombay.

She has got a sexual menu just to help you to decide;  
The positions are all numbered; there are more than sixty-nine.  
You can have three courses if you've stamina and time.

The Hooker of Bombay.

The options are all rated according to the degree  
Of suppleness required and their technicality.

Some are easy to get into if you've double-jointed knees.  
The Hooker of Bombay.

Book her for a whole night if you feel experimental,  
And you can do contortions or positions detrimental.  
Some aren't recommended if you spine is tempermental.

The Hooker of Bombay.

Most men find just one or two are styles that will suffice.  
But if you wish she'll let you plumb her every orifice.  
Beware you penis rings don't lock with her pierced clitoris.

The Hooker of Bombay.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\horndog2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Horny Chihuahua

Well, I used to have a doggie and his name was Little Gomez,  
Cause you see he was a Mexican Chihuahua.  
There wasn't much of him, but what there was, was all cajones;  
He was certainly a randy little fella'.  
Large dogs, small dogs, it mattered not to him,  
The canine equivalent of Errol Flynn.  
At the drop of a sombrero he'd jump up and get stuffed in,  
Taking Gomez out for walks, it was embarrassin'.  
I remember one day in the park his tally rose by four,  
While in the square, a crowd was amassin'.  
Two highly strung French Poodles, a golden Labrador,  
And a Raccoon who just happened to be passin'.  
I tried every way to curb his carnal appetite,  
I kept him on a leash by day and locked him up at night.  
I even put saltpeter in his doggie Meaty Bites,  
But the only thing that might have worked was kryptonite.  
Then came that fateful day, when he tried to consummate,  
A liaison with a St Bernard called Broadwin.  
And although he was fighting well above his weight,  
He didn't let this awful prospect daunt him.  
He nearly pulled it off, Oh what an acrobat.  
Then Broadwin deposed and down she sat.  
They say that after making love, you often feel quite flat  
I'm sure that Little Gomez would agree with that.  
I buried Little Gomez in the park, his happy hunting ground.  
A sad but fitting finale.  
I had to dig a grave that was shallow, flat and round,  
Cause he looked like a squashed tamale.  
But I really miss my wee Chihuahua chum,  
So I went down to the pet shop to get another one.  
I went in feeling happy, but I came out feeling glum,  
Cause the man down at the pet shop liked corny puns.  
And he said, "Yes, we have no Chihuahuas.  
We have no Chihuahuas, today.  
We have Dalmations, creations, results from all flirtations,  
A half Pekingese, and a Char-pei.  
But, Yes, we have no Chihuahuas.  
We have no Chihuahuas, today.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\horsass2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Harvest Of Love

I rise at six and I feed the chicks,  
And I'm feeling lonesome and blue;  
And when I milk the cow it seems somehow,  
My thoughts keep straying to you.  
As the horse and I plow the fields nearby,  
Your memory I can't erase;  
'Cause when I walk at the rear of the horse,  
I seem to see your face.  
Chorus: I'm gonna sow the seeds of deep devotion,  
Fertilize it with emotion,  
Water it with warm desire,  
And then I'll reap the harvest of love.  
Side by side we'll take a ride  
In my horse and buggy one day;  
Down lover's lane I'll turn the reins,  
And my horse will run out of hay.  
And I will kiss those tempting lips,  
The only ones that can thrill me;  
And we will frolic at night in the pale moonlight,  
If the wife finds out, she'll kill me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\horwait2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Waiting For Whore's Business

(Tune: White Christmas)  
(By Captain Flint and the Happy Giraffe )  
I'm waiting for a whore's business,  
But I'm three dollars short on dough.  
While her earrings glisten,  
Her pimp will listen,  
He's hiding close by in a Roll's.  
I'm waiting for a whore's business,  
Although I'm shriveled from the cold.  
She will warm my body,  
And act real naughty,  
As well as all the other things she's told.  
I'm waiting for a whore's business,  
She's got my money in her fly.  
Her large breasts are bobbing,  
Makes my dick start throbbing,  
As I watch her pimp mouth the word "Goodbye."  
I'm waiting for a whore's business,

She has a beautiful dark tan.  
As she peels off her clothing,  
I am filled with loathing,  
And discover that she really is a man.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\hufmagn2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Give The Lass Her Fairing  
(llewtraH)  
Then give the lass her fairin' lad;  
O give the lass her fairin'.  
An' something else she'll give to you,  
That's wallow worth the wearin'.  
Syne coup her o'er among the creels,  
When ye have ta'en your brandy.  
The more ye bang the more she squeals,  
An' hey for houghmagandie.  
(fornication - McW)  
Then give the lass her fairin' lad;  
O give the lass her fairin'.  
An' she'll give you a hairy thing,  
An' of it be na sparin'.  
But lay her o'er among the creels,  
And bar the door wi' both your heels.  
The more she gets the more she squeals,  
An' hey for houghmagandie  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\humresq2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Humoresque  
Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is standing in the station, I love you.  
We encourage constipation  
While the train is in the station,  
Moonlight always makes me think of you.  
If you wish to pass some water,  
Kindly call the Pullman porter,  
He'll place a vessel in the vestibule.  
If the porter isn't there,

Try the platform in the rear,  
The one in front is likely to be cool.  
If the women's room be taken,  
Never feel the least forsaken,  
Never show a sign of sad naivette.  
Try the men's room cross the hall,  
If some man has had the call,  
He'll courteously relinquish you his seat.  
If these methods all are vain,  
Kindly smash a window pane,  
This novel method's used by very few.  
We go waltzing through the park,  
Goosing statues in the dark,  
If Sherman's horse can take it, why can't you.

(Oscar Brand)

Hoboes riding underneath,  
Will get it in their eyes and teeth,  
And curse the bastard pissing up above.  
Listen to it drop and splatter,  
Listen to it steam and spatter,  
Darling I give to you all my love.

(Jim Duke)

Drinking while the train is moving  
Is another way of proving,  
That control of hand and eye is sure.  
We like our clients to be neat,  
So please do not wet upon the seat,  
Or even worse, don't splash upon the floor.  
If you simply have to go  
When other people are too slow,  
There is only one thing you can do.  
You'll just have to take a chance;  
Be brave and do it in your pants,  
But I'll forgive you darling, I love you.  
I love to go out after dark,  
And goose the statues in the park,  
A lovely pastime at the close of day.  
Unperturbed they stand so still,  
While it's me that gets the thrill;  
It really is a lovely way to play.  
I just have noticed lately,  
That they stand there very stately,  
Out there while the dew is on the ground.  
I just love to barely tease them,  
And sometimes I do displease them,  
When I don't show up when the sun goes down.  
The Thinker is the only one  
With whom I never have no fun.  
He sits upon a boulder, rough and coarse.  
Napoleon sits on his steed,

I cannot goose him, no indeed,  
And so instead I goose his horse.  
Mabel, Mabel, strong and able,  
Get your big ass off the table;  
Don't you know the quarter's for the beer.  
As I sit here tearing tissue,  
Oh, my darling, how I miss you;  
If you can't take it frontwise, try the rear.  
(llewtraH)  
He'll courteously relinquish you his seat.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\igrunt-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I HEM! When I Cleave  
From D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1719  
Young Colin, cleaving of a beam,  
At every thumping, thumping blow cried "Hem!"  
[a grunt]  
And told his wife, and told his wife,  
And told his wife, who the cause would know,  
That "Hem!" made the wedge much further go.  
Plump Joan, when at night to bed they came,  
And both were playing at that game,  
Cried: "Hem! Hem! Hem!"  
Prithee, prithee, prithee Colin do!  
If ever thou lov'dst me, dear, Hem! now."  
He laughing answered "No, no, no!  
Some work will split, will split with half a blow!  
Besides, now I bore, now I bore, now I bore,  
Now, now, now I bore.  
I Hem! when I cleave, but now I bore!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ipd---2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Intra-Penile-Device  
(L. Tanner, Sue Edmonds)  
I'll sing you all a song about a wondrous new device,  
The nation's latest contraceptive plan.  
That funny little object they call the IUD,  
Has recently be changed to fit a man.  
The IPD, the IPD,  
May not feel good to you, but it's fine to me.

So every time the pain begins to fill your eyes with tear,  
Remember I put up with it for years.  
They tested it on whales and they tried it out on mice,  
They used it in the poorer parts of town.  
It's the cleverest invention since the Manhattan with ice,  
It's guaranteed to never let you down.  
It was proven to be safe with the average human male,  
Though testing showed some minor side effects.  
There were two died of infection, and six were sterilized,  
But only ten per cent were too depressed.  
But you know some people are never satisfied,  
So scientists working one again.  
They've got something better than the good old IPD,  
It's called the morning after pill for men.  
It's the pill, it's better than the IPD,  
It may not be too safe, but we'll just have to wait,  
So put away your worries and put away your fears;  
Remember I put up with it for years.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\iriscon2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Ancient And Old Irish Condom  
I was up to me arse in the muck, Sir,  
With a peat contract down in the bog,  
When me shovel it struck something hard, Sir,  
That I thought was a rock or a log.  
'Twas a box of the finest old oak, Sir,  
'Twas a foot long and four inches wide,  
And not giving a damn for the fairies,  
I just took a quick look inside.  
Now I oopened the lid of this box, Sir,  
And I swear that my story is true.  
'Twas an ancient and old Irish condom,  
A relic of Brian Boru  
'Twas an ancient and old Irish condom.  
'Twas a foot long and made of elk hide,  
With a little gold tag on it's end, Sir,  
With his name, rank, and stud fee inscribed.  
Now, I cast me mind back through the ages,  
To the days of this horny old Celt,  
With his wife lying by on the bed, Sir,  
As he stood by the fire in his pelt.  
And I thought that I heard Brian whisper,  
As he stood in the fire's rosy light,  
"Well, you've had yer own way long enough, dear,  
'Tis the hairy side outside, tonight.



ÇŹ+Ä™<â]ÄU<îfiÿv, "PFðPšZİİfÄ  
.6 P, PFðPè&#12;£8

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\irish--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Old Irish State

(llewtraH)

Tune: Villikins and his Dinah

I'll sing you a song of the old Irish race,

And the problems these poor people must face.

Asked who's got an IQ of 108,

It's the total points scored by the whole Irish state.

Now Patrick was screwing for over an hour,

When he stopped and said to his girl in a glower,

"You've got nothing on top and nothing below."

She said, "Get off my back, you silly old crow."

Now Sean was a student at the top of his form,

"What's 4 and 4?" said his mother, when he was at home.

"Seven," he replied. Said his father with glee,

"He's such a smart lad, he just missed it by three."

Mrs Riley went shopping for anti-perspirant,

"For my husband," she said, "you know what I want."

"It's the ball type you're after," said the shopgirl, "I think."

"No, under his armpits is where he does stink."

"The defendant, did he rape you?" said the judge to Anna.

"Yes he did," she replied in her most demure manner.

"And to the best of your knowledge, did he have a climax?"

"No, a Japanese Mazda, them be the facts."

Now Mary O'Toole a gynecologist had seen.

He opened her legs and peered in between.

He said, "When did you last have a check-up in here?"

She said, "I've only had Hungarians for over a year."

"Pilot Murphy to control tower, I want to come in."

"Control tower to Murphy, instructions begin."

What's your height and position, you stupid old runt?"

"I be five-foot-nine tall and I be sitting in front."

Mrs O'Leary buried her husband, but her friend had found

That she'd left his bare arse sticking out of the ground.

"Why'd you do that, I've never seen such like?"

"Well, when I visit the grave, I can park me bike."

Well the Jews tell us that they're God's chosen race,

But it could have been our fair land in its place.

For God went a-searching, he looked all around,

But three wise men and a virgin just couldn't be found.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\isitsex2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Is It Sex

To the tune "If you're happy & you know it, clap your hands"  
If she pulls your zipper down, it it sex?  
If she pulls your zipper down, is it sex?  
If she pulls your zipper down,  
Reaches in and feels around an hour,  
If she pulls your zipper down, is it sex?  
If she takes off her brassiere, is it sex?  
And you kiss each hemisphere.  
If she sits upon your knee, is it sex?  
Till you wet your BVD's.  
If she slips out of her panties, is it sex?  
And she lets you taste her candies.  
If she licks your lollipop, is it sex?  
Before you come, you make her stop.  
If you're in her reservoir, is it sex?  
But just with a cigar.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\itsybit2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Itsy Bitsy Toyboy

Tune: Itsy Bitsy Spider  
Itsy Bitsy Toyboy,  
Girlfriend up the spout,  
Along came a doctor  
And cleared the fetus out,  
Along came the toyboy,  
Got his willie out,  
Itsy Bitsy's girlfriend,  
Once more up the spout.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\jackjil2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jack And Jill (1)

Jack and Jill fell down the hill,  
Now that was kind of frisky.  
If water made them fall like that,

I think I'll stick to whiskey.  
Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To have a little fun.  
Stupid Jill forgot her pill,  
And not they have a son.  
Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To smoke some marijuana.  
Jack got high, unzipped his fly;  
Jill aid "I don't wanna!"  
Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
Each one had a quarter.  
Jill came down with half a buck.  
They didn't go for water.  
Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water.  
Jill forgot to take her pill  
And now they've got a daughter.  
Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
For just an itty-bitty.  
Jill's now two months overdue,  
And Jack has left the city.  
Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water.  
Jack fell down on top of Jill,  
They have another daughter.  
Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
With a keg of brandy.  
Jack got stewed, Jill got screwed,  
Now it's Jack and Jill and Andy.  
Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To smoke a little leaf.  
Jack got high, pulled down his fly.  
Jill said "Where's the Beef!"  
Jack and Jill went up the hill  
And planned to do some kissing.  
Jack made a pass, and grabbed her ass,  
Now two of his front teeth are missing  
Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
For a bit of hanky-panky.  
Jill came back with a very sore crack,  
Jack must have been a Yankee.  
Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
On an elephant.  
Jill got down and then she helped  
Jack off the elephant.

Leaver's Song

Chorus: You're leaving Jakarta, you silly old farter,  
Your best days are over, you're ready to go.  
Your wrinkles are showing, your beer belly is growing,  
Your semen's stopped flowing, you're all clapped out now.  
You abandoned your wife, in favor of night life,  
You screwed till the morning, then came back for more.  
Even your maid was willing, to sample your drilling,  
But now your bit's broken, they've shown you the door.  
We marvel to witness, your standard of fitness,  
You suffered no ailments, not even a cough.  
But from self-abuse, and living so loose,  
Your extremity's withered, and your balls have dropped off.  
You came full of purpose, but now you are surplus,  
You were full of ideas, you were at the forefront.  
Now your skills are outdated, your job's automated,  
You're now on the scrap heap, you stupid old cunt.  
You're now on the scrap heap, you stupid old cunt.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\jaksail2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jack The Sailor

Jack, Oh Jack the sailor boy,  
Went out to get some gin.  
But when he got to the \*  
\*  
\*,  
Nary a soul was in.  
Across the street he spied a maid,  
A standing by the door,  
And she was the fairest \*  
\*  
\*,  
That he'd ever seen before.  
"Won't you come in, kind sir", said she,  
There's nobody home but me.  
We can \*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*,  
"You bet your sweet life!", said he.

He took her by the lily-white hand,  
And laid her on the floor.  
He could tell by the \*  
\*,  
\*,  
That she had been there before.  
Now days passed by, and sad to say,  
To bad for the sailor chap.  
He could tell by the feel of his \*  
\*,  
\*,  
That he had a dose of the \*.  
If you pulled on them both, he'd fall falt on his arse

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\jesus--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jesus Christ Was Wise  
Jesus Christ was wise, and he had the coolest eyes,  
For horse, pot, hashish, gin and booze.  
One night when he was on, he pulled the coolest con,  
And told the boobs he was born king of Jews.  
The big Jews smote their brow, saying Jesus Christ! What now!  
And they took him down to see a Mr. P.  
In his quaint Italian way, Pilate said, "Fungula Te",  
You can hang him by the balls for all of me.  
As they led the lamb away, he was crying out "Oi Vey!  
Now the bastards got me by my ass!"  
As they hammered in the nails, to the Master's gruesome wails,  
John said, "Dig that crazy sound for my new mass."  
(learned from Rich Dewitt Berkeley 1960)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\jesusch2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

HAS ANYBODY SEEN J. C.?  
(llewtraH)  
Five foot nine; He's divine,  
Says He comes from Palestine,  
Has anybody seen J. C.?  
Well, if you run into a five foot Jew,  
Covered with thorns,  
Holes in His hands, spear in His side,  
Man, that Cat's been crucified!

Five foot nine; He's divine;  
Changes water into wine,  
Hash anybody seen J. C.?  
Well, He is camp, He is cool,  
He will walk across your swimming pool,  
Has anybody seen J. C.?

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\jesusdr2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Are You Drinking With Me, Jesus?  
Do you nestle by my barstool,  
Making me so calm within?  
Have you touched me with your warmness,  
Or have I touched myself with gin?  
Are you drinkin' with me Jesus?  
I can't see you very clear.  
If you're drinkin' with me, Jesus,  
Won't you buy a friend a beer?  
If you're omnipresent, Jesus,  
You don't have to use the phone.  
If you're always by my side, Lord,  
I need never drink alone.  
Do you teeter with me, Jesus,  
On my way home so forlorn?  
If you think that you feel bad now,  
Wait until tomorrow morn.  
Does your head pound with the masses,  
As hungover you do rise?  
What does heaven looklike, Jesus,  
Seen through holy bloodshot eyes.  
Should we take a taxi, Jesus,  
Should we try to walk from here?  
I know you can walk on water,  
Can you walk on this much beer.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\jinbrid2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jinny Wren Bride  
I've just come away from the wedding,  
And Lord, I could laugh till I cried.  
I'll never forget the relations I met,  
When I married my Jinny Wren bride.

chorus: Married, Married, I married my Jinny Wren bride,  
Married, married, I married my Jinny Wren bride.  
Her brother he works in the dockyard,  
Her pa owns a mariner's store.  
And as for their habits, they breed just like rabbits,  
They own half the cradles on shore.  
I asked her old man for a dowry;  
He gave me a can of soft soap,  
A bundle of waste and some polishing paste,  
And fifty-four fathoms of rope.  
Now the present I got from her sister,  
Was some postal cards labeled obscene.  
Her brother the raper, he give us some paper,  
Six packets of service latrine.  
Her panties were made of pink coral;  
Her bra was two clamshells with clips;  
While for her suspenders, a motorboats fenders,  
Hung down from her navel in strips.  
Now most of this strange congregation,  
Was made up of Wren's lined in fours.  
While in the back pew was a generous crew,  
Of Newcastle's favorite whores.  
The parson got up in his pulpit;  
Said "Who gives this woman away?"  
A bloke from the Hood, said "Blimey, I could,  
But let every dog have its day."  
So now I'm just off on my honeymoon.  
I don't know what happens tonight.  
But I've talked with a few who declare that they do,  
And they say it's a bit of all right.

X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\jockmc-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jock McLaren's Birdie

Jock McLaren was a highland man,  
He hailed from near Brook Murray.  
He bought him a kilt of McLaren,  
That na more than covered his birdie.

The kilt with the weather began to shrink,  
Till it scarcely covered his birdie.  
Then Jock one day was shocked to find,  
That it na more covered his birdie.  
To buy a new one cost too much,  
But he couldna wear the old one,  
And to cut a piece out of his birdies' head,  
Was clearly out of the question.  
So he thought and he thought and he more than thought,  
Till a thought through his head came a-fartin',  
He painted the tip of his birdie's head,  
You couldna tell from the tartan.  
(Immortalia)  
Those hardy sons of bitches.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\jocktng2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jock's Thing  
Two neighbor wives sat in the sun,  
A-twining of their locks,  
And they an argument began,  
And all the plea was cocks.  
'Twas whether they were sinews strong,  
Or whether they were bone,  
And how they rolled about your thumb,  
And how they stood alone.  
First Rachel give her locks a tug,  
And then she clawed her tail.  
"When our Tom draws his britches on,  
It waggles like a flail."  
Says Bess, "They're bone I will maintain,  
And proof you can't deny.  
For our Jock's thing broke yesterday,  
And I found it on my thigh."  
(Robert Burns)  
Among so many men.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\johnnew2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Little Red Train  
Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home  
A little red train came down the track,



She blew, she blew,  
A little red train came down the track,  
She blew, she blew,  
A little red train came down the track,  
And I don't give a damn if she never comes back,  
Away she blew, oh Jesus, how she blew.  
The engineer was at the throttle . . .  
A-jacking off in a whiskey bottle . . .  
The fireman, he was shoveling coal . . .  
Right up the engineer's asshole . . .  
The switchman, he was at the switch . . .  
A-swishing away like a son of a bitch . . .  
A blonde was in the dining car . . .  
A-puffing away on a black cigar . . .  
A porter was waiting in the car . . .  
To take the place of the black cigar . . .  
The flagman he stood out in the grass . . .  
The staff of the flag run up his ass . . .  
Hobo Bill was riding the rods . . .  
When ninety-nine cars rolled over his cods . . .  
The railroad cop was in the yard . . .  
Holding his Billy and making it hard . . .  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\johntom2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Burial Of Sir John Thomas  
Not a sound was heard, but the ottoman shook,  
And my darling looked awfully worried.  
As round her fair body a firm hold I took,  
And John Thomas I silently buried.  
We buried him deeply at dead of night,  
The tails of our nightshirts upturning,  
With struggling raptures and fits of delight,  
And the night lights dimly burning.  
No horrible sheaths enclosed his crest,  
Not in rubber nor plastic we bound him,  
But he went like a warrior taking his rest,  
With naught but a halo around him.  
Few and short were the sighs we gave,  
Though we oftentimes groaned as in sorrow.  
As at each joyous stroke, in rapture we'd rave,  
With scarce a thought for the morrow.  
When John Thomas come out of his warm, narrow bed,  
As droopy as any sad willow.  
How lowly hung down his now lifeless head,

How gladly he'd rest on his pillow.  
(H. H. Hart)  
Inside Those Red Plush Breeches  
(llewtraH)  
Chorus: Inside those red plush breeches,  
Inside those red plush breeches,  
Inside those red plush breeches,  
That kept John Thomas warm.  
John Thomas was a servant tall  
Pride and joy of the servants' hall,  
Although he only had one ball,  
Inside his red plush breeches.  
Of all the servants at the servants' post,  
Mary was the one he loved the most,  
And she'd keep her hands as warm as toast,  
Inside his red plush breeches.  
They went for a walk one moonlit night,  
The stars were out and the moon was bright.  
Things became extremely tight,  
Inside those red plush breeches.  
They found a stump to sit upon,  
They found a stack to lay upon,  
Next day Mary sewed buttons on,  
That pair of red plush breeches.  
Mary had an illegit,  
Awful green and face like shit,  
And every time she looked at it,  
She cursed those red plush breeches.  
Now Mary laid poor John a trap,  
And he fell for it like a sap,  
And now he's got a dose of clap,  
inside those red plush breeches.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\joltink2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Jolly Tinker  
A comely dame of Islington had got a leaky copper;  
The hole that let the liquor run was wanting for a stopper.  
A jolly tinker undertook and promised her most rarely,  
(With a thump, thump, thump and a knick, knack, knock)  
To do her business rarely.  
He turned the vessel to the ground and said, "A good old copper.  
But it well may leak, for I have found a hole that is a whopper.  
But never doubt a tinker's stroke, although he's black and surly.  
(With a thump, thump, thump and a knick, knack, knock)  
He'll do your business rarely."

The man of metal opened wide his budget's mouth to please her,  
Said he, "This tool I've oft employed about such jobs as these are."  
With that the jolly tinker took a stroke or two most kindly,  
(With a thump, thump, thump and a knick, knack, knock)  
He did her business rarely.  
As soon as he had done the feat, he cried "'Tis very hot-oh!  
This thrifty labor makes me sweat, give me a cooling pot-oh."  
Says she, "Bestow the other stroke before you take your farewell.  
(With a thump, thump, thump and a knick, knack, knock)  
And you shall drink a barrel."  
(Pills to Purge Melancholy)

The Tinker's Courtship

(llewtraH)

AKA The Jolly Tinker

In Bibberly town a maid did dwell  
A buxom lass and I knew her well;  
Her age it was scarce twenty-two  
And for a man she was in view  
She went to live with a gentleman;  
One day came a tinker to solder her pan.  
He slyly got her behind the door,  
And gave her kisses over and o'er .  
When all was finish'd and at an end,  
She slipp'd him fifty bright guineas in hand,  
Saying, "Call when you come this way again,  
You shall have the same old kettle to mend. "  
Now the tinker being very dry,  
He called at an alehouse standing by,  
Saying "Landlord bring me some ale, I pray,  
For fifty bright guineas I've earned today."  
The landlord said, "Well done, my cock,  
Your rivets you have boldly knock'd;  
My ale is good and your gold is fine,  
And you shall stop with me to dine. "  
Now if all is true as I've been told,  
The tinker he hath spent all his gold;  
So he must do as he's done before  
And rivet the maid behind the door.

The Jolly Tinker

(llewtraH)

I am a jolly tinker,  
At a door I chanced to knock  
And said: `Have you any kettles  
Or some rusty holes to block?'  
She brought me through the kitchen  
And she brought me through the hall,  
And the servants cried: `The Devil!  
She brought me up the stairs  
To show me what to do,  
And she fell on the feather bed,

And I fell on it too.

She took up the frying pan  
And she began to knock  
To tell the servants down below  
That I was at my work.

She put her hand in her pocket  
And pulled out fifty pound  
And said: 'My jolly tinker,  
We shall have another round.'

She put her hand in her pocket  
And pulled out a gold watch,  
Saying: 'Take this, my jolly tinker,  
For I know you are no botch.'

Now I've been a jolly tinker man  
For fifty years or more  
But a rustier old hole than that,  
I've never blocked before.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION

(llewtraH)

A noted London lady  
O she loved a tinker-man  
But she couldn't get in his company  
But a little now and then

She wrote to him a letter  
And she sent it with a friend  
She said: "My jolly tinker  
I've some kettles for you to mend"  
She wrote to him another  
And she sealed it with a stone  
She said: "My jolly tinker  
I can never lay alone."

The tinker he came down the lane  
And on the door did knock  
"O have you got some pots and pans  
With rusty holes to block?"  
She brought him through the kitchen  
She brought him through the hall  
The cook cried: "It's the devil  
He is going to block us all."

She brought him up the stairs  
For to show him what to do  
She fell on the feather-bed  
And he fell on it too

She took up a frying pan  
And he began to knock  
Just to let the servants know  
That he was hard at work  
She put her hand into her purse  
And she pulled out twenty pound  
O take this money, tinker-man

And we'll have another round  
I've been a jolly tinker now  
For forty years or more  
And such a rusty hole as that  
I've never blocked before

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\keyhole2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Keyhole In The Door

I was invited for the weekend to a ball at Chumley Hall,  
To celebrate the wedding of Sue Vere and Cousin Paul.  
I read the guest list over and imagine my delight,  
When I found Sweet Fanny Adams had come to spend the night.  
chorus: The keyhole in the door, the keyhole in the door,  
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.  
The ball was one of splendor, all the city nobs were there,  
Touching up the ladies like farmers at the fair,  
And Fanny fairly dazzled as she danced around the floor,  
I resolved to lie in wait for her by the keyhole by the door.  
I left the ball room early, just after half-past nine,  
And as I hoped to find it, her room lay next to mine.  
So taking off my trousers, I set off to explore,  
And took up my position by the keyhole in the door.  
I hadn't long to wait there, wrapped up in my dressing gown,  
When I saw Fanny on the staircase, retiring all alone.  
She didn't lock her bedroom door, I couldn't ask for more,  
And I crept out of the shadows by the keyhole in the door.  
First she removed her stockings, her silken legs to show,  
And then her frilly panties to reveal her furbelow.  
"Now take off all the other things," was all I could implore,  
And silently I gripped the knob and crossed the threshold door.  
Silently I shut the door and took her in my arms,  
And sooner than I'd expected, discovered all her charms.  
And in case another person should see the sights I saw,  
I hung her frilly panties over the keyhole in the door.  
That night I rode in glory as I plumbed the girl's insides,  
And on her heaving belly, I had many splendid rides.  
But when I woke next morning, my cock was red and sore,  
I felt like I'd been screwing through the keyhole in the door.  
(Michael Green)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\kichman2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Kitchen Man

Madam Bucks was quite deluxe,  
Had servants by the score,  
Footman at each door,  
Butlers and maids, galore.  
But one day, Dan, her kitchen man,  
Gave notice he was through.  
She cried, "Oh no, don't go,  
You'll grieve me if you do."  
'Cause I love your cabbage, crave your hash,  
Can't do without your succotash,  
And I can't live without my kitchen man.  
I'm wild about his turnip tops,  
How I love the way he warms my chops,  
And I can't do without my kitchen man.  
Now anyone else could leave this house,  
And I would only laugh.  
But you really mean too much to me,  
And honey, you ain't heard the half.  
Why his jelly rolls are so nice and hot,  
Never fails to touch the spot,  
And I can't do with out my kitchen man.  
His frankfurters are oh so sweet,  
Lord how I crave his jumpy meat,  
And I can't do without my kitchen man.  
Oh, how this boy does open clams,  
No one else is going to touch my hams,  
And I can't do without my kitchen man.  
When I eat his doughnuts, all I leave is just the hole.  
Anytime he wants to, he sure can use my sugar bowl.  
Now his baloney is worth a try,  
Never fails to satisfy,  
And I can't do without my kitchen man.  
(Tom Lee)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\kiltprz2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Scotsman's Kilt

A Scotsman clad in kilt left the bqar one evening fair,  
And one could tell by how he walked, he'd drunk more than his share.  
He staggered on until he could no longer keep his feet,  
Then stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.  
Later on two young and lovely girls just happened to go by,  
And one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye,  
"You see yon sleeping Scotsman who is young and handsome built,

I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt."  
 They crept up to the sleeping Scotsman, quiet as could be,  
 Then lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see.  
 And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt,  
 Was nothing but what God had graced him with upon his birth.  
 They marveled for a moment, then one said, "We'd best be gone,  
 But let's leave a present for our friend before we move along."  
 They took a blue silk ribbon and they tied it in a bow,  
 Around the bonnie spar that the Scot's lifted kilt did show.  
 The Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled toward a tree,  
 Behind a bush he lifts his kilt and gwks at what he sees.  
 Then is a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes,  
 He said, "Lad I don't know where your been, but I see you took first prize.  
 Our Scottish friend still dressed in kilt continued down the street,  
 He hadn't gone ten yards or more, when a girl he chanced to meet.  
 She said, "I've heard what's 'neath that kilt, tell me is it so."  
 He said, "Just put your hand up miss, if you'd really like to know."  
 She put her hand right up his kilt and much to her surprise,  
 The Scotsman smiled and a very strange look came into his eyes.  
 She said, "Why sir that's gruesome," and then she heard him roar,  
 "If you put your hand up once again you'll find it grew some more."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\kinsey-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Kinsey Scale  
 (by Bob Kanefsky)  
 (llewtraH)

\*

Dr. Kinsey wrote a book on sexual behavior.  
 Claimed there's no dichotomy in who a man can favor.  
 Talked of a continuum from zero up to six.  
 Now I use his handy scale to calibrate my tricks.  
 Take that cute guy smooching with his girl beneath the highway.  
 Not much chance that he'll be sending any smooches my way.  
 In the old days I'd have said he's hopeless and he's straight.  
 With this new vocabulary, I can simply state:  
 He measures point-four on the Kinsey scale, so little he's repressed it.  
 Point-four on the Kinsey scale, don't even dare suggest it.  
 I can see he looks at me like carnivores at plants.  
 Point-four on the Kinsey scale:  
 I haven't got a chance.  
 There's a fellow standing with his arm around his buddy.  
 Unashamed affection that deserves more careful study.  
 A lot of good it does me, though:  
 I'd almost bet my life  
 That woman on his other arm has got to be his wife.

He measures one-two on the Kinsey scale, some casual glances stolen.  
One-two on the Kinsey scale, a chummy night of bowlin'.  
I can see he looks at me like something else is cooking.  
One-two on the Kinsey scale:  
I'd better keep on looking.

See that guy in pink chiffon and makeup to his eyebrows,  
Every move theatrical and every sentence highbrow?  
You might say he must be gay; he's such a screaming queen.  
But if you know the signs to watch it plainly can be seen:  
He measures one-nine on the Kinsey scale, he'd rather date my sister.

One-nine on the Kinsey scale, so how could he resist her?  
I can see he looks at me like cats look at dry food.

One-nine on the Kinsey scale:  
His answer would be rude.  
Here's the kind who hides behind his baby in a stroller.  
Likes to keep his sexual life traditional and polar.  
Detours 'round the cruising ground each day as he strolls by.

Why's he come this way at all?  
Well, here's the reason why:  
He measures three-one on the Kinsey scale, a lot to be suppressing.  
Three-one on the Kinsey scale, enough to keep him guessing.  
I can see he looks at me like dieters at pies.

Three-one on the Kinsey scale, but will not meet my eyes.  
See that fellow preaching on the corner with his Bible,  
Waxing histrionic on the sins for which I'm liable?  
Claims his goal's to keep my soul from burning in the pit.  
That is why it's sad to see what he will not admit:  
He measures four-six on the Kinsey scale, but manifests it strangely.

Four-six on the Kinsey scale, he thinks he wants to change me.  
I can see he looks at me like Adam at the fruit.

Four-six on the Kinsey scale:  
Too bad.

He's kinda cute.

See that poor guy standing with his hands deep in his pockets?  
Every time a man walks by, his eyes bulge from their sockets.  
Fleeting yens for female friends convince him that he's straight.

But judging by his queer behavior I would calculate  
He measures five-two on the Kinsey scale, and who's he think he's fooling?  
Five-two on the Kinsey scale.

I do believe he's drooling!  
I can see he looks at me like Nancy looks at joints.

Five-two on the Kinsey scale:  
A lot of wasted points.

Who's that guy who's looking at me, kinda shy and furtive?  
More than friendly glances, and they're getting more assertive.  
I know compatibility's a far from certain bet,  
But now my chance is just as good as straight folks always get:  
He measures six-oh on the Kinsey scale, a queer kind of perfection.  
Six-oh on the Kinsey scale, though I may face rejection,  
I can see he looks at me as if he's in a trance.



Six-oh on the Kinsey scale...  
Let's give it half a chance!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\kisshab2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Kissing Is A habit  
(llewtraH)

\*-----

Kissing is a habit,  
Fucking is a game,  
Boys get all the pleasure,  
Girls get all the pain.  
He says he loves you  
And you believe it's true,  
But when your stomach starts to swell  
He says the hell with you!!!  
Sixteen minutes of pleasure,  
Nine more months of pain,  
Three days in the hospital,  
And a baby with no name.  
The baby is a bastard  
The mother is a whore,  
It never would of happened  
If the rubber hadn't tore.

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\kitch--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Kitch

Ah Bernice, don't call me so,  
I don't like it, I want you know.  
Ah Bernice, don't call me so,  
I don't like it, I want you know.  
When you call me all those sweet names, stupidity,  
When you gone and I'm alone, I feel foolish,  
Darling, you are going to cause me misery,  
And here is sweet name that Bernice keeps calling me.  
chorus: Kitch, come go to bed,  
I have a small comb to scratch your head.  
Am Doody, don't make me cry,  
You know I love you, you playing shy.

Oh when she call me, I take the chance,  
 I go and lie down, but she want romance.  
 I say, "But darling, I are mislead,  
 I thought you called me to scratch me head."  
 She say, "But Kitchie Boy, you say you want to hide,  
 You know the reason why I tell you come inside."  
 I say, "But darling, I don't know your aim,  
 But why you continue to call me by this name."  
 I say I'm weary, I make the groan,  
 But still she would not leave me alone.  
 She started turning and twist me so.  
 Oh what she wanted, I do not know.  
 She say, "I find you stopping long to understand,  
 Why you acting like a child and not a man."  
 I say, "But darling, I don't understand your sign,  
 And how the dickens I can know what's on your mind."  
 Well now the lady has me in hell,  
 Oh what she's doing!  
 Ashamed to tell.  
 She put her left foot on top me spine,  
 "Oh Kitchie darling, you know me mind."  
 She say, "Well don't you see me eyes all getting red,  
 It seems you want the blood to fly up in me head."  
 I say, "Well if it cause your death, it's good for you,  
 You suffering, but you won't tell me what to do."  
 I know you waiting to hear the end,  
 I cannot tell you, I no pretend,  
 She pull the shades down, just as I fear,  
 The end of story comes in the ear.  
 . . . . .  
 Kitch, you quite a guy,  
 I very sorry I call you shy.  
 x  
 in the city,  
 Living in the city mighty s

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\kitt---2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Kitt Hath Lost Her Key  
 Fair Kitt hath lost her key,  
 But I have one 'twill fit,  
 Her lock if she will try,  
 And do me not deny;  
 I hope she hath more wit.  
 My key is bright not rusty;  
 It is so oft applied

To locks that are not dusty,  
Of maidens that are lusty,  
And not too full of pride.  
Then Kitt be not too proud,  
But try my ready key,  
That oft hath been allowed,  
By ladies fair a crowd,  
The best that e'er they see.  
You can but try and then,  
If it fits not, goodbye.  
Go to some other man,  
And see if any can,  
Do better Kitt, than me.  
But ne'er come back to me,  
When you have gone asway,  
For I shall keep my key,  
For others, not for thee,  
So either go or stay.  
(Pills To Purge Melancholy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\knifein2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Knife In The Window

Last Saturday night young Nancy laid sleeping (2x, throughout)  
And into her bedroom young Johnny went a-creeping  
Chorus: With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee.  
He said: Lovely Nancy, may I come to bed to you?  
She smiled and replied: John, I'm afraid you'll undo.  
His small clothes fell from him and into bed tumbled;  
She laughed in his face when his breeches he fumbled.  
My breeches fit tight, love, I cannot undo them.  
She smiled and replied: John, you must take a knife to them.  
My knife will not cut, love, it ain't worth a cinder.  
She smiled and replied: John, there's two on the window.  
He picked up the knife and he unrest his britches;  
The knife it was sharp and it cut through the stitches.  
All the night long how they rolled and they tumbled.  
Before daylight i' the morning Nancy's nightgown he crumpled.  
Now nine monthe being past, it fell on a Sunday  
A child it was born with a knife-mark in the window.  
With a long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\knifemk2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Knife Birthmark

Last Saturday night young Nancy laid sleeping (2x)  
And into her bedroom young Johnny went a-creeping,  
With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee  
He said: Lovely Nancy, may I come to bed to you?  
She smiled and replied: John, I'm afraid me you'll undo.  
With your...  
His small clothes fell from him and into bed tumbled;  
She laughed in his face when his breeches he fumbled,  
With his...  
My breeches fit tight, love, I cannot undo them,  
She smiled and replied: John, you must take a knife to them. With your...  
My knife will not cut, love, it ain't worth a cinder,  
She smiled and replied: John, there's two on the window  
With your...  
He picked up the knife and he undid his breeches.  
The knife it was sharp and it cut through the stitches  
With his...  
All the night long how they rolled and they tumbled  
Before daylight in the morning Nancy's nightgown he crumpled With his...  
Now nine months being past, it fell on a Sunday.  
A child it was born with a knife-mark in the window,  
With a long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\knocker2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Knockers

(llewtaH)

CHORUS: Oh, those knockers, great big mama knockers.  
She's got a knocker here and a knocker over there  
And in between the knockers she's got a little hair  
But oh, those knockers, great big moma knocker.  
She's got a bra sized 39;  
You get inside, it feels so fine.  
She's got a bra sized 56;  
You get inside and get your kicks.  
She's got a cunt like dynamite.  
When it explodes it still stays tight.  
She's got a bra sized 29;  
Titties are small but areolas are fine.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ladyjan2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

When Lady Jane Became A Tart  
It fairly broke the family's heart,  
When Lady Jane became a tart.  
But blood is blood and race is race,  
And so to save the family face,  
They bought her an expensive flat,  
With 'welcome' written on the mat.  
It was not long ere Lady Jane  
Brought her novice charms to fame.  
A clientele of sahibs pukka  
Came to London just to fuck her.  
And it was whispered without malice,  
She had one client from the palace.  
No one could nestle in her charms,  
Unless he wore ancestral arms.  
No one inside her could gain entry  
Unless he were of landed gentry.  
In time that charming feline pet,  
Had screwed about half the upper set.  
When Lady Anne became a whore,  
It grieved the family even more.  
They felt they ought to do the same  
As they had done for Lady Jane.  
They bought her an exclusive beat,  
On expensive Jermyn Street.  
When Lord St. Clancy became a nancy,  
It did not please the family fancy.  
And so in order to protect him,  
They did tattoo upon his rectum:  
"All commoners avoid the steerage--  
This fucking hole's reserved for peerage!"  
The fish we spurn, but crown the hen,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ladymad2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lady Hardonna  
(llewtraH)  
Lady Hardonna, men at your feet,  
Wonder how you manage to beat their meat.  
You find the money, when you need to pay the rent,  
You know that money isn't heaven sent.  
Friday's guy arrives without a suitcase,  
Sunday's Hasher creeps in like a bum,

Monday's guy likes to be tied with his boot lace,  
See how they'll come.  
Lady Hardonna, Hasher at your breast,  
Wonder how you manage to please the rest?  
Lady Hardonna, lying on the bed,  
No worry about losing your maidenhead.  
Tuesday's love is never ending,  
Wednesday morning milkman didn't come,  
Thursday night your diaphragm needed mending,  
See how they'll come.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\largbal2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Large Balls Twice As Heavy As Lead  
(llewtraH)  
Miss Jones was walking down the street,  
When a young fellow she happened to meet,  
Was giving the girls a hell of a treat,  
Twisting and turning his balls.  
Chorus: But they were large balls, large balls,  
Twice as heavy as lead (cha, cha),  
And with two twists of his muscular wrists,  
He threw them right over his head.  
A policeman to the scene was called,  
He said, "A lesson'll have to be taught,  
Because it's certain that no one ought,  
To be twisting and turning his balls."  
The prisoner standing in the dock,  
He gave the judge a hell of a shock,  
Insisting on showing the jury his cock,  
And twisting and turning his balls.  
The judge he said, "The case is clear,  
The fine will be a pint of beer,  
For any young bugger that comes in here,  
Twisting and turning his balls."  
Anthony Claire variant  
(llewtraH)  
For they were large balls, large balls,  
Twice as heavy as lead.  
With a dexterous twist of his muscular wrist,  
He threw them right over his head.  
There once was a man called Aanthony Claire  
He was a very fine jugulaire.  
There wasn't a man who could compare  
With the way that he fiddled and played with his balls.  
Anthony was walking one day down the street,

And just by chance he happened to meed,  
A preety young maid with a dog at her feet,  
Watching him fiddle and play with his balls.  
Anthony swung his balls aaround and around,  
And then let them go with a hell of a bound,  
Right on the head of the old faithful hound,  
Watching him fiddle and play with his balls.  
The maiden she was now much overwrought,  
And swore that she'd take the case to court,  
For in her opinion, no man had ought  
To fiddle and play with his balls.  
They took him to a magistrate,  
Who put him in a cell in state,  
And left him there to meditate  
And fiddle and play with his balls.  
And when they took the case to court,  
The lawyer of the lady sought  
To prove that Anthony hadn't ought  
To fiddle and play with his balls.  
The jury said: "It's a bloody disgrace,  
Exposing your self in a public place,  
Whacking your tool in a lady's face,  
And twisting and playing with your balls.  
The judge and jury couldn't agree,  
And the judge said: "It's plain to me,  
And really and truly I cannot agree,  
Why a man shouldn't play with his balls.  
Then Anthony gave the crowd a shock,  
Bold as brass he left the dock,  
Swinging his balls around his cock,  
Twisting and playing with his balls.  
And this is the moral of this song,  
If you play with your balls, you can't go wrong.  
So bank your cock against the gong,  
And fiddle and play with your balls.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\laricom2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Three Women So Laricompooped  
The old wife she sent to the miller her daughter,  
To grind her grist quickly, and so return back.  
The miller so worked it, that in eight months after,  
Her belly was filled as well as her sack.  
The miller so pleased her that when she got home,  
She gaped like a stuck pig and stared like a mome.  
She hoydened, she scampered, she hollered and whooped,

And all the day long, yes this was her song,  
 Was ever a maiden so laricompooped.  
 "Oh Nelly", cried Sealy, "Thy clothes are so mealy,  
 Both backside and belly are rumpled all o'er.  
 You mope now and slobber.  
 Why what the pox ails you,  
 I'll go to the miller, and know you the more."  
 She went to the miller did grinding supply  
 She came cutting capers a foot and half high,  
 She hoydened, she scampered, she hollered and whooped,  
 And all the day long, yes this was her song,  
 Was ever two sisters so laricompooped.  
 Then Mary, mild Mary, the third of the number,  
 Would fain know the reason they jigged it about.  
 The miller, her wishes would not long encumber,  
 And in the old manner, the secret found out.  
 Thus Sealy and Nelly and Mary the mild,  
 Were all about harvest-time heavy with child.  
 They danced in the hay, they hollered and whooped,  
 And all the day long, yes this was their song,  
 Was ever three sisters so laricompooped.  
 And when they were big, they did stare at each other,  
 And crying, "Oh Sisters, What shall we now do.  
 For all of our bantlings, they have but one father,  
 And they in one month, will all come to town too.  
 Oh, Why did we run in such haste to the mill,  
 To Robin, who always the toll dish would fill.  
 He bumped up our bellies."  
 They hollered and whooped,  
 And all the day long, yes this was their song,  
 Was ever three sisters so laricompooped.  
 (Pills To Purge Melancholy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\lavclen2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Father's A Lavatory Cleaner  
 Tune: My Bonny Lies over the Ocean  
 My father's a lavatory cleaner,  
 He cleans them by day and by night;  
 And when he comes home in the evening,  
 His shoes are all covered in shite.  
 Chorus: Shine up your buttons with Brasso,  
 It's only thre'pence a tin,  
 You can buy it or nick it from Woolies,  
 But I doubt they've got any in.  
 And when me ma had a birthday,



She nearly expired of a fit;  
For instead of bringing her flowers,  
He brought her a box full of shit.  
Some say he died of the fever,  
Some say he died of the flu.  
But you and I know what he died of;  
He died of the smell of the poo.  
Some say he's buried in a graveyard,  
Some say he's buried in a pit.  
But you and I know what he's put in;  
He's buried in six foot of shit.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\laynakd2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

She Lay All Naked On Her Bed  
(llewtraH)

She lay all naked on her bed and I myself lay by;  
No veil but curtains about her spread, no covering but I.  
Her head upon her shoulder seeks to hang in careless wise,  
And full of blushes were her cheeks, and of wishes were her  
Her blood still fresh into her face, as on a message came,  
To say that in another place it meant another game.  
Her cherry lip moist, plump and fair, millions of kisses cro  
Which ripe and uncropt dangled there and weighed the branche  
Her breasts, that well'd so plump and high, bread pleasant p  
For all the world I do defy the like felicity;  
Her thighs and belly, soft and fair, to me were only shown:  
To see such meat, and not to eat, would anger any stone.  
Her knees lay upward gently bent, and all lay hollow under,  
As if on easy terms, they meant to fall unforc'd asunder;  
Just so the Cyprian Queen did lie, expecting in her bower,  
When too long stay had kept the boy beyond his promis'd hour  
"Dull clown" quoth she, "Why dost delay such proffer'd bliss  
Canst thou find out no other way similitudes to make?"  
Mad with delight I, thundering, threw my arms about her,  
But pox upon't 'twas but a dream, and so I lay without her.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\lillian2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Her Name Was Lil  
(Oscar Brand)  
Her name was Lil and she was a beauty,

She lived in a house of ill re-pu-te,  
Gentlemen came for miles to see,  
Lillian in her deshabile.  
She was comely, she was fair,  
and she had lovely auburn hair,  
But she drank too much of the demon rum;  
She smoked hashish and op-i-um  
Day by day her cheeks grew thinner,  
From insufficient protein in her.  
She grew deep hollows in her chest.  
She had to go around completely dressed.  
Clothes may make a girl go far,  
But they got no place on a fille de joi.  
Lillian's troubles started when,  
She concealed her abdomen.  
She took to treatments in the sun,  
And she drank of Scott's E-mul-si-on.  
Three times daily she ate yeast,  
But still her clientelle decreased.  
You must know her client-elle,  
Rested chiefly on her belly.  
She rolled that thing like the deep Pacific;  
It was something calorific.  
She went to the house physician,  
To prescribe for her condition.  
"What you have got", the doctor did say,  
"Is per-nic-i-ous a-ne-mi-a.  
As Lillian lay in her dishonor,  
She felt the devil's hand upon her.  
She said, "My sins I do repent!  
Satan, that'll cost you twenty-five cents."

Lilian Barker

(llewtraH)

Although a lady of ill-repute  
Lilian Barker was a beaut,  
And it was really deemed an honor  
To be allowed to climb upon her.  
Her lovely face was smooth and fair,  
And golden was her flowing hair,  
Yet pot and hash and cruel cocaine  
Had ravaged heart and soul and brain.  
Lil could take with sly content  
A trooper or his regiment,  
Hyperbole it sometimes seems,  
Is not confined to wishful dreams.  
But soon she had to see a doctor  
To find out what disease had pocked her.  
The diagnosis short and clear  
Revealed a dose of gonorrhea.  
As Lilian lay in her disgrace,

She felt the devil kiss her face,  
She said, "Now mate I'm always willing  
But first let's see your silver shilling."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\litbrwn2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Little Brown Shitter In The Vale  
Tune: The Little Brown Church in the Vale  
There's a toilet in the valley by the wildwood,  
No lovelier place in the dale;  
No spot is so dear to my childhood,  
As the little brown shitter in the vale.  
Chorus: Oh, cum, cum, cum, cum,  
Come in the toilet in the in the wildwood,  
O come in the shitter in the dale.  
No spot is so dear to my childhood,  
As the little brown shitter in the vale.  
How nice in the morning when you're horny,  
To find a quite place to set your tail,  
Release is just a few stokes in privacy,  
Then you come in that shitter in the vale.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\longblk2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

She Walks The Night  
chorus: She walks the night in a long black veil.  
She visits a grave when the night winds wail.  
Nobody knows, nobody sees,  
Nobody knows but me.  
Ten years ago on a cold cold night,  
Someone was killed 'neath the town hall light.  
There were few at the scene but they all agreed,  
That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me.  
The Judge said, "Son, what is your alibi?  
If you were with someone else, then you won't have to die."  
I spoke not a word though it meant my life,  
For I had been in the arms of another man's wife.  
Scaffold was high and eternity was near,  
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear.  
But some times at night when the cold winds blow,  
She stands by my grave and cries softer and low.  
The Long Broad Smile

Words by Peter Taylor after "The Long Black Veil"  
Ten years ago on a cold dark night  
There was someone killed 'neath the town hall light.  
Just a few at the scene but they all did agree  
That the man who ran looked a lot like me.  
Well the judge said "Son, what's your alibi?  
If you were somewhere else, you don't have to die."  
But I spoke not a word though it meant my life  
Till my best friend yelled, "He was with my wife!"  
She walks these hills with a long broad smile  
When she visits my home every once in a while.  
Every one knows now, every one sees  
Their love extends to me.  
Well a lifetime is short and eternity near,  
But my upbringing filled me with sexual fear.  
But my friend did agree though I did not know,  
She was free as a bird to come jump my bones.  
"What brings joy to my friends oft brings joy to me  
But the honest truth is an absolute necessity.  
Though you should have asked first, that I will forgive  
What most matters to me is my best friend should live."  
She walks these hills with a long broad smile  
When she visits my home every once in a while.  
Every one knows now, every one sees  
Their love extends to me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\lordpen2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Lord Is My Penis  
(llewtraH)  
The Lord's my penis, he does want  
To make me down to lie.  
IO n satin sheets, he tempteth me  
To get between ;your thighs.  
My lust he doth resotre again  
And me to screw doth make;  
Between the sheets, beneath the quilt,  
In intercourse partakes.  
Yea, though I screw a thousand girls,  
Yet I fear not VVD.  
Durex art with me, is my sheath  
Against all STD's.  
Your bedroom you have furnished  
With sex toys great and small.  
My face with juices, you annoint,  
Then grab me by the balls.

Good sex and screwing all my life  
Shall surely be all mine.  
Between your thighs, forevermore.  
Oh God!  
Is that the time?

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\lovehor2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Rhyme Of A Curb Trawler  
(llewtraH)  
(I Love Whores)  
I love to search the streets at night  
For women of the game.  
To count how many ply the trade  
Of everlasting shame.  
I know this Red Light quarter well;  
I come here every night.  
I know the corners where the girls  
Each claim exclusive right.  
I drive around and count the girls;  
Seeing them excites me.  
The one that has the shortest skirt,  
Sexily invites me.  
I watch them walking to and fro  
And eye them up in lust;  
Doing my best to estimate  
Who has the largest bust.  
I'll cruise around and size them up  
Before I pick my whore;  
Perhaps the one whose given me  
Especial thrills before.  
Like the one who wore black stockings,  
And a tight suspender belt,  
Before whose thighs so beautiful  
In worship I have knelt.  
Or maybe someone new to me  
Will titillate my lust;  
A girl whose tits I've never seen,  
So pick her up I must.  
The younger girls today I find  
Have rather skinny thighs.  
And that's the kind of woman  
That I never patronize.  
For if their thighs are nice and plump,  
Their breasts will often be;  
Those cuddlesome swelling beauties

That mean so much to me.  
I'd rather a portly matron  
Who's frankly, past her best,  
Than a pretty-faced young maiden  
With a thin and skimpy breast.  
I also look, in passing by,  
At both their hips and bums,  
For plenty to come to grips with,  
When my excitement comes.  
And if I see a blouse hang out,  
Heavily pneumatic,  
That girl's breasts I know  
Will send me quite ecstatic.  
Though they may be full-blown roses,  
And past their pristine state,  
So long as they are plump and full,  
They're bound to fascinate.  
Maturer girls are better, too,  
At easing one of guilt.  
They have more in conversation  
And sympathy in-built.  
However much they may despise  
The way we men behave,  
They never show that in the way,  
They give us what we crave.  
Confess that you're a titty buff  
And they will understand.  
Pretending to be gratified  
By your caressing hand.  
Pretending that they'd rather have  
A titty play-about,  
Than hold a man between their thighs  
And urge him up their spout.  
I stop and wind my window down  
Beside a buxom whore.  
"Hello, darling, do you want some fun?"  
"There's nothing I want more."  
I choose her for her skimpy skirt,  
Which hardly hides her twat.  
"It's thirty shillings in the car,  
Or three quid in the flat."  
I love that moment when the deal  
Is verbally agreed,  
To know that I've committed me  
To do the wicked deed.  
I've had the service in the car  
With girls who have no flat.  
Seen them strip by courtesy-light,  
Given their tits a pat.  
It better to pay extra

To have it on a bed.  
More light to see their titties by  
When all their clothes are shed.  
"I'll have it in the flat, my dear;"  
She gets into the car.  
"Thirty-five Commercial Road  
It is not very far.  
I'm getting quite excited now;  
I give her thigh a press.  
And following her directions,  
I find the right address.  
Before she takes her clothing off,  
I pay the session fee.  
And then I love to fondle her,  
To weigh up what I'll see.  
For all I've had to choose her by  
Was that her thighs were plump.  
For all I know she might well be  
A floppy-breasted frump.  
I like to satisfy myself  
That I have chosen well,  
By touching up those upper works  
And feeling for their swell.  
And when she pulls her jumper up,  
I gloat at what I see,  
Before she pulls her bra away  
And plops her bostons free.  
And yes! They're gorgeous swelling tits  
And I have scored tonight.  
I gaze on them in wonderment  
At such a lovely sight.  
And when I've had my conkers off  
And kissed those breasts goodbye,  
I'll take her to her pitch again,  
More men to satisfy.  
I know that I'll be there again,  
This time tomorrow night.  
Watching the girl flaunt their thighs  
And drooling at the sight.  
And if I have the ready cash,  
I'll give my lust its head.  
But otherwise I'll pull my wire  
As soon as I'm in bed.  
For even when the girl I choose  
Isn't what I wanted,  
And four times out of ten I find  
That I am disappointed.  
I'll get back home and kick myself  
For being such a fool.  
And celebrate the girl before,

By playing on my tool.  
For several days I'll tell myself  
That it's not worth a candle,  
In paying forty pounds a night,  
Plus the risk of scandal.  
But when a few more days pass by  
And 'tossing off' grows tame,  
I think of all the thighs and breasts  
That set my loins aflame.  
The thrilling sense of risk involved  
In cruising 'round and 'round.  
The heady swirl of chemistry  
When the right girl is found.  
And I'll be back in search of tits  
And plump voluptuous thighs,  
Cruising 'round the Red Light Quarter,  
Where all I long for, lies.  
For what I've done for forty years,  
I'll do for ever more.  
Making my fantasies live, with  
A well-upholstered whore.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\lydiap2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

03/04/2001

Lydia Pinkham

Have you heard of Lydia Pinkham,  
And her compound so refined.  
It turns pricks to flowing fountains,  
And makes cunts grow on behind.  
chorus: So we'll sing of Lydia Pinkham,  
Savior of the human race.  
She sells her Vegetable Compound,  
And the papers publish her face.  
Widow Brown she had no children,  
Though she loved them very dear.  
So she took some Vegetable Compound,  
And now she has them twice a year.  
Willy Smith had peritonitus,  
And he couldn't piss at all.  
So he took some Vegetable Compound,  
And now he's a human waterfall.  
Mrs. Jones had rotten kidneys,  
Poor old lady couldn't pee.  
So she took some vegetable compound,  
And now they pipe her out to sea.  
Geraldine, she had no breastworks,



And she couldn't fill her blouse.  
So she took some Vegetable Compound,  
And now they milk her with the cows.  
Arthur White had been castrated,  
And had not a single nut.  
So he took some Vegetable Compound,  
And now they hang all around his butt.  
Walter Black was a bearded lady,  
And his pecker wouldn't peck.  
So he took some Vegetable Compound,  
Now it's as long as a giraffe's neck.  
Mrs. Smith was low in passion,  
That is she didn't care to fiddle-de-dee.  
So she drank some Vegetable Compound,  
Now they tie her to a tree.  
Mrs. Brown she had no figure,  
She had neither teats nor ass.  
So she drank some Vegetable Compound,  
Now they're dragging in the grass.  
Father Francis couldn't marry,  
Never felt a teat nor twat.  
Since we gave him some Vegetable Compound,  
His wet dreams could fill a pot.  
It sells for a dollar a bottle,  
And it cures all manner of ills.  
And it's more to be recommended,  
That Carter's Little Liver Pills.  
(Immortalia)  
(llewtraH)  
Lottie Smith ne'er had a lover,  
Blotchy pimples caused her plight.  
But she took some Vegetable Compound,  
Now she has eight or ten a night.  
Angela Hackney was covered in acne,  
So bad it made her friends recoil,  
So she washed with Vegetable Compound,  
Now ESSO drills her spots for oil.  
Angela's sister was covered in blisters,  
Pustules covered half of her face.  
So she washed in Vegetable Compound,  
They now ooze pus like mayonnaise  
Mr Decker, had a small pecker,  
And he couldn't make it stand.  
So they gave him some Vegetable Compound,  
So he can now come in either hand.  
Betty Swallocks, she grew some bollocks,  
She was a complete nervous wreck.  
So they gave her some Vegetable Compound,  
Now she totally has changed her sex.  
Mortimer Allcock had a very small cock,

It prevented sexual intercourse.  
So he washed it in Vegetable Compound,  
Now he is hung just like a horse.  
Misses Cousin had a small bosom,  
They scarcely showed beneath her blouse.  
So they gave her some Vegetable Compound,  
Now they milk her with the cows.  
Mister Besties had very small testes,  
They looked like a couple of peas.  
Then he took some Vegetable Compound,  
Now they hang below his knees.  
Mr Frears had sticky-out ears,  
And it made him awful shy.  
So they gave him Vegetable Compound,  
And now he's learning how to fly.  
Old Ebenezer thought he's Julius Caesar,  
So they put him in a home.  
Where they gave him some Vegetable Compound,  
And now he's Emperor of Rome.  
Auntie Milly ran willy-nilly,  
When her legs they did recede.  
So  
thee rubbed on Vegetable Compound.  
And now they call her Millipede.  
Jennifer Eccles had terrible freckles,  
And the boys all called her names.  
So she tried some Vegetable Compound,  
And now HE joins in all their games.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\lydipin2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Lydia Pinkham

Have you heard of Lydia Pinkham,  
And her compound so refined.  
It turns pricks to flowing fountains,  
And makes cunts grow on behind.  
chorus: So we'll sing of Lydia Pinkham,  
Savior of the human race.  
She sells her Vegetable Compound,  
And the papers publish her face.  
Widow Brown she had no children,  
Though she loved them very dear.  
So she took some Vegetable Compound,  
And now she has them twice a year.  
Willy Smith had peritonitus,  
And he couldn't piss at all.

So he took some Vegetable Compound,  
And now he's a human waterfall.  
Mrs. Jones had rotten kidneys,  
Poor old lady couldn't pee.  
So she took some vegetable compound,  
And now they pipe her out to sea.  
Geraldine, she had no breastworks,  
And she couldn't fill her blouse.  
So she took some Vegetable Compound,  
And now they milk her with the cows.  
Arthur White had been castrated,  
And had not a single nut.  
So he took some Vegetable Compound,  
And now they hang all around his butt.  
Walter Black was a bearded lady,  
And his pecker wouldn't peck.  
So he took some Vegetable Compound,  
Now it's as long as a giraffe's neck.  
Mrs. Smith was low in passion,  
That is she didn't care to fiddle-de-dee.  
So she drank some Vegetable Compound,  
Now they tie her to a tree.  
Mrs. Brown she had no figure,  
She had neither teats nor ass.  
So she drank some Vegetable Compound,  
Now they're dragging in the grass.  
Father Francis couldn't marry,  
Never felt a teat nor twat.  
Since we gave him some Vegetable Compound,  
His wet dreams could fill a pot.  
It sells for a dollar a bottle,  
And it cures all manner of ills.  
And it's more to be recommended,  
That Carter's Little Liver Pills.  
(Immortalia)  
(llewtraH)  
Lottie Smith ne'er had a lover,  
Blotchy pimples caused her plight.  
But she took some Vegetable Compound,  
Now she has eight or ten a night.  
Angela Hackney was covered in acne,  
So bad it made her friends recoil,  
So she washed with Vegetable Compound,  
Now ESSO drills her spots for oil.  
Angela's sister was covered in blisters,  
Pustules covered half of her face.  
So she washed in Vegetable Compound,  
They now ooze pus like mayonnaise  
Mr Decker, had a small pecker,  
And he couldn't make it stand.

So they gave him some Vegetable Compound,  
So he can now come in either hand.  
Betty Swallocks, she grew some bollocks,  
She was a complete nervous wreck.  
So they gave her some Vegetable Compound,  
Now she totally has changed her sex.  
Mortimer Allcock had a very small cock,  
It prevented sexual intercourse.  
So he washed it in Vegetable Compound,  
Now he is hung just like a horse.  
Misses Cousin had a small bosom,  
They scarcely showed beneath her blouse.  
So they gave her some Vegetable Compound,  
Now they milk her with the cows.  
Mister Besties had very small testes,  
They looked like a couple of peas.  
Then he took some Vegetable Compound,  
Now they hang below his knees.  
Mr Frears had sticky-out ears,  
And it made him awful shy.  
So they gave him Vegetable Compound,  
And now he's learning how to fly.  
Old Ebenezer thought he's Julius Caesar,  
So they put him in a home.  
Where they gave him some Vegetable Compound,  
And now he's Emperor of Rome.  
Auntie Milly ran willy-nilly,  
When her legs they did recede.  
So  
thee rubbed on Vegetable Compound.  
And now they call her Millipede.  
Jennifer Eccles had terrible freckles,  
And the boys all called her names.  
So she tried some Vegetable Compound,  
And now HE joins in all their games.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\madbath2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### A Maiden Did Bathing Go

The four and twentieth day of May, of all days of the year, sir,  
A virgin lady, fresh and gay, did privately appear, sir.  
Hard by a riverside got she, and did sing loud, the rather,  
For she was sure she was secure, and had intent to bath her.  
With glittering glancing jealous eyes, she shyly looks about, sir,  
To see if any lurking spies were hid to find her out, sir.  
And being well resolved that none could see her nakedness, sir,

She pulled her robes off, one by one, and did herself undress, sir.  
Into the fluent stream she leapt, she looked like Venus' glass, sir.  
The fishes from all quarters crept to see so fair a lass, sir.  
Each fish did wish himself a man, about her all were drawn, sir.  
And at the sight of her began to spread about their spawn, sir.  
A lad that long her love had been and could obtain no grace, sir,  
For all her prying lay unseen, hid in a secret place, sir.  
Who had often been repulsed when he had come to woo her,  
Pulled off his clothes and furiously did run and leap into her.  
She squeaked, she cried, and down she dived, he brought her up again, sir.  
He brought her up upon the shore, and then, and then, and then, sir.  
As Adam did old Eve enjoy, you may guess what I mean, sir;  
Because she all uncovered lay, he covered her again, sir.  
With watered eyes, she pants and cries, "I'm utterly undone, sir,  
If you will not be wed to me by the next morning sun, sir."  
He answered her, he would not stir out of her sight till then, sir.  
"We'll both clasp hands in wedlock bands, marry, and to it again, sir."  
(Pill To Purge Melancholy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\madenhd2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

How Can I Keep My Maidenhead  
chorus: How can I keep my maidenhead,  
My maidenhead, my maidenhead.  
How can I keep my maidenhead,  
Among so many men.  
The captain give me a guinea for it,  
The colonel he bid ten.  
Oh I'll do as my mother did,  
For silver I'll have none.  
I'll give it to a bonnie lad,  
For just as good again.  
An old mouldy maidenhead,  
The weary work I know.  
The stretching of it the striving of it,  
The boring of it, the riving of it,  
And oh the double driving of it,  
The farther you get in.  
How shall I keep my maidenhead,  
Among so many men.  
(Robert Burns)  
And I can't do without my kitchen man.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\magymay2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Maggie May

Oh gather round you sailor boys, and listen to my plea,

'Cause when you've heard it, you will pity me,

'Cause I was a goddamn fool in the port of Liverpool,

The first time that I came home from the sea.

chorus: Oh, my darling Maggie May, they have taken you away,  
And no more down Lime Street will she roam.

For the judge he guilty found her,

For robbing a homeward bounder,

That dirty, robbing, no good Maggie May.

I was a sailor bound for home, all the way from Sierra Leone,

And two pound ten a month had been my pay,

As I jingled in my tin, I was sadly taken in,

By the lady of the name of Maggie May.

When I steered in to her, I just hadn't a care,

I was cruising up and down old Canning Place.

She was dressed in a gown so fine, like a frigate of the line,

And I being a sailorman, gave chase.

She gave me a saucy nod, and I like a farmer's clod,

Let her take me line abreast in tow,

And under all plain sail, we ran before the gale,

And to the Crow's Nest Tavern we did go.

Next morning when I awoke, I found that I was broke.

No trousers, coat, or wallet could I find.

Annd when I asked her where, she said, "My dear young sir,

You'll find them in the pawnshop number nine."

To the pawnshop I did go, no trousers could I find,

So the cops they came and took this girl away.

Oh, you thieving Maggie May, you robbed me of my pay,

It'll pay your fare right out to Botany Bay.

She was chained and sent away from Liverpool one day.

The lads, they cheered as she sailed down the bay,

An' every sailor lad, he only was too glad,

They'd sent the old tart out to Botany Bay.

Oh, Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken you away,

For to stay on Van Dieman's cruel shore.

Oh, you robbed many a whaler and many a drunken sailor,

But you'll never cruise 'round Liverpool no more.

(Michael Green)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mailman2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I'm Your Mailman

Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird  
Make me happy, make me gay,  
I can come twice a day,  
I'm your mailman.  
Lift the knocker, ring the bell,  
I can make you feel swell,  
I'm your mailman.  
I can come in any kind of weather,  
Don't you know my bags are made of leather?  
I don't mess with keys or locks,  
I'll slip it right in the box,  
I'm your mailman.  
Pat your knockers, ring your chime,  
For you see that mine is fine.  
I'm your mailman.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mammary2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Mammary Lane

Once upon a time I was just a teen,  
When I first found my daddy's girlie magazine,  
I saw a picture of perfection,  
She was calling out for further inspection,  
And she stared back at me with those bedroom eyes,  
All I really wanted was the bloody prize,  
It was the size of the prize in my eyes,  
That was causing my erection.  
Chorus: Mammary Lane, Mammary Lane,  
A feeling I can't explain,  
Mammary Lane, Mammary Lane,  
This girl is driving me insane,  
'Cause she knows when she pose,  
In or out of her clothes,  
I stick her in my hall of fame,  
And she'll be glad I come,  
On the ride down Mammary Lane.  
I remember the pair that Joanie used to wear,  
They weren't very big, with some tissue here and there,  
No one even cared or even dared,  
To ask if they were imitation,  
And then there was Sally and her friend Sue,  
They were the boobsy twins of P.S. 102,  
Wherever their bust stopped,  
I made a point to make my favorite destination.  
The beauty of their names I will never forget,  
We'd call them titties, jugs, hooter, knockers, and breasts, I love the way they're

hung,  
On every woman of every nation,  
I love all different sizes and all different shapes,  
Anywhere there's cleavage you can find my face,  
They've got the power to devour,  
Every hour of my imagination.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mamogrm2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Ode To Mammograms - Colin from Montmorency

For years and years they told me,  
Be careful of your breasts.  
Don't ever squeeze or bruise them,  
And give them monthly tests.  
So I heeded all their warnings,  
And protected them by law.  
I guarded them most carefully,  
And I always wore my bra.  
After thrity years of astute care,  
My doctor found a lump.  
She ordered up a mammogram  
To look inside the bump.  
"Stand up quite close," she said,  
AAs she put my boob in line,  
"And tell me when it hurts," she said,  
"Ah yes!  
There, that's fine!"  
She stepped upon a pedal;  
I could not believe my eyes!  
A plastic plate pressed down and down;  
My boob was in a vise!  
My skin was stretched and stretched,  
From way up to my chin.  
My poor boob was being squashed,  
To Swedish-pancake thin.  
Excruciating pain I felt,  
Withing its  
vise-like grip.  
A prisoner of this viscous thing,  
My poor defenceless tit.  
"Take a deep breath," she said to me;  
Who does she think she's kidding?  
My chest is mashed in her machine,  
Aand woozy I am getting.  
'There, that was ggood," I heard her say,  
As the room was slowly swaying.



"Now, let's have a go at the other one."

Lord have mercy, I was praying.

It squeezed me from up and down;

It squeezed me from both sides.

I'll bet she's never had this done,

Not to her tender little hide!

If I had no problem when I cam in,

I surely have one now.

If there had been a cyst in there,

It would have popped, "Ker-pow!"

The machine was created by a man;

Of this I have no doubt.

I'd like to stick his balls in there,

And see how they come out!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mancome2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Man Who Comes Around

chorus: A man comes to our house every single day,

Papa comes home and the man goes away.

Papa does the work and mamma gets the pay,

And the man comes around when papa goes away.

The man who comes to our house, mama thinks is nice,

He comes in the summer and he brings mama ice.

Just a teeny-weeny bit that soon melts away,

So he comes back once again later in the day.

The man who comes to our house drives a Cadillac,

He drives it round the block and he parks it in the back.

Mama rushes to the door, He's right there to greet her,

With, "Open up, honey, and let me check your meter."

The man who comes to our house isn't such a dope.

He climbs up on the porch with "I hope, I hope, I hope."

You can tell he is a salesman by the way he slips inside.

He never sells a thing but he comes out satisfied.

The man who comes to our house, comes to sell a brush,

He comes in a hurry and he goes out in a rush.

After he is gone, ma puts up an awful fret,

If she doesn't get everything she thinks she ought to get.

The man who comes to our house, who comes to mow the lawn,

Always seems to get here just when papa's gone.

After he is gone my mother says to me,

"You don't have to tell your pa everything you see."

The man who comes to our house to collect the trash,

Is tall, dark and handsome and he has a big moustache.

I'm not quite sure, and yet it seems to me,

That he's much nicer than a trashman ought to be.

The man who comes to our house comes to bring the milk,  
He walks right in the kitchen and he talks smooth as silk.  
I always have to hold his horse out by the gate;  
He stays so doggone long that the horse don't want to wait.  
The man who comes to our house comes to fix the phone,  
He brings his tools along and he always comes alone.  
Now just before he leaves, I think I out to mention,  
He rushes up to mama's room and fixes her extension.  
Now, when I grow up, I don't want to be  
A doctor or a lawyer, no, none of that for me.  
I don't want to have a great big office downtown,  
I just want to be the man that comes around.  
(Jerry Silverman)  
(Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\marvtoy2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Another Marvelous Toy  
by Terri Wells  
(llewtraH)

Based on Tom Paxton's Marverllous Toy  
When I was just a wee little girl, full of health and joy,  
My mother homeward came one night to tell me of a toy.  
"A wonder to behold it is, all hairy -- quite a sight!  
And the moment you lay eyes on it, 'twill fill you with delight."  
\*CHORUS  
Chorus: For it goes slap! when it's hard and flop! when it's soft  
And squirt! when it's all done;  
You'll need a boy to play with it but I know you'll find it's fun.  
The first time that I picked one up, I had a big surprise,  
For right on its bottom swung two round things -- it grew to twice its size I first  
stroked one and then the other and then I licked its head,  
And when I paused to catch my breath, well this is what it did:  
Then he raised my skirt and dropped his pants as I leaned back in my chair, But when  
I reached for his sweet toy it squirted in mid-air!  
I started to sob but he just smiled for he knew it wasn't dead --  
In minutes five his marvelous toy would raise its lovely head.  
Well the years have gone by too quickly it seems and I have a daughter coy; And  
yesterday I told her of a marvelous little toy.  
Her eyes nearly popped right out of her head and she gave a squeal of glee, For now  
she knows just what it's for, and she loves it just like me!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\masosad2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Super-Sado-Masochistic-Also-Flagellation

Super-sado-masochistic-also-flagellation;

Different sets of manacles to suit for all occasions.

Whips and spurs and crops and canes cause bruises and abrasions,

But super-sado-masochistic-also-flagellation.

Masochists like to be flogged, chained and humiliated,

Tortured with devices that are very antiquated.

Locked in dungeons, gagged and bound and left to suffer naked.

The trick's to bend an arm or leg but never really break it.

Sadists like to carry whips, cause bruises, cuts and gashes,

Like to sentence masochists to several hundred lashes.

Tie them up in straps and chains, pluck toenails and eyelashes,

They get aerobic workouts when delivering the thrashes.

Sado-masochistic pairs use pain as part of passion,

Get their thrills from when blood spills in an unseemly fashion.

They expect their acts of sex to be acts of aggression.

They could give most torturers some very expert lessons.

Masochists enjoy the pain, they say it brings them pleasure.

Tie them up and prick their skin or beat them at your leisure.

To be beaten black and blue is something that they treasure,

While wrapped up just like old King Tut in bandages or leather.

Sadists like to use their fists or scratch or gouge or pummel,

Force feed their partners excrement using a half-pint funnel.

When their partners shout out stop, that when they start the fun; That's when they will up the pace until the sadist comes.

Sadists like to inflict pain, it heightens their enjoyment;

Masochists enjoy the torture that is their employment,

My bondage or by being whipped with suitable machinery.

Some like the beating played indoors, and others in the greenery.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\masotan2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Masochism Tango

-

Tom Lehrer

I ache for the touch of your lips, Dear,

But much more for the touch of your whips, Dear.

You can raise welts like nobody else,

As we dance to the Masochism Tango.

Let our love be a flame, not an ember,

Say it's me that you want to dismember.

Blacken my eye, set fire to my tie,

As we dance to the Masochism Tango.

At your command,

Before you here I stand,  
My heart in my hand.  
Ecch!  
It's here that I must be.  
My heart entreats,  
Just hear those savage beats,  
And go put on your cleats,  
And come and trample me.  
Your heart is hard as stone or mahogany,  
That's why I'm in such exquisite agony.  
My soul is on fire,  
It's aflame with desire,  
Which is why I perspire,  
When we tango.  
You caught my nose  
In your left castanet, Love,  
I can feel the pain yet, Love,  
Every time I hear drums.  
And I envy the rose  
That you held in your teeth, Love,  
With the thorns underneath, Love,  
Sticking into your gums.  
Your eyes cast a spell that bewitches.  
The last time I needed twenty stitches  
To sew up the gash  
You made with your lash,  
As we danced to the Masochism Tango.  
Bash in my brain,  
And make me scream with pain,  
Then kick me once again,  
And say we'll never part.  
I know too well  
I'm underneath your spell,  
So Darling, if you smell  
Something burning, it's my heart.  
Take you cigarette from its holder,  
And burn you initials in my shoulder.  
Fraacture my spine,  
And swear that your're mine,  
As we dance to the Masochism Tango.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\matygrv2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Last Lay Of Matty Groves  
A holiday, a holiday and the first one of the year,  
Lord Darnell's wife had gone to church, the gospel for to hear.

When the service it was done and all walked out of doors,

Her wicked eyes did rove about and on a hostler's lad did pause!

"Come home with me young Matty Groves, she whispered in his ear,  
Come home with me and sleep with me till morning's light is here --  
I'll pay you well, little Matty Groves, to keep my back from the cold,  
And to give me something warm inside, if I may make so bold."

Matty Groves was an honest man and he wanted to refuse

If he did as the lady bid, his master's trust he would abuse;

"Oh, I can't come home, I daren't come home and sleep with you tonight  
By the rings on your fingers I can tell you are Lord Darnell's wife"

"So what that I'm your master's wife, you master's not at home,  
My husband's out in the farthest fields and this night I'm alone."

Lady Darnell's maid she heard this talk for she was standing near,  
Kitty Hopkins swore on her mother's grave the master himself would hear,  
She gathered her skirts up to her knees and across the glebe she ran,

When she reached the broad millstream, she tore off her skirt and she swam. Lord  
Darnell was in the far country, but yearlings were far from his mind,  
He'd found himself a peasant lass and was taking her from behind;

So when his Lady's maid appeared Lord Darnell was not well pleased,  
He'd only just got settled in and got his polestaff greased.

Kitty said as she reached Lord Darnell's side "Come home and look to your w For she  
has taken some common hostler's lad into her bed tonight!"

Her master swore that he'd reward Kitty Hopkins handsomely,  
He unlaced her bodice and stroked her thigh as he sat her on his knee.

Lord Darnell took to his fastest horse and galloped hard for home,  
When into his chamber at last he strode, his wife was not alone!

The pair had coupled and kissed all night and then they fell to sleep,  
And when they woke at break of day, Lord Darnell stood at thier feet.

"Tell me how do you like my fine feather-bed and how do you like my sheets? And how  
do you like my lady-wife who lies in your arms asleep?"

"Very well do I like your feather bed, very well do I like your sheets,  
Best of all I do like your fair lady who lies in my arms asleep"

"Get up, get up," Lord Darnell cried, "Get up and fight for your life,  
For I'll not slay an unarmed man, though he lies in the arms of my wife;  
So get you up little Matty Groves and all of your clothes put on,

For it shall never be said in Old England that I slew a naked man."

"I can't get up" said Matty Groves "I've been getting it up all night,  
A full eight hours I've been getting it up at the bidding of your wife!  
Nay I can't get up and I'll not get up, for I hear the tone of your words,  
And I have only a pocket knife against your two fine swords"

"Truly I have two fine swords and they cost me deep in my purse,

You shall take the better of them and I shall take the worse

And you shall have the very first blow and strike it like a man,

Then I will strike the very next blow and I'll kill you if I can!"

Matty he struck the very first blow and pierced Lord Darnell's side

Lord Darnell struck the very next blow, and young Matty Groves, he died.

Lord Darnell lifted up his wife and he sat her on his knee,

"Now tell me who you liked the best, that hostler's lad or me"

Sat on his knee, his lady spoke, her manners not so mild,

"Do you think your own withered stick would ever get me with child?"

Lord Darnell was shocked right to his heart when he heard her speak so free "I'd rather a kiss from dead Matty's lips than you or your finery."  
In anguish her husband pushed her aside and took of his swords the best,  
Before his wife could speak again, he sheathed it in her chest.  
Lord Darnell he went red in the face and loudly he did bawl,  
He'd struck his wife right through the heart and pinned her against the wal "As you shared my own feather bed, so you'll share a pauper's grave,  
But you'll be buried at the top, for you were a noble lady."  
Then he called for his lady's maid, he called her to his side  
"Your mistress sought the single thing her husband couldn't provide,  
Had I not known about Matty Groves, she have might have borne a son  
And knowing not his parentage, I'd have raised him as my own,  
But Kitty Hopkins you were keen upon my cock to ride,  
And called me home to end the tryst, thus childless I shall die."  
"A grave, a grave," Lord Darnell sighed, "to put these lovers in  
But bury my lady at the top for she was of noble kin."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\meadow-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Unmowed Meadow

One day as I was walking, the month was hot July,  
I accosted a young maiden, and she did make reply:  
"I have a little meadow that I've kept for you in store,  
And 'tis your due to tell you true, it's ne'er been mowed before."  
She said, "My handsome gallant, if you a mower be,  
I'll give you good employment if you'll come along with me."  
So 'twas my great good fortune, Oh! Blessed be that town!  
To take my scythe and to contrive to mow her meadow down!  
With courage quite undaunted, I stepped out on the ground,  
And with my scythe I sure did strive to mow her meadow down.  
I mowed from nine 'til dinner time, 'twas far beyond my skill,  
And then I had to quit the field, but her grass was growing still.  
Oh, then that maiden kissed me, again and once again,  
"Oh Sir!" she protested, "You're the greatest of all men!"  
I'll take to sharpening your scythe, I'll stroke it in my hand,  
And then perhaps, you'll start once more to mow my meadowland.  
(H. H. Hart)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\medical2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Medical Love Song

by Monty Python

(llewtraH)

Inflammation of the foreskin reminds me of your smile,  
I've had ballanital chancroids for quite a little while,  
I gave my heart to NSU that lovely night in June,  
I ache for you my darling, and I hope you get well soon.  
My penile warts, your herpes, my syphilitic sores,  
Your moenelial infection, how I miss you more and more.  
Your dobie's itch, my scrumpox, our lovely gonorrhea,  
At least we both were lying, when we said that we were clear.  
Our syphilitic kisses sealed the secret of our tryst,  
You gave me scrotal pustules with a quick flick of your wrist.  
Your trichovaginitis sent shivers down my spine,  
I got snail tracks in my anus when your spirochetes met mine.  
Chorus: Gonococcal urethritis, streptococcal ballinitis,  
Meningo meylitis, diplococcal cephalitis,  
Epididimitis, interstitial keratitis,  
Syphilitic choroiditis, and anterior u-ve-i-tis.  
My clapped out genitalia is not so bad for me,  
As the complete and utter failure every time I try to pee.  
My doctor says my buboes are the worst he's ever seen,  
My scrotum's painted orange and my balls are turning green.  
My heart is very tender though my parts are awful raw,  
You might have been infected but you never were a bore.  
I'm dying of your love my love, I'm you're spirochaetal clown,  
I've left my body to science but I'm afraid they've turned it down.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\menager2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Menagerie

(Rochester Univ version)

(llewtraH)

Van Amburgh is the man, who goes to all the shows,  
He goes into the lion's den, and tells you all he knows;  
He sticks his head in the lion's mouth, and keeps it there awhile,  
And when he takes it out again, he greets you with a smile.  
Chorus: The elephant now goes round, the band begins to play,  
The boys around the monkey's cage had better keep away.  
First comes the African polar bear, oft called the iceberg's daughter.  
She's been known to eat three tubs of ice, then call for soda water.  
She wades into the water up to her knees, not fearing any harm,  
And you may grumble all you please, and she don't care a "darn."  
That hyena in the next cafe, most wonderful to relate,  
Got awful hungry the other day, and ate up his female mate;  
He's a very ferocious beast, don't go near him, little boys,  
For when he's mad he shakes his tail, and makes this awful noise.  
Next comes the vulture, awful bird, from the mountains' highest tops.

He's been known to eat up little girls, and then to lick his chops;  
Oh, the show it can't go on, there's too much noise and confusion,  
Please stop feeding those monkeys peanuts, it'll injure their constitution.

The Royal Wild Beast Show

(by Alfred Lee)

(llewtraH)

Come, stand aside, good people all, and hear what I've to say;

But let the little deer come up, what's going for to pay;

At all the courts in Europe we are reckon'd quite the go.

Then pay your six pences and see the Royal Wild Beast Show.

Chorus: The camomiles, the crocodiles, and all that you could wish,

The mice and rats, and tabby cats, and other kinds of fish,

A dozen sphinxes upside down, and standing in a row,

It's only sixpence each to see the Royal Wild Beast Show.

The first one is the kangaroo, you'll know him by his hump;

The next's the hippopotamus, you ought to see him jump;

The third's the alligator and he's such a one to crow.

He wakes us every morning in the Royal Wild Beast Show.

That pretty thing's the oogley bird, the other one's his aunt,

The third we call the pelican, the next the pelican:

The other one's the solon goose -- you mustn't call out bo!

Or you will hurt his feelings in the Royal Wild Beast Show.

The donkey in the corner with the tiger on his arm

Comes from Assyria, where once his father kept a farm;

That billy-goat that's dress'd in pink and walking rather slow,

Is very hornimental in a Royal Wild Beast Show.

The tortoise, famous for his speed, unequal'd by a horse;

The parrot too, who talks in polly-syllables, of course.

The raging elephants that roar when stormy winds do blow,

Are also represented in the Royal Wild Beast Show.

The next one is a mighty ape; indeed, I tell you true.

It's only natural he should "go walking in the zoo;"

Our stock of monkeys, you'll observe, at present is but low.

They are so plentiful outside the Royal Wild Beast Show.

The last's the boa constrictor, who eats all he finds about --

Why, who's been fool enough to let the nasty critter out?

He's somewhere underneath the chairs;

Hi! mind your hullo!

He's very quick in clearing out the Royal Wild Beast Show.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\men-men2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Men

(sounds like Monty Python)

(llewtrah)

Oh, it's great to be on a ship with men



We'll sail across the sea  
Oh, we don't know where we'll land or when  
But it's great to be with men.  
'Cause men can sweat and men can stink  
And no one seems to care  
Oh, we'll throw the dishes in the sink  
And clog the drain with hair.  
Men, men, men!  
On a ship all filled with men,  
We'll never have to lift the seat;  
There's no one here but men, men, men, men  
Men, men, men, men.  
We're men and friends until the end  
And none of us are sissies.  
At night we sleep in separate beds  
And blow each other kissies.  
Men, men, men!  
On a ship all filled with men  
So batten down the ladies' room  
There's no one here but men, men, men, men  
Men, men, men, men.  
Oh, there's men above and men below  
And men down in the galley.  
There's Butch and Spike and Biff and Bill  
And one that we call Sally.  
On a ship all filled with men  
So throw your rubbers overboard  
There's no one here but men!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mermaid2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Mermaid  
by Shel Silverstein  
(LlewtraH)  
When I was a lad in a fishing town, an old man said to me  
You can spend your life, your jolly life, a-sailing on the sea.  
You can search the world for pretty girls 'til your eyes grow weak and dim, But  
don't go swimmin' with a mermaid, son, if you don't know how to swim!  
'Cause her hair is green as sea-weed, her lips are blue and pale,  
I'll tell you now before you start,  
You can love that girl with all your heart,  
But you'll only love the upper part;  
You will NOT like the tail!  
I signed on to a whalin' ship, and my very first day at sea,  
I spied a mermaid in the waves, a-reachin' out to me.  
Come live with me in the sea, said she, and down on the ocean's floor,

I'll show you a million wond'rous sights you've never seen before!  
 So I jumped on in and she pulled me down, down to her sea-weed bed;  
 A pillow she made of tortoise shells, and placed beneath my head.  
 She fed me shrimp and caviar from a silvery dish;  
 She was just my taste down to her waist, but the rest of her was fish!  
 Her hair was green as seaweed, her lips were blue and pale  
 Her face it was a work of art  
 But I only gave her half my heart  
 'Cause tho I loved the upper part;  
 I did not like the tail!  
 And then one day when I looked up I saw a sailin' ship,  
 And I met the stare of a millionaire out on a fishing trip.  
 A diamond ring he tied on a string and lowered it down to her,  
 And my love divine, she went for the line and went for the usual lure!  
 So I sighed in the rolling tide, and I cried to the clams and the whales.  
 How I missed her hair and her seagreen eyes; I missed the shine of scales.  
 Just then her sister swam on by, and set my heart a-whirl,  
 For her upper part was an ugly old fish but the bottom half was girl!  
 Her toes are round and rosey, her legs are slim and pale!  
 Her face might not be a work of art,  
 But I love that girl with all my heart,  
 And I don't give a damn about the upper part,  
 'Cause now I'm getting tail.  
 Cos now I'm getting tail.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mikerod2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Michael Rode The Girl Next Door  
 Michael rode the girl next door,  
 How he screwed her.  
 Michael rode the girl next door,  
 How he screwed Her.  
 Mrs. Jordan is chilly and wide,  
 Milk and honey on the other side.  
 Mrs. Jordan is chilly and cold,  
 On her belly she has a mole.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mikmous2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Mickey Louse  
 Tune: Mickey Mouse Theme  
 Who's the little blood sucker that's after you and me?

M-I-C, K-E-Y, L-O-U-S-E!  
Hi there, hey there, ho there, he's as hungry as can be,  
M-I-C, K-E-Y, L-O-U-S-E!  
Mickey Louse (scratchy muff!)  
Mickey Louse (scratchy muff!)  
Forever may he hold your hairy crotch, Tight, Tight, Tight!  
When you join up at the hips he'll jump from you to me!  
M-I-C, K-E-Y, L-O-U-S-E!  
(Slowly)  
M-I-C (Eat you real soon!)  
K-E-Y (Why? Because I like you!)  
L-O-U-S-Eeee!  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mindbab2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

As I Was Out Riding  
chorus: Hi Ho, My baby rest easy,  
Hi Ho, My baby don't moan.  
Here I sit resting and rocking the cradle,  
And minding a baby that's none of my own.  
As I was out riding one morning for pleasure,  
I spied a young lady a walking alone.  
A smile on her lips and a swinging each measure,  
A pleasant "How are you?", that's chilling my bones.  
'Twas quick I dismounted in search of a visit,  
I left my cowpony to walk alongside.  
I says to her, "Ma'am can I touch it or kiss it?"  
Says she, "You're not crippled nor handcuffed or tied.  
Her face and her figure, no art could improve them,  
We went to the ranch-house, laid down on the floor.  
Her drawers were so tight, I could not remove them.  
Says she, "There's scissors right there by the door."  
Well the scissors were sharp, her drawers split asunder,  
She spread her legs and got ready for fun.  
When in walked the boss with a voice just like thunder,  
Saying, "Get along, boy, the roundups begun."  
Well I jumped on my horse and rode off broken-hearted,  
I just couldn't work and returned on the sly.  
Back at the ranch-house, I found them together,  
The boss, with a grin, was just closing his fly.  
'Twas nine months thereafter, she had her baby,  
Made off with a salesman and left it behind.  
Says I, "It's the boss's", they laughed and said maybe.  
And so I was given the baby to mind.  
The ten of us started to fight.

There was poking and punching and socking,  
But I finished them all by that night.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\modiwar2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THE MODIEWARK

collected by Robt Burns (llewtraH)

Chorus: An' O the wanton modiewark

The weary, wanton modiewark

I maun consult some learned clerk

About this wanton modiewark

The modiewark has done me ill,

And below my apron has biggit a hill;

I maun consult some learned clerk

About this wanton modiewark.

O first it gat between my taes

Out o'er my garter neist it gaes

At length it crep beneath my sark

The weary, wanton modiewark.

This modiewark, tho' it be blin'

If aince its nose you lat it in

Then to the hilts, within a crack

It's out o' sight, the modiewark.

When Marjorie was made a bride,

And Willie lay down by her side,

Syne nocht was heard, when a' was dark

But kickin' at the modiewark.

Note: Modiewark = mole

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\modwenc2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Modest Wench

by David Bagulay

(llewtraH)

A comely young wench from the south

Went travelling far and free.

She said "I'm searching for love as true as the dove!"

And she came to the north country.

Chorus: Saying "I beg your pardon, Sir!

I am but a modest wench....

A lovely lively lusty busty rather outrageous wench

But a modest one, nevertheless!"

She met with two grinning dwarves  
 Said one to the other: "What bliss!  
 You stand on my shoulder; together we'll hold her  
 And give her a rousing kiss!"  
 She met with a leering banker  
 Who said "Banking has various facets...  
 I could invest all your money till the ledgers looked funny, But I'd rather hold  
 onto your assets!"  
 She met with a hungry giant  
 Who roared in stentorian tones  
 "To pepper I'd falter; I'd rather assault her  
 Before I devour her bones!"  
 She met with a country lout  
 Who said, "Massage me here on this hummock.  
 Like my girlfriend who felt she should stop at the belt  
 And never got up to my stomach..."  
 She met with a charming minstrel  
 "At last, sir, can you show me true love?"  
 He chortled with glee as he patted her knee;  
 He rubbed his hands as he fired up his glands  
 He looked very droll as he turned into a troll  
 And sneered "Certainly! From below or above!"  
 "I beg your pardon, sir!  
 I was but a modest wench...  
 A lovely lively lusty busty rather outrageous wench  
 But a modest one....never the more!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\molecat2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Mole Catcher  
 (llewtraH)

\*-----

In Manchester City by the sign of the plough,  
 There lived a mole catcher, I won't tell you how.  
 He'd go out mole catching from morning till night,  
 And a young fellow would come an visit his wife.  
 Now the mole catcher got jealous of all the same thing,  
 And hid under the wash house to see what would come in.  
 Now this young fellow he climbs over the stile,  
 And the mole catcher's watching with a crafty smile.  
 He knocks at the door and this he does say,  
 "Where is your husband, good woman I pray."  
 "He's gone out mole-catching, you have nothing to fear."  
 Little did she know, the old bastard was near.  
 They went up the stairs and she gave him the sign,  
 But the filthy old fellow did creep up behind.

Now just as the young fellow reach the height of his frolics  
The mole catcher trapped him quite fast by the bollocks.  
The trap it squeezed tighter, the mole catcher did smile,  
"Here's the best mole we've caught in a while.  
I'll make you pay well for ploughing my ground;  
This little prank will cost you all of ten pound."  
"Oh," said the young fellow, "I really don't mind,  
For it only works out at tuppence a grind."  
So come all you young fellows and mind where it's at,  
Don't ever get yours caught in a mole catcher's trap.  
X  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\molybar2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Molly Barlow  
(llewtraH)

She left her villiage in Somerset, for London was she bound,  
To seek perhaps her fortune in the theaters of that town.  
But when she got to London, the streets weren't paved with gold;  
The rain was just as wet, my girls; the wind was just as cold.  
She stood outside the playhouses, dejected, cold, ignored,  
And watched the painted actresses go in and out the doors.  
She dreamt that she'd be dressed like them, in satin and brocade,  
But the only work that she could find was as a tavern maid.  
And that's how Molly Barlow to the City of London came,  
With just the clothes she stood in, not a shilling to her name.  
And being just a country girl, she didn't know the danger,  
Or that there is a hidden cost for the kindness of a stranger.  
When Molly passed the crippled man who beggen upon the corner,  
Her gave her ha'penny back to her and tried in vain to warn her  
To leave the filthy London streets; they'd bring her only pain.  
For more than one girl's fallen or achieved a different fame.  
But when a handsome stranger to that tavern came one night,  
He spoke to Molly of her dreams, how they would turn out right.  
And Molly left her work that night, went with the kindly stanger,  
Wnet with him to another life, so heedless of the danger.  
He dressed her up in satin fine, in silks and fancy lace,  
With all the latest cosmetics, he dressed her hair and face.  
Then stood her by the theatre door and rearranged her cucrls,  
And then charged each man a crown to bed the country girl.  
She stood outside the playhouses, with twenty other whores,  
And watched the painted actresses go in and out the doors.  
Once she'd dreamt she'd be like them, shsse'd not dreamt of the danger Nor of the  
price she'd have to pay for 'kindness' from a stanger.  
He took the coin that Molly earned, she had no need of those.

The smiling stranger would provide her with shelter and clothes.  
He'd put the food into her mouth, a roof over her head.  
And if she'd worked the London streets, he'd keep her clean and fed.  
Those years outside the theatre doors soon stole away her youth.  
She'd only twenty years of age but looked twice that in truth.  
The men who paid for girls for sex, they would not pay the crown,  
And so her owner cut the price and trimmed her 'wages' down.  
Now Molly's old, her looks are gone, she dreamed her dreams in vain;  
She caters to the worst of men in seedy Gropecuntlane.  
The stranger long since cast her out, she'd lost her looks and charms, And another  
country innocent had fallen in his arms.  
She stands in seedy Gropecuntlane, far from those theatre halls,  
And charges men a paltry price to fuck against some wall.  
Moll dreams her dreams of Somerset and knows in vain she dreams,  
And she know a stranger's kindness is rarely what it seems.  
She rued the day she left her home to go in search of fame.  
She rued the kindly stranger who had first put her on the game.  
She cursed the first who'd paid for her and pricked her maidenhead.  
She cursed the wages of her sin, earned on her back in bed.  
And when at last she lies at rest, and mercifully alone,  
Molly Barlow wants these final words engraved upon the stone:  
"If you seek fame in London, girls, your fortune will be danger;  
A life of sin's the hidden cost for the kindness of a stranger.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\money--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

02/07/1999

The Money Rolls In  
My father makes book on the corner,  
My mother makes synthetic gin,  
My sister makes love for five dollars,  
My God! How the money rolls in!  
My brothers a poor missionary,  
He saves fallen women from sin.  
He'll save you a blond for five dollars,  
My God! How the money rolls in!  
My Grandma makes cheap prophylactics,  
She punctures the head with a pin,  
Cause Grandpa get rich from abortions,  
My God! How the money rolls in!  
Now Uncle is whittling out candles,  
From wax that is specially soft.  
He says that they'll come in real handy,  
If ever his business falls off.  
(Oscar Brand)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\money--2-oterh.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[Error] - File could not be written...

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\monteca2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Monte Carlo

As she walked along the Bois de Boulogne  
With a heart as heavy as lead,  
    She wishes that she was dead.  
She had lost her maidenhead.  
Her heart in a funk and covered with spunk,  
Her knickers were torn and her cunt was worn,  
She's the girl that lowered the price at Monte Carlo.  
As he walked along the Bois de Boulogne  
With his prick upon the stand,  
    The girls all say it's grand  
To take it in their hand.  
You give them a bob and they're on the job,  
Pulling the foreskin over the knob  
    Of the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\montros2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Links O' Montrose

(llewtraH)

\*-----

The sun was a-setting way doon in the west  
And I know that I seen it in my Sunday best,  
    So I daundered awa' where the sunny wind blows,  
I daundered awa' o'er the links o' Montrose.  
Aye, I daundered awa' where the grass grows sae green,  
Till the fairest young damsel 'twas there that I seen  
Wi' her fresh young complexion and cheeks like the rose,  
    She fair won my heart on the links o' Montrose.  
    So I says, "My fair damsel, will ye come wi' me;  
    We'll walk tae the shade o' yon big shady tree."  
    So we daundered awa' where the sunny wind blows  
We daundered awa' o'er the links o' Montrose.  
Aye, we daundered awa' where the grass grows sae green  
But she tripped, and she fell, and O! what I seen!  
For the strings o' her knickers got mixed wi' her hose.



"Godamnit!" says I, "Yon's the map o' Montrose!"  
So I fell on yon maiden and pu'ed at her wame  
And she'd no let me rise 'til I plucked her again.  
For I spies a wee hole and far up there I goes,  
And her arse left its mark on the links o' Montrose.  
So I lay wi' yon lassie a half hour or more,  
While the ships sailed along by the old harbor shore,  
Then she squares up her bonnet and onward she goes,  
And she bade me good day on the links o' Montrose.  
Ah, but time tells a story, or so they do say,  
And I've been in pain now for many's the day;  
And if I catch yon lassie wha ga'ed me the dose,  
I'll baptize her arse on the links o' Montrose.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\moose--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### I Like A Moose

When I was a young man, I used to like girls;  
I'd tickle their bodies and play with their curls.  
But my girlfriend ran off with a sailor named Bruce,  
Now, you'd never be treated that way by a moose!  
chorus: And it's moose, moose, I like a moose,  
I've never had anything quite like a moose.  
I've had many women, my life has been loose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.  
Whenever I feel I'm in need of a lay,  
I go to my cupboard and get me some hay.  
I lean out my window and spread it around,  
'Cause a moose always comes when there's hay on the ground.  
I've done it with all sorts of beasties with hair,  
I'd do it with snakes, if their fangs were not there.  
I've had me a chicken, a duck and a goose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.  
Purple gorillas on Saturday night,  
Lions and tigers, they puts up a fight.  
But it just ain't the same when you slams their caboose,  
As the feeling you get when you're humping a moose.  
Now I am old, and increasing in years,  
I looks on my past, and I sheds me some tears.  
I just sits in my chair with a glass of Mateus,  
Playing 'Hide the Salami' with Minnie the Moose !  
I've fought many battles on fields and on farms;  
I've had many lovers in beds and in barns.  
Some men serve Odin and others serve Zeus,  
But you've never known service till you've serviced a moose.  
In Minnesota the girls are quite nice,

But in New York City, they treat you like ice.  
But all through the world, the moose are the same,  
And always come softly when called by their name.  
All of my life I have traveled around,  
Looking for someplace nice to settle down.  
Now I'm so glad that I live in Duluth,  
Because the area's well populated with moose.  
I went to Australia, feeling quite spruce;  
There I met wombats and grey kangaroos.  
The wildlife was willing and also profuse,  
But they didn't have anything quite like a moose.  
I went to the desert a moose for to find,  
I only found camels, I near lost my mind.  
A camel reminds of a moose just a bit,  
But moose always swallows and camels just spit.  
Women like pearls and diamonds and cars,  
I spend all my money on them in bars.  
But a moose is content to be tied to a tree,  
While I find other mooses to satisfy me.  
In many a bar I have often been led;  
In many of these you can find a moose head.  
But dammit to hell, I cannot let this pass;  
On my wall I would like to have a moose's ass.  
Up on the hill, on a very cold night,  
My girlfriend was frigid and put up a fight.  
So I left her right there as she lay on the ground,  
And went down to the creek where the mooses are found.  
I've tried every beastie on land or on sea;  
I've even tried humpbacks that humped back on me.  
Sharks are quite good but they're hard to pull loose,  
But on dry land there's nothing that's quite like a moose.  
Woodchucks are all right except that they bite,  
And foxes and rabbits won't last through the night.  
Cows would be fun but they're hard to seduce,  
But you never need worry should you find a moose.  
I went to the farmyard though I had no excuse,  
And tugged with a turkey, some ducks and a goose.  
A sheep and a goat also got some abuse,  
But they couldn't compare with the thrill of a moose.  
Step in my study, and trophies you'll find;  
A black striped tiger and scruffy-maned lion.  
You'll know the elephant by his ivory tooth,  
And the one that's a-winking, you know is a moose.  
The lion succumbed to a thirty-ought-six.  
Machine guns and tigers I've proved do not mix.  
The elephant fell to a bomb with a fuse,  
But I won't tell a soul how I did in the moose.  
When I go hunting, I don't take a gun;  
I just take myself and I have lots of fun.  
I get up behind them, then get myself loose,

Now I've never had anything quite like a moose.  
I've found many women attracted to me;  
A few of them have had me over for tea.  
Some say that they love me when they're feeling loose,  
But I'd trade the world's women for one lovely moose.  
The good Lord made Adam and then he made Eve.  
He said, "If you sin now, I'll ask you to leave."  
They left, not because of Eve's forbidden fruit,  
But because Adam decided the moose there were cute.  
The English are said to like boars who've had corn;  
The Celts they just dream of the young unicorn.  
The Germans, it's said, just need leather and rope.  
But give me a moose and I'll no longer mope.  
The king of the gods is a fellow named Zeus,  
On top of Olympus with an urge to seduce.  
They offered him virgins but he'd just refuse,  
"Screw all of your virgins and bring me a moose."  
Now I've broken the laws in this god-awful state;  
They've put me in prison and locked up the gate.  
They say that tomorrow I'll swing from a noose,  
But my last night I'll spend with a good sexy moose.  
Next morning, the governor's word reached my ears:  
"We've commuted your sentence to ninety-nine years!  
You won't get parole, not a five minute truce,  
And your friend goes to Sing-Sing, he's so big-a-moose."  
When I was a boy, Playboy got me excited,  
But now I am older -- the yearn has subsided.  
I still get all worked up and I still get wet dreams  
From ogling naked moose in my new Field And Stream.  
So when I'm alone, I just get out the lotion,  
And set Rosie and her five good friends into motion.  
I'm not thinking about bare gals on the loose,  
But of fondling and groping a beautiful moose.  
Oh give me a moose in a long flowered skirt,  
A touch of mascara or blush couldn't hurt.  
With lipstick and perfume, you'd think she's a queen,  
And with moose, it's still legal if they're under eighteen.  
When I was much younger, I read dirty books,  
I stroked myself off with each gazing look.  
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,  
Like the feeling I get when I wank to Bullwinkle.  
My doctor told me, rugby's bad for my health.  
I thought I'd just quit it for saving myself.  
I've given up beer and my vodka-orange juice,  
But there's no way in hell that I'll give up my moose.  
When I'm off for heaven, my soul soars away.  
I'll show up at those gates with a fresh bale of hay.  
And they're bound to enquire all about my grin,  
So I'll wind up in hell humping mooses again.  
Feminine Version

There's an infamous song going 'round 'bout a moose.  
It's really quite funny and quite full of juice,  
But all of it's told from a masculine view,  
And a lot of us women want to get a piece too.  
chorus: Moose, moose, I want a moose,  
I've never had anything quite like a moose.  
I've had lots of others, my life has been loose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.  
I figured it all out one day by myself,  
When my man went off and left me on the shelf,  
He'd found him a new love, a nubile moose-ess.  
Which gave me a bad case of rampant distress.  
"What's sauce for the gander is sause for the goose."  
Said I as I set out to find me a moose;  
But I ran into problems that men do not mind.  
For male moose are seasonal creatures, you'll find.  
I hunted in winter, I hunted in spring,  
I hunted all summer and found not a thing;  
But I found my moose when the leaves started to fall,  
And Oh Brother! Did I have a ball.  
With my arms 'round his barrel, my feet by his tail,  
I hanged and we banged and we really did flail.  
Bouncing and jouncing, I came with a roar;  
I never had had such a great lay before.  
But autumn soon passed and so I said goodbye,  
I'll be here next year when the leaves start to fly.  
Yes I will return when the leaves start to fall,  
And we'll ball and we'll ball and we'll ball and we'll ball.  
And so, my dear sisters, I have to confess,  
Being balled by a moose, it is really the best.  
But you'll make out with others for most of the year,  
For male moose are seasonal creatures, I fear.  
A bear in the winter is furry and warm.  
And if you don't tickle, he'll do you no harm.  
In spring try an eagle, his feathers are light;  
That is if you are not afraid of great height.  
In summer, I fear, you must make do with men.  
But not to worry, soon fall comes again.  
Then you can return to your own faithful moose  
And revel in supremely scrumptious screws.  
When I was a young girl, I used to like boys.  
I fondled their tights and I played with their toys.  
But my boyfriend ran off with a salesman called Bruce;  
You'd never get treatment like that from a moose.  
All my past lovers did brag about size;  
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies.  
But a moose is the size that a man ought to be;  
That is why from now on, it is mooses for me.  
You can have horses to give you your oats.  
If you don't mind the stink, well, you can use goats.

You can even find fun in good old self-abuse.  
But if you really want passion, go find a bull moose.  
A fish is too slimy and slips all around,  
And some say the camel is heavenly bound.  
But I'll stick to my ways and not to dismay,  
And call on my moose friends to jump me today.  
When I am down, feeling sad and alone,  
I drink some Jack Daniels and get a bit stoned.  
I go down to the creek where the long willows grow,  
And find me a moose with his balls hanging low.  
When I'm in the mood for a very good lay,  
I go to the closet and get me some hay.  
I go to the woods and I spread it around,  
For the moose come out when there's hay on the ground.  
The peoples of old, they all had their icons;  
The Greeks and the Romans and the Amazons.  
But get away God, Allah, Buddha, and Zeus;  
I only go down on my knees for a moose.  
Zeus took Europa, he was dressed like a bull,  
And for all that I know, they both had quite a ball.  
Leda had a swan, but for Leda I've news:  
She'd have given it up if she'd known of the moose.  
The sheriff once caught me, it still makes me wince;  
He saw me engaged in a passionate clinch.  
He offered me amnesty, but I refused,  
For only a bull moose can keep me amused.  
He clapped me in cuffs, I was thrown in a cell.  
PETA got in on the action as well.  
I got off with two charges of animal abuse,  
Then went back to the river to hang with the moose.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mormonc2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Mormon Cowboy  
(llewtraH)

A story, a story, a story I'll relate  
Concerning Archie Barber and his unlucky state;  
He lived till two and twenty, he lived a single life,  
When to his sad misfortune, he got himself a wife.  
He married a farmer's daughter, most beautiful, they said,  
Who expected female sporting that night when she went to bed;  
When she found he had no hobo, she wrung her hands and cried;  
She threw her arms around him, she pressed him with her thighs.  
She scratched his shins with toe nails, pushed him up against the wall,  
She tried his courage all night long, but he had no tool at all.  
She wallowed him, she tumbled him, she rolled him all over the bed,

She was so overburdened, all with her maidenhead.

Next morning bright and early, this maiden she arose,  
Went straightway to her mother's room, her secret to disclose,  
Saying, "Mother, you have ruined me by choosing me this man,  
I tried his courage all night long, but his hobo wouldn't stand."

"Oh daughter, daughter, daughter, don't be so quick to accuse,  
Don't make it known in public, poor Archie has no tool;  
We'll try him before a female jury to see if he's a man,  
And if he has no hobo, this bargain will not stand."  
Before this female jury, poor Archie he was tried,  
And to his sad misfortune, his wife stood by his side,  
Saying, "He wallowed me, and he tumbled me, till he made my limbs all sore, And to  
my sad misfortune, his auger wouldn't bore."

Six weeks or two months later, this maiden married again;

She married a Mormon cowboy who understood his game;  
He knocked her up with a double stroke, with this you understand,  
She's got a nine inch hobo now, all at her own command.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mother-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

M-O-T-H-E-R

M is for the many things she gave me,  
O is only that she's growing old (she's growing old),  
T is for the tears she shed to save me (save me),  
H is for her heart as pure as gold (as pure as gold),  
E is for her eyes with lovelight shining (shining),  
R is right and right she'll always be (she'll always be),  
Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,  
The one who means the world to me,

I don't mean maybe,  
The one who means the world to me (the world to me).  
F is for his farts that used to linger,  
A is for his arse all racked with piles (all racked with pil  
T is for the turds he shed by finger (finger),  
H is for his hole all wreathed in smiles (all wreathed in sm  
E is for the eggs he used to dine on (dine on),  
R is rotten and rotten they'd always be (they'd always be),  
Put them all together, they spell FATHER,  
The one who fouls the air for me,  
I don't mean maybe,  
The one who fouls the air for me (the air for me).

M is for the many times you made me,  
O is for the other times you tried (the times you tried),  
T is for those torturous long lost weekends (weekends),  
H is for the hell that's in your eyes (that's in your eyes),  
E is for your ever-lasting passion (passion),

R is for the ruin you made of me (you made of me),  
Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,  
And that is what I think I'm going to be,  
I don't mean maybe,  
And that is what I think I'm going to be (I'm going to be).

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mow-me-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Who Will Mow Me Now  
Oh, I have lost my rosy cheek,  
Also my waist so small.  
Ah, woe be to the soldier lad,  
The soldier did it all.  
chorus: Oh, who will mow me now, my jo,  
Oh, who will mow me now.  
The soldier with his bandolier,  
Has banged my belly full.  
For I must bear the scornful sneer,  
Of many a savvy queen.  
When curses on her godly face,  
Her gates as merry as mine.  
Our dame holds up her wanton tail,  
As oft as she down lies,  
And yet will slander a young thing,  
If she the trade but tries.  
Our dame has got her own good man,  
And loves for glutton greed.  
And yet will slander a poor thing,  
Who loves but for its bread.  
Alack, so sweet a tree as love,  
Such bitter fruit should bear.  
Alas, that ever a merry part,  
Should draw so many a tear.  
But the devil take the lousy loon,  
Denies the babe he's got,  
Or leaves the merry lass he loved,  
To wear a ragged coat.  
(Robert Burns)  
And I can't do without my kitchen man.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mtboydr2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Mountain Boy's Dream

I strolled up to a whorehouse, and knocked upon the door.  
My knock was quickly answered by a half-dressed whore.  
She asked me what I wanted, her feet were paved in brass.  
I told her all I wanted was a little piece of ass.  
I picked her up so gently and I carried her upstairs,  
My hand slipped down a time or two among her golden hairs.  
I was just about to come for my feelings were so grand,  
When I woke up in my damned old bunk, a discharge in my hand.  
(Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mtglen-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Maid Of The Mountain Glen

There was a maid of the mountain glen,  
Seduced herself with a fountain pen.  
The pen it broke and the ink ran wild,  
And she gave birth to a blue-black child.  
They called the bastard Stephen,  
They called the bastard Stephen,  
They called the bastard Stephen,  
For that was the name of the ink.  
Mary of New Brighton Pier,  
Seduced herself with a bottle of beer.  
The top came off and the froth went wild,  
And she gave birth to a nut-brown child.  
They called the bastard Frellfalls,  
They called the bastard Frellfalls,  
They called the bastard Frellfalls,  
For that was the name of the beer.  
(Michael Green)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\murilnd2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Muirland Meg

Among our young lassies there's Muirland Meg,  
She'll beg 'fore she'll work and she'll play 'fore she'll beg.  
At thirteen her maidenhead flew on its way,  
And the door of her cage stands open today.  
chorus: And for a sheep's foot, she'll do it, she'll do it,  
And for a sheep's foot, she'll do it, she'll do it.  
And for a ram's horn, she'll do it 'til morn,



And merrily turn to and do it and do it.  
Her rolling black eyes would thrill you through,  
Her rosebud lips cry, "Kiss me, please do!"  
The curls and the links of her bonnie black hair,  
Would put you in mind there's more hiding elsewhere.  
An armful of love is her bosom so tender,  
A span of delight is her middle so slender.  
A pretty white leg and a thumping white thigh,  
And a fiddle near it to play bye and bye.  
Loves her delight and kissing's her treasure,  
She'll stick at no price if you give her good measure,  
As long as a sheeps foot, large as a goose egg,  
That is the measure of Muirland Meg.  
(Robert Burns)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mybonny2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Bonnie  
(llewtraH)  
My one skin hangs down to my two skin,  
My two skin hangs down to my three,  
My three skin hangs down to my foreskin,  
My foreskin hangs down to my knee.  
Roll back, roll back,  
Roll back my foreskin for me, for me.  
Roll back, roll back,  
Please roll back my foreskin for me.  
My body lies over the ocean,  
My body lies over the sea,  
My father lies over my mother,  
And that's how they created me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\mycock-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Anybody Seen My Cock  
Has anybody seen my cock,  
My big Rhode Island Red?  
He's mostly pink, with a little bit of blue,  
And he's purple on his head (Gor Blimey).  
He stands straight up in the morning,  
And he gives me wife a shock,  
Has anybody seen, anybody seen,

Anybody, anybody seen my cock?  
He's a right big-headed little upstart,  
The best you've ever seen.

He could have got gonorrhea,  
Instead he got gangrene.  
He should have worn a condom,  
But the silly sod forgot,  
Has anybody seen, has anybody seen,  
Has anybody seen my cock?

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\myfathr2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Father

Well, my father is an Army Colonel.  
So what do you think about that?  
He wears a \*\*colonel's raincoat,  
He wears a \*\*colonel's hat,  
He wears a \*\*colonel's collar,  
He wears a \*\*colonel's shoes,  
And when he gets home on Friday night;  
\*\*He plays with his privates.  
And some day, if I can,  
I'm gonna be just like my old man.

\*\*VERSES

Confectioner.....He packs fudge.  
Organ Grinder. ....He spansks his monkey.  
Farmer.....He chokes his chicken.  
Butcher.....He plays with his meat.  
Navy Captain.....He inspects his seamen.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\myolman2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Old Man

My old man is a miner,  
Works all day in the pit.  
Sometimes he shovels up coal dust,  
Sometimes he shovels up shit.  
My old man is a carpenter,  
And a fine carpenter is he.  
All day long he screws screws in,  
And then he come home and screws me.  
My old man is a taxidermist,

And a fine taxidermist is he.  
All day long he stuffs animals,  
And then he comes home and stuffs me.  
My old man is a trumpeter,  
And a very fine trumpeter is he.  
All day long he blows trumpets,  
And then he comes home and blows me.  
(Michael Green)  
My old man is a bricklayer,  
And a very fine bricklayer is he.  
All day long he lays bricks,  
And then he comes home and lays me.  
(llewtraH)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\nakedun2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

We're All Naked Underneath Our Clothes  
(llewtraH)  
(c) copyright 1992 W.J. Bethancourt III  
Chorus: Underneath our clothes, we're all naked  
Underneath our clothes, we're all obscene  
Lord only knows what's happening under there  
At a fancy dress ball or a casual scene!  
Underneath our clothes, we're all naked  
Until the day we die, I suppose!  
So remember, it's so cute, it's your formal birthday suit!  
We're all naked underneath our clothes!  
Mrs. Grundy wears a dress down to her ankles  
And a padlock underneath her panty-hose.  
She wears a girdle made of steel, you can hear the hinges squeal,  
And her face and hands are all that she'll expose!  
She thinks that "Reader's Digest" is suggestive;  
She never gets laid at all, I suppose.  
She takes showers in the dark, shakes the bushes in the park,  
But she's naked underneath her clothes!  
The policeman on the corner's lookin' macho,  
With his uniform and badge all polished bright.  
He's lookin' pretty cute in his nice policeman's suit,  
With his clean-cut smile, he's a true Blue Knight!  
He's got a faster car than mine to drive in;  
His billy-club's a fetish, I suppose!  
He wears leather underwear and he doesn't have a care,  
'Cause he's naked underneath his clothes!  
The Evangelist is lookin' like a million bucks,  
Givin' speeches to the nation on TV;  
All about carnality and sexual immorality

And the Moral Majority all agree!  
He's got a girlfriend knocked up in Ohio,  
And a couple more of which nobody knows!  
He's got battery-powered "toys" and several little boys,  
And he's naked underneath his clothes!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\navboot2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Navy Boots  
(llewtraH)

\*-----

A digging and a-picking as I was one day,  
The thought of my true love, it led me astray.  
The day it was gone and the night coming on  
And I hit for the road with my navy boots on.  
I knocked at my love's window, my knock she did know,  
And out of her slumber she wakened so slow.  
I knocked there again, and she said "Is that John?"  
"Yes indeed, it's me with my navy boots on."  
She opened the door and invited me in;  
"Draw up to the fire and warm your skin."  
The bedroom door was open and the blankets turned down,  
And I rolled into bed with my navy boots on.  
Then early the next morning at the dawn of the day,  
Says I to my true love, "It's time to go away."  
"Sleep down, sleep down, you know you've done wrong,  
For to sleep here at night with your navy boots on. "  
I bent down my head with a laugh and a smile,  
Saying "What could I do, love, in that length of time?  
For all that I've done, 'twas just a bit of fun,  
And I'll do it again with my navy boots on."  
The six months being over and seven after this,  
This pretty fair maid grew stout around the waist;  
Then eight months being over and nine comes along  
And she handed me a son with his navy boots on.  
Come all you pretty fair maids take heed what I've said;  
Don't ever let a navy come into your bed;  
For their hearts do run light and their minds do run young,  
Sure they'll jump on your bones with their navy boots on.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\newloom2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Bury New Loom

(llewtraH)

As I walked between Bolton and Bury, it was on a moonshiny night.

I met with a buxom young weaver, whose company gave me delight.

She says young fellow come tell me, if your level and rule are in tune;

Come give me your answer correct; can you get up and square my new loom.

I said, my dear lassie believe me, I am a good joiner by trade;

And many's the good loom and shuttle, before in my time I have laid.

Your short lams & jacks & your long lams, I quickly will have them in tune;

My rule it is in a good order, to get up and square a new loom.

She took me and showed me her loom, and the down on her warp did appear

The lam-jacks and nails put in motion; I levelled her loom to a hair.

My shuttle ran well in her lathe sir, my thread it worked well up and down;

My level stood close to her breastbone; the time I was squaring her loom.

Well the cord on my lam-jacks and treadles, at length it began to give way;

The bobbin I had in my shuttle; the weft it no longer would stay.

Her lathe it went bang to and fro; my main thread it kept her in tune;

My pickers went knickety-knack, all the time I was reiving her loom.

My shuttle it still kept in motion; my lams she worked well up and down.

The weights in her rods did tremble; she said she would weave a new gown.

My strength now began for to fail me; I said lass it's right to a hair;

She turned up her eyes and said Tommy my loom you have got pretty square.

But when she let go her four loom poles, it flew out of order again.

She said bring your rule and your level, and help me to square it again.

I said my dear lassie I'm sorry, for I must be in Bolton by noon;

But when I come back in this way lass, I'll square up your jerry and loom.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\nicknak2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Nick Nack Paddywhack Variations

(llewtraH)

WOMEN:

This old girl, she plays one,

All she wants to do is come,

CHORUS:

With a knick knack, slap her ass, poke her with my bone,

This drunk gal will stumble home.

OR:

With a nick nack paddywack, giving her his bone

This old man will make her moan.

OR:

With a knick knack, paddy whack, give themselves a tickle,

These drunk gals will use a pickle.

Numeric variations:

One/She doesn't know how to get it on.

One/She likes nick nack up the bum.

One/She doesn't like shagging up the bum.

Two/She just want to speckle you,

Two/She says, "Not now, I've got the flu."

Two/She likes nick nack where she poos

Three/She says, "Not now, I've got to pee."

Four/She says, "Not now, who's at the door?"

Four/She bangs just like a shithouse door

Four/She won't swallow my cum for me,

Five/She likes to see you on all fours,

Five/She likes to suck and shag and swive

Five/She'll cut your dick off with a knife.

Five/If she doesn't swallow she'll get hives,

Six/She want you to slap her with your dicks,

Six/She's never satisfied with our pricks.

Seven/Life without sex is their idea of heaven.

Seven/But she just wishes it was eleven,

Eight/She knows how to masturbate,

Eight/She always seem to have a headache.

Eight/She likes dildos that vibrate

Eight/She thinks cunnilingus is great

Nine/Their sex lives are in decline.

Nine/She does it with dogs and also swine.

Nine/She says her sex life is just fine

Nine/All she does is whinge and whine,

Ten/Doesn't like boys, but she likes men,

Ten/If she was better looking she'd get some men.

Ten/She wants us to do it all again.

Eleven/But all she can handle is only seven.

Eleven/She died of joy and went to heaven.

Twenty/When it comes to nick nack, she gets plenty

Thirty/She likes nick nack if its dirty

MEN:

This old man, he plays one,

He thinks he has all the fun.

CHORUS:

With a knick knack, paddy whack, give themselves a bone,

These old men have sex alone.

OR:

With a nick nack paddywack, pulling on his pud,

This old man is getting wood.

OR:

With a nick nack paddywhack, he fucked his dog alone

Fucked his pooch and made her moan.

Numeric variations:

One/Don't you know he had so much fun

One/He plays nick nack till he comes

One/He plays nick nack all covered in cum

One/He plays nick nack on her cunt  
Two/He plays nick nack all covered in pooh  
Two/He plays nick nack up her flue  
Two/They can't get it up to screw  
Two/A baby rabbit and a kangaroo  
Three/Put mirrors up so he could see  
Three/They think they get sex for free.  
Four/Three wasn't enough so he bought a whore  
Four/They can't get it up to score.  
Four/he played nick nack on a whore  
Five/They don't have enough sex drive.  
Five/Two were dead and three alive  
Six/Had his sister turning tricks  
Six/he plays nick nack all covered in shit  
Six/Little men with little dicks.  
Seven/Masturbation is their heaven.  
Seven/The youngest one was just eleven  
Eight/They can't get their dicks in straight.  
Eight/One sucked him raw and he felt great  
Nine/God this orgy is divine  
Nine/They take theirs up from behind.  
Ten/Little boys who think they're men.  
Ten/All he could say was 'do it again'  
Eleven/Died of Aids and went to heaven  
Twelve/He likes to nick nack with call girls  
Twenty/When it comes to nick nack, he gets plenty  
Thirty/He likes nick nack if its dirty  
With a nick nack paddywhack, now his dog's alone  
No-one left to make her moan.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\nininch2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Nine Inch Will Please A Lady  
Come tell me dame, come tell me dame,  
My dame come tell me truly.  
What length of tool when used by rule,  
Will please a woman duly.  
The old dame clawed her wanton tail,  
Her wanton tail so ready,  
I learned a song in Annandale,  
Nine inch will please a lady.  
But for a country cage like mine,  
In sooth, be not so gentle.  
We'll take two thumb-widths to the nine,  
That is a jolly pintle.  
Oh blessings on my Charlie lad,

I'll ne'er forget my Charlie.  
Two roaring handfulls and a good bit more,  
He nudged it in full rarely.  
But woe be to the lazy rump,  
And may it ne'er be thriving.  
It's not the length that makes me jump,  
But it's the double driving.  
Come nidge me Tom, come nudge me Tom,  
Come nidge me, do it straightway,  
Come loosen free you battering ram,  
And bang him away at my gateway.  
Nine inch will please a lady.  
(Robert Burns)  
(Oscar Brand)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\noballs2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

No Balls at All  
Come all ye maidens, and listen to me,  
I'll tell you a story'll fill you with glee.  
It's about a young maiden so lovely and tall,  
Who married a man who had no balls at all.  
chorus: No balls at all, no balls at all,  
She married a man who had no balls at all.  
How well she remembered the night that she wed,  
She picked up the covers and crawled into bed.  
She reached for his pecker, his pecker seemed small,  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.  
"Mother, dear mother, Oh what shall I do,  
My sorrows are many, my pleasures are few.  
How did you ever allow me to fall,  
For a sonofabitch who has no balls at all."  
"Daughter, dear daughter, now don't you feel sad,  
I had that same trouble with your dear old dad.  
There's many a man who will come at the call,  
Of a wife whose husband has no balls at all."  
The young lady took her dear mother's advice,  
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice.  
A seven pound baby was born in the fall,  
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.  
(Oscar Brand)  
The doctor's daughter was t

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\nohair-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



No Hair On It  
Yesterday I wed a lady fair,  
And would you believe me.  
On her gate there grows no hair,  
And that's the thing that grieves me.  
It vexed me sir, it plagued me sir,  
It put me in a passion,  
To think that I had wed a wife,  
Whose gate was out of fashion.  
(Robert Burns)  
I advise ye beware of the ripples, young man.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\notonit2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Not Tonight, Marie  
by Tom Paxton  
(llewtraH)  
\*-----  
\*(Tom Paxton)  
Not tonight, Marie, it's been a day  
Of deals goin' down and bills to pay;  
A lousy boss said double cross,  
And golden chances slipped away.  
I'm tired, Marie, and so depressed,  
I hid my eyes while you undressed,  
It's been a long hard day for me; I'm tired,  
So not tonight, Marie  
Not tonight, Marie, your hands are cold;  
I almost feel I'm growin' old;  
A few less hairs, a need for chairs,  
A dread of hearing fortunes told.  
You're lovely, love, I'm proud to say,  
But please don't wear that negligee.  
You're lying much too close to me, I'm tired,  
So not tonight, Marie  
Oh, God, Marie, I've got no chance;  
You simply cast that sidelong glance.  
You scent the room with slight perfume  
And let your lovely fingers dance.  
Your lovely lingering fingernails;  
A heartless trick, that never fails.  
Some night you won't get through to me, oh no,  
But not tonight, Marie

Not tonight, Marie, the full moon shines,  
I'm showing all the danger signs.  
To hell with rest, I'll thump my chest;  
I'll swing across the room on vines.  
Marie, I don't care where or how,  
Marie, you purely are headed now.  
Some night you won't get through to me, by God,  
But not tonight, Marie.  
X  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\novscot2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bound For Prostitution

by Llewtrah

(Tune: Farewell to Nova Scotia)

(Llewtrah, 2000)

CHORUS:

chorus: I am bound for prostitution, the poor girl's plight,  
Let my home town dark and dreary be  
And when I am far away under bright red brothel lights,  
Will you ever breathe a sigh and a wish for me?  
When sun be setting in the west,  
On the streets I'll working be;  
All honest souls are inclined to rest,  
But there's no rest for whores like me.  
I grieve to leave my native shore;  
I grieve to choose this shameless trade.  
For I'm off to the city where I'll be a common whore,  
And earn pennies to send home for my bastard babe.  
The street corners call and though I have qualms,  
The cold coin calls, I must obey.  
And I must go out on the streets to ply my charms,  
To earn pennies for my child who is far, far away.  
I have three sisters and they are fine dressed;  
Each night their husbands on their breasts.  
But a poor fallen maiden just like me,  
Must earn pennies from the trade of whoremongery.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\nude---2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Nude

by W J Bethancourt and Ed Hirt  
(llewtraH)

Tune: Men of Harlech

What the use of wearing panties,  
Whalebone corsets of your Auntie's,  
Boxer shorts and other scanties,  
Best of all is nude.  
There's such fun in going bra-less,  
Now that it's no longer lawless,  
'Specially if your figure's flawless,  
Best of all is nude  
Nude is what you were born in;  
Shirts of skin are never torn in,  
Underwear and lacy flimsies,  
Garter belts and other whimsies  
Yards of itchy cloth to put your form in  
Ducks all do it, maidens rue it,  
Even ancient Picts did blue it.  
Going naked's how to do it;  
Best of all is nude!  
If your garters aren't elastic,  
Tie them up in knots fantastic.  
Panty hose is something drastic!  
Best of all is nude!  
If you're tired of wearing clotheses,  
Shed your garment 'mongst the roses.  
Never mind the old bluenoses;  
Best of all is nude!  
Nude's the very best for ducking!  
And the worst for horses bucking!  
Moonlit nights will see such sights;  
The very best for fooling round.  
Nudity is grand to see,  
An antidote for virginity.  
Take your clothes off and you'll see:  
Best of all is nude!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\nutting2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Nutting Girl  
(llewtraH)

Now come all you jovial fellows, come listen to my song;  
It is a little ditty and it won't detain you long.  
It's of a fair young damsel, and she lived down in Kent,  
Arose one summer's morning, and she a-nutting went.  
Chorus: With my fal-lal to my ral-tal-lal

Whack-fol-the-dear-ol-day  
 And what few nuts that poor girl had  
 She threw them all away.  
 It's of a brisk young farmer, was ploughing of his land;  
 He called unto his horses, to bid them gently stand.  
 As he sat down upon his plough, all for a song to sing,  
 His voice was so melodious, it made the valleys ring.  
 It's of this fair young damsel, she was nutting in the wood.  
 His voice was so melodious, it charmed her as she stood.  
 In that lonely wood, she could no longer stay  
 And what few nuts she had, poor girl, she threw them all away.  
 She then came to young Johnny, as he sat on his plough.  
 She said: "Young man I really feel I cannot tell you how."  
 She took him to some shady broom, and there he laid her down.  
 Said she: ``Young man, I think I feel the world go round and round.  
 He went back to his horses to finish off his song.  
 He said: "My pretty fair maid, your mother will think you gone."  
 But she flung her arms all round his neck as they went o'er the plain  
 And said: "My dear, I should like to see the world go round again."  
 Now, come all you young women, take warning by my song;  
 If you should a-nutting go, don't stay from home too long.  
 For if you should stay too late, to hear the ploughboy sing,  
 You might have a young farmer to nurse up in the spring.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ob-gyn-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

O-B-G-Y-N  
 (llewtraH)  
 There is a doctor in our town,  
 A paragon of men,  
 His specialty is known to some  
 As O-B-G-Y-N.  
 His sense of touch is marvelous  
 He feels where he can't see.  
 He started at the bottom and  
 That's where he'll always be.  
 Chorus: Well he's open and candid;  
 I can't understand it,  
 And so under handed is the O-B-G-Y-N  
 Is the O-B-G-Y-N.  
 You'll walk into his office  
 And suddenly feel fear.  
 You know that you would rather be  
 Anywhere but here.  
 You try to keep him talking  
 But your effort he ignores;

Then you see two legs high in the air  
And realize their yours.  
You think he'd get enough of it;  
The thrill would soon be gone.  
But he works for the love of it;  
He fingers on and on.  
He fly's with gay abandon  
Where secret sorrows lurk,  
But he likes to keep his hand in  
'Cause he likes the inside work.  
He closes up his office  
And homeward makes his way;  
His wife is there to greet him  
And tell him of her day.  
She says I feel romantic;  
I'd like one night of love.  
In absent-minded reflex,  
He pulls out his rubber glove.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\oedpsrx2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## Oedipus Rex

-

Tom Lehrer  
From the Bible to the popular song,  
There's one theme that we find right along.  
Of all ideals they hail as good,  
The most sublime is Motherhood.  
There was a man, who it seems,  
Once carried his ideal to extremes.  
He loved his mother and she loved him,  
And yet the story id rather grim.  
There once lived a man named Oedipus Rex.  
You may have heard about his odd complex.  
His name appears in Freud's index,  
Because he loved his mother.  
His rivals used to say quite a bit,  
But as a monarch he was most unfit.  
But still in all, they had to admit,  
That he loved his mother.  
Yes, he loved his mother like no other.  
His daughter was his sister and his son was his brother.  
One thing on which you can depend is,  
He sure knew who a boy's best friend is!  
When he found out what he had done,  
He tore his eyes out, one by one.

A tragic end to a loyal son  
Who loved his mother.  
So be sweet and kind to Mother,  
Now and then have a chat.  
But her panty hose and flowers, or a brand new hat.  
But maybe you had better let it go at that!  
Or you may find yourself with a quite complex complex,  
And you may end up like Oedipus.  
I'd rather marry a duck-billed platypus,  
Than end up like old Oedipus Rex.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ojtrial2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

OJ Trial Sues Style

(llewtraH)

I did not kill my lovely wife.  
I did not slash her with a knife.  
I did not bonk her on the head.  
I did not know that she was dead.  
I stayed at home that fateful night.  
I took a cab, then took a flight.  
The bag I had was just for me.  
My bag! My bag! Hey, leave it be!  
When I came home, I had a gash.  
My hand was cut from broken glass.  
I cut my hand on broken glass.  
A broken glass did cause that gash.  
My friend, he took me for a ride.  
All through LA, from side to side.  
From north to south, we took a ride.  
But from the cops we could not hide.  
My trial lasted for a year.  
A year! A year! Just sitting here!  
The DNA, the HEM, the HAW!  
The circus-hype the viewers saw!  
A year! A year! Just sitting here!  
And lawyers charge by the hour I fear!  
If I'm found guilty, I will appeal!  
Appeal! Appeal! I will appeal!  
I'll wheedle and whine. I'll cut a deal!  
If it's "not guilty," so glad I'll feel!  
Did you do this awful crime?  
Did you do this anytime?  
I did not do this awful crime.  
I could not, would not, anytime.  
Did you take this person's life?

Did you do it with a knife?  
I did not do it with a knife.  
I did not, could not, kill my wife.  
I did not do this awful crime.  
I could not, would not, anytime.  
Did you hit her from above?  
Did you drop this bloody glove?  
I did not hit her from above.  
I cannot even wear that glove.  
I did not do it with a knife.  
I did not, could not, kill my wife.  
I did not do this awful crime.  
I could not, would not, anytime.  
And now I'm free, I can return  
To my house for which I yearn.  
And to my family whom I love.  
Now could you please return my glove!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\olddick2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Poor Old Dick

At the close of our existence, when we've climbed life's golden stairs,  
And the chilly winds of Autumn rudely toss our silvery hairs.  
When we feel our manhood ebbing, and we're up to life's last ditch,  
And we find our faithful peter sleeping soundly at the switch.  
God-a-mighty ! Ain't it awful; don't it make you deathly sick,  
When the painful fact confronts you, that you've got a lifeless dick.  
Ain't it sad for us to know that when we take him on the street,  
That he never again will wrestle with the pussies that we meet.  
Oh, my poor old loyal kingpin, how my heart goes out to you,  
For I cannot but remember all the stunts you used to do.  
How you charmed the maids and maidens, and the dashing widows too;  
How you had the women wishing for just a little bit of you.  
But don't think that I've forgotten when each girl that you tried,  
I could never make you quit her, till she cried, "I'm satisfied".  
Think you that I'll forget you just because you are so dead,  
All because when I command you, you cannot raise your head.  
No indeed, my valiant comrade, naught shall rob you of your fame.  
Henceforth you'll be my pisser, and I'll love you just the same.  
(Immortalia)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\oldpene2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Old Drubbed Ding

(llewtraH)

Tune: Old Used Queen)

Once I was a swyver of the finest kind, a ruler of the bed,  
But now I spend my days as an old used thing and I find I'm rubbed too red!  
With a hey-ho derry up and down I sing,  
Never any fun for an old drubbed ding!  
My owner spends his time in solemn prayer, and dreams of naked flesh  
I spend my time in clothbound walls getting slapped when we're too fresh  
With a hey-ho derry up and down I sing,  
Never some relief for an old drubbed ding!  
The other men they sit and talk of baring, thrust and fling  
But when I come out the wenches flee, and won't give me a thing  
With a hey-ho derry up and down I sing,  
Never any girls for an old drubbed ding!  
The other ones can rise and dive and frolic near the ass  
I'm the Model of Priapus, I'm hard as hell, but must not make a pass!  
With a hey-ho derry up and down I sing  
Never any fun for an old drubbed ding!  
But someday soon there'll be a change, in Martin Luther's "rise,"  
And the Reformation's opening "shot" will land between his eyes!  
With a Hey-ho derry up and down we'll sing,  
Then there will be fun for an old drubbed ding!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\oldsmok2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Old Smoky (Korea version) (llewtraH)

\*

I went to Seoul City,  
Where I met a Miss Lee.  
She said "for a short time,  
Please come home with me".  
I went to her hootchie,  
A room with hot floors.  
I left my shoes outside  
And slid shut the doors.  
She took off her long johns  
And unrolled the pad.  
I gave her ten thousand.  
'Twas all that I had.  
Her breath smelled of kimchee,  
Her breast it was flat.  
No hair on her pussy,  
Now how about that!  
I went to the medics,



Said "What should I do?"  
The doc was astounded,  
Old Smoky was blue!  
When you go to Seoul City  
On your next three day pass  
Don't go to Lee's hootchie  
Sit flat on your ass.  
Your ass may get tender  
And Lee may tempt you.  
But better the red ass  
Than Old Smoky turned blue!

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\olduop-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

To Old U. O. P  
To old U. O. P. we owe our abortions,  
And loss of our virginity.  
To the friends we have made,  
And the friends who have made us,  
We owe all our pregnancies.  
If I have a daughter,  
I'll send her to Vassar,  
As far from this world as can be,  
Where the bastards are fewer,  
Less seniors to screw her,  
Oh U. O. P., Shit on thee!  
Ride on, you buggers, ride on.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\olivbel2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Olive Bell  
(llewtraH)  
A woman weary on her feet  
Accosted me upon the street.  
She had to ha'pennies in her hand,  
And hoped that I would understand.  
The toilet door required a penny.  
She searched her purse and had not any,  
And growing desperate for a shit,  
Upon the toilet wished to sit.

"Look, lady," I told Olive Bell,  
To me this predicament befell.  
It happened as it does to many,  
That I wished to spend a penny.  
I searched my bag and found just one,  
And It was bent so what I done,  
I went and found an alley shady,  
And saved myself a penny, lady."  
The woman didn't stop or dally,  
She went and found herself an alley.  
And there behind some bins she hid,  
And bared her arse to take a shit.  
Just as she prepared to take a dump,  
A passing dog espied her rump  
And greeted with this novel sight,  
From her buttocks took a bite.  
Olive rose and screamed out loud,  
Which attracted quite a crowd.  
All amused to see her there,  
Drawers 'round ankles, ass quite bare.  
Next time you sniff an odious smell,  
Contemplate poor Olive Bell;  
It may not be a dog that shat,  
But someone desperate for a crap.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\oyster-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Basket Of Oysters

As I was walking down a London Street,  
A pretty little oyster girl, I chanced for to meet.  
I lifted up her basket and boldly I did peek,  
Just to see if she's got any oysters.  
"Oysters, Oysters, Oysters", said she.  
"These are the finest oysters that you will ever see.  
I'll sell them three-a-penny but I give'em to you free,  
'Cause I see you're a lover of oysters."  
"Landlord, Landlord, Landlord", says I.  
"Have you got a little room that's empty and nearby.  
Where me and the pretty little oyster girl may lie,  
When we bargain for her basket of oysters."  
We hadn't been upstairs for a quarter hour more,  
When that pretty little oyster girl opened up the door,  
She picked my pockets and then down the stair she tore,  
She left with her basket of oysters.  
"Landlord, Landlord, Landlord", I cried.  
"Did you see that little oyster girl drinking by my side?"

She's gone and picked my pocket", but the landord just replied,  
"You shouldn't be so fond of your oysters."  
Now all you young men be advised by me,  
If you meet a pretty oyster girl and you would merry be,  
Sew the pockets of your trousers and throw away the key,  
Or you'll never get a taste of her oysters.  
(Oscar Brand)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\pampatx2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Here's To Pampa, Texas  
Oh, here's to Pampa, Texas, where the wild wind blows,  
Got the fuckinest women that ever wore clothes.  
The well's gone dry and the wheat's give out,  
And the cockminded people go a walking about.  
I arrived in Pampa, Texas about the twelfth of June,  
And I said to myself, "This is none too soon."  
For the liquor was aplenty and the fucking was free,  
And I knew Pampa, Texas was the place for me.  
Well, I had soon selected me a pretty little maid,  
But the temperature was a hundred four in the shade.  
I thought I would give her everything that I got,  
But the goddamned weather was too fucking hot.  
She look me in the eye, and she said to me, "Stranger,  
You sure as hell ain't no damn Texas Ranger.  
If you can't make it, better hit the road."  
I was feeling mighty foolish as I shot my load.  
So, farewell to Pampa, Texas, where the wild wind blows.  
Why anyone would live ther, goodness only knows.  
Though the liquor was aplenty, and the fucking was free,  
There's better days acoming, boys, but not for you and me.  
(Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\partban2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Parties, Banquets, And Balls  
chorus: Parties, banquets, and balls, me boys,  
Parties, banquets, and balls.  
Parties and banquets and banquets and parties,  
And balls, balls, balls.  
There was a man from County Claire,  
A nobleman beyond compare,

He was famous everywhere,  
As a man with prodigious--  
Oh they were large and they were red,  
Round as the sun and heavy as lead.  
He could swing them around his head,  
This man with prodigious--  
One day while walking down the street,  
A fair young maid he chanced to meet.  
She thought it would be a delectable treat,  
To twirl his prodigious--  
She twirled them up and she twirled them down,  
She twirled them square and she twirled them round.  
Alas she was crushed by a great rebound,  
Of the really prodigious--  
At first a shriek and then a yell,  
The police came on and on him fell.  
They locked him up in a dungeon cell,  
With a ten-pound chain on his--  
And now he sits in durance vile,  
And eyes them all with a twisted smile,  
And he sighs and thinks once in a while  
Of the maiden who played with his--  
So If your well endowed, take heed,  
Respect the sack, protect the seed.  
No matter how the girls beg and plead,  
Don't let them play with you--

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\patrice2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Patricia The Stripper

by Chris de Burgh

(llewtraH)

Dennis is a menace with his "anyone for tennis?"

And beseeching me to come and keep the score.

And Maud says "Oh Lord! I'm so terribly bored!"

And I really can't stand it anymore.

I'm going out to dinner with a gorgeous singer

To a little place I've found down by the Quay;

Her name is Patricia, she calls herself Delicia,

And the reason isn't very hard to see...

She says God made her a sinner just to keep fat men thinner,

As they tumble down in heaps before her feet,

They hang around in groups like battle-weary troops,

One can often see them queue right down the street.

You see Patricia, or Delicia, not only is a singer

She also removes all her clothing...

For Patricia is the best stripper in town,  
Chorus: And with a swing of her hips she started to strip,  
To tremendous applause she took off her drawers,  
And with a lick of her lips she undid all the clips  
Threw it all in the air, and everybody stared,  
And as the last piece of clothing fell to the floor,  
The police were banging on the door,  
On a Saturday night in nineteen twenty-four.  
But poor Patricia was arrested and everyone detested  
The manner in which she was exposed,  
And later on in court, well, everybody thought  
That a summer run in Gaol would be proposed,  
But the Judge said, "Patricia,  
Or may I say, Delicia,  
The facts of this case lie before me...  
Case dismissed...this girl was in her working clothes!!"  
And with a swing of her hips she started to strip,  
To tremendous applause she took off her drawers,  
And with a lick of her lips she undid all the clips  
Threw it all in the air, and everybody stared,  
And as the last piece of clothing fell to the floor,  
The police were yelling out for more!!!  
On a Saturday night in nineteen twenty-four...  
On a Saturday night in nineteen twenty-four...

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\pegawl2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Long Peggin' Awl  
(llewtraH)  
As I was a-walking one morning in May  
I met a pretty fair maid, her gown it was gay.  
I step-ped up to her, and back she did fall;  
She want to be played with the long peggin' awl.  
I said, "Pretty fair maid will you travel with me,  
Unto foreign countries, strange things for to see?  
And I will protect you, what e'er may befall  
And follow your love with his long peggin' awl."  
Then home to her parents she then went straightway  
And unto her mother these words she did say,  
"I'll follow my true love what e'er may befall;  
I'll follow my love with his long peggin' awl."  
"O daughter, O daughter, how can you say so?  
For young men are false as you very well know.  
They'll tell you fine things and the devil and all,  
And leave you big-bellied with the long peggin' awl."  
"O mother, O mother, now do not say so.

Before you were sixteen, you very well know  
There was father and mother and baby and all,  
You followed my dad for his long peggin' awl."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\pianmnd2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The German Musicianer  
(llewtraH)

I'm a poor married man and I'm near broken-hearted;  
My wife she has left me and she's gone away.  
We had a misfortune, so she and I parted;  
Now I'll tell you what happened to her the other day  
Women are weak, they should mind their possessions;  
I think now with grief, mad me it will send.  
For she's gone away with a German Musicianer,  
Who goes about crying: Pianos to mend.

CHORUS

Fol-the-rol, fol-the-rol, fol-the-rol, laddie  
All sorts of tunes and things he could play.  
There's many a good tune played on an old fiddle,  
And this to my wife the old German did say.  
It happened one day this old German Musicianer  
Came through our streets crying: "Pianos to mend."  
My wife's piano being out of condition,  
Straightway the boy for the old German did send.  
He knocked at the door and he said most politely,  
"I think, ma'am, it's here you are needing repairs.  
Please, ma'am, I'm called to mend your piano."  
"All right," said my wife: "Will you please walk upstairs."  
She took him upstairs, showed him her piano,  
And with this, old German seemed greatly amused.  
And when he had seen it, he said to my Hannah,  
"I think, ma'am, your music's not very much used."  
He touched it, he handled it, both over und under,  
Sharp as a needle, as light as a cork;  
With all sorts of tools he pulled it asunder  
And rattled away with his old tuning fork.  
When I came home she told me the story,  
And said the old German had been there all day.  
He'd worked very hard to mend her piano,  
And do what she would, he'd not taken her pay.  
I thought it was strange when she told me the story,  
And said the old German was ever so kind.  
Would you ever believe that this old German sausage,  
Before going away, left his trade-mark behind?  
I swore and I tore at my darling wife Hannah;

With grief and with rage I'm sure no one can tell.  
I told her to hop it and take her piano,  
And likewise to take the old German as well.  
So come all young married men, don't take much spooning,  
For all women want is to handle your pelf.  
So if ever your wife's piano wants tuning,  
Just take my tip, boys, and tune her yourself.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\piano2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Play Piano In A Whorehouse

I want to play piano in a whorehouse;  
That has always been my one desire.  
Some people may be farmers or ranchers out in Butte,  
I just want to play in a house of ill repute.  
You may laugh at this, my humble occupation,  
But carnal copulation's here to stay;  
I don't want fame or riches,  
I want to play for those old bitches,  
I want to play piano in a whorehouse.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\piddpup2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Piddling Pup

A farmer's dog came into town,  
His christian name was rex.  
A noble pedigree had he,  
Unusual was  
its text.  
And as he trotted down the street,  
'Twas beautiful to see,  
His work on every corner,  
His work on every tree.  
He watered every gateway too,  
And never missed a post,  
For piddling was his specialty,  
And piddling was his boast.  
The city curs looked on amazed  
With deep and jealous rage,  
To see the simple country dog,  
The piddler of the age.  
Then all the dogs from everywhere  
Were summoned with a yell,

To sniff the country stranger o'er,  
And judge him by the smell.  
Some thought that he a king might be,  
Beneath his tail, a rose;  
So every dog drew near to him,  
And sniffed it up his nose.  
They smelled him over, one by one,  
They smelled him two by two,  
And noble Rex in high disdain,  
Stood still 'till they were through.  
Then just to show the whole shebang,  
He didn't give a damn,  
He trotted in a grocery store,  
And piddled on a ham.  
He piddled on a mackerel keg,  
He piddled on the floor,  
And when the grocer kicked him out,  
He piddled through the door.  
Behind him all the city dogs,  
Lined up with instincts true,  
To start a piddling carnival,  
And see the stranger through.  
They showed him every piddling post,  
They had in all the town,  
And started in with many a wink  
To pee the stranger down.  
They sent for champion piddlers,  
Who were always on the go,  
Who sometimes did a piddling stunt,  
Or gave a piddle show.  
They sprung these on him suddenly,  
When midway through the town.  
Rex only smiled and polished off,  
The ablest, white or brown.  
For Rex was with them every trick,  
With vigor and with vim;  
A thousand piddles more or less,  
Were all the same to him.  
So he was wetting merrily,  
With hind leg kicking high,  
When most were hoisting legs in bluff,  
And piddling mighty dry.  
And on and on Rex sought new ground,  
By piles and scraps and rusts,  
Till every city dog went dry,  
And piddled only dust.  
But on and on went noble Rex,  
As wet as any rill,  
And all the champion city pups  
Were peed to a standstill.



Then Rex did free-hand piddling,  
With fancy flips and flits,  
Like double-dip and gimlet-twist,  
And all those latest hits.  
And all this time this country dog  
Did never wink or grin,  
But piddled blithely out of town,  
As he had piddled in.  
The city dogs conventions held,  
To ask "What did defeat us?"  
But no one ever put them wise,  
That Rex had diabetes.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\plstcmn2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Plastic Man Blow-up  
by Rose Eh, Toronto HHH  
He's a blow-up doll  
And his dick isn't small  
And he stays hard all the time.  
Chorus: He's made of plastic;  
He's got a big dick,  
And he's mine.  
I took him out to the hash;  
And oh what a blast!  
The bimbos were standing in line.  
I'm telling ya' guys,  
It isn't just size.  
This man's hard all the time.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\pntopon2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Pinto Pony  
I had me a pinto pony once,  
And a beautiful sight was he.  
I gave him to a pretty little gal,  
To keep her company.  
All around the old corral,  
He'd chase that pretty little lass.  
He'd stick his nostrils up her dress,  
And snuff around her--  
As for you my naughty little horse,

Don't make my temper rise.  
And only one man in this whole wide world,  
Will sleep between my--  
Thank the gentleman for the wine,  
I'll drink it with my supper.  
Damn the man who loves a girl,  
And ain't got guts to--  
Upper, lower, that's my berth,  
Cross it all you list.  
I'm going to the parlor car,  
To try and take a--  
Pistol belt around my hips,  
Around the town I'll frolic.  
Saddle up the strawberry roan,  
But don't step on his--  
Bawl, bawl, he's only scared,  
He heard the elephant yell.  
Can't go near the elephant's cage,  
Or he'll smash you all to--  
"Help! Help!", the sailor cried,  
As through the waves he swam.  
"It's sink or swim", the mate replied,  
"Cause I don't give a--  
Damn the river, damn the brook,  
Sitting on the shore.  
Pretty girls at my head and feet,  
My arms around a--  
Hold on there, you pretty little miss,  
Get right off my lap.  
I can see by the scars on your pretty little arse,  
You've got a dose of--  
Clap hands, the song is done,  
You thought it would never end.  
If you do not like it,  
I'll sing it once again.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\poispig2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Poisoning Pigeons In The Park

-

Tom Lehrer

Spring is here, Spring is here,  
Life is skittles and life is beer.  
I think the loveliest time of the year  
Is the spring.  
I do, don't you?

Of course you do.  
 But there's one thing that makes spring complete for me,  
 And makes every Sunday a treat for me.  
 All the world seems in tune  
 On a spring afternoon,  
 When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.  
 Every Sunday you'll see  
 My sweetheart and me,  
 As poison the pigeons in the park.  
 When they see us coming, the birdies all try and hide,  
 But they still go for peanuts when coated with cyanide.  
 The sun's shining bright, Everything seems all right,  
 When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.  
 We've gained notoriety, and caused much anxiety  
 In the Audobon Society, with our games.  
 They call it impiety, and lack of propriety,  
 And quite a variety of unpleasant names.  
 But it's not against any religion  
 To want to dispose of a pigeon.  
 So if Sunday you're free,  
 Why don't you come with me,  
 And we'll poison the pigeons in the park.  
 And maybe we'll do  
 In a squirrel or two,  
 While we're poisoning pigeons in the park.  
 We'll murder them all amid laughter and merriment,  
 Except for the few we take home to experiment.  
 My pulse will be quickenin'  
 With each drop of strych'nine  
 We feed to a pigeon.  
 (It just takes a smidgin!)  
 To poison a pigeon in the park.  
 \*U  
 \*x  
 ù&€<t F&€<uùF<Æ;Fisℓé{ÿ^<â]ÃU<iöℓg ℓtf>ℓℓÿ6ℓÿ6` .ℓP

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\pontang2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Poontang Sylvie  
 Sylvie, Sylvie, I'm so hot and dry.  
 Sylvie, Sylvie, Can't you hear me,  
 Can't you hear me calling?  
 chorus: Fetch a little poontang, Sylvie,  
 Fetch a little poontang now.  
 Fetch a little poontang, Sylvie,  
 Every little once in a while.

Sylvie say she love me,  
But I believe she lie.  
Sylvie give me every damn thing,  
Including gonococci.  
Sylvie, she is pretty,  
From her head down to her feet.  
Sylvie give me every damn thing,  
Including a spirochaete.  
Sylvie is perceptive,  
She knows all about Freud.  
Sylvie gives me every damn thing,  
Including chancroid.  
(McWilliam 1960)  
Nor give a damn if it be a ram,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\poorfrd2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Poor Freed - Des  
(from Internet March, 2003)  
There once was a young man called Freddy laws,  
Whose sexual equipment got jammed into doors.  
And when they had freed him, Fred didn't feel well,  
Because his private parts were all maaangled to hell.  
They rushed him to Hospital, the ambulance flew.  
By the time that it got there, what could they now do?  
Condemned without choice, that he would be vexed,  
To a high squeaky voice and a live without sex.  
Lucky for Fred, he did not feel the fool,  
For some bright young spark suggested a bionic tool.  
A smart new electronic made out of brass,  
With batteries that would be kept up his ass.  
Now newly equipped and after a rest,  
Fred decided to put his tool to the test.  
So finding a woman, the nearest one handy,  
He supplied her with drink and he made her feel randy.  
She, without waiting, put her hand on Fred's flies;  
When she felt what was there, she got quite a surprise.  
"That's my bionic chopper; now let's have some fun!"  
"Cor blimey!"  
she said, it felt more like a gun.  
he stripped to go to it; and he entered fast.  
Oh shite, now he knew that it would never last.  
With a bang, Fred's left ballock went up in the air;  
The other went bonkety bonk down the stair.  
When back to the doctors, poor Fred was so sad,  
With his prick in his pocket and balls in his bag,

"Don't worry," said doc, "a new one you'll see,  
But this one, I think, will be AC-DC!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\pop-not2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Not The Father

(llewtraH)

Oh, Mary is fair and Mary is fine and wants me for to wed.

I asked to marry Mary but my father up and said,

"I'm sad to tell you, Rhodri son, what your mother never knew,

But Mary is a child of mine, and so is kin to you."

Though Mary is fair and Mary is fine, so was Mary's mother;

I was friends with Mary's ma which makes you Mary's brother.

"I bedded Mary's mother once, and you mother never knew,

But Mary is your sister, son, and cannot marry you."

ou never saw a lad so sad and sorry as I was;

The girls in town are all my kin and my dear dad is the cause.

If life should thus continue, I'm a bachelor for sure,

So I will go to Mother and complain of this to her.

"Well, Rhodri son, I've taught you to forgive and to forget,

And if your father sowed his oats, my son you needn't fret.

Your father may be father to all the girls, but still,

He's not the one who fathered you, so marry whom you will!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\privy-a2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Little Old Shack

They passed an ordinance in our town,

They said we'll have to tear it down,

That little old shack out back, so dear to me.

Thought the Health Department said,

Its day was over and dead,

It will stand forever in my memory.

chorus: Don't let them tear that little brown building down,

Don't let them tear that precious building down,

Don't let them tear that dear old building down,

For there's not another like it

In the country or in town.

It was not so long ago,

That I went tripping through the snow,

Out to that house behind my old hound dog,

Where I'd sit me down to rest,

Like a snowbird on his nest,  
And read the Sears and Roebuck Catalogue.  
I would hum a happy tune,  
Peeping through the quarter moon,  
As my daddy's kin had done before.  
It was in that quite spot,  
Daily cares could be forgot,  
It gave the same relief to rich and poor.  
Now it was not a castle fair,  
But I could dream my future there,  
And build my castles to the yellow-jackets drone.  
I could orbit around the sun,  
Fight with General Washington,  
Or be a king upon a golden throne.  
It wasn't fancy built at all,  
We had newspapers on the wall.  
It was air-conditioned in the wintertime.  
It was just a humble hut,  
But its door was never shut,  
And a man could get inside without a dime.  
There's nothing swimming in the chamberpot.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\prombas2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Three Prominent Bastards Are We  
The children of the bakers bake the most delicious bread,  
And the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds;  
The Bourbons and DePysters and some other I could name,  
Have inherited the features that perpetuate their fame,  
My position in the structure of society I owe,  
To the qualities my parents, they bequeathed me long ago,  
For my father was a gentleman, and musical to boot.  
He used to play piano in a house of ill repute.  
My mother was the madam, and a credit to the cult;  
She liked my pappy's playing, and I was the result.  
So my mother and my father are the ones I have to thank,  
I'm chairman of the board of the National City Bank.  
chorus: Our parents forgot to get married,  
Our parents forgot to get wed.  
When churchbells would chime,  
It was always the time,  
Our parents were somewhere in bed.  
Thanks to our kindhearted parents,  
We're kings in the land of the free.  
The Banker, the Broker, the Washington Joker,  
Three prominent bastards are we.

In a cozy little cottage in a cozy southern dell,  
 A dear old-fashioned farmer and his daughter used to dwell.  
 She was pretty, she was charming, she was tender, she was mild;  
 And her sympathies were such that she was frequently with child.  
 Now the year her hospitality attained a record high,  
 She became the mother of a little infant which was I.  
 And whenever ma was gloomy, I could always make her grin,  
 By childishly inquiring who my daddy might have been.  
 For such were mammy's morals and so great was her allure,  
 That even Walter Winchell wasn't absolutely sure,  
 So my mother's morals and I took my father's crust,  
 And I grew to be the founder of a big investment trust.  
 On a dusty southern chain-gang on a dusty southern road,  
 My late lamented pappy made his permanent abode.  
 No some was there for stealing, but pappy's only fault,  
 Was an overwhelming tendency for criminal assault.  
 His philosophy was simple and quite free from moral taint;  
 Seduction is for sissies, but a he-man wants his rape.  
 And pappy's list of victims was embarrassingly rich,  
 And one of them was mother, he could never tell me which.  
 Well, I've never been to college but I've got me a degree,  
 For I am a model of a perfect S.O.B.  
 I'm a debit to my country, I'm a credit to my dad,  
 I'm the most expensive Senator this country ever had.  
 (Ogden Nash)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\puritan2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Two Puritans  
 (llewtraH)  
 It was a puritanical lad,  
 His name it was Matthias,  
 And he would go to Amsterdam  
 To speak with Ananias.  
 He had not gone but half a mile  
 When he met with a holy sister;  
 He laid his Bible under her breech,  
 And merrily he kissed her.  
 "Alas! what would the wicked say,"  
 Quoth she, "If they had seen it!"  
 "My buttocks lie too low;  
 I wish Apocrypha were in it!"  
 "Peace, sweetheart, for ere we part-  
 I speak in pure devotion -  
 By yea and nay I'll not away  
 Till thou feel my spirit's motion."

They huffed and puffed with many heaves,  
'Til that they both were tired.  
"Alas," quoth she, "You'll spoil the leaves,  
My petticoat's all mired!  
If we professors should be known  
To all the congregation,  
Either at Leyden or Amsterdam  
It would disgrace our nation."  
"But since it is that part we must,  
Though I am much unwilling,  
Brother, let's have another thrust,  
And take thee this fine shilling  
To bear thy charges when thou go'est  
As passage o'er the ocean."  
Then down she laid and, so tis said,  
She quenched his spirit's motion.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\pusscat2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Pussy Cat Song

\*-----

My pussy cat, at my back door,  
Scratched so long, my pussy got sore,  
Sore pussy. Sore pussy.  
Just a friendly little cat.  
My pussy cat playing in the back lot,  
Played so hard my pussy got hot.  
Hot pussy. Sore, hot pussy.  
Just a friendly little cat.  
My pussy cat sittin' on the front steps.  
It began to rain and my pussy got wet.  
Wet pussy. Sore, hot, wet pussy.  
Just a friendly little cat.  
My pussy cat rocking in a chair,  
Rocked so long it lost all it's hair.  
Bald pussy. Sore, hot, wet, bald pussy.  
Just a friendly little cat.  
My neighbor stole my pussy cat away from me,  
But I went and set my pussy free.  
Free pussy. Sore, hot, wet, bald, free pussy.  
Just a friendly little cat.  
My pussy cat ran on this trail,  
Got covered in mud from head to tail.  
Stanky pussy. Sore, hot, wet, bald, free, skanky pussy.  
Just a friendly little cat.



Wouldn't you rather try the real thing,  
Big and throbbing, red and hot.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ramjack2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Rambling Jack

(llewtraH)

As I was out walking to the Morton Marsh Fair,  
With laces and ribbons and my Sunday-best wear,  
I met many laddies, of suitors no lack,  
But the one that I fancied was Rambling Jack.  
'Twas on the first mile on my way to the fair,  
I saw this fine lad with dark eyes and black hair.  
I gave him a smile and he smiled back at me.  
"Would you care to walk with me, my pretty Nancy?"  
From the very first steps that we took arm in arm,  
He spoke to me kindly and I fell for his charm.  
But he was the young fellow that we called Rambling Jack.  
Who would ramble away and never come back.  
He said, "Pretty Nancy, you've such a sweet face,  
That I have half a mind to stay here in this place.  
Though I am the one that they call Rambling Jack,  
I won't ramble away from you, ne'er to come back."  
On the way homeward, we strayed from the road.  
We found a quiet place behind a hedgerow.  
And that's where he laid me, so soft on my back;  
My virtue surrendered to Rambling Jack.  
Down in the hayfield, there Jack laid me down;  
There he untied my laces and lifted my gown.  
Behind the hedgerow he led e astray,  
And as I slept there, Jack rambled away.  
The harvest is over, now I am disgraced,  
For to my dismay, I grew stout in my waist.  
My shoes wouldn't buckle, nor apron strings tie.  
And Rambling Jack he had gone, bye and bye.  
The Winter has passed and the springtime has come,  
And this fallen maid has a fatherless son.  
His eyes they are dark and his hair it is black;  
All the villiage now knows I was tumbled by Jack.  
So all you young maidens, now listen to me,  
With those horny young fellows don't make over free.  
If a sweet-talking fellow lies you on your back,  
Make sure he will wed you, unlike Rambling Jack.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\raptap-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# Rap-Tap-Tap

\*-----

So come all ye farmer's servant-men  
That are both stout and bold,  
And If you do as I have done,  
You will never catch a cold.  
For when my master goes abroad  
To view the fields so gay,  
I goes to the door with my RAP-TAP-TAP  
If it be night or day.  
'Twas every Thursday morning,  
My master to market did go.  
He asked me to mind his bus-i-ness  
As servants often do.  
As soon as my master's back was turned,  
I went toddling out of the barn  
And went up to the door with my RAP-TAP-TAP,  
For sure I thought no harm.  
No harm at all, my mistress said,  
And she asked me to come in.  
When I complained of the belly-ache,  
She gave to me some gin.  
I took it and I drank it down,  
But not a word did I say,  
For she knew that I'd come with my RAP-TAP-TAP,  
So upstairs we went straightway.  
O there we lay in sport and play  
For half an hour or more.  
My mistress she was so fond of the sport,  
I thought she'd never give o'er.  
O you've won my heart forever, Jack,  
Your master's no man for me  
For he can't come with his RAP-TAP-TAP  
Not half as well as thee.  
So when my master did come home,  
He asked me what I had done.  
I told him I'd minded his bus-i-ness,  
Just as well as if he was at home.  
He gave to me some beer to drink  
But not one word did he know,  
That I'd been there with my RAP-TAP-TAP  
If he had, he'd a never done so.

X

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
When of smoking I was weary,  
And had drunk up all my whiskey,  
Only wishing there were more;  
Suddenly there came a rapping,  
As if some fair female tapping,  
Tapping at my chamber door.  
'Tis some chippy that's a-wishin'  
To my room to gain admission;  
Well, I'll rise and let her enter,  
Even though she be a whore.  
Only that and nothing more.  
So I opened wide the portal,  
And there stood such a mortal,  
As in all my living moments,  
I had never seen before.  
She had lost her upper garments,  
And of all seductive varmint,  
She was the warmest baby  
Mortal woman every bore.  
And each palpitating bubbly  
Was so round and firm and chubby,  
That my spirits rose within me,  
Just my spirits, nothing more.  
Truth to speak, and it bears mention,  
I felt such a grave distension,  
That I scarce could bear the tension,  
As it seemed to reach the floor.  
What a hardon, I could roar!  
How can I describe the feeling,  
As my ass near hit the ceiling,  
For I screwed that lovely pussy,  
Drove it almost through the floor.  
And she lay there, pantin', writhin',  
Twined around me like a python,  
As I drove my swollen scythe in;  
Fucked that angel two times more.  
I could come forevermore.

x

x

x

'Twas the fourteenth of December,  
But more clearly I remember  
When I woke up on the morning  
Of December twenty-four,

Sequel of ten days before.  
All that's left of what passed between us,  
Is one poor infected penis,  
Drooping red and retrospective,  
Penitent and very sore.  
And that penis still is dripping,  
Still is dripping, dripping, dripping,  
Dripping morning, dripping evening,  
Dripping on my bathroom floor.  
And she's gone but not forgotton,  
Every time I change the cotton,  
No more rapping, no more tapping,  
No, never, nevermore.  
(Immortalia)  
No, never, nevermore.  
No more rapping, no more tapping,  
Every time I change the cotton,  
And she's gone but not forgotton,  
Dripping on my bathroom floor.  
Dripping morning, dripping evening,  
Still is dripping, dripping, dripping,  
And that penis still is dripping,  
Penitent and very sore.  
Drooping red and retrospective,  
Is one poor infected penis,  
All that's left of what passed between us,  
Sequel of ten days before.  
Of December twenty-four,  
When I woke up on the morning  
But more clearly I remem

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\redbrch2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Inside Those Red Plush Breeches  
John Thomas was a servant tall,  
Pride and joy of the servant's hall,  
Although he only had one ball,  
Inside his red plush breeches.  
chorus: Inside those red plush breeches,  
Inside those red plush breeches,  
Inside those red plush breeches,  
That kept John Thomas warm.  
Of all the servants at the servants' post,  
Mary was the one he loved the most,  
And she'd keep her hands as warm as toast,  
Inside his red plush breeches.

Mary had an illigit,  
Asshole green and face like shit,  
And every time she looked at it,  
She cursed those red plush breeches.  
Now Mary laid poor John a trap,  
And he fell for it like a sap,  
And now he's got a dose of clap,  
Inside those red plush breeches.  
If one got saucy and wanted to go,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\redlite2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Red Light Saloon

'Twas early one morning, I rode into town,  
And looking for fun, I went strolling around.  
I knew I would find me some sport pretty soon,  
When I saw there a place called the Red Light Saloon.  
I walked in the door and stepped up to the bar.  
A pretty young lady said, "Have a cigar".  
I smoked tha cigar while she sang me a tune,  
And I felt right at home at the Red Light Saloon.  
She mussed up my hair and sat down on my knee,  
Said, "You are a lumberjack, that I can see."  
"Well that's what I am, tell me how did you know?"  
Your muscles are hard from your head to your toe."  
She felt all my muscles to prove I was right,  
And I smoked that cigar without striking a light.  
And my head started rising just like a balloon,  
From the treatment I got at the Red Light Saloon.  
Then early next morning, I bade her goodbye,  
And she waved from the window with a tear in her eye.  
And I didn't discover till early next June,  
She had slipped me a keepsake from the Red Light Saloon.  
I'll curse that young lady till the forest turns blue,  
And with whiskey and women, I'll swear I am through.  
But I know as I swear, I would give my fortune,  
Just to be back again in the Red Light Saloon.  
When a litter they essay.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\regafor2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Here's To The Regular Air Force

In peace time the regulars are happy,  
 In peace time they're happy to serve.  
 But let them get into a fracas,  
 And they'll call out the god damn reserves!  
     chorus: Call out, call out,  
 Call out the god damn reserves, reserves,  
 Call out, call out,  
 Call out the god damn reserves.  
     Here's to the Regular Air Force,  
 They have such a wonderful plan.  
 They call out the god damn reservists,  
     Whenever the shit hits the fan!  
     They call up every old pilot,  
 They call up every young man,  
 The reservists they go to Korea,  
 The regulars stay in Japan.  
     Here's to the Regular Air Force,  
 With medals and badges galore.  
     If it weren't for the god damn reservists,  
     Their ass would be dragging the floor.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\restrom2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Restroom Door Said "Gentlemen"  
 (llewtraH)

\*-----

Tune -- God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

The restroom door said "Gentlemen" so I just walked inside,  
 I took two steps and realized I'd been taken for a ride.  
 I heard high voices, turned and found the place was occupied  
 By three nuns, two old ladies and a nurse.  
 What could be worse,  
 Than three nuns, two old ladies and a nurse?  
 The restroom door said "Gentlemen," it must have been a gag.  
 As soon as I did walk therein, I ran into some old hag.  
 She sprayed me with a can of Mace and hit me with her bag.  
 It just wasn't cut out to be my day.  
 What can I say?  
 It just wasn't cut out to be my day!  
 The restroom door said "Gentlemen" and I would like to find,  
 The crummy little creep who had the nerve to switch the sign  
 Because I've got two black eyes and one high heel up my behind,  
 Now I'll never sit in comfort or joy.  
 Boy oh boy!  
 Now I'll never sit in comfort or joy.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\riddle-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

A RIDDLE

My pretty maid, fain would I know,  
What thing it is 'twill breed delight,  
That strives to stand, that cannot go,  
That feeds the mouth that cannot bite.  
chorus: With a humble down, humble down, humble down, hey,  
Humble down, humble down, humble down, hey.  
It is a pretty pricking thing,  
A pleasing and a standing thing.  
It was the truncheon Mars did use,  
A bedward bit that maidens choose.  
It is a friar with a bald head,  
A staff to beat a cuckold dead.  
It is a gun that shoots point blank,  
It hits between a maiden's flank.  
It is a shaft of Cupid's cut,  
'Twill serve to rove, to prick, to butt.  
'Twas ne'er a maid but by her will,  
Will keep it in her quiver still.  
It has a head much like a mole's,  
And yet it loves to creep in holes.  
The fairest maid that e'er took life,  
For love of this became a wife.  
(Pill to Purge Meloncholy by Thomas D'urfy)  
But pray, can't you use it once more e'er you go.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ringdan2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Ring Dang Doo

chorus: Oh, Ring Dang Doo, oh what is that,  
All round and soft like a pussy cat.  
All round and soft, and split in two,  
That's what she called her Ring Dang Doo.  
She took me down into her cellar,  
She said that I was a very nice feller.  
She fed me wine and whiskey too,  
And let me play with her Ring Dang Doo.  
She took me up into her bed,  
Placed a pillow beneath my head.  
Took out my cock-a-doodle doo,

And stuck it in her ring Dang Doo.  
"You goddamn fool", her mother said,  
"You've gone and ruined your maidenhead.  
So pack your trunk and suitcase too,  
And go to hell with your Ring Dang Doo."  
She went to town to become a whore,  
She place a sign upon her door,  
"Two dollars down, the rest I'll do,  
To take a crack at my Ring Dang Doo."  
They came by twos, they came by fours,  
Until at last they came by scores,  
But she was glad when they were through,  
For they had ruined her Ring Dang Doo.  
Now along came Pete, the son of a bitch.  
He had bule balls and the seven-year itch.  
He had the clap and the syphilis too,  
And he put them all in the Ring Dang Doo.  
And now she lies beneath the sod,  
Her soul they say has gone to God.  
But down in hell, when Satan's blue,  
He takes a twirl at her Ring Dang Doo.  
And now she's dead and buried deep,  
Her body lies on Chestnut Street.  
Her tits hang on the city wall,  
And her pussy floats in alcohol.  
(Immortalia)  
(Rugby Songs by Michael Green)  
(Jerry Silverman)  
If all the young ladies were bricks in a pile,  
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style.  
If all the young ladies were like Hansel And Gretel,  
And I were Hansel, I'd meddle with Gretel.  
If all the young ladies were trees in a forest,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ripples2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Beware Of The Ripples

I advise ye beware of the ripples, young man;  
I advise ye beware of the ripples, young man.  
Though the saddle be soft, ya needna ride oft,  
For fear that the thrusting beguile ya, young man.  
I advise ye beware of the ripples, young man;  
I advise ye beware of the ripples, young man.  
Though music be pleasure, take music in measure,  
Or ye may lack wind in your whistle, young man.  
I advise ye beware of the ripples, young man;



I advise ye beware of the ripples, young man.  
What e'er the demand, do less than ye can,  
The more will be thought of your kindness, young man.  
I advise ye beware of the ripples, young man;  
I advise ye beware of the ripples, young man.  
If ye would be strong, and wish to live long,  
Dance less with your chest to the nipples, young man.  
(Robert Burns)  
And yet wil slander a poor thing,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\rogrkil2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Young Roger Of Kildare  
(lleewtraH)  
Oh, mother, mother, dear  
May I go to the fair  
May I go with young Roger  
Young Roger of Kildare  
For I know he's kind and gentle  
And will love me for my sake  
And I know he will not harm me  
Coming home from the wake.  
Oh, daughter, daughter, dear  
You may go to the fair  
You may go with young Roger  
Young Roger of Kildare  
For I know he's kind and gentle  
And will love you for your sake  
But keep you legs close together  
Coming home from the wake.  
So she went to the fair  
So she went to the fair  
She went with young Roger  
Young Roger of Kildare  
So he stuffed her up with ice-cream  
And he stuffed her up with cake  
And he stuffed it right up her  
Coming home from the wake.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\rolldown2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Rolling Down The Mountain

In the hills of West Virginia lived a gal named Nancy Brown,  
She was the finest filly for many miles around.  
The deacon came a-visiting the valley from below,  
He almost reached the summit, but no farther would she go.  
And she came rolling down the mountain,  
Rolling down the mountain,  
Rolling down the mountain shouting "No",  
And she didn't give the deacon,  
That there thrill that he was seeking,  
She remained as pure as West Virginia snow.  
Along came a cowboy, with his phrases sweet and kind,  
Took Nancy up the mountain, but alas, she read his mind,  
And she came rolling down the mountain,  
Rolling down the mountain,  
Rolling down the mountain piggyback.  
She remained as I have stated, not one whit contaminated,  
She remained as pure as pappy's applejack.  
Along came a drummer, who wooed her with a song.  
He took her up the mountain, but she still knew right from wrong.  
She came rolling down the mountain,  
Rolling down the mountain,  
Rolling down the mountain breathing scorn.  
She left her bold companion to the coyotes in the canyon,  
She remained as pure as West Virginia corn.  
Along came a sports car driver, and his heart was full of hope,  
As his little midget racer went a speeding up the slope.  
But she came rolling down the mountain,  
Rolling down the mountain,  
Rolling down the mountain mighty wise,  
Yes, he had his motor racing, but she put him in his place and,  
She remained as pure as West Virginia skies.  
Along came a city slicker with his hundred dollar bills;  
Took Nancy in his Cadillac, and kept her in the hills.  
And she stayed up in them mountains,  
Stayed up in them mountains,  
Stayed up in them mountains all that night.  
She returned next morning early, more a woman than a girly,  
And her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight.  
Now she's living in the city, living in the city,  
Living in the city mighty swell.  
She is dancing, she is dining, on her fanny, she's reclining,  
And the West Virginia Hills can go to hell.  
Along came the big depression and kicked Nancy in the pants;  
Nancy tried to fight it, but she didn't have a chance.  
Now she's back in them there mountains,  
Back in them there mountains,  
Back in them there mountains as of yore,  
And the cowboy and the deacon get the thrills that they are seeking,  
For the red light hangs outside of Nelly's door.  
(Squaw Valley 1956)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\rolmoon2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Roll Your Leg Over

chorus: Roll your leg over, roll your leg over,  
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

If all the young ladies were up for improvement,  
I'd give them some help with a ball-bearing movement.

If all the young ladies were little white kittens,  
And I were a tomcat, I'd make them new fittin's.

If all the young ladies were B-29's,  
And I were a mustang, I'd buzz their behinds.

If all the young girls were bats in a steeple,  
And I were a bat, there'd be more bats than people.

If all the young ladies were wheels on a car,  
And I were a piston, I'd go twice as far.

If all the young ladies were little blind moles,  
I'd find all their burrows and fill up their holes.

If all the young ladies were mares in a stable,  
And I were a groom mounting all I was able.

If all the young ladies were diamonds and rubies,  
And I were a jeweler, I'd polish their boobies.

If all the young ladies were trout in a pool,  
And I were a pike with a waterproof tool.

If all the young ladies were little white rabbits,  
And I was a buck, I would teach them bad habits.

If all the young ladies were rushes a-growing,  
And I'd take my scythe and start out a-mowing.

If all the young ladies were fish in the ocean,  
And I were a shark, I would show them the motion.

If all the young ladies were sheep in the clover,  
And I were a ram, I would ram them all over.

If all the young ladies were little white vixen,  
And I were a fox, I would chase them and fix them.

If all the young ladies were grapes on the vine,  
And I were a plucker, I'd have me a time.

If all the young ladies were like bells in a tower,  
And I were a sexton, I'd bang on the hour.

If all the young ladies were bricks in a pile,  
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style.

If all the young ladies were like Hansel And Gretel,  
And I were Hansel, I'd meddle with Gretel.

If all the young ladies were trees in a forest,  
And I were a woodsman, I'd chop their clitoris.

If all the young ladies were far better skiers,  
And better beer drinkers, and less constant pee-ers.

If all the young ladies were singing this song,  
It would be twice as dirty and ten times as long.  
I wish all the girls were like Aspen Ski Tow,  
You pay twenty dollars, you get on and go.

(Squaw Valley 1956)

(Grand Prix Oakland Calif 1959)

If all the young girls were like winds on the sea,  
And I were a sail, I would let them blow me.  
If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture,  
I'd be a bull and I'd fill them with rapture.  
If all the young girls were like coals in the stoker,  
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker.

If all the young girls were like statues of Venus,  
And I was a man with a petrified penis.

(Jerry Silverman)

If all the young laddies were cocks in the hay,  
And I were a hen and I'd have a good lay.  
If all the young laddies were fine silks and laces,  
And I were an iron, I'd sit on their faces.

If all the young ladies were doors of stout wood,  
And I were a knocker, I'd knock 'em up good.

If all the young laddies were cocoanuts sweet,  
I'd suck out their juices and chew on their meat.

If all the young ladies were birds in their nests,  
I'd be an egg and lie under their breasts.

If all the young ladies were merry-go-rounds,  
I'd mount up and then we would go up and down.

If all the young ladies were locks on a gate,  
I'd be a key and insert and rotate.

If all the young ladies were as pure as they say,  
All the young men would be happy -- and gay.

If all the young ladies were big wooden stairs,  
They'd go up mine and I'd go up theirs.

If all the young ladies were bottles of brew,  
I'd pop their tops with my built-in corkscrew.

If all the young ladies were bottles of beer,  
I'd give good head and they'd be of good cheer.

If all the young ladies were sweet fruits and berries,  
I'd munch on their melons and nibble their cherries.

If all the young ladies were fish in the brookie,  
And I were a trout, I would get me some nooky.

If all the young ladies were little red foxes,  
And I were a hunter, I'd shoot up their boxes.

If all the young girls were like telephone poles,  
And I were a squirrel, and stuff nuts in their holes.

I wish all the girls were like chocolate sundaes,  
And I were a spoon, I would dip in their undies.

I wish all the girls were like pieces of pie,  
And I were a fork, I would fork 'til I die.

I wish all the girls were like small desert cactus,

And I were a pin, I would prick them for practice.  
We sing long, we sing loud, and we sing all about it,  
But only because we've been doing without it.  
If all of the women were linear spaces,  
And I were a vector in all of their bases.  
I wish all the girls were like holes in the road,  
And I were a truck, I would dump in my load.  
I wish all the girls would douche with Lavoris,  
I'd freshen my breath by licking clitoris.  
I wish all the men were like pipes in the yard,  
After they're drained, they still remain hard.  
If all the young men were sparks in a fire,  
I'd be the chimney in which they'd expire.  
If all the young girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee,  
And I were a G-string, oh boy, what I'd see.  
If all the young girls were like pancakes in Texan,  
And I were a cowboy, I'd eat them for breakfast.  
If all the young girls wore dresses with patches,  
I rip off their patches to get at their snatches.  
If all the young girls were vessels of clay,  
And I were a potter and make them all day.  
(llewtraH)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\rumplin2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Rumpling Of The Gown

There was a knight and he was young,  
A-riding along the way, sir.  
And there he met a lady fair,  
Among the cocks of hay, sir.  
Quoth he, "Shall you and I, lady,  
Among the grass lay down-o,  
And I shall have a special care  
Of the rumpling of your gown-o."  
"If you will go along with me,  
Unto my fathers hall, sir,  
You shall enjoy my maidenhead,  
And my estates and all, sir.  
He mounted her upon his steed,  
Himself upon another,  
And then they rid down on the road,  
Like sister and like brother.  
She went unto her fathers house,  
All moated round-about, sir,  
She stepped straight within the gate,  
And shut this young knight out, sir.

"Here is a purse of gold", she said,  
"Please take it for your pains, sir,  
And I will send my father's man,  
To show you home again, sir  
And if you meet a lady fair,  
As you go through the town, sir,  
You must not fear the dewy grass,  
Nor the rumpling of her gown, sir.  
And if you meet a lady gay,  
As you go by the hill, sir,  
If you will not when you may,  
You shall not when you will, sir.  
(Pills to Purge Melancholy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\rushes-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Green Grow The Rushes-o  
Green grow the rushes-o,  
Green grow the rushes-o.  
The sweetest bit I ever had,  
Were the bellies of the lassies-o.  
Green grow the rushes-o,  
Green grow the rushes-o.  
The lassies all have luscious lips,  
The widows they have gashes-o.  
We're all full from eating of it,  
We're all dry from drinking of it.  
The parson kissed the fiddlers wife,  
And he couldn't preach for thinking of it.  
There's a pious lass in our town,  
Godly Lizzie Lundy-o.  
She mounts the peak throughout the week,  
But she fingers it on Sunday-o.  
Lizzie is of large dimension,  
There is not a doubt of it.  
The soccer team went in last night,  
None has yet come out of it.  
Jockie's wife, she thought she'd shave it;  
Through him in a fit of passion.  
Swore he would not have a wife,  
Whose private parts were out of fashion.  
(Merry Muses Of Caledonia by Robert Burns)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\s&m-gen2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Modern Sadomasochist

(llewtraH)

Where to cut you, where to pierce you, all your body's pressure points,  
And how to tie and how to bind and still protect your tender joints,  
And with a whip I'm good enough that it's as nice as being kissed.  
I am the very model of a modern sadomasochist.  
Von Sacher-Masoch was a wimp compared to shit that I've been through,  
DeSade is just a starting point for what I'm gonna do to you,  
I play with fears and crying and with making you so very pissed,  
For I'm the very model of the modern sadomasochist.  
I've traveled 'round the country to teach people pain and ecstasy,  
Califia and Fakir and John Preston all take notes from me,  
All of this attention's making me a raving narcissist.  
I'm regarded the most learned of the modern sadomasochists.  
My leathers used to be unique but now the kids all wear these clothes.  
Even my pin-striped boss was seen to have a ring pierced through his nose.  
Yes, life's no fun when everyone thinks I'm a fashion conformist,  
'Cause I'm the very model of the modern sadomasochist.  
And sometimes people give me grief for not being political,  
But I have no desire for conflict beyond my bedroom walls.  
Don't think of me as liberal or radical or anarchist  
I'm just the very model of the modern sadomasochist.  
My community it means well when it looks to me for leadership,  
But I just want to be alone to play with girls and weild my whips,  
And now that I've revealed all this I must go see my therapist!  
I am the very model of the modern sadomasochist.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sado&ma2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Sadomasochist Song

(J Weber & M Binde)

Chorus: I'm a sadomasochist and I'm okay,  
I work all night and I whip all day.  
I chop off heads, I slice off arms,  
I like to beat and flay.  
I love the smell of carnage,  
In the merry month of May.  
I burn my skin with HCl,  
I sleep on beds of nails.  
By day I'm an accountant,  
And just escaped from jail.  
I walk outside in sleet and hail,  
I dance through hurricanes.

So stop by my apartment,  
And bring your whips and chains.  
And bring your whips and chains.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sadtosa2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Jamaica Farewell  
If you walk this way there are sailors gay,  
And the sun shines gaily when they're jerking off.  
You take a trip on my sailing ship,  
And when you reach Jamaica then the buggers stop.  
Chorus: But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way;  
Won't be back for many a day.  
My heart is down, my head is turning around  
I had to leave my poor old knob in Kingston Town.  
Now I've got the syph and my cock is stiff;  
It isn't an erection it is rigor mort,  
I sunk my shaft in a local ass,  
And now it stings like nettles when I try to piss.  
It was gettin' worse so I saw the nurse,  
She cried out in dismay and went white with shock.  
"If you'd come before, then I could've done more --  
Now I'm going to have to amputate your cock."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\salvarm2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Salvation Army Song  
Sing Hallelujah! Sing-Hallelujah!  
Put a nickel in the drum, save another drunken bum.  
Sing Hallelujah! Sing Hallelujah!  
Put a nickel in the drum and you'll be saved.  
They came marching down the alley  
Like a troop of Queen's Marines,  
And they played us Hallelujah  
With their brass and tambourines,  
But the hags and whores and bitches  
Wouldn't let them sing alone.  
They had the place in stitches  
With a chorus of their own.  
Sing Hallelujah! Sing Hallelujah!  
Put a nickel in the pail, get another piece of tail.  
Sing Hallelujah! Sing Hallelujah!



Put a nickel in the pail and you'll be saved.  
Well the little band played louder  
As they tried it once again,  
They beat upon the tambourine  
To drown the whores refrain.  
You could hear the springs a-creaking  
As the tarts jumped from the beds,  
And emptied pails and chamberpots  
Upon those noble heads.  
Well they played "The Rock Of Ages"  
And "By Jordan's Sunny Shores",  
And they played ""We'll Meet in Glory",  
"Canaan's Land" and plenty more,  
But we sang them to a standstill  
With their woodwinds and their brass.  
They had the refinement,  
We had the guts and ass.  
On the rooftop was a chippy  
With a bo'sun from the fleet.  
And she heard the trumpets blasting,  
And she looked down to the street.  
Then she balanced on the parapet  
As sure as you were born,  
She sighted through her bloomers,  
And she weewee'd in the horn.  
Then the Major said they'd given us  
All the time that they could spare,  
And they did a noble right-about,  
With their noses in the air.  
And our madam made a speech to say  
What fun it all had been.  
And if they'd return next Sunday,  
We'd invite the king and Queen.  
Now who'd think that of Bob.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\samwrl2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

02/01/1999

It's The Same The Whole World Over  
It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor what takes the blame,  
While the rich gets all the pleasure,  
Ain't it all a bloody shame.  
She was poor but she was honest,  
Pure unsullied was her fame,  
Till a country squire came courting,  
And the poor girl lost her name.

So she went away to London,  
Just to hide her guilty shame.  
There she met an Army Chaplain,  
And again she lost her name.  
Hear him as he jaws the Tommies,  
Warning of the flames of hell.  
With her whole heart she had trusted,  
Now her body she does sell.  
Now he's in his riding breeches,  
Hunting foxes for the chase,  
While the victim of his folly,  
Makes her living by her vice.  
So she settled down in London,  
Sinking deeper in her shame,  
Till she met a Labor Leader,  
And again she lost her name.  
Now he's in the House of Commons,  
Making laws to put down crime,  
While the victim of his folly,  
Walks the streets each night in shame.  
Then there came a bloated bishop,  
Marriage was the tale he told.  
There was no one else to take her,  
So she sold herself for gold.  
See her in her horse and carriage,  
Driving daily round the park.  
Though she made a wealthy marriage,  
Still she hides a broken heart.  
In a cottage down in Sussex,  
Live her parents old and lame,  
And they drink the wine she sends them,  
But they never speak her name.  
In their poor and humble dwelling,  
There her grieving parents live,  
Drinking champagne that she sends them,  
But they never can forgive.  
In that rich man's arms she fluttered,  
Like a bird with broken wing.  
First he loved her then he left her,  
And the poor girl got no ring.  
See him with his hounds and horses.  
See him strutting at his club,  
While the victim of his whoring  
Drinks her gin inside a pub.  
See him riding in a carriage,  
Past the gutter where she stands.  
He has made a stylish marriage,  
While she wrings her ringless hands.  
See him sitting at the theater,  
In the front row with the best,

While the girl that he has ruined,  
Entertains a sordid guest.  
When they dragged her from the river,  
Water from her clothes they wrung,  
And they thought that she was drowned,  
Till her corpse got up and sung:  
Then there came a wealthy pimp,  
Marriage was the tale he told,  
She had no-one else to take her,  
So she sold her soul for gold.

Bawdy Verses

See him riding in his carriage,  
See him going to the hunt;  
Thinking nothing of a marriage,  
Only of a piece of cunt.  
See him passing in his carriage,  
With his face all wreathed in smiles.  
See her sitting on the pavement,  
Which is bloody bad for piles.  
You'll find her in the theater,  
See her sitting in the stalls.  
And at home an hour later,  
Playing with some stranger's balls.  
See her on the bridge at midnight,  
Gazing sadly at the moon.  
She said, "Sir, I am a virgin."  
But she spoke too fucking soon.  
Standing on the bridge at midnight,  
Squeezing blackheads from her crotch,  
She said, "Sir, I've never 'ad it."  
I said, "No, you've got the pox."  
She was just a poor man's daughter,  
Victim of a rich man's whim,  
For he fucked her and he left her,  
With a sore and bleeding quim.  
She was poor but she was honest,  
Victim of a rich man's whim.  
First he fucked her and he left her,  
And she had a child by him.  
See her stand in Piccadilly.  
Offering her aching quim.  
She is now completely ruined,  
It was all because of him.  
See him seated in his Rolls Royce,  
Driving homeward from the hunt.  
He got riches from his marriage,  
She got corns upon her cunt.

\*\*\*\*\*  
[Error] - File could not be written...

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sarge--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Sergeant  
The Sergeant, the Sergeant, he is the worst of all,  
He wakes you up in the morning before the bugle call.  
Squads right, squads left, squads right down the line,  
And then the lousy son of a bitch, he gives us double time.  
I'd rather be a private of the lowest class,  
Than be a lousy sergeant and kiss the shavetail's ass.  
The Shavetail, the Shavetail, he is the worst of all,  
He comes by every morning and me makes you feel so small.  
Shoes shined, buttons fine, line up every day,  
And then the lousy son of a bitch, he takes your pay away.  
I'd rather be a private of the lowest class,  
Than be a lousy Shavetail and kiss the Captain's ass.  
The Captain, the Captain, he is the worst of all,  
We run the infiltration course, and he sits upon the wall.  
He runs us through manouvers like we were the enemy,  
And then the lousy son of a bitch, he puts us on K.P.  
I'd rather be a private of the lowest class,  
Than be a lousy Captain and kiss the Major's ass.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sargmaj2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Seargent Major's Balls  
(llewtraH)  
Tune: Bells of St. Mary's  
The balls of Sarn't Major are wrinkled and crinkled  
Capacious and spacious as the dome of St. Paul's.  
The crowds they do muster to gaze at the cluster  
They stop and they stare at that glorious pair,  
Of Sarn't Major's balls.  
Balls, Balls, Balls, Balls, Balls, Balls, Balls, Balls!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\scholmr2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The School Marm On The Flat

\*-----

McClellan was a cowboy of the wild and woolly west;  
His horses and his outfit was of the very best;  
He was an educated fellow, don't take him for a fool;  
One thing about McClellan, he was handy with his tool.  
McClellan left the cow camp on one Friday night,  
He was going to see the school marm at the  
school house painted white;  
He'd been courting her for three months now,  
and thought he'd make his try;  
Made up his mind this time, that he'd have her or he'd die.  
He laid her down upon a bench, the best that he could do;  
He took his dailies from around his horn and opened her hondoo.  
He took John Henry in his hand and placed it in her fat;  
He stopped the wind from blowing through the  
school marm on the flat.  
He pulled John Henry out of her, and put it in his pants;  
She'd gave him a little diddle that fairly made him dance;  
She said he'd have to marry her, now what else could he do?  
He surely couldn't turn her down, since she'd given him  
that screw.  
McClellan now is married and lives on his own spread;  
It keeps him toiling day and night to keep them all in bread.  
His place is overrun with kids, with forty dogs and cats;  
He wishes now he'd never seen the school marm on the flat.  
He curses the poor school marm, which he knows he shouldn't do.  
For he knew he'd have to marry her if he opened up her flue;  
If John Henry gets to raring up, he will flog him with his hat,  
Before he goes a-courting another school ma'am on the flat.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\scotklt2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Johnnie Scott's Kilt

Where will we get a kilt for Johnnie Scott,  
Among us maidens all.  
Where will we get a kilt for Johnnie Scott,  
To keep the laddie braw.  
There's your gate hair, and there's my gate hair,  
And we'll weave it wondrous sma'.  
And if the weave be sparse, we'll crop our arse,  
To make him a kilt and a'.  
(Robert Burns)  
I'll give it to a bonnie lad,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\seaches2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Old Sea Chest

Now there was a wealthy merchant, in London he did dwell,

He had a pretty wife, and she loved a tailor well.

chorus: With his right fol-de-di-do,

And a right fol-dee-dee.

"Goodbye", said the merchant, "I must go to sea",

"Goodbye", said the lady, "Don't worry about me."

Well he hadn't been away a quarter hour more,

When along came the tailor a-knocking on the door.

They got into bed without a bye your leave,

He was cutting out a pattern, and stitching up her sleeve.

Well, there they lay a sewing, she was tacking while he sewed,

Anong came her husband, clomping up the road.

Up jumped the lady, her hand upon her breast,

She pushed the little tailor in the old sea chest.

When the husband saw the chest with the lady thereupon,

He said, "Who's been here since I've been gone."

"Why nobody, darling", but the merchant said,

"Then nobody's britches are underneath the bed."

But she smiled and she pleaded, and she tweaked him by the nose,

And she said that was nothing but her old daddy's clothes.

Says he, "I'm sorry to disturb you at your rest.

But I only came to get my old sea chest."

So he called in a sailor, he was so big and strong,

He picked up the sea chest, and toted it along.

Well he hadn't gone far when he put it down to rest,

The sailor says to the merchant, "The devil's in the chest!"

So they opened up the chest and took a look within,

There was the little tailor with his knees upon his chin.

Then the merchant took the chest and flung it in the sea,

"I won't have you raising any tailor kids for me."

When the lady heard the news how the tailor had been paid,

She called in his apprentice for to learn him the trade.

(Oscar Brand)

Mjy [Z&#12;BLL1

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\seacrab2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Sea Crabb

(1620 from "Bawdy Verse, A Pleasant Collection")

It was a man of Africa had a fair wife,  
 Fairest that ever I saw the days of my life.  
 With a ging, Boys, ging, ging, boys, ging.  
 Tarradiddle, farradiddle, ging, boys, ging!  
 This goodwife was big-belly'd and with a lad  
 And ever she longed for a sea crabb.  
 With a ging, Boys, ging, ging, boys, ging.  
 Tarradiddle, farradiddle, ging, boys, ging!  
 The goodman rose in the morning and put on his hose  
 He went to the seaside and followed his nose.  
 With a ging, etc.  
 Says, "God speed, Fisherman, sailing on the sea;  
 Hast thou any crabbs in thy bote for to sell to me?"  
 With a ging, etc.  
 "I have crabbs in my bote one two three.  
 I have crabbs in by bote for to sell thee."  
 With a ging, etc.  
 The good man went home and ere he wist  
 Put the crabb in the Chamberpot where his wife pisst,  
 With a ging, etc.  
 The good wife she went to do as she was wont:  
 Up started the Crabbfish and catcht her by the cunt.  
 With a ging, etc.  
 "Alas," quoth the goodwife, "that ever I was born;  
 The Devil is in the pisspot and has me on his horns."  
 With a ging, etc.  
 "If you be a crabb or crabfish by kind,  
 Thou'll let thy hold go with a blast of cold wind.";   
 With a ging, etc.  
 The good man laid to his mouth and began to blow  
 Thinking thereby that the Crabb would let go.  
 With a ging, etc.  
 "Alas!" quoth the goodman, "that ever I came hither;  
 He has joined my wife's tail and my nose together!"  
 With a ging, etc.  
 The good man called his neighbours in with great wonder  
 To part his wife's tail and his nose asunder.  
 With a ging, etc.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\seduct-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Art Of Seduction  
 (llewtraH)

The art of seduction is a complex little matter,  
 The simplest aim, to get between her thighs.  
 Generally it starts with innuendoes in the chatter

And lots of stolen glances in the eyes.  
The art of the seducer is to always let the other  
Think that they are firmly in control.  
Though learning this persuasion may seem nothing but a bother,  
It's worth it if you want to reach your goal.  
First you wine her and you dine her and you charm her,  
With wit and gentle looks and all the rest.  
With suggestion, test the water and disarm her,  
Before you put seduction to the test.  
Just a touch that lingers longer than it oughtta,  
And a gaze that holds her eye for just too long.  
Then a friendly hand upon her arm or shoulder,  
And you'll soon know whether she will play along.  
Sit a little too close to her when you're talking,  
And lean towards her imperceptibly.  
Rub against her shoulder when you walking,  
And smile and look and move attentively.  
If she returns these gestures and encourages,  
And lets your hand rest on her thigh.  
Then you can press advances -- but don't hurry it.  
Though by now the bedroom door is in sight.  
It may take a time of kissing and caressing,  
Before she lets your fingers find its mark.  
By now you should have started the undressing,  
And placed her hand on your swollen shaft.  
By touching tender spots, you will please her,  
And soon she'll be passionate for sex.  
Unless by chance she's just a cock-teaser,  
With empty promises meant to just vex.  
The art of seduction is deception,  
To let her think that she's in control,  
While you test out the warmth of your reception,  
And explore the feasibility of your goal.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\semenbl2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Semen On A Blue Dress / Good Golly, Miss Monica  
by Rosenberg  
(llewtraH)  
Semen on a blue dress, blue dress, blue dress  
Semen on a blue dress found!  
Fe, fe, fi, fi, fo, fo, fum  
Monica's dress has the President's cum  
In the Oval Office, on the carpeted floor  
Till the Leader of the Country up and hollers for more  
In her reinforced kneepads with the Presidential Seal



Seeking out that First Banana to peel  
Semen on a blue dress, blue dress, blue dress  
Semen on a blue dress found!  
The Commander-in-Chief says, "You do it so well"  
"I love it, you creep!" says Monica L.  
Poor Hillary's working on "It Takes A Village"  
While Miss Lewinsky's dress gets a Big Ole' Spillage  
She's not too skinny, she's not too fat  
Every President wants an Intern like that  
Semen on a blue dress, blue dress, blue dress  
Semen on a blue dress found  
Semen on a blue dress, blue dress, blue dress  
Semen on a blue dress found  
Good golly Miss Monica, don't sing to Kenneth Starr  
Good golly Miss Monica, this thing's gone way to far  
From the early, early morning to the early, early night  
Miss Monica's on bended knee at the House of White  
Semen on a blue dress, blue dress, blue dress  
Semen on a blue dress found  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\seniors2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Seniors Are In Town Again  
The seniors are in town again, run, girls, run,  
Down from the hills we come, run, girls, run.  
We'll give you all we got,  
Our pants are steaming hot,  
The seniors are in town again.  
The seniors are in town again, chase, girls, chase,  
We're out to copulate around the place.  
None of that sexual play,  
We'll make it all the way,  
The seniors are in town again.  
The seniors are in town again, surge, girls, surge,  
We've got that old biological urge.  
We'll chalk up all the quims,  
Down where the hair begins,  
The seniors are in town again.  
The seniors are in town again, go, boys, go,

Tell all those Ivy Leaguers, no, boys, no.  
Cause we'll put the indian sign,  
On every girl's behind.  
The seniors are in town again.  
The seniors are in town again, down, girls, down,  
Try not to paw us, girls, just raise up your gown.  
We've got the knowledge, men,  
They put out to college men,  
The seniors are in town again.  
His spirits soared as he jumped aboard,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\setsail2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

We Set Sail  
We set sail for the Canaries,  
With a cargo of forty-seven fairys.  
We laid around our bunks  
With those forty seven punks,  
Till all our teeth got hairy.  
chorus: Ho Ho Ho, Ho Ho Ho,  
That's how we set sail.  
We set sail for the Madrones,  
With a cargo of forty-seven ponies.  
We horsed around till morn,  
Till our instruments were worn,  
They looked like melted macaroni.  
We set sail for the Antilles,  
The supercargo's name it was Achilles.  
He gave the crew a feel,  
Of his danderotic heel,  
And he gave all the officers the willies.  
We set sail for the Hiwaiians,  
With a cargo of forty-seven lions.  
By the time that we were done,  
We had buggered every one,  
And the offspring were a miracle to science.  
We set sail for the Aleutians,  
With a cargo of forty-seven Prussians.  
By the time we reached the isles,  
We were tangled up with piles,  
And we all ended up in institutions.  
(Oscar Brand)  
But I've talked with a few who declare that they do,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\seven1-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Seven Old Ladies Locked In The Lavatory  
chorus : Oh Dear! What can the matter be,  
Seven old ladies are locked in the lavatory,  
They've been there from Sunday till Saturday,  
Nobody knew they were there.  
They said they were going to have tea with the Vicar;  
They went in together; they thought 'twould be quicker;  
The lavatory door was a bit of a sticker,  
And nobody knew they were there  
The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,  
And though she was known as a bit of a rover,  
She liked it so much that she thought she'd stay over,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next was an athletic lady named Myrtle,  
Hopped over the door like a steeple chase hurdle,  
Her glasses got hooked in a stay of her girdle,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was old Mrs. Humphrey,  
As soon as she got settled and got herself comfy,  
She tried to get up, but could not get her rump free,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was old Mrs. Prim,  
She only sat down on a personal whim,  
She somehow got caught 'twixt the cup and the brim,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was old Mrs. Slaughter,  
Now she was the Duke of Eddingham's daughter,  
She pulled on the handle, the rising tide caught her,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was old Mrs. Bickle,  
She hurdled the door because she hadn't a nickel,  
Stuck her foot in the bowl, what a hell of a pickle!  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was old Mrs. Bender,  
Who went in to fix a broken suspender,  
The button flew into her feminine gender,  
And nobody knew it was there.  
The next old lady was Kitty O'Foyle,  
Who had not been living according to Hoyle,  
She was happy the swelling was only a boil,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was old Mrs. Brewster,  
Who could not see as well as she uster,  
She sat on the handle and thought someone goosed her,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was Huesen van Duesen,

Who could not find a man of her choosin',  
She sat there, a-douching, and douching, and douching,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Draper,  
She hemmed and she hawed, and she cut quite a caper,  
And when she was done, she'd used all of the paper,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Murray,  
Now she was in one hell of a hurry,  
But when she got there it was too late to worry,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Slater,  
She was all right, but she was afraid her,  
Husband'd find out some other guy made her,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Mavity,  
She was in a fit of depravity,  
She sat there, decided to depend upon gravity,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Prior,  
Now she was a do-er and she was a die-er,  
She sat there, the water got higher and higher,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Boomer,  
Who went there to find what was wrong with her bloomers,  
And when she found out, she wished she'd come sooner,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Sligh,  
Went in with a bottle, to booze on the sly,  
She jumped on the seat, and fell in with a cry,  
And nobody knew she was there.

(Squaw Valley 1956)

(Oscar Brand)

(Rugby Songs by Michael Green)

The next old lady was old Mrs. Mason,  
The stalls were all full, so she pissed in the basin.  
And that was the water that I washed my face in,  
And nobody knew she was there

The next old lady was Emily Clancy,  
She were there 'cause something tickled her fancy,  
But when she got there it was ants in her pantsy,  
And nobody knew she was there

The janitor came in the early morning,  
He opened the door without any warning,  
And all the old ladies their seats were adorning,  
And nobody knew they were there.

The next old lady was Lizabeth Biddle,  
She only went in 'cause she needed to piddle,  
She stepped in the bowl right up to her middle,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Rosemary Madder,  
She went in feeling something was the matter,  
But when she got there, it was only her bladder,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was Eleanor Liszt,  
Went in with a bottle and got herself pissed,  
Tried to sit down but got stuck when she missed,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was Janet McGrew,  
She'd eaten some beans and she needed to poo,  
The cheeks of her bottom go wedged in the loo,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was Marjorie Stump,  
Went to the toilet, she needed to dump,  
The door must have jammed when she gave it a bump,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was Emily Blore,  
Known to the rest as a bit of a whore,  
Went for a squat, couldn't open the door,  
And nobody knew she was there.  
The next old lady was Monica Fitz,  
Suffered from cramping and chronic colics,  
Went to the loo with a case of the shits,  
And nobody knew she was there.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sheep--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*  
[Error] - File could not be written...

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sheeplv2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Need A Sheep  
Bring me some whiskey, Mother,  
I'm feeling frisky, Mother,  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night.  
I need a lover, Mother,  
No, not my brother, Mother,  
I need a sheep to keep me worm through the night.  
Gerbils don't make it, Mother,  
They just can't take it, Mother,  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night.  
Owls, bats, and other critters,  
Just tend to give me the jitters,  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night.  
Sheep never talk about it,

They never even doubt it,  
Always so placid, affectionate and nice.  
Give me that lanolin,  
Better than a flannel-in,  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\shoemak2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Shoemaker's Kiss  
Collected from William Bartlett, Dorset, 1906  
There was an old woman lived down in the West,  
So green as the leaves they are green, green, green, green,  
So green as the leaves they are green.  
And she had a fine daughter that never was kissed,  
And you know very well what I mean, mean, mean, mean,  
And you know very well what I mean.  
One morning she rose and she put on her clothes,  
And away to the shoemaker's shop she did go.  
"Shoemaker, shoemaker, have you any shoes?"  
"Why yes, pretty maiden, I think I'll fit you."  
So into the shoemaker's shop she did trip;  
Good Lord! How he caught her and kissed her sweet lips.  
When twenty long weeks they were over and past,  
This silly young girl she got thick round the waist.  
When forty long weeks were over and done,  
This little, bold wench had a big, bonny son.  
"Oh daughter! Oh daughter! How come you by this?"  
"Oh mother! Oh mother! 'Twas the shoemaker's kiss."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\shpdobs2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Dobson's Ship The Pagan  
(llewtraH) (c) Anthony Hilbert  
Amy Dobson was the madam of the Pagan and her girls,  
And she hustled with the Pagan round a hundred horny worlds.  
Now the Pagan was the hottest ship 'tween here and Trist M'kell,  
And the girls and Amy Dobson were as well  
Chorus: There are songs of Good Ship Venus and the Ball of Kerrimuir  
There are songs of Nell the Eskimo and Angeline the Poor  
But the songs that get them going on a hundred horny worlds  
Are the songs of Amy Dobson and her girls  
I was Second Mate on Kerosene, a pirate bold and bad;

We were banned from Gor and Argo, and the men were going mad,  
When a ship appeared beside us, every crewman raised his head,  
For the light above her hatch was glowing red.  
Synthesized upon our screens, the stranger then began to fade,  
First the hull and then the bulkheads, as we watched her all amazed.  
And as the Pagan docked with us, the last to slip from view  
Were the clothes of Amy Dobson and her crew  
Now the price of such a classy team is owned by very few,  
But we never knew that girls could do the things we saw them do.  
Never fearing cost or caution, we just had to join the game.  
So we let them in and then they did the same.  
And the ladies buns were busier than any buns by far,  
And the ladies love was hotter than the heart of any star.  
As the orgy shook the messdeck and the cabins all around  
The pirate crew were screwed into the ground.  
Not a sailor missed that party and the captain didn't care.  
When we woke next day, we found a sight no man could bear.  
Piled in heaps lay sleeping pirates with their bags and pockets clean,  
But no sign of Dobson's Pagan could be seen.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\shrtstf2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Cursed With A Short Staff

(llewtraH)

by Brother Bartholomew

Oh, when looking at men's muscles, now the women like 'em large,  
The same thing for your intellect, or your gold Mastercharge.  
So if you think that size won't count, then boy, you're really daft;  
Life can be a hassle if you're cursed with a short staff!  
Now the evening's been romantic, and at last you are alone,  
And, when all has been unveiled and all your secrets now are known,  
She'll say, "It doesn't matter," but she'll stifle a small laugh,  
Yes, life can be a hassle if you're cursed with a short staff!  
Yes, you can exercise until your body looks so pretty,  
Or read and learn until you're known as someone who is witty.  
But no force on earth can change a turtleneck to a giraffe;  
Yes, life can be a hassle if you're cursed with a short staff!  
But, in spite of Nature's handicap, you still can win the race;  
Just let the ladies see you lick your eyebrows into place.  
Then brother, let me tell you, they'll break themselves in half,  
In trying to get at you, in spite of your short staff!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sigmund2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

SIGMUND FREUD SONG

(llewtraH)

Sigmund Freud was a famous psychoanalyst,  
A respected man was he,  
Lots of nervous wrecks went to talk about their sex  
In Sigmund's surgery;  
Penis envy was the cause of every woman's flaws  
Of personality,  
And the most compulsive wankers, were obviously anxious,  
'Bout sexuality,  
A deep fear of castration was the root of all frustration  
And male anxiety.  
All the nervous wrecks had hang-ups about sex,  
In Sigmund's dictionary,  
And every mother's son wished to copulate with mum,  
Out of jealousy,  
And the daughters were all sick 'cause they hadn't got a dick,  
Just like their dear daddy,  
While each phobia and fear was from thought of being queer --  
Homosexuality.  
It sounded quite depressing, was everyone suppressing  
Latent abnormality?  
Many souls have edited Freud's works, largely discredited,  
His errors plain to see,  
'Twas Sigmund who was strange, whose mind was quite deranged  
In actuality;  
Never saw his mum undressed, so he became obsessed,  
And scarred emotionally.  
From the time that he was wee, never saw his daddy pee,  
This shaped his mentality.  
Now it cannot be ignored that Kinsey's work is flawed,  
Flawed statistically,  
But he filled the sexual void, vacated by Sig Freud,  
And gained popularity.  
Though he secretly was gay, he was lauded in his day --  
A celebrity,  
His statistics got much sillier when he wrote of pedophilia,  
And of bestiality.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sknkhnt2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Skonk I Hunt

(Immortalia, Mellinger D Henry)

I hunt de bear, I hunt de moose,



An' sometam hunt de rat;  
Las' week I make ma hax an' go  
For hunt a skonk polecat.  
Ma fren' Beel say he's ver' fine fur,  
An' sametam good to heat;  
I tell ma wife I get fur coat,  
Sametam I get some meat.  
I walk 'bout three, five, six mile,  
An' then I feel strong smell--  
Tink mebbe that dam skonk she die  
An' fur coat gone to hell.  
Purrssoon bime-by I see that skonk  
Close up by one beeg tree;  
I sneek up ver' close behin';  
I tink he no see me.  
Bime-by I'm ver', ver' close,  
I raise ma hax up high,  
Dat goddom skonk he up an' plunk--  
T'row something in ma eye.  
Oh, Sacre Bleu! I tink I blin';  
Jees Chris! I cannot see;  
I run roun' an' roun' an' roun'  
'Till I bump in goddam tree.  
Bime-by I drop ma hax away  
An' light out for de shack,  
I tink 'bout million skonk  
He clim' up on ma back.  
Ma wife she meet me at de door,  
She sic on me de dog;  
She say, "You no sleep here tonight,  
Go out an' sleep with hog."  
I try to get in that pig-pen,  
Jees Chris! Now what you tink?  
Dat goddam hog no stan' for that  
On 'count of awful stink.  
No more I go for hunt de skonk,  
To get his fur an' meat;  
For if he peese he smell so bad;  
Jees Chris! What if he sheet!  
(Immortalia)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\slutlut2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

SLUTS FROM LUTZ

Oh, Sluts from Lutz, I hate your guts,  
You've brought me to my knees.

You're everything a man would want,  
You've beauty, poise, and sleeze.  
Oh, Sluts from Lutz, you drive me nuts,  
Your love may make me dead.  
I'm just a moth drawn to the flame,  
Krotchkissen, SealedLips, CheeseSpread!  
Oh, Sluts from Lutz, you give me coconuts,  
That's far worse than blueballs,  
I'd laundry suck your underwear,  
And chew your UnderAlls!  
Oh, Sluts from Lutz, it may draw yucks,  
You're refuge from my strife,  
Please put your legs around my neck,  
Be my new leash on life!  
Oh, Sluts from Lutz, this poem sucks,  
But not as well as you.  
Grind your highheels into my chest,  
While I admire the view !  
Oh, Sluts from Lutz, had I more bucks,  
And could control the weather,  
I'd rearrange the alphabet,  
And put U and I together !  
And put U and I together !

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\soniasn2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Sonia Snell  
This is the tale of Sonia Snell,  
To whom an accident befell.  
An accident, as will be seen,  
Embarrassing in the extreme.  
It happened as it does to many,  
That Sonia went to spend a penny;  
And entering with unconscious grace  
The properly appointed place,  
There behind the railway station,  
She sat in silent meditation.  
Unfortunately, unacquainted,  
The seat had recently been painted.  
Too late did Sonia realize,  
Her inability to rise.  
And though she struggled, pulled, and yelled,  
She found that she was firmly held.  
She raised her voice in mournful shout,  
"Please, someone, come and get me out."  
A crowd stood 'round and feebly sniggered,

A signalman said, "I'll be jiggered."  
"Gor Blimey!" said an ancient porter,  
"We ought to soak her orf wiv water."  
The station master and his staff  
Were most polite and did not laugh.  
They tugged at Sonia's hands and feet  
But could not shift her off the seat.  
A carpenter arrived at last  
And finding Sonia still stuck fast,  
Remarked, "I know what I can do."  
And quickly sawed the seat in two.  
Sonia arose only to find,  
A wooden halo on her behind.  
An ambulance drove down the street  
And bore her off, complete with seat.  
They rushed the wooden-bustled girl,  
Quickly to the hospital.  
And grasping her by hands and head,  
Placed her downwards on a bed.  
The doctors came and cast their eyes  
Upon the seat with some surprise.  
A surgeon said, "Now mark my word  
Could anything be more absurd?  
Has anyone, I implore,  
Seen anything like this before?  
"Yes," cried a student, unashamed,  
"Frequently, but never framed."  
(H. H. Hart)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sootikn2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Sootikin  
(llewtraH)  
(A sootikin is a snatch booger)  
Who was it dropped a sootikin,  
Upon my little footikin -  
Was it highbred lady, tavern wench or whore?  
A sootikin forms quick,  
In them that wear no knickers,  
Till it grows so big it falls down to the floor.  
So whose vaginal cheese,  
Got mixed up with soot and fleas,  
With menstrual blood and smut and other smeg?  
For how many months did sit,  
Between labia and clit,  
Till that little mouse-shaped lump fell from her cleft?

With the ladies do I flirt,  
Slip my hand beneath their skirts,  
And pick out their sootikins with finger-nails.  
Some are small and ripe and stink,  
Others drop out and make a clink,  
Or be chiseled out if other methods fail.  
It's said that Good Queen Annie,  
Grew a big one in her fanny,  
Which dropped a-floor when she rose to leave the church.  
Now a woman that well-born,  
Should have under-garments worn,  
Not let reputation be by sootikins besmirched.

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sperm--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Sperm Is Wanted

There are Jews in the world, there are Buddhists,  
There are Hindus and Mormons and then,  
There are those that follow Mohammed,  
But I've never been one of them.  
I am a Roman Catholic,  
And have been since before I was born,  
And one thing they say about Catholics,  
Is they take you as soon as you're warm.  
You don't have to be a six-footer,  
You don't have to have a great brain.  
You don't have to have any clothes on.  
You're a Catholic the moment Dad came.  
Because every sperm is sacred, every sperm is great,  
If a sperm is wasted, God gets quite irate.  
Let the heathen spill their on the dusty ground,  
God will make them pay for every sperm that can't be found.  
Every sperm is wanted, every sperm is good,  
Every sperm is needed, in your neighborhood.  
Every sperm is useful, every sperm is fine,  
God needs everybody's, yours and mine and mine.  
Let the pagans spill theirs on mountain top and plain.  
God will strike them down for those that's spilled in vain.  
Every sperm is sacred, every sperm is good,  
Every sperm is needed in your neighborhood.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sphinx-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Camel And The Sphinx

The sexual life of the camel,  
Is not quite what everyone thinks.

One night in a moment of passion,  
He tried to deflower the sphinx.  
Now the Sphinx's posterior regions,  
Are clogged with the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,  
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

When Lydia goes to pass water,  
She pees an incredible stream.

She pees for an hour and a quarter,  
And you can't see her ass for the steam.  
Which has nothing to do with the camel,  
Nor the Sphinx on that faraway shore,  
But is merely a little diversion,  
Till we all sing the chorus once more.  
In the progress of civilization,  
From anthropoid ape down to man,  
It is generally held that the Navy,  
Has buggered whatever it can.

Yet recent extensive researches,  
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,  
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog,  
Has never been buggered at all.

Further experimentation,  
Has incontrovertably shown,  
That comparative safety on ship board,  
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

Why haven't they done it a Spithead,  
As they've done at Harvard and Yale,  
And also at Oxford and Cambridge,  
By shaving the spines off its tail.

(Michael Green)

The sexual life of the ostrich,  
Is very hard to understand.

We know this remarkable creature  
Will bury its head in the sand.

And another  
ostrich finds,  
Standing there with its ass in the air,  
He wonders if it's male or female,

Or doesn't he fucking well care.

The sexual life of the elephant  
Sound like a bureaucratic nightmare,  
With lots of roaring and screaming

In order to get anywhere.

It's all done at a very high level,

With two year to get a result.

The matings a huge undertaking  
'Twixt two partners who rarely consult.

The sexual life of the bullfrog  
Is only understood by some;  
At the height of the mating season,  
He crawls up the ass of his chum.  
But this vile orifice is horrible  
And filled with foul gases and slime,  
Which accounts for all of his croaking,  
And why he says "Ugh" all the time.

So come on now, all of you sailors,  
And to the large occasion rise.  
Just grab for yourself a young hedgehog,  
And give it a real surprise.

The following simple instructions  
Will ensure that you do not fail:  
Simply ream out its ass with a hose pipe,  
And shave all the spines off its tail.  
My name, I shall tell you, is Cecil;  
I come down for Leicester Square.  
I love to walk down Piccadilly,  
With flowers arranged in my haie.  
For we are all queers together,  
That's why we all go 'round in pairs.  
For we are all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs.

I went for a ride on the choo-choo,  
And found that I had to stand.

A little boy offered me his seat,  
So I went for it with my hand.

"What do you want," said the waiter,  
Pensively picking his nose;  
"Two hard boiled eggs, you old bastard.  
You can't stick your fingers in those."

The old men were having a birthday,  
Standing in line at the bar.  
Thinking about all the old times;  
Thinking back ever so far.

When along came a beautiful maiden,  
she was so lovely and fair,  
When she asked what they'd like for their birthday,  
The old men, they all shouted "Hair!"  
My old daddy her rides in a motorcar;  
My mother, she rides on a bike.  
My brother and I hate each other,  
I so masturbate on his trike.  
I went in to sell motorcar;  
Expecting so much for the worst.  
He asked me for my bottom price.

I said, "Talk about my motorcar first."  
This morning I went to my tailor,  
He said, "What can I do for you, Jack?"  
I said, "A pair of velvet trousers,  
With a large zipper right up the back."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\spinwhl2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Spinning Wheel  
(llewtraH)

As I sat at my spinning wheel,  
A handsome lad was passing by;  
I view'd him round, and lik'd him well,  
For truth he had a glancing eye,  
My heart now panting 'gan to feel,  
But still I turn'd the spinning wheel.  
With looks all kindness he drew near,  
And still more lovely did appear,  
And round about my slender waist,  
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd,  
To kiss my hand, he down did kneel,  
As I sat at my spinning-wheel.  
My milk-white hands he did extol,  
And prais'd my fingers long and small,  
And said there was no lady fair,  
That ever could with me compare:  
Those words into my heart did steal,  
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.  
Altho' I seemingly did chide,  
yet he would never be deny'd;  
But still declar'd his love the more,  
Until my heart was wounded sore;  
That my love could scarce conceal,  
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel  
My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,  
My winnells and my spinning-wheel;  
He bid me leave them all with speed,  
And go with him to yonder mead;  
My yielding heart strange flames did feel  
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel  
About my neck his arm he laid,  
And whisper'd, Rise, my bonny maid,  
And with me to that hay cock go,  
I'll teach you better work to do;  
In truth I lov'd the motion well,  
And let alone my spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasant cocks of hay,  
There with my bonny lad I lay  
What lass, so young and soft as I  
Could such a handsome lad deny?  
These pleasures I cannot reveal  
That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\strarow2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Straight Arrow

Now gather around, my gay young tweeds,  
And I'll sing you a tale of pure Christian deeds.  
It's about a maiden, I'd like to render,  
A stirring account of virtue's defender.  
Flying a pure virgin banner of white,  
She sought to destroy all sex's might.  
Travelling the trail, moral and narrow,  
The spread the fame of Straight Arrow.  
Staight Arrow was virtues defender,  
The girl who frowned on sexual surrender.  
Here was a girl with a destiny sad,  
The fate of a girl who couldn't be had.  
Straight Arrow was a scrumptious brunette,  
The kind of a girl you'd never forget.  
She was something different, a distinctive brand,  
With the lips of a girl that men demand.  
Her beautiful countenance gave any man loose,  
To consider this treasure a striking girl.  
More than Mills could ever produce,  
More than Stanford could ever seduce.  
Her mode of attack was based on surprise,  
By assalting the enemy with her sultry eyes.  
From every campus came invitations,  
As the Arrow planned her invasions.  
The lecherous enemy was not aware,  
That downing the arrow was a brutal affair.  
Little Miss Virtue had  
a lot,  
But Little Miss Virtue just wasn't friendly.  
Sex was on the decline, when there appeared on the horizon,  
A guy like the Arrow had never set eyes on.  
He wasn't a athlete nor a tweed;  
He couldn't possibly do the deed.  
His lips were feeble, his build was sad,  
But little did the Arrow know what he had.  
The Arrow was snowed by this timid creature,



The kind of a guy that a zoo wouldn't feature.  
Now the lovelight shines in the Arrow's eyes,  
Her baffled cries have turned to sighs.  
The girl who lacked passion's fire,  
Is now the champion of desire.  
Now wedlocks vows have been spoken,  
Virtues castle has been broken,  
The pitter patter of little feet,  
Echoes the sound of the Arrow's defeat.  
(Sauselito 1963)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\stridin2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

She Had Trouble Walking  
(David Stewart, 1956)  
As I strolled out one clear moonlight,  
One clear moonlight in winter.  
It was there I met a pretty fair maid  
And I fell in behind her.  
She walk-ed up and she walk-ed down,  
And I kept close behind her.  
And I asked of her the reason why  
That she could'na step no wider.  
Go away, go away, you foolish young man,  
And stop such foolish talking,  
For it does not suit young men, she said,  
To question women's walking.  
I am a chlochter to my trade;  
My friends they call me rare-o.  
If you'll tell me where your trouble lies,  
I'll clean you nate and fair-o.  
My trouble lies between my thighs  
And e'er it is abidin'.  
It tickles me baith night and day,  
And it keeps me from my stridin'.  
I laid her down upon a bank  
Till I provided the plaster.  
She jump-ed up upon her feet,  
And she walk-ed all the faster  
She's gi'ed to me my winter's beef,  
Besides my winter's fuellin'.  
Far better than that she's gi'ed to me  
A stable for my stallion

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\succubi2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# The Main's Conjuring Book

(llewtraH)

A young man lately in our town,  
He went to bed one night;  
He had no sooner laid him down  
But was troubled with a sprite.  
So vigorously the spirit stood  
Let him do what he can,  
"Sure then," he said, "it must be laid  
By woman not by man."  
A handsome maid did undertake  
And into bed she leaped;  
And to allay the spirit's power  
Full close to him she crept.  
She having such a guardian care  
Her office to discharge,  
She opened wide her conjuring book  
And laid the leaves at large.  
Her office she did well perform  
Within a little space;  
Then up she rose, and down he lay  
And durst not show his face.  
She took her leave and away she went  
When she had done the deed,  
Saying, "If it chance to come again,  
Then send for me with speed!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sundsch2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## Darkie Sunday School

CHORUS: Young folk, old folk, everybody come,  
Join the darkie Sunday School  
And have a lot of fun.

Please check your chewing gum  
And razors at the door,  
And we'll tell you Bible stories  
That you've never heard before.

Now Adam was the first man,  
So we're led to believe;  
He walked into the garden  
And bumped right into Eve.

There was no one there to show him

But he quickly found the way.  
And that's the very reason  
Why we're singing here today.  
The Lord said unto Noah  
"It's going to rain today."  
So Noah built a great Ark  
In which to sail away.  
The animals went in two by two  
But soon got up to tricks;  
So, although they came in two by two  
They came out six by six.  
Now Moses in the bullrushes  
Was all wrapped up in swathe.  
Pharaoh's daughter found him  
When she went down there to bathe.  
She took him back to Pharaoh  
And said, "I found him on the shore!"  
And Pharaoh winked his eye and said  
"I've heard that one before.  
King Solomon and King David  
Lived most immoral lives;  
Spent their time a-chasing  
After other people's wives;  
The Lord spake unto both of them  
And it worked just like a charm  
'Cause Solomon wrote the Proverbs  
And David wrote the Psalms.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\supstri2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Superstrings And Other Underwear  
(llewtraH)  
(Universal Theory Bawdry)  
I once entertained this sweet theory,  
She'd notions you wouldn't believe.  
"Let me pour some Madeira m'deary  
While you tell me these things you conceive."  
I uncorked a few liters for starters,  
It appeared it would be a long night,  
When she suddenly took off her garters,  
Said, "I think we'd best start things off right."  
She went on to tell, "It was hotter than hell,  
All ten sides were wrapped up in a ball,  
Only four were required, the rest were retired,"  
Though it seemed she was cooling it all.  
Her skirt was still up as she parted her thighs,

There were marks where her garters had been,  
"You must understand," as she twirled the two bands,  
"It was pure one-dimensional spin."  
With a twist of the loops in her delicate hands,  
"It's with super-strings things must begin,  
Half 10-to-the-minus-6 cm expands."  
Though I stared where her 'supers' had been.  
"I know you hate rules, but they're really quite few,  
The asymmetry's thin as thin-air,  
While some pooh-pooh twistors, others insist  
They are just like the pins in my hair."  
"Four you can keep," as she pulled out some pins.  
These are timely, and spatially fun.  
The other six hidden in symmetry's skin,"  
I could see things were coming undone.  
She reached up and undid the knot in the string  
And her hair tumbled down to the table,  
"If you'll please keep in mind heterotical things,"  
I said, "Sure," as I eyed that lush sable.  
"Note, the natural shape, orbifold regularities,"  
And, unbuttoning, she brought it to view,  
"Do you see those three conical singularities? "  
But, I swear, I only saw two.  
We're now in a place of a thickening space...  
Then she affects a look almost pensive,  
"It seems kind of unfair that some said it would tear;  
I don't know, lingerie is expensive."  
"Some will 'uncoil' while others will 'sweep',  
But frankly I prefer hooks.  
'Unhook me' simplifies how the universe peeps  
from equations you won't find in books."  
"Then, once we start folding, things will appear,"  
So I watched while she folded her top,  
Keep it warming, I thought, as I poured more Madeira,  
Yes, its 'hooks', I heard both of them pop.  
"I'd like to see more," I said smiling,  
Her hem half-way up her smooth thigh,  
"It's designed as a cloak most beguiling,  
By that Higgs, who's quite painfully shy."  
She said things were now somewhat cooler  
Though still very hot to the touch.  
"There's nothing to measure, no ruler,  
In fact, 'all' wasn't really that much."  
Frankly, I thought 'all' quite ample.  
She said, "Once there were quite a few more.  
What you see now is only a sample,"  
As her bra loosely dropped to the floor.  
I insisted the shapes were delightful,  
She recalled those first orbifold forms,  
"Their need for repair was just frightful,

Ten hives held three-cubed in a swarm."  
"Some thought the whole thing should be mended,  
they would cut off the points and then patch."  
I winced at the thought, unintended,  
An itch where it couldn't be scratched.  
"Instead, I suggested a hot-water wash  
Where this manifold laundry should go.  
Unsanforized, it can merrily slosh  
Until D-cups have shrunk down to zero."  
"Now as you can see, I'm not A, I'm not D,  
But these fellows remained quite disturbed.  
They'd poke and they'd probe till unique order showed  
If the whole thing were deftly perturbed"  
A bit rough it seems, though I'll have to admit  
I'd surely sign up for the job,  
If poking and probing was done with in limits,  
And the rest could be rubbed until throbbed.  
She continued, still speaking of things uniform,  
"The spin-cycle may yet get the blame.  
While things twirl around, some are naturally torn,  
By attractors Lorentz couldn't name."  
She now suited her action to this strange attraction  
And twirled as her skirt skyward sent  
A message to all that its gravity's call  
Which way cosmic distractions might went.  
One things for sure, as I caught a brief glimpse,  
Her panties were sheer as the wind,  
If Chaos be heaven and God's 137,  
Then we've got a new concept of sinned.  
When the twirling was done, and the universe won,  
She came over and stood by my chair.  
Did a half-turn, "Take the things that you've learned,  
Kindly undo the knots that are there."  
I looked at the thing, It was tight as could be,  
"10 to the 26th GeVs tight it is;  
And we haven't a clue to the diet it needs  
To fit pants in which particles live."  
"They once called a tailor to cut a whole cloth  
That must cover a girth of  $4n+2$ ,  
Anorexia extreme for the massless en broth,  
Once calibrated, these phantoms show through."  
"Enough for two garments, remember the folds?  
Six pieces made one, and four, a bikini,  
The former held masses, known weights to behold,  
The latter just perfect for things teeny-weeny."  
Her waist was most pleasing in both shape and width,  
So I held it a moment for fun,  
My embrace must have tickled, for she sucked in her breath,  
And, voilá! the first knot was undone.  
I examined the rest, in their maddening array

"Don't forget the four pins in your hand."

There were multiple strand types in every which way

"You might stick one into the next band."

Well I'm trembling you see, but I set to the task

As my other hand brushes her rear.

The sash starts to shimmer, does all that I ask,

And a second knot now disappears!

The third knots just tangles, a basket of why's

"Reason," she says, "governs things that compact."

I ventured perhaps that God tired Her eyes,

With ten stages for just the First Act.

She laughed, but remained resolute in her call,

"I've long held the notion they fell on their own,

Though others say forces had pushed on the walls,

I think they collapsed when God answered the phone."

While she said that, "I carefully stuck in a pin,

Found a clod that had lodged itself there.

Watched in amazement the process begin,

Six-sides vanished in ephemeral air!

Then the other four gathered or maybe unfurled,

If this was the seventh, perhaps He just rested.

Initial states set for Material Girls

With new product samples about to be tested.

I stepped back a moment to count some of her freckles,

The matter now seeming deceptively simple,

Those vanishing things are, by nature, quite fickle,

Untied, the sky glitters with marvelous dimples.

The rest of the knots were approached in like manner,

The whole length of the Planck sanded perfectly flat,

As much well-behaved as respectable banter,

That finally predicts where it is were not at.

With the last of the problems untied and undone

Super-duper-string theory will have its own way,

An extracurricular taken for fun,

While the serious students look elsewhere for pay.

I stared at her butt, with my brain in a muddle;

She wriggled just so, made the universe ring,

As her skirt softly slid to the floor, in a puddle,

"You've managed untying the Great Cosmic String."

Then I hooked my thumbs in the band of her pretties,

Barely covering mysteries theory had hidden,

Her laugh, husky and lyric, as I tugged itty-bitty,

To those who love Theory, nothing's forbidden.

And, now, for awhile I thought I'd play mad,

For in truth it was fair turn to tease her,

Though I knew, by that look, that she wanted it bad,

It was time for the theory of leisure.

But impatience now chose what I should not suppose,

While I gazed straight away into perfect desire,

How could I not help it? - That Great Cosmic Rose --

As I helplessly burst into galaxy fire.  
 I blurted, unversified, delights yet to come;  
 I'd retract them, but caught it too late;  
 "My dearest explorer, we've only begun,  
 That long journey to tectonic plates."  
 "Though I'm naked before you, completely revealed,  
 I've still marvelous wonders to show..."  
 I was dazed by her treasure, my senses now reeled,  
 "even then, please begin with my TOE."  
 Nary a photon, a quark-darkened fright,  
 Why, from bosons to starlight, is light years from here!  
 And from there, the first mammals ain't even in sight!  
 Just doin' the dinosaur takes a whole night!  
 I can see this might drag on for years and for years.  
 "Don't forget," she then added, "Fate's done the twisting,.  
 These are just blueprints, a probable place,  
 There's luck and ambition, and more to this listing  
 Perhaps extradition to impossible space.  
 There was little to say, despite lust's finest scent,  
 She just smiled and came ever nearer;  
 Like most theory, she rarely arrived where she went,  
 But, filling our glasses 'neath candlelight's tent  
 Said, "Do have some Madeira, m'deary."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\surgeon2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Surgeon all Dressed in Green  
 (llewtraH)  
 (By Vanilla Queen)  
 Glistening intestine,  
 Scalpel in my hand,  
 I'll cut out the infection,  
 I'm top surgeon in the land.  
 I used to be a doctor,  
 At some small hospital,  
 Then I was a consultant,  
 Lots of patients in my wards.  
 All those operations,  
 Slice and stitch and cure,  
 Two dozen amputations,  
 And a transplant twice a year.  
 And then I had a clinic,  
 In the dearest street in town,  
 And all the nurses loved me,  
 When I wore my surgeon's gown.  
 I'm the great top surgeon all dressed in green,

My mask was spotless, always clean,  
As my scalpel neatly cut out your spleen,  
It sliced into your intestine.  
It couldn't be avoided,  
Some patient's sure to die;  
The mistakes dragged me down,  
I sniffed gas to get me high.  
The smell of nitrous oxide,  
I could not resist,  
And now I use that scalpel,  
Watch it neatly slice my wrist ...

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\swtviol2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Mermaid (Sweet Violets)

There was a young sailor who looked through his glass,  
And spied a fair mermaid, with scales on her--  
Island where seagulls flew over their nests.  
She combed her long hair that hung over her--  
Shoulders and caused her to tickle and itch.  
The sailor cried out, "There's a beautiful--  
Mermaid a-sitting out there on the rocks."  
The crew came a-running a-grabbing their--  
Glasses and crowded four deep on the rail,  
All eager to share in this fine piece of--  
News which the Captain soon heard from the watch.  
He tied down the wheel and he reached for his--  
Crackers and cheese which he kept by the door,  
In case he might some day encounter a--  
Mermaid.  
He knew he must use all his wits,  
Crying, "Throw her a line and we'll lasso her--  
Flippers and then we shall certainly find,  
If mermaids are better in front or--  
Be brave my good fellows!", the Captain then said,  
"Good fortune will soon break her mermaiden--"  
Heading to starboard, they tacked with dispatch.  
Caught that fair mermaid right under her--  
Elbows and hustled her down below decks.  
Each took a turn at her feminine--  
Setting her free at the end of the farce,  
She splashed in the waves, falling flat on her--  
After a while, one man noticed some scabs.  
Soon they broke out with the pox and the--  
Scratching with fury, cursing with spleen;  
This song may be dull, but it's certainly clean.



(Oscar Brand)  
But Fritz--he wasn't buying.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\sylvia-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Sylvia The Fair

Sylvia the fair, at the age of sixteen,  
Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the green.  
She'd heard of ;a pleasure and something she guessed,  
By the towsing and tumbling and touching her breast.  
She saw the men eager but was at a loss,  
chorus: What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close.  
By their praying and whining and clasping and twining,  
And panting and wishing and sighing and kissing,  
And sighing and kissing so close.  
"Ah", she cried, "Ah, for a languishing maid,  
In a country of Christians to die without aid.  
Not a whig or a tory or trieber, at least;  
A protestant parson or catholic priest,  
To instruct a poor virgin who is at a loss."  
Cupid in shape of a swain did appear.  
He saw the sad wound and in pity drew near.  
Then he showed her his arrow and bid her not fear,  
For the pain was no more than a maiden could bear.  
When the balm was infused, she was not at a loss,  
(Pills To Purge Melancholy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\tailtod2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Tail Toddle

chorus: Tail toddle, Tail toddle,  
Tommy makes my tail toddle,  
In and out with diddle doddle,  
Tommy makes my tail toddle.  
Our good wife went o'er to Fife,  
For to by a coal riddle.  
Long e'er she come back again,  
Tommy make my tail toddle.  
Now when I'm dead, I'm out of date,  
And when I'm sick, I'm full of trouble.  
When I well, I step about,  
And Tommy makes my tail toddle.

Jesse Mack she gave me a penny,  
Helen Wallace gave me a boddle.  
Said the bride, It's very little,  
For to mend a broken doddle.  
(Robert Burns)  
Among so many men.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\takeoff2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Take Your Fingers Off It  
chorus: Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it,  
You know it don't belong to you.  
Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it,  
You know it don't belong to you.  
You know it's sad to see a woman, an extra good'un,  
Holding back on her sugar puddin'.  
Take your fingers off it, don't you dare touch it,  
You know it don't belong to you.  
Two old maids lying in bed,  
One turned toward the other and said,  
A nickel is a nickel, a dime is a dime,  
A house full of children, none of them's mine.  
I may be little and I may be thin,  
But I'm an awfully good daddy for the shape of I'm in.  
I never been to heaven but I've been told,  
Saint Peter taught the angels how to jelly roll.  
Big fish, little fish swimming in the water,  
Come back her, man, and marry my daughter.  
There's just one thing I could never understand,  
Why a bowlegged woman likes a knock-kneed man.  
I don't know but I've been told,  
Eskimo pussy is mighty cold.  
(Jerry Silverman)  
e most to say the least."  
"I know my ears aren't the greatest," said the wolf.  
"Lets just say  
somebody goofed."  
"You know something?" said Red, "I don't want to sound square, but you don't look  
like my Grandma at all.  
You look like some other cat."  
"Baby," said the

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\tarara-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay  
chorus: Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,  
Have you had yours today,  
I had mine yesterday,  
That's why I walk this way.  
I got a girl named Sassafrass,  
She's got pimples on her ass.  
Some is big and some is small,  
Some you can hardly see at all.  
As a freshman she was pure,  
Till the dean came by on tour.  
He was such a lousy lover,  
That he made a mother of her.  
As a sophomore she'd shrink,  
Till one day she learned to drink.  
Now they fill her up with gin,  
And anyone can put it in.  
As a junior she was told,  
She could sell the stuff for gold.  
She got the prexy to indorse,  
Her majoring in intercourse.  
As a senior after class,  
She was selling "instant ass".  
Then they kicked her out of school,  
For coming in the swimming pool.  
Now she hangs around the gates,  
Special commutation rates.  
Twenty buck for twenty boffs,  
Only one half price for profs.  
I tell you man, I could not hear a sound.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\tattood2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Tattooed Mother-In-Law  
One night in gay Par-ee,  
I paid five francs to see  
A big fat French lady,  
Tattooed from head to knee.  
And on her jaw was a British man-of-war,  
And on her back was a Union Jack,  
So I paid five francs more,  
And running up and down her spine  
Was the Bangkok Hash in line,  
And on her lily-white bum

Was a picture of the rising sun,  
And on her fanny  
Was Al Jolson singing Mammy,  
How I loves her, how I loves her,  
How I loves my mother-in-law.  
I loves my mother-in-law,  
She's nothing but a dirty old whore,  
She nags me day and night,  
And I can't do fuck-all right,  
She's coming home today,  
But I hope she stays away,  
Now isn't it a pity,  
She's only one titty,  
And she's in the family way.  
Last night I greased the stairs,  
Put thumbtacks on the chairs,  
I hope she breaks her back,  
Because I do love wearing black.  
She drinks all my brandy,  
And makes my dog feel randy,  
How I loves her, how I loves her,  
How I loves my mother-in-law.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\theczar2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

An Intimate Friend Of The Czar

(llewtraH)

An intimate friend of the czar was I,  
a personal friend to the great Nikolay.  
We practically slept in the same double bed;  
it was I at the foot and he at the head.  
Chorus: But all that seems distant  
And all that seems far  
From those glorious days  
At the palace of the czar  
When I was shooting with Rasputin,  
Ate farina with Czarina,  
Blinzes with the princess  
And the Czar -- Hey, hey hey!  
We were sharing tea and herring,  
Dipped banana in smetana,  
Bortsch and wurst round the samovar.  
As a friend of the czar, I was his gracious life,  
But friendlier still I was with his young wife.  
We practically slept in the same double bed,

'Till the czar kicked me out and slept there instead.  
But one awful day revolution broke out,  
I failed to see what the fuss was about.  
So one frosty morning I bid Russia goodbye;  
It was simply a case of Lenin or I.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\thingow2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Thing Is My Own  
(llewtraH)

I, a tender young maid, have been courted by many,  
Of all sorts and trades, as ever was any.

A spruce haberdasher first spake to me fair,  
But I would have nothing to do with small ware.

Chorus: My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still  
Yet other young lasses may do as they will.

A sweet scented courtier did give me a kiss,  
And promised me mountains if I would be his.  
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true;  
Some courtiers do promise much more than they do.

A fine Man of Law did come out of the Strand,  
To plead his own case with his fee in his hand;  
He made a brave motion but that would not do,  
For I did dismiss him and nonsuit him too.

Next came a young fellow, a notable spark,  
(With green bag and inkhorn, a Justice's clerk).  
He pull'd out his warrant to make all appear,  
But I sent him away with a flea in his ear.

A Master of Musick came with an intent,  
To give me a lesson on my instrument.  
I thanked him for nothing, but bid him be gone,  
For my little fiddle should not be played on.

An Usurer came with abundance of cash,  
But I had no mind to come under his lash.  
He profer'd me jewels, and great store of gold,  
But I would not mortgage my little Free-hold.

A blunt Lieutenant surprised my placket,  
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it.  
I mustered my spirits up and became bold,  
And forced my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold.

A crafty young bumpkin that was very rich,  
And used with his bargains to go through stitch,  
Did tender a sum, but it would not avail,  
That I should admit him my tenant in tail.

A fine dapper tailor, with a yard in his hand,  
Did profer his service to be at command.

He talked of a slit I had above knee,  
But I'll have no tailors to stitch it for me.  
A Gentleman that did talk much of his grounds,  
His Horses, his Setting-Dogs, and his greyhounds  
Put in for a Course, and used all his art,  
But he mist of the Sport, for Puss would not start.  
A pretty young Squire new come to the town  
To empty his Pockets, and so to go down,  
Did profer a kindness, but I would have none.  
The same that he used to his mother's maid, Joan.  
Now here I could reckon a hundred and more,  
Besides all the Gamesters recited before,  
That made their addresses in hopes of a snap  
But as young as I was, I understood trap.  
Chorus: My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still  
Until I be married, say men what they will.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\thorer-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Great God Thor

In days of yore, the great god Thor would ramp around creation.  
He'd drink a pint and slay a giant and save the Nordic nation,  
Or kill a Worm to watch it squirm and vainly try to fang him,  
Or lock up Loki in the pokey and on the noggin bang him.  
Once he did bawl through Thrudvang Hall, that on a trip he'd wander,  
In a disguise from prying eyes, In Midgard way out yonder,  
So all his slaves and carls and knaves packed up his goods and gear-o,  
And off he strode, on Bifrost Road, a perfect Aryan hero.  
In Midgard land he hoined a band of hardy Viking ruffians,  
And off they sailed and rowed and bailed among the auks and puffians.  
Whene'er they'd reach a foreign beach, they stopped to raid and plunder;  
Each Nordic brute got so much loot their longship near went under.  
But on they rolled in coins of gold, they had one joy forsaken,  
For on each raid Thor's party made, no women could be taken.  
Each drab and queen fled from the scene when Viking sails were sighted,  
And Thor felt the need for certain deed that had gone unrequited.  
Thor's brows were black as they went back to Oslo's rocky haven;  
Unto his crew he said, "Beshrew me for a Frankish craven,  
If I don't wrench some tavern wench, or else may Frigga damn her."  
Replied one voice, "You have first choice; you've got the biggest hammer."  
Into an inn that crew of sin disembarked upon their landing,  
Each tavern maid was sore afraid of pirates of such standing.  
But golden coins soon warmed up their loins and the ale soon ran free;  
Thor's motely crew poured down the brew and made an all-night spree.  
Thor's glances strayed unto a maid with hair as gold as grain,  
A lisp so shy, a downcast eye, and not a trace of brain;

He swept her charms into his arms and to an upstairs bower,  
And did not cease nor give her ease for six days and an hour!  
When he rose up and drained a cup, she looked like one near death.  
Her limbs were weak, she could not speak, and only gasped for breath.  
"You ought to know, before I go, I'm Thor," he said adieu.  
"You're Thor!" said she.  
"Consider me.  
I'm stronger, thinner, than you!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\thrashm2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Thrashing Machine

I knew a farmer; I knew him well.  
He had a daughter; her name was Nell.  
Although she was only sweet sixteen,  
I decided to show her my thrashing machine.  
The barn door was open, and in we did go;  
Into the corn to have a good go.  
She worked the throttle and I worked the steam,  
As I showed her the works of my thrashing machine.  
Oh father, oh father, I've come to confess,  
I've left a young maid in a hell of a mess.  
Her blouse is all tattered, her tits are bare,  
And there's something inside her that shouldn't be there.  
Oh son, oh son, you should have known better,  
To woo a fair maid without a French letter.  
Oh father, oh father, you do me unjust.  
I used one of yours and the fucking thing bust.  
Six months later all was not well.  
Something was wrong with our little Nell.  
And under her apron could clearly be seen,  
The works of my dirty old thrashing machine.  
Three months later all was not well,  
A baby boy was born to our little Nell.  
And under his nappy could clearly be seen,  
A brand new two cylinder thrashing machine.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\threjew2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Three Jews From Jerusalem

(llewtraH)

There were three Jews from Jerusalem,

There were three Jews from Jerusalem,  
Jerry-jerry-jerry-usalem,  
Jerry-jerry-jerry-usalem,  
There were three Jews from Jerusalem.  
The first one's name was Isaac,  
The first one's name was Isaac,  
Eysie-eysie-eysie-suck-suck-suck,  
Eysie-eysie-eysie-suck-suck-suck,  
The first one's name was Isaac.  
The second one's name was Joseph,  
The second one's name was Joseph,  
Josie-josie-josie-syph-syph-syph,  
Josie-josie-josie-syph-syph-syph,  
The second one's name was Joseph.  
The third one's name was Jehosophat,  
The third one's name was Jehosophat,  
Josie-josie-josie-fart-fart-fart  
Josie-josie-josie-fart-fart-fart  
The third one's name was Jehosophat.  
They went for a ride in a charabang,  
They went for a ride in a charabang,  
Chara-chara-chara-bang-bang-bang,  
Chara-chara-chara-bang-bang-bang,  
They went for a ride in a charabang.  
They went for a trip to Sussex,  
They went for a trip to Sussex,  
Sussy-sussy-sussy-sex-sex-sex,  
Sussy-sussy-sussy-sex-sex-sex,  
They went for a trip to Sussex.  
There was a mighty thunderclap,  
There was a mighty thunderclap,  
Thunder-thunder-thunder-clap-clap-clap  
Thunder-thunder-thunder-clap-clap-clap  
There was a mighty thunderclap.  
The car went over a precipice,  
The car went over a precipice,  
Preci-precipreci-piss-piss-piss  
Preci-precipreci-piss-piss-piss  
The car went over a precipice.  
They were taken off to hospital,  
They were taken off to hospital,  
Hosi-hosi-hosi-tool-tool-tool  
Hosi-hosi-hosi-tool-tool-tool  
They were taken off to hospital.  
The hospital was in Norfolk,  
The hospital was in Norfolk,  
Nori-nori-nori-fuck-fuck-fuck,  
Nori-nori-nori-fuck-fuck-fuck,  
The hospital was in Norfolk.  
There were no beds a vacant,



There were no beds a vacant,  
Vay-ay-ay-ay-cunt-cunt-cunt  
Vay-ay-ay-ay-cunt-cunt-cunt  
There were no beds a vacant.  
They laid them on a palliasse,  
They laid them on a palliasse,  
Pally-ally-ally-arse-arse-arse,  
Pally-ally-ally-arse-arse-arse,  
They laid them on a palliasse.  
This is where we finish it,  
This is where we finish it,  
Fini-fini-fini-shit-shit-shit  
Fini-fini-fini-shit-shit-shit  
This is where we finish it.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\titanic2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Titanic  
(llewtraH)  
Oh they built a ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,  
And they thought they had a ship that the water'd never go through,  
But the good Lord raised his hand, said that ship will never land;  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
Oh they were not far from England, not very far from shore,  
When the rich refused to associate with the poor.  
So they put them down below where they'd be the first to go.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
The ship was filled with sin and the sides about to burst,  
When the captain shouted "Women and children first!"  
For help they tried to wire but the lines were all on fire.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
They threw the life boats out on to the raging sea,  
As the band struck up with "Nearer my God to Thee."  
Little children wept and cried as we threw them over the side.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
We were down below, trying to make that damn ship go,  
When the chief shouted out, "Boys, she's gonna blow!"  
We heard a mighty crash and we knew our ass was grass.  
It was said when the great ship went down.  
The ship began to pitch and the lights began to flicker,  
And the captain shouted "Me gosh, where's me liquor?"  
He got completely ripped and went down with the ship.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
Lady Astor looked around as she watched her husband drown,  
And the great Titanic made a gurgling sound,  
So she wrapped herself in mink as she watched that damn ship sink.

It was sad when the great ship went down.  
Duluth and Thunder Bay were scrumming on the deck,  
When the scrum half shouted "Boys she's gonna wreck!"  
So we shouted out with fear, "GIMME ANOTHER BEER!"  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
So they built another ship, Titanic Number Two,  
And they thought they had a ship that the water'd never go through,  
But they christened it with beer and it sank right off the pier  
It was sad when the great ship went down.  
The moral of the story is very plain to see:  
Always wear your life preserver when you go out to sea.  
The Titanic never made it and never more shall be.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\titpull2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Saga Of Dorothy Shaw

Let me tell the saga of Dorothy Shaw,  
Who got both her nipples stuck fast in a door.  
She pulled and she pulled, she became desperate,  
And slowly her tits became more elongate.  
Soon she was standing almost six feet back,  
But still her poor nipples were solidly trapped.  
Then with a ping, from the door frame they popped,  
And onto the floor like two dead fish, they flopped.  
They were long, they were flat, like two curtains they dangle,  
Looking as if they had run through a mangle.  
She could trail them behind her like a crocodile's tail,  
Or wrap them around several times without fail.  
Throw them over her shoulder to droop past her ass;  
Drag them out to full length to drag on the grass;  
Tie them in knots or braid them with ribbon;  
Display them with pride or in shame keep them hidden.  
Each morning she had to roll those tits right up,  
And stuff each one into a double-D cup.  
But one day as Dorothy strolled down the street,  
Her tits came unravelled and trailed at her feet.  
Those ribbons of flesh, they bounced and they rippled,  
And the uneven flagstones abraded her nipples.  
The passers-by stared and they started to laugh.  
It looked like our Dorothy wore a living pink scarf.  
Next day, she secured them with plasters and tape;  
Determined her mammaries would not escape.  
Within a few hours the tape started sagging,  
And once more behind her those bosoms were dragging.  
Dorothy was not one to make a big fuss,

Until those poor glands fell under a bus.  
Unawares, she walked on until caught by whiplash,  
And twanged into the vehicle with a very loud crash.  
The next time she went out, she secured them with laces,  
Crossed them over her shoulders, tied them tight round her waist; Flat-chested she  
looks, but when laborers at work  
Yell, "Show us your tits,"  
she just lifts up her skirt.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\tobolyn2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Tom Bolynn  
Tom Bolynn was a Scotsman born,  
His shoes were tight and his clothing torn.  
His fly held closed by the point of a pin;  
It makes for speed cries Tom Bolynn.  
chorus: Tom Bolynn, Tom Bolynn,  
Tom Bolynn, Hi Ho!  
Tom Bolynn went courting one night,  
The mother and the daughter stripped for a fight.  
They screamed and the scratched in their naked skin;  
I'll bed you both says Tom Bolynn.  
One night returning from his journey's end,  
He found his wife in bed with a friend.  
The weather was cold and the blanket thin;  
I'll sleep in the middle says Tom Bolynn.  
He went to church just once in his life,  
They preached against laying another man's wife.  
They called it a shame and they called it a sin;  
Keeps them happy says Tom Bolynn.  
Tom Bolynn had a mangy cur,  
With a ratty tail and matted fur.  
He lay like dead till a bitch came in;  
It Lazarus risen says Tom Bolynn.  
Tom Bolynn he needed a coat.  
He borrowed a skin from a neighboring goat.  
The horns at his middle, he set with a grin;  
Wish they were mine says Tom Bolynn.  
The goat skin itched till his skin was sore,  
He vowed he would wear it no more.  
The skin side out, the fur side in;  
I'll go bare-assed says Tom Bolynn.  
Tom Bolynn had no hat for his head,  
A chamberpot would do him instead.  
He murdered a cod for the sake of his fin,  
Twill pass for a feather, says Tom Bolynn.append

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\tongtie2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Tongue-Tied Baby

Last night I had a date with a tongue-tied baby,  
Who confessed she so loved me.

Last night I had a date with a tongue-tied baby,  
Who confessed she so loved me.

She said, "Doodie, my grandmother will be out of sight,  
Oh Honey Bunch, I'm all alone at home tonight."

I was so glad, that I lay back on the bed,

And in that same tongue-tied language, that baby said:  
chorus: Your ding baby's dying, get up!

Me grandma is coming, it's twelve o'clock!

It's twenty-five to twelve, please get up!

Me grandma is coming, it's twelve o'clock!

I asked her, "Darling, why should you be afraid?"

She said, "No use you trying to, Ivader"

She said, "Dee, you ought to have a little sympathy,  
Remember you got female family."

I rack my brain, and the I remember,

She had a right to respect her grandmother,

I talk and talk and try to make that mopsy fall,

But in that same tongue-tied language, that baby's voice:

I threw my arms around the lady's shoulder,

She said, "I really love you, Invader"

So there and then we both started in to caress.

She said, "I'm quite willing to grant your request,

But you are a regular boy friend of mine,

My grandmother is expected any time."

I wasn't dressed, I wasn't dressed as I lay on the bed,

In tongue-tied language that baby said:

As a Trinidadian I used up my diplomacy,

Telling her about the matrimony.

She said, "Dee, you know that I will always consent,

At any moment to accept your engagement,

But I don't think it would be looking right,

For my grandmother to come and catch you here tonight.

I heard her knocking and her grandmother she call,

And in that same tongue-tied language that baby bawl:

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\toomuch2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## Too Much Of A Good Thing

-

Peggy Seeger

On Monday night, he came to my door, and he made such a din,  
"Get up, get up my darling girl, and let you lover come in."  
Well, I got up and I let him in, and on me he did fall.  
It was 5 o'clock in the morning before I got any sleep at all.  
On Tuesday night, he came to my door, the joys of love to tend.  
"Get up, get up you darling girl before I go round the bend."  
Well, I got up and I let him in, and in my arms he lay.  
I had to hear the stroke of four before he'd go away.  
On Wednesday night he came to my door, a little late in time.  
"I'd have been here sooner you darling girl but the hills so hard to climb.

I hadn't been in his arms very long before he let me be.  
Then out of the house and down the road just after the stroke of three.  
On Thursday night he came to my door so weary and so slow,  
"Oh give me a drink you darling girl and then to work we'll go."  
Well, all night long he fought with it, but I had to help him through,  
And I heard him sigh as he rose to go, "It's only after two."  
On Friday night he came to my door, shaking in every limb.  
"Get up, get up you darling girl, get up and carry me in."  
Well, I got up and I carried him in, and gently laid him down,  
But hardly could his spirits rise to reach the stroke of one.  
On Saturday night he came to my door, he came on his hands and knees,  
"Oh don't come down, you darling girl, stay in and let me be."  
Well I got up and I let him in, but he fell down in a swoon.  
And though often I tried to raise him up, he slept till Sunday noon.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\tooquik2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## Pre-Mature Ejaculation Blues

(llewtraH)

Lyin' in bed with my baby,  
Gonna get some tonight.  
I could see by the look in her eyes,  
If it ain't hard, we're gonna fight.  
I swore my Johnson was long and hard,  
I like to think of myself like that,  
But when we touched I couldn't help myself,  
I shot my load all over her cat.  
It blew my mind when it was over,  
And it was over just as soon as it began,  
It blew my mind when it was over,  
As soon as I was in, I was done.

Life can be funny, life can be cruel.  
 Shoot too quick, you're gonna look like a fool.  
 She takes two hours to dress real hot,  
 Takes me two seconds to shoot my shot.  
 She's not talkin' 'bout a macho thing,  
 When she asks are you a man or a mouse!  
 She doesn't care if you live in a hole.  
 She's talkin' 'bout my dick,  
 Not about my house, and it.  
 It blew my mind when it was over,  
 And it was over just as soon as it began,  
 It blew my mind when it was over,  
 She showed me the door.  
 Said he'd clean her cat.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\torgown2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Torn A' Ma Gown

Chorus: He's torn a', ripped a', torn a' ma goon,  
 He's torn a', ripped a', torn a' ma goon,  
 He's torn a', ripped a', torn a' ma goon,  
 Did ever ye see sic an ill-trickit loon?  
 The broon coo's broken oot an' eaten a' the corn,  
 The broon coo's broken oot an' eaten a' the corn,  
 The broon coo's broken oot an' eaten a' the corn,  
 If she disnae eat it a' t'day, she'll eat it a' the morn.  
 The black bu's broken oot an' bullied a' the kye,  
 The black bu's broken oot an' bullied a' the kye,  
 The black bu's broken oot an' bullied a' the kye,  
 If he disnae bu' them a' t'day, he'll bu' them by and by.  
 She widna dae't, she widna dae't, she widnae dae't ava,  
 In bed or oot the bed or up agin the wa',  
 But she did it on the pantry flair, the best ye ever saw;  
 She hotchit up her petticoat and cried, "Ca' awa!"  
 glossary: a': all (but in the chorus probably short for awa' agin: against ava: at  
 all  
 broon: brown bu' (noun): bull  
 bu' (verb): see "bullied" bullied: performed the proper  
 function of a bull (ahem!)  
 ca' awa: come away = "go ahead!"  
 coo: cow  
 dae't: do it  
 disnae: does not  
 flair: floor  
 goon: gown  
 hotchit: hoisted

ill-trickit: badly-behaved  
kye: cows  
oot: out  
sic: such  
wa': wall  
widna: would not

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\tradman2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Tradesman

Sometimes I am a glover, and can do passing well, sir,  
In dressing of a doeskin, I know I do excel, sir.  
But if, by chance, a flaw I find in dressing of the leather,  
I straightway whip my needle out and tack them close together.  
Sometimes I am a cobbler, and work with silly bones, sir,  
I make my leather fine and soft, I use a pair of stones, sir.  
My lasts four and my lasting sticks are fit for any size, sir,  
I know the size of lasses feet, by the handling of their thighs, sir.  
Sometimes I am a cook, and on Fleet Street I dwell, sir,  
At the sign of a sugar loaf, as it is known full well, sir.  
And if a dainty lass comes by and wants a dainty bit, sir,  
I take four quarters in my hand and mount them on my spit, sir.  
Sometimes I am a tailor, and work with thread that's strong, sir;  
I have a fine great needle, about two handfulls long, sir.  
The finest seamstress in the land that works by line or leisure,  
Can use my needle in a pinch, and do themselves great pleasure.  
Sometimes I am a tanner, sometimes among the best, sir,  
But I could never get a hair from any hide I dressed, sir.  
For I've been tanning all the hides for seven years and more, sir;  
And yet it is as hairy still as e'er it was before, sir.

### The Tapster

(llewtraH)

From D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy

Sometimes I am a Tapster new,  
And skilful in my Trade Sir,  
I fill my Pots most duly,  
Without deceit or froth Sir:  
A Spicket of two Handfuls long,  
I use to Occupy Sir:  
And when I set a Butt abroach,  
Then shall no Beer run by Sir.  
Sometimes I am a Butcher,  
And then I feel fat Ware Sir;  
And if the flank be fleshed well,  
I take no farther care Sir:  
But in I thrust my Slaughtering-Knife,

Up to the Haft with speed Sir;  
For all that ever I can do,  
I cannot make it bleed Sir.  
Sometimes I am a Baker,  
And Bake both white and brown Sir;  
I have as fine a Wrigling-Pole,  
As any is in all this Town Sir;  
But if my Oven be over-hot,  
I dare not thrust in it Sir;  
For burning of my Wrigling-Pole,  
My Skill's not worth a Pin Sir.  
Sometimes I am a Glover,  
And can do passing well Sir;  
In dressing of a Doe-skin,  
I know I do excel Sir:  
But if by chance a Flaw I find,  
In dressing of the Leather;  
I straightway whip my Needle out,  
And I tack 'em close together.  
Sometimes I am a Cook,  
And in Fleet-Street I do dwell Sir  
At the sign of the Sugarloaf,  
As it is known full well Sir:  
And if a dainty Lass comes by  
And wants a dainty bit Sir;  
I take four Quarters in my Arms,  
And put them on my Spit Sir.  
In Weaving and in Fulling,  
I have such passing Skill Sir;  
And underneath my Weaving-Beam,  
There stands a Fulling-Mill Sir:  
To have good Wives displeasure  
I would be very loath Sir;  
The Water runs so near my Hand,  
It over-thicks my Cloath Sir.  
Sometimes I am a Shoe-maker,  
And work with silly Bones Sir:  
To make my Leather soft and moist,  
I use a pair of Stones Sir:  
My Lasts for and my lasting Sticks  
Are fit for every size Sir  
I know the length of Lasses Feet  
By handling of their Thighs Sir.  
The Tanner's Trade I practice,  
Sometimes amongst the rest Sir;  
Yet I could never get a Hair,  
Of any Hide I dress'd Sir;  
For I have been tanning of a Hide,  
This long seven Years and more Sir;  
And yet it is as hairy still,



As ever it was before Sir.  
Sometimes I am a Taylor,  
And work with Thread that's strong Sir  
I have a fine great Needle,  
About two handfulls long Sir.  
The finest Sempster in this Town,  
That works by line or leisure;  
May use my Needle at a pinch.  
And do themselves great Pleasure.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\travelr2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Travelers Three  
(llewtraH)

\*-----

There were three travelers, travelers three,  
Hey down, ho down, lack a down derry  
And they would go travel the north country  
Without ever a penny of money.  
At length, by good fortune, they came to an inn,  
And they were as merry as e'er they had been.  
A jolly young widow did smiling appear,  
She gave them a banquet of delicate cheer.  
They drank to their hostess a merry full bowl,  
She pledged them in love, like a generous soul,  
The hostess, her maid and cousin, all three,  
They kissed and made merry, as merry could be,  
When they had been merry good part of the day,  
They called their hostess to know what to pay.  
The handsomest man of the three, up he got.  
He laid her on her back and he paid her the shot.  
The middlemost man to her cousin he went,  
He being handsome, she gave her consent.  
The last man of all, he took up with the maid,  
And thus the whole shot, it was lovingly paid.  
The hostess, the cousin and servant, we find,  
Made curtsies and thanked them for being so kind,  
Then, taking their leaves, they went merrily out.  
They're gone for to travel the nation about,  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\trnpike2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Fair Maid Stranded On The Turnpike

(llewtraH)

by Joan Sprung

Lovely Sally was a maiden, as pure as she was sweet,  
Hair in ringlets to her waist and sandals on her feet.  
She wore a little granny dress which was so very thin,  
That you could see 'most all of Sally that was there within.  
She was on her way to market for to buy some beer and chips,  
When on the way her car broke down, scarce halfway on her trip.  
A tall young man did stop to help, as strong as he was large;  
He said he would be pleased to give her battery a charge.  
And after but a little time, this young man, he grew bold.  
He drew out his jumper cables as they rested by the road.  
She cried, "I hardly know you," so he said, "My name is Jules/  
My stock in trade is bodywork; I have with me my tools."  
He tinkered with her manifold, likewise her points and plugs,  
For he'd had much experience with cars just like her bug.  
And by the evening of the day, her motor purred and sighed.  
He jumped into his sports car, down the turnpike he did ride.  
Now Sally, though no longer pure, has gotten very wise.  
For in her car he left behind a very big surprise.  
So gather round, young maidens, if adventure you desire,  
Then shun the man who drives away and leaves you a spare tire.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\trnseam2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Turning S Seam

(llewtraH)

There was a young tailor, with needle and thread,  
Who met a young lady who's soon to be wed.  
He met this young lady down by the millstream,  
And she asked for his help in turning a seam.  
So he threaded her needle and stitched fine and fast;  
His handiwork was then approved by this lass.  
And down by the shade of an oak by the stream,  
She asked him once more to help turning a seam.  
There was a young cobbler with leather and awl,  
Who met a young lassie one evening in fall.  
She greeted him kindly and asked if he knew  
Someone to help her with lacing of her shoe.  
So he threaded her laces through eyelets of brass;  
His handiwork, it was approved by this lass.  
And there in the thicket, she asked him anew  
If he'd help her again with a-lacing her shoe.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\trojans2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Trojans Are A Girl's Best Friend  
A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental,  
Trojans are a girl's best friend.  
You may get the works but you won't get parental,  
As he slides it in,  
You trust that good old latex skin.  
As he lets fly, none gets by,  
'Cause it's all gathered up in the end.  
This little precaution avoids an abortion,  
Trojans are is a girl's best friend.  
(Michael Green)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\trooper2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Trooper  
There was an old woman lived under a hill.  
Lolly lolly lolly lo.  
She had good beer and ale for to sell.  
Looly lo, lolly lo, lolly lolly lolly lo.  
She had a daughter, her name was Sis.  
She kept her at home for to welcome her guests.  
There came a trooper riding by.  
He called for drink so plentifully.  
When one pot was out, he called for another.  
He kissed the daughter before the mother.  
When night came on, to bed they went.  
It was with the mother's own consent.  
Quoth she, "What is this so stiff and warm?"  
"Tis Ball my nag, he will do you no harm."  
"But what is this hangs under his chin?"  
"Tis the bag he puts his provender in."  
Quoth he, "What is this?", quoth she, "Tis a well,  
Where Ball your nag can drink his fill."  
"But what if my nag should chance to fall in?"  
"Catch hold of the grass that grows by the brim."  
"But what if the grass should chance to fail?"  
"Shove him in by the head, pull him out by his tail."  
(Pills To Purge Melancholy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\troopmd2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Trooper And The Maid  
A soldier rode from the east to the west,  
The moon shone bright and clearly.  
She knew her soldier by his horse,  
Because she loved him dearly.  
She took his horse by the bridal rein,  
And led him to the stable.  
Here's oats and corn for my soldiers horse,  
For to eat it at his leisure.  
She took him by the lily-white hand,  
And led him to the table.  
Here's wine, here's cakes, for my soldier to eat,  
And drink while he is able.  
So she pulled off his true blue coat,  
And laid it on the table.  
With a brace of pistols by his side,  
"Oh my dear, I am able."  
They went to bed about an hour,  
Before the trumpets blowing.  
She cried out with a thrilling cry,  
"Oh Lord! Oh Lord! I'm ruined!  
Oh when shall I see my soldier again,  
Oh when shall we get married?  
When peace is made and the soldiers are home,  
Then, oh then, we'll marry.  
As we jog along through the snow.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\trsna2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

One-Eyed Trouser Snake  
(llewtraH)  
Oh, I got a little creature, I'd think you'd call him pet,  
And if there's something wrong with him, I don't have to see a vet.  
He goes everywhere that I go, whether sleeping or awake.  
God help me if I ever lose me one-eyed trouser snake.  
Chorus: Oh me one-eyed trouser snake,  
Oh me one-eyed trouser snake,  
God help me if I ever lose,  
Me one-eyed trouser snake.  
One day I got reading in an old sky pilot's book,  
About two starkers innocents who made the world go crook,

They reckoned it was a serpent that made Eve the apple take;  
Cripes, 'twas no flaming serpent, 'twas Adam's one-eyed trouser snake.  
I met this arty sheila[1] who I'd never met before,  
And something kind of told me she banged like a dunny[2] door,  
I said, "Come up and see my etching."  
She said, "I hope it's not a fake,"  
She wasn't disappointed with me one-eyed trouser snake.  
So come all you little sheilas and listen to me song,  
The moral of the trouser snake is as short as it is long.  
Beware of imitation, don't lock your bedroom door,  
When me pyjama python bites you, you'll be screaming out for more.

[1]

Aussie slang for a woman

[2]

Aussie slang for an outhouse

[2]

Aussie slang for an outhouse (shithouse)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\turnsem2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Turning A Seam

There was a young tailor, with needle and thread,  
Who met a young lady was soon to be wed;  
He met this young lady down by the millstream,  
And she asked for his help in turning a seam.  
So he threaded her needle and stitched fine and fast;  
His handiwork, it was approved by this lass.  
And down by the shade of an oak by the stream,  
She asked him once more to help turning a seam.  
There was a young cobbler with leather and awl,  
Who met a young lassie one evening in fall;  
She greeted him kindly and asked if he knew,  
Someone to help her with lacing her shoe.  
So he threaded her laces through eyelets of brass;  
His handiwork, it was approved by this lass.  
And there in the thicket, she asked him anew,  
If he'd help her again with a-lacing her shoe.

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\undrwar2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Walking 'Round In Women's Underwear

Tune: Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland  
Lacy things, have gone missing,  
Didn't ask her permission,  
They're wearing her clothes, her silk panty-hose,  
And running 'round in womens' underwear.  
Okay guys, if you wanna,  
You can dress like Madonna,  
Put on some eyeshade, make a SouthSide parade,  
Go running 'round in womens' underwear.  
On ET, there is a teddy,  
Little straps, like spaghetti,  
It hugs him real tight like handcuffs at night,  
He's running 'round in womens' underwear.  
The SouthSide GM, he's a fancy fella,  
He likes to put them onto auto-pay,  
About blokes in dresses - he says "No way!  
"But running in your high heels, that's Okay."  
Over the hills, see them coming,  
SouthSide Hashers are running,  
Dressed up like Bo-Peep, cause they're all into sheep,  
And running 'round in womens' underwear.  
Come and join SouthSide Hashers,  
They don't mind if you're flashers,  
They'll dress you all up, put on a "B" cup,  
And run around in womens' underwear.  
(Slower)  
For they're not adverse,  
To dressing reverse,  
And running 'round in womens' underwear.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\unkfred2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Uncle Fred And Auntie Mabel  
Uncle Fred and Auntie Mabel,  
Fainted at the breakfast table.  
Would not heed this awful warning,  
"Do Not Do It In The Morning!"  
Philoscence soon put them right,  
To carry on the live-long night.  
Now they're hoping very soon,  
To try it in the afternoon.  
Uncle Fred and Auntie Mabel,  
Find themselves extremely able.  
Since they took that famed elixir,  
Freddie regularly sticks her.  
After breakfast, during dunch,

You can hear the bedsprings crunch.  
Fred and Mabel both agree,  
It hits the spot at half-past three.  
Fred and Mabel both agree,  
It hits the spot just after tea.  
(Jerry Silverman)  
His ball-point by his side.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\uptails2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Uptails All

There hath a question been of late among the useful sort,  
What pastime is the pleasantest, and what's the sweetest sport.  
And it hath been adjudged, as well by great and small,  
That of all pastimes none is like to Uptails All.  
All bachelors will to this game and married men likewise,  
Yea, maids and wives and widows will use it all their lives.  
And old men that will have a go, although their games but small,  
Yet these old colts will have a bout at Uptails All.  
In cannot be unwholesome, physicians do it use;  
And if it were a loathsome thing, then it they would refuse.  
But if it hurt the body, then sure their skill is small,  
For all the best of these will play at Uptails All.  
All ladies love this pastime, and do the pleasure crave;  
And if it were a base thing, then it they would not have.  
But yet the fairest woman sould soonest for it call,  
There is no one but that will play at Uptails All.  
And if it were a costly thing, then beggars couldn't buy it;  
And if it were a loathsome thing, the gentile would decry it.  
But oh, it is a sweet thing and pleasing unto all.  
There is no one but that will play at Uptails All.  
(Pills to Purge Melancholy)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\venusbr2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### That Red Headed Venusburg Gal

by Rhysling as  
Robt Heinlein, (c) 1947  
completed by Sharon Ann Burn  
\*(Tune: chorus is "Popeye", verse is sort of "The Bowery")  
One night I landed in Venusburg town.  
I lit out as soon as my rocket touched down,

With money to spend and with troubles to drown  
And a red headed Venusburg gal.  
Oh, that red headed Venusburg gal  
To every spaceman a pal.  
In Venusburg city, the Welcome Committee's  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
She was a dolly with hair red as flame.  
She did me over in ways I can't name,  
With oodles of talent and no shred of shame,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
Oh, that red headed Venusburg gal,  
To every spaceman a pal.  
She's limber and slinky and ever so kinky,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
She spread out her legs on the seat of a "croc",  
We did it doggy-style in an air lock.  
Her socket was hot as an electric shock,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
Oh, that red headed Venusburg gal,  
To every spaceman a pal.  
She'll take out the starch in the stiffest old Martian,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
She was a sporting gal, second to none.  
She told me that golfing was her kind of fun,  
With her favorite stroke and a neat hole-in-one,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
Oh, that red headed Venusburg gal,  
To every spaceman a pal,  
Her preference erotic is highly exotic,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
She showed me some tricks she could do in low-gee's,  
She fondled my whatsit with elbows and knees,  
Then brought in her sister to help, if you please,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
Oh, that red headed Venusburg gal,  
To every spaceman a pal.  
For depravity in all kinds of gravity,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
She gave me her tits and her tongue and her tush.  
If I gave a shove, then she'd give back a push.  
My bird in her hand was worth two in her bush,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
Oh, that red headed Venusburg gal,  
To every spaceman a pal.  
From Mercury to Ganymede, the wildest of any maid,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
And so if you're booked for a Venusburg ride,  
Just look up this gal and you'll know I ain't lied,  
For there in her lap is old Venusburg's pride,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.



Oh, that red headed Venusburg gal,  
To every spaceman a pal.  
For she is so generous with her Mons Veneris,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.  
I've known lots of girls and you bet that I've kissed 'em,  
I've loved 'em and left 'em and never have missed 'em,  
But the finest "free fall" in the whole Solar System  
Is that red headed Venusburg gal.  
Oh, that red headed Venusburg gal,  
To every spaceman a pal.  
And once you have met her, you'll never forget her,  
That red headed Venusburg gal.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\viagra-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Viagra  
(llewtraH)  
The wife and I, as years went by,  
Have grown old with each other;  
The sexual taste has been replaced,  
She treats me like a brother.  
Or so I thought, until she bought  
A thing to bring back magic;  
A tiny pill to cure our ill,  
The results, alas, were tragic.  
Viagra, Viagra, a sexual Niagara,  
I tell you bud, you'll be a stud,  
When you take some Viagra.  
A night of wonder and of passion,  
My darling wife said she would fashion  
To make me lose control  
And go 'full throttle'.  
The label, it said "1 per day"  
But she misread it "1 per lay"  
And so she spiked my food with the whole bottle.  
Viagra, Viagra, a sexual Niagara,  
I'm telling you, don't overdo,  
Your dosage of Viagra.  
An hour since I took the dose,  
I took my wife; I held her close.  
I said "My love, it's time for some romance"  
She said "Oh dear now don't be silly"  
Just as my snakelike stiffening willy  
Burst through the upper regions of my pants.  
It looked so good, it looked a charm,  
It looked just like a baby's arm,

Holding up a lamb's heart in its hand,  
And then I felt a mighty throb,  
It echoed through my mighty knob,  
And so my horn continued to expand.  
Viagra, Viagra, a sexual Niagara  
I'm telling you, don't overdo,  
Your dosage of Viagra.  
My wife said "Honey, upstairs quick,  
You've got to let me at that dick,  
I'll find a way to soon reduce that girth."  
And so upstairs she climbed aboard,  
What she did call 'My mighty sword',  
And rode and rode and rode for all she's worth.  
I must concur, events did blur, the rest I cannot tell,  
I woke up placid, and very flaccid, in a policeman's cell.  
Viagra, Viagra, a sexual Niagara,  
I'm telling you, don't overdo,  
Your dosage of Viagra.  
Apparently I lost control,  
I stuck my cock in any hole,  
In any crack, in any gap or cleft.  
My wife is in intensive care,  
My dog left home (I know not where).  
And he was walking funny when he left.  
I had the mailman so they say,  
And several people on the way,  
And all of these complained to the police,  
And as the cops have just explained,  
My member still had not been drained,  
And I continued looking for release.  
Viagra, Viagra, a sexual Niagara,  
I curse the day, I went to play,  
All pumped up with Viagra.  
As I rampaged through street and garden,  
Preceded always by my hard-on,  
I met a mugger who was bent on thuggery,  
He just could not believe his eyes,  
When he beheld my weapon's size,  
And suffered (I am told) an act of buggery.  
A farm I entered with no cares,  
And went through (twice) some fifty mares,  
And put the local stallion to shame.  
Then just 'cause I was in the habit,  
I went and serviced some kid's rabbit,  
It inflated like a football when I came.  
Viagra, Viagra, a sexual Niagara,  
And you will screw 'til your balls go blue,  
When you try out Viagra.  
Then I was captured with a net,  
Sedated by the local vet,

And my unconscious body dragged to jail,  
Now I behold my tiny member,  
I must admit I can't remember,  
It ever being so shrunken and so frail.  
So let me warn you one and all,  
That pride will come before a fall,  
Don't burn the candle at both ends,  
And half my neighbours can't sit down,  
I fear they'll hound me out of town,  
And the mailman wants us to be friends.  
Viagra, Viagra, a sexual Niagara,  
I'm telling you, don't overdo,  
Your dosage of Viagra.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\violate2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Violate Me In The Violet Time  
Violate me in the violet time,  
In the vilest way that you know, ho ho,  
Ruin me, ravish me, utterly depravish me,  
Unto me no mercy show.  
To the best things in life, I am totally oblivious,  
Give me a girl who is lewd and lacivious.  
Violate me in the violet time,  
In the vilest way that you know, ho ho ho.  
(House of Loki Berkeley 1959)  
To the place she used for sleep.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\virstir2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Virgin Sturgeon  
Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,  
The virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish.  
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',  
That's why caviar is my dish.  
Trout fish is just like a salmon,  
Except it's on a minor scale.  
But the trout fish like the salmon,  
Can't get along without its tail.  
Shad roe comes from the harlot shadfish,  
Shadfish face a sorry fate.  
A pregnant shadfish is a sad fish,

Gets that way without a mate.  
 Oysters are prolific bivalves,  
 They have young ones in their shell.  
 How they diddle is a riddle,  
 But they do so what the hell.  
 The green sea turtle's mate is happy,  
 Over the lover's winning ways.  
 First he grips her, with his flipper,  
 Then they flip for days and days.  
 The lady clam is optimistic,  
 Shoots her eggs out in the sea.  
 Hopes her suitor is a shooter,  
 Hits the self same spot as she.  
 Give some thoughts to the canny codfish,  
 Ever here when duty calls.  
 Female codfish are an odd fish,  
 From them, too, come codfish balls.  
 Lucky critters are the ray fish,  
 When a litter they essay.  
 Yes my hearties, they have parties,  
 In the good old fashioned way.  
 I fed caviar to my grandpa,  
 He's at the age of ninety-three.  
 Shouts of joy came out of grandma,  
 When he chased her up a tree.  
 I fed caviar to my uncle,  
 He's the age of ninety-eight.  
 Now he chases round with women,  
 He's been arrested twice for rape.  
 I fed caviar to my girlfriend;  
 She was a virgin through and through.  
 First I humped her, then I jumped her;  
 There is nothing she won't do.  
 I've got a girl in the South Sea Islands.  
 She wears a fig leaf; that is all.  
 I'm going to visit her in the Autumn;  
 That's when leaves begin to fall.  
 ŠFü\*FýpEPÿvðVè#fÄŹFô&p  
 ŠFü^FýèÿvðVè#fÄŹFô&€=u <F  
 ÷D!Ä+À+ð^\_MM<âJMEU<ìfìWV€~&#12;t\ŠF&#12;^FüZ7@ŹF  
 <pF&Š ŹF<BG&^ ŹF  
 &Š^FýŹF<BG&^ F<F  
 €~ÿtŠFý^FpŹF  
 <pF&Š ŹF<BG&^ pNpuépNüu^\_<âJÄU<ìfìVÄv<pF&Š  
 Ät^FýF&Š^Fý<ÆÄ@<ðŠFý\*äðpNyua<ÆÄ^<âJÄU<ìfìWV<v<ÆF<N<øŽÁ<pF&Š \*äð<ÁŠF[PQVQWè\*ÿfÄ  
 ^\_<âJÄU<ìfì V<vŹF[F&Š^Fý<ÆÄ@<ðŠFý\*äÆ^<âJÄU<ìi~WV<vÆFýÇFôÿvVšö, NÆ<Ñ<ø%V

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\virus--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Virus  
(llewtraH)  
Llewtrah, 2000  
Don't place your trust in foolish promises sworn;  
Ensure you have condoms and that they're worn.  
Street corner junkies beware.  
The virus will find you; it's eve'rywhere.  
The fears of syphilis mean nothing at all;  
And gonorrhoea's terrors are starting to pall.  
Death lies in pleasures you share;  
The virus is passed through sex without care.  
The virus infects you, you're dead for sure;  
You've the virus inside and there is no cure.  
You know you'll despair,  
As the virus inside will always be there.  
The pleasure-field of fucking pales into dust;  
The virus between you, more with each thrust.  
No beast alive does compare;  
The virus inside you everywhere.  
Let not your heart be swayed to condom-less lust,  
If you like anal sex, sheathes are a must.  
The doctors cannot repair,  
That damage you risk; fuck with more care.  
'Cause it will be your downfall, use a sheath, stay alive!  
It will be your nightmare, one you cannot survive!  
The rash of herpes now seems mild by compare,  
For HIV's deadly and you should be scared.  
No clues to whom, when or where;  
The medics implore you fuck with more care.  
The dust lies thick on casket, rich man or whore;  
Distinction disappears by worms both are gnawed.  
The condom's in vogue once more,  
'Cause the virus is a risk you can't afford.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\vulgmin2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The More Vulgar Minded  
She went for a ride in a Morgan,  
The chaffeur was named Sunny Jim.  
He fooled with her sexual organ,  
The more vulgar-minded say Quim.  
Now she had a figure ethereal,

And men beat a path to her box,  
But she came down with sickness venereal,  
The more vulgar-minded say Pox.  
Her efforts got honorable mention,  
Why there wasn't a man she would scorn.  
One look and they came to attention,  
The more vulgar-minded say Horn.  
They would crowd just to watch her make water,  
'Twas a spectacle charming to see.  
She could leak for a mile and a quarter,  
The more vulgar-minded say Pee.  
One night the good fairy came riding,  
And offered a wish to the lass.  
She sat on her buttocks deciding,  
The more vulgar-minded say Ass.  
She said, "Were I built like an elephant,  
Up to heaven I'd go.  
I'd sit on the edge of creation,  
And drop turds on you bastards below."  
In spite of the slimest of chances,  
She's passed over the heavenly walls.  
And now she's the belle of the dances,  
The more vulgar-minded say Balls!  
So here's the moral for one and all,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\walkwit2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Can You Walk A Little Way With It In?

(llewtraH)

Can you walk a little way, with it in, with it in?  
Can you walk a little way, with it in?  
I can do it with a smile, I can walk a bloody mile,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.  
Can you pour me frosty beer, with it in, with it in?  
Can you pour me frosty beer, with it in?  
I can pour your frosty beer, even with your mug in here,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.  
Can you sing a pretty tune, with it in, with it in?  
Can you sing a pretty tune, with it in?  
I can sing a pretty tune, under your most handsome moon,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.  
Can you drive my father's car, with it in, with it in?  
Can you drive my father's car, with it in?  
I can drive your father's car, to the local village bar,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.  
How soon can you let go, with it in, with it in?

How soon can you let go, with it in?  
I cannot let it go, until your seeds you sow,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\waltzin2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Wincing Matilda

(llewtraH)

(Words:

Llewtrah, 2000)

Once a fornicator walked into a snip clinic,  
Went there to ask for vasectomy,  
He winced as he waited for his keyhole surgery,  
Vas deferens, 'bye' I say to thee.

Mincing with swoll' balls,

Mincing with swoll' balls,

Who'll come a mincing with swoll' balls with me?

And he winced as he waited for his keyhole surgery,  
Who'll come a mincing with swoll' balls with me?  
First came the surgeons, sliced into his scrotal sac,  
Pulled out his vas deferens to see,  
They snipped and clipped and cauterized the cut up bits,  
Stitched up his ball-bag with stitches three.

Mincing with swoll' balls,

Mincing with swoll' balls,

Who'll come a mincing with swoll' balls with me?

And they snipped and clipped and cauterized the cut up bits, Who'll come a mincing  
with swoll' balls with me?

The chap went home and felt his scrotum swelling up,  
Soon both his balls reached to his knee,  
He limped as he winced and waited till his bollocks healed,  
Face twisted up in his agony.

Mincing with swoll' balls,

Mincing with swoll' balls,

Who'll come a mincing with swoll' balls with me?

And he limped as he winced and waited till his bollocks heal Who'll come a mincing  
with swoll' balls with me?

Couldn't wear his jog-pants, couldn't bear his underwear,  
Sits in his bath while his balls float free,  
ot staph infection, swollen both his testicles,  
Too sore to fuck and it's painful to pee.

Mincing with swoll' balls,

Mincing with swoll' balls,

Who'll come a mincing with swoll' balls with me?

He's got a staph infection, swollen both his testicles,  
Who'll come a mincing with swoll' balls with me?

Now when he wanks he's only shooting duds and blanks,  
From cut tubing and bruised testes  
He winced as he minced after his keyhole surgery,  
Got lots of bad jokes but no sympathy -  
Wincing Matilda,  
Wincing Matilda,  
That's what we called Mister Swollen-Testes,  
And he winced as he minced after his keyhole surgery,  
Got lots of bad jokes but no sympathy!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\wanton-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Wanton Seed  
(llewtraH)  
As I walked out one spring morning fair,  
To view the fields and take the air,  
There I heard a pretty girl making her complain  
And all she wanted was the chiefest grain.  
I said to her, "My pretty maid,  
Come tell me what you stand in need."  
"Oh yes, kind sir, you can do the deed,  
For to sow my meadow with the wanton seed.  
Then I sowed high and I sowed low,  
And under the bush the seed did grow.  
It sprang up so accidentally without any weed,  
And she always remembered the wanton seed.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\weaver-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Weaver  
Oh, as I roved out one moonlight night,  
The stars were shining and all things bright.  
I spied a pretty maid by the light of the moon,  
And under her apron she carried a loom.  
She says, "Young man, what trade do you bear?"  
Says I, "I'm a weaver, I do declare.  
I am a weaver, brisk and free."  
"Would you weave upon my loom, kind sir?" said she.  
There was Nancy Right and Nancy Rill:  
For them I wove the Diamond Twill;  
Nancy Blue and Nancy Brown:  
For them I wove the Rose and the Crown.



So I laid her down upon the grass,  
I braced her loom both tight and fast,  
And for to finish it with a joke,  
I topped it off with double stroke.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\whang--2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Whang

I'll tell you a little story, just a story I have heard;  
You'll swear it's just a fable, but its Gospel, every word.  
When the Lord made Father Adam, they say he laughed and sang,  
And sewed him up the belly, with a little piece of whang.  
But when the Lord was finished, he'd found he'd measured wrong,  
For when the whang was knotted, 'twas several inches  
long.  
He said, "But 'tis eight inches, so I guess I'll let it hang."  
So he left on Adam's belly that little piece of whang.  
But when the Lord made Mother Eve, I imagine he did snort,  
When he found the whang he sewed her with, was several inches short.  
" 'Twill leave an awful gap", said he, "but I should give a damn."  
"She can fight it out with Adam for that little piece of whang."  
So ever since that day, when human life began,  
There's been a constant struggle 'twixt the woman and the man.  
Women swear they'll have that piece that from our belly hangs,  
To fill the awful crack left when the Lord ran out of whang.  
So let us not be jealous, boys, with that which women lack,  
But lend a little piece of whang to fill that awful crack.  
(Immortalia)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\whitros2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

White Rose Petroleum Jelly

Yes Sir, ladies and gentlemen, White Rose Petroleum Jelly,  
Good for colds, moles, sore holes,  
Shits, fits, sagging teats,  
And pimples on the pecker.  
Guaranteed not to ruff, raff, ruffle,  
Run down your leg,  
Or smell bad in hot weather.  
Makes childbirth a pleasure!  
(Norm Self 1991)

But the goddamned weather was too fucking hot.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\whthrse2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The White Horse Pub

(llewtraH)

Who can go to The White Horse, have six or seven beers;  
Takes home some pretty woman with her ankles behind her ears?  
Who goes to The White Horse, it really is a sin;  
In her bed by ten o'clock and hasn't got it in!  
What goes on in London, you'll have to come and see;  
On Third Street is a whorehouse; you'll find her on floor three.  
The guys that go to that house, they're gonna have to learn;  
Just be patient, wait in line, they all will get a turn!  
Who's in search of loving?  
Oh, what's a girl to do?  
She's bangin' lots of Gentiles, but she wants to wed a Jew!  
Who goes to The White Horse, you don't need to be a hunk;  
You only have to ask her; no need to get her drunk.  
Who goes to The White Horse and flirts with the local tease?  
You get inside her friggin' skirt; there's rugburns on her knees.  
Who hooks up by midnight and don't even know her name  
The same clothes as the night before, doing the walk-of-shame.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\whtrabb2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Let's Screw

Tune: White Rabbit's Song from Alice in Wonderland

Let's screw, let's screw, I want a piece of you.

No time to say hello, goodbye, let's screw, let's screw, let's screw.  
And, bring some brew, at least a case or two,  
I'll need lots of sex and beer to spend my time with you.  
I'm horny as a three-balled tom, I've got to get some sex.  
Right now I'd screw most anything, I'd even screw your ex.  
So won't you come with me, as long as it's for free.  
No need to say hello, goodbye, let's screw, let's screw, let's screw.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\willyou2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Will You Marry Me

(llewtraH)

Alternate verses in masculine and feminine voices.

If I give you half-a-crown, can I take your knickers down?

Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me half-a-crown, you can't take my knickers down.

You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you fish and chips, will you let me squeeze your tits?

Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me fish and chips, I won't let you squeeze my tits.

You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I gargle with Lavoris, can I suck on your clitoris?

Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you gargle with Lavoris, you can't suck on my clitoris.

You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you half-a-note, can I shove it down your throat?

Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me half-a-note, you can't shove it down my throat.

You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you a pound of grass, can I shove it up your ass?

Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me a pound of grass, you can't shove it up my ass.

You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you half-a-quid, will you suck on my big squid?

Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me half-a-quid, I won't suck on your big squid.

You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you a whole crown, will you blow me till you drown.

Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me a whole crown, I won't blow you till I drown.

You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you silk and lace, can I spray it in your face?

Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me silk and lace, you can't spray it in my face.

You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you my big chest, and all the money that I possess,

Will You marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me your big chest, and all the money that you possess,

I will marry marry marry marry, I will marry you.

Get out the door, you lousy whore, my money was all you were out for.

I'll not marry marry marry marry, I'll not marry you.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\wstminh2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Westminster Whore

(llewtraH)

\*-----

(1610, from "Bawdy Verse, A Pleasant Collection")

As I went to Westminster Abbey,  
I saw a young wench on her back,  
Cramming in a dildo of tabby  
In her cunt till 'twas ready to crack.  
"By your leave" said I, "Pretty Maid,  
Methinks your sport is but dry?"  
"I can get no better" she said; "Sir,  
And I'll tell you the reason why."  
"Madame P. hath a thing at her breech,  
Sucks up all the scad of the town;  
She's a damned lascivious Bitch  
And fucks for half-a-Crown."  
"Now, the curse of a cunt without hair,  
And ten thousand poxes upon her;  
We poor whores may go hang in despair;  
We're undone by the Maids of Honour."  
Then in Loyalty, as I was bound,  
Hearing her speak in this sort,  
I fucked her thrice on the ground,  
And bid her speak well of the Court.

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\wywrdby2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Wayward Boy

I walk the street with a tap to my feet,  
I heard a voice above me.  
A lovely maid looked out and said,  
"I need some one to love me."  
Says I, "My dear, you needn't fear,  
For I have heard your pleading.  
You'll find your joy with the Wayward Boy,  
He's got just what your needing."  
"I've heard of you, my Wayward Boy,  
Your name is far exalted.  
But I won't come down, I can't come down,  
My bedroom door is bolted.  
My father is a minister,  
My maidenhead doth cherish.  
Nightly he does lock me in,  
So lonesome I will perish."  
The fence was small, I shinnied up the wall;  
I stood there right beside her.

With some alarm, she lifted up her arm,  
To grab some clothes to hide her.  
Says I, "Young maid, don't be afraid,  
Your future can be thrilling.  
If you are one who likes a bit of fun,  
The Wayward Boy is willing.  
She jumped in bed, pulled the covers overhead,  
And said I couldn't find her.  
She knew damn well, she lied like hell,  
So I jumped right in behind her.  
I shoved my chest up to her breast,  
I shook her like a toy.  
When I hit the bell, she knew damn well,  
Why they call me the Wayward Boy.  
Well the bed broke down; I landed on the ground;  
Her father came a-gunning.  
I jumped through the glass and landed on my ass;  
I got to my feet a-running.  
As on I sped, I turned my head,  
And a shotgun blast did blind me.  
For weeks in bed, I was picking out the lead,  
With a mirror held behind me.  
Some years went by, I woke up with a sigh,  
As fancy did remind me.  
So one fine day, I made my way,  
To the girl I left behind me.  
She was still locked in, away from sin,  
She didn't look much older,  
But she had five girls, seven little boys,  
And a baby on her shoulder.

(Oscar Brand)

Variant

I'll be up your flue in a minute or two,  
'Cause I know where to find it.  
It's around the front and it's called the cunt,  
And the asshole's right behind it.  
My darling Grace, I love your face,  
I love you in your nightie.  
When the moonlight flits across your tits,  
Oh, Jesus Christ Almighty.  
I'll be up your gash as quick as a flash,  
'Cause I am Jack the Ripper.  
Though some have hairs -- and some are bald,  
But they all smell like a kipper.  
I'll be between your thighs despite your lies,  
Because you love, me deary;  
I'll be up and down and in and out,  
Until you are too weary.  
You'll be on your knees and begging please,  
Because you are so horny.

I'll be round about and up your spout,  
And gone before the morning.  
The very best time I ever had,  
Is when I take out Lucy.  
'Cause after we dine and after we dance,  
I get to eat her pussy.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\ynvirg-2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Would You Have A Young Virgin  
Would you have a young virgin of fifteen years,  
You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears,  
Ever toying and playing and sweetly, sweetly,  
Sing a love sonnet and charm her fears.  
Wittily, prettily talk her down,  
Chase her and praise her if fair or brown.  
Soothe her and smooth her and tease her and please her,  
And touch but her snicket and all's your own.  
Do you fancy a widow well known in a man,  
With a front of assurance come boldly on.  
Let her rest not a munute but briskly, briskly,  
Put her in mind how her time steals on.  
Rattle and prattle although she frown,  
Rouse her and towse her from morn till noon.  
Show her some hour your able to grapple,  
Then get but her letters and all's you own.  
Do you fancy a lass of a humor free,  
That's kept by a fumbler of quality.  
You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,  
Pleasure's best charm is variety.  
Swear her more fairer than all the town.  
Try her and ply her when fumbler's gone.  
Dog her and jog her and meet her, entreat her,  
Kiss by two guineas and all's your own.  
(Pill To Purge Melancholy)  
"But what if the grass should chance to fail?"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\yourhan2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Your Hand Was Made To Stroke My Gland  
(llewtraH)  
Chorus: This hand is your hand, this gland is my gland,

So rub it slowly, to make my thing stand.  
Let's play forever, we'll cum together,  
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.  
As we were driving, on separate highways,  
We heard the faint cries of "On On my way."  
With whistles blowing, the beer was flowing,  
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.  
We showed up Friday and partied hardy,  
We fucked till morning, and then we partied.  
Played with each other, and soon discovered,  
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.  
As we got closer, there was an odor,  
It was your pussy, upon my boner.  
Your tits were shaking, my balls were breaking,  
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.  
In Jacksonville we all came together,  
Showed tits and asses, despite the weather.  
From the Emerald Coasters, to those with odors,  
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\zamboan2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Zamboanga

Oh, the men thay wear no pants in Zamboanga,  
Oh, the men thay wear no pants in Zamboanga,  
Oh, the men thay wear no pants,  
'Cause they never miss a chance,  
And it's great when they dance, in Zamboanga.  
Oh, the women wear no teddies in Manila,  
Oh, the women wear no teddies in Manila,  
Oh, the women wear no teddies,  
When they're walking with their steadies,  
They're a bunch of ever-readys, in Manila.  
There are babies, quite a few, in Yokasuta,  
There are babies, quite a few, in Yokasuta,  
There are babies, quite a few,  
They've got nothing else to do,  
But to fill a cup or two in Yokasuta.  
There's a virgin on the island of Luzon,  
There's a virgin on the island of Luzon,  
There's a virgin, so they say,  
She was born just yesterday,  
And the fleet is on the way to old Luzon.  
I won't go back to Subic in the spring,  
I won't go back to Subic in the spring,  
I won't go back to Subic,

The mosquitos there are too big,  
And they bite you on the pubic in the spring.  
The girls don't smell like roses in Shafu,  
The girls don't smell like roses in Shafu,  
The girls don't smell like roses,  
But they know a hundred poses,  
So get in and hold your noses in Shafu.  
The monkeys have no feet in Hilo Hilo,  
The monkeys have no feet in Hilo Hilo,  
The monkeys have no feet,  
So they slide 'round on their seat,  
And they spend the year in heat in Hilo Hilo.  
I'm going back to Shanghai in the fall,  
I'm going back to Shanghai in the fall,  
I'm going back to Shanghai,  
And the goose is going to hang high,  
And this rooster's going to bang high in the fall.  
The window of his cell overlooked the dell,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 2 Bawdy\zulaika2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Zulaika  
Zulaika was fair to see,  
A young persian maiden was she.  
She lived in Bagdad, where all men are bad,  
But none were so bad as she.  
Her husband was very old,  
With millions in silver and gold.  
He kept her locked in, away from all sin,  
For Persians are very bold.  
On her head she wore a turban,  
Which came from the looms of Iran.  
Where no one could see, she kept a small key,  
Which she threw out again and again.  
The first time she threw the key out,  
It fell by the old water spout.  
She sighed and she cried, and the door opened wide,  
And in walked her lover, Mahout.  
Mahout, he was known far and wide,  
His prowess was his foremost pride.  
From servant to queen, betwixt and between,  
His wonderful tool never shyed.  
Zulaika did grasp him below,  
Down there where the testicles grow.  
While giving a grunt, she offered her cunt,  
And said, "Don't forget to come slow."



When brave Mahout's courage was spent,  
Zulaika was hardly content.  
She said to him, "Love, when push comes to shove,  
You'd better get back to your tent."  
The next time she threw out the key,  
It fell by the old banyan tree.  
She sighed and she cried, and the door opened wide,  
And in walked her lover, Ali.  
Now Ali was handsome and tall,  
He was able to outlast them all.  
That is, so he thought, till one day he was caught  
By the Sultan, who crushed his left ball.  
Zulaika knew naught of his fate,  
As quickly she opened her gate.  
But then she recoiled, seeing his manhood spoiled,  
And said, "Ali, you are now second-rate."  
She threw out the key once again,  
Expecting her lover Suleman.  
She sighed and she cried, and the door opened wide,  
And in walked a whole caravan.  
The leader he bowed his head low,  
And awaited her wishes to know.  
"Most of you stay", Zulaika did say,  
"But the children and camels must go."  
What happened is hard to believe,  
When the children and camels did leave.  
The Arabian nights never saw such wild sights,  
As the tricks she had hid up her sleeve.  
When each one had taken his turn,  
Still Zulaika's passion did burn.  
The chief bowed his head and wearily said,  
"Let the children and camels return."  
(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)  
(Oscar Brand)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\2minfuk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Balham Vicar And Curate  
There once was a Balham vicar  
Who said to his curate,  
"I'll bet I've fucked more women than you,  
Alas it is my fate."  
We'll stand outside the church this day,  
And this will be our sign,  
You ding-a-ling for the women you've fucked,  
And I'll ding-a-dong for mine, for mine.

Well there were more ding-a-lings and ding-a-dongs,  
Till a pretty young lady went by.  
And curate went ding-a-dong,  
And the vicar said, "It's a lie!"  
Oh, said the vicar, don't ding-a-dong there,  
That's my wife I do declare,  
Ding-a dong, ding-a-dong, ding-a dong, dong, dong.  
"Hell," said the curate, "I don't care."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\2virgby3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Two Virgin Lads

Two lads were out on Hertford Heath, and being flush of money,  
They offered two bob to a wench, to let them view her cunny.  
The peered at it with great delight, stark naked and provoking,  
They paid their money for the sight, the touching and the stroking.  
"Now," said the brazen little slut, "For a half crown each,  
I'll let your cocks into my slit, and far as they can reach."  
She took the taller by the arm, "I'll guide you with my hand."  
Alas! the lad shot off before he reached the Promised land!  
The second boy was beckoned and she gently touched his thing;  
Scarce reached the golden portal when his prick it spurted--Zing.  
She sensed both lads were much let down; no fucking, yet had spent!  
"Well," she said, "You both did right.  
Today, you know, starts Lent!"  
(H. H. Hart)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\3-birds3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Three Birds

(llewtraH)

There were three birds that built very low;  
Said the first to the second, let't have at her toe.  
Chorus: The third he went merrily, merrily in,  
The third he went merrily in.  
Oh never went wimble or timber so nimble,  
With so little screwing or knocking in,  
With so little knocking in.  
There were three birds that built very free;  
Said the first to the second, let't have at her knee.  
There were three birds that built very high;  
Said the first to the second, let't have at her thigh.

There were three birds that built on a stump;  
Said the first to the second, let't have at her rump.  
There were three birds that built on a limb;  
Said the first to the second, let't have at her quim.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\3pervs-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Triangle  
(llewtraH)  
(one by one)  
I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv,  
(together)  
Three Hashers of quite different intentions.  
(one by one)  
I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv,  
(together)  
Seeking sex in three different directions.  
(hetero)  
I love with a will girls from Sydney to Dover,  
(homo)  
I loved with a Will till Will said it was over,  
(perv)  
I loved with Will, Wilhelmina, Junior, and Rover,  
(one by one)  
I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.  
(one by one)  
I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv,  
(together)  
As we search for this, that, or the other,  
(one by one)  
I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv,  
(together)  
It's so strange, we're from the same mother.  
(hetero)  
I once fancied a Harriette brim full of beer,  
(homo)  
I once fancied our G.M., he had a nice rear,  
(perv)  
I remember the fellow, I came in his ear,  
(one by one)  
I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.  
(one by one)  
I'm normal, Informal, Who knows?  
(together)  
All for one, one for all, up your nose,  
You can number us all amongst those,

Who give thanks for the age of permission.  
 (hetero)  
 I once had a Harriette who was lovely to lick,  
 (homo)  
 I once tried a Harriette, but she made me feel sick (perv)  
 I once knew a Harriette who liked horses' dicks,  
 (one by one)  
 I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.  
 (one by one)  
 He's staid, They're depraved, He's the end,  
 (together)  
 Getting kicks in our different manners,  
 We're ourselves so why should we pretend?  
 We live and let live so why ban us?  
 (hetero)  
 I once had an affair with a pretty Kathleen,  
 (homo)  
 I'm not into royalty, but my lover's a queen,  
 (perv)  
 I got mine stuck in a vending machine,  
 (one by one)  
 I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.  
 (one by one)  
 I like girls, I like guys, I like sex,  
 (together)  
 Our threesome is gruesome though sensual,  
 Not knowing quite who to do next,  
 To fulfill all our latent potential.  
 (hetero)  
 Is life a bright flower simply there for the plucking? (homo)  
 Or a ripe juicy banana awaiting a sucking?  
 (perv)  
 I don't care what it is, I'm just here for the fucking (one by one) I'm hetero, I'm  
 homo, I'm a perv.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\4letter3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Four-Letter Words

Banish the use of four letter word,  
 Whose meaning are never obscure.  
 The Angles and Saxons, those bawdy old birds,  
 Were vulgar, obscene and impure.  
 But cherish the use of the weak-kneed phrase,  
 That never quite says what you mean.  
 You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways,  
 Than as vulgar, impure or obscene.

When nature is calling, plain speaking is out,  
When ladies, God bless them, are milling about.  
You may weewee, make water, or empty the glass,  
You can powder your nose, even johnnie may pass,  
Shake the dew off the lily, see the man 'bout the dog,  
Or when everyone's soused, it's condensing the fog.  
But be pleased to remember if you would know bliss,  
That only in Shakespeare do characters piss.  
When your dinners are hearty with onions and beans,  
With garlic and claret and bacon and greens,  
Your bowels get busy distilling a gas,  
That nature insists be permitted to pass.  
You are very polite and try to exhale,  
Without noise or odor; you frequently fail.  
Expecting a zephyr, you usually start,  
For even a deafer would call it a fart.  
You may speak of a movement or sit on a seat,  
Have a passage or stool--or simply excrete,  
Or say to the others, I'm going out back,  
And groan in pure joy in that smelly old shack.  
You can go lay a cable or do number two,  
Or sit on the toidy or make a do-doo.  
But ladies and men who are socially fit,  
Under no provocation, will go take a shit.  
A woman has bosoms, a bust, or a breast,  
Those lily white swellings that bulge 'neath her vest.  
They are towers of ivory, sheaves of new wheat,  
In moments of passion, ripe apples to eat.  
You may speak of her nipples as small rings of fire,  
With hardly a question of raising her ire,  
But by Rabelais' beard, will she throw fits,  
If you speak of them soundly as good honest teats.  
It's a cavern of joy you are thinking of now,  
A warm tender field just awaiting the plow.  
It's a quivering pigeon caressing you hand,  
Or the National Anthem that makes us all stand.  
Or perhaps it's a flower, a grotto, a well,  
The hope of the world, or a velvety hell.  
But friend heed this warning, beware the affront,  
Or aping a Saxon, don't call it a cunt.  
Though a lady repel your advance, she'll be kind,  
Just as long as you intimate what's on your mind.  
You may tell her your hungry, you need to be swung,  
You may ask her to see how your etchings are hung.  
You may mention the ashes that need to be hauled,  
Put the lid on her saucepan, 'lay' isn't to bald,  
But the moment you forthright, get ready to duck,  
The girl isn't born who will stand for, "Let's Fuck!"  
While strolling in parks in you best pair of pumps,  
One often will step in these dun-colored lumps.

Some call them droppings, others say manure,  
These certain small objects oft found in a sewer.  
Cows leave meadow muffins, flys leave specks,  
Seagulls 'let fly' on the back of your neck.  
And though the euphemisms are really absurd,  
Whatever you do, don't call it a turd.  
So banish the words that Elizabeth used,  
When she was a Queen on her throne.  
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised,  
By the four-letter word when used all alone.  
Let your morals be loose as an alderman's vest,  
As long as the language you use is obscure.  
Today not the act but the word is the test,  
Of the vulgar, the obscene, the impure.  
(llewtraH)  
When singing crude songs we commit social wrongs,  
But indulging in bawdy hilarity.  
So lets make a new ditty, polite, pure and pretty,  
By avoiding the words of vulgarity.  
We can make all our rugby songs stately and gracious,  
Instead of coarse, vulgar, obscene and salacious,  
And we'll sing ourselves hoarse while avoiding, of course,  
The words, the horrible worlds!  
When we sing of the ladies, we'll never affront  
The tenderest maiden by being too blunt.  
For suitable words we'll steadfastly hunt,  
And avoid using vulgar expressions like cunt.  
Our rude Saxon forebears in rude Saxon halls,  
Wrote rude Saxon words on their rude Saxon walls.  
But we are disgusted, the prospect appals.  
And we think of these things as a right lot of balls.  
Our delicate natures will take a right knock,  
As 'round the piano we daintily flock.  
If some bolder fellow proceeded to shock  
Us with songs about showing the jury his cock.  
For songs such as that, really shake us to bits.  
We'd never let crudity sully our wits.  
The coarsest among us quite freely admits,  
The songs that are cude really get on our shit.  
The singing of ballads 'bout hedgehog or moose,  
Or oif Eskimo women with morals so loose,  
Are remarkably coarse, full of unpleasant words.  
Nor do we need crude songs about flying turds.  
So let us remember our old Sunday School  
And make polite words our inviolate rule.  
A man looks a stupid and ignorant fool,  
Singing bawdy songs on the length of his tool.  
But if it should come, as it may do, to pass,  
That sing-songs become a ridiculous farce.  
Then let every rugby fan raise up his glass

And bring back the old songs like "A Stands For Ass."

More Letter Words

(llewtraH)

Words, words, horrible words.

Some of them really should never be heard.

Most of the worst ones have letters just four,

But some of the others bad words contain more;

All of them awful, plus more obscene phrases;

None of them fit to be heard by the ladies.

And of the worst ones I'll give just a few

Of these more letter words that you ought to eschew.

That fine pair of orbs than hang 'tween men's legs;

The more refined call them the testes or eggs.

But ballocks or ballochs or goolies or balls,

Should only be used within your four walls.

Collions or pillocks are terms to disown.

By Shakespeare and others, the things are called stones.

To doctors and medics they're called testicles,

But most in base parlance will term the things 'balls'.

Just 'neath the belly, there hangs a man's dick,

The cock, or the pork sword, the prick or big stick.

The pecker, John Thomas, terms come thick and fast,

Peter or trouser-snake, in olden times 'tarse'.

Willie's sometime called pizzle when used for a piss,

Or ramrod or joystick when used to give bliss.

But to circumlocutors, this staff loved by Venus,

Is termed quite correctly, a gentlemen's penis.

Those are the parts of the men, oh so rude!

Words used of women are equally crude.

The two pillowed mounds which adorn female chests,

Are boobs, tits, or puppies, not bosoms or breasts.

Down below is the cunt, the cunny or quaint,

The quim or the fanny, polite these words ain't.

The ob-gyn profession use terms that are finer,

And refer, quite politely, to vulva, vagina.

Now mix the two genders, let thoughts turn to sex;

We've terms aplenty for degenerate wrecks.

Fucking's the worst one, then shagging or screwing,

Bonking and banging describe what we're doing.

Laying or boring or rutting or bulling,

Are the things men desire after clubbing and pulling.

These are the words that the goodly avoid and,

They use proper parlance like intercourse, coitus.

If you can't find a partner, you still can feel good,

By spanking the monkey or pulling the pud.

Bashing the bishop or flogging the duck;

Choking the chicken if you can't get a fuck.

You're loping the pony or having a wank,

Or having a visit from dear Mrs Hand

And her five lovely daughters.

A hand-job's the term  
For masturbation or burping the worm.  
Though ladies are made out of sugar and spice,  
Still they indulge in their own solo vice.  
It's menage a moi or they're twirling their pearls,  
Diddling Miss Daisy, a handjob for girls.  
Gusset typing is fine for a girl all alone;  
Playing five-finger disco, romancing her own.  
But a nice girl will rarely or never admit  
To reading in braille or riding the clit.  
If you like your own gender when seeking a mate,  
There are terms of abuse which are used by those straight.  
Lezzie, todger-dodger, gusset-nuzzler, or dyke --  
For women who need men like a fish need a bike.  
Gays, queers, or bum-chums, poofs or shit-pushers,  
For men once described as confirmed bachelors.  
These are curde terms you'll hear every day,  
In more refined talk, please say lesbian or gay.  
Now into those functions of elimination,  
Of digestion's waste products and evacuation.  
You're having a crap, dump, shit, poop or poo,  
You're pinching a loaf, or doing number two.  
A piss, leak or slash, or more coyly, a wee,  
Are also not topics for polite company.  
Moving one's bowels or relieving the bladder,  
Are correct for those higher on life's social ladder.  
And now we must look at those acts so perverse,  
With beasties and foursomes and moresomes and worse.  
Dressing in clothing of the opposite sex,  
Indulging in 'philiass' perversion reflects.  
So please don't discuss whips, chains, or corpses,  
Piercings, shit-eating, copulation with horses.  
There are no polite words, you invite social grief  
For discussing those acts which just beggar belief.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\50cents3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### I Had But Fifty Cents

I took my girl out to a ball, it was a fancy hop.  
At half past one, the fun was done, the music it did stop.  
I took her to a restaurant, the best one on the street,  
She said she had no appedite, but here's what she did eat:  
A dozen raw, a bowl of slaw, three hotdogs and a stew;  
She ordered shrimp, and I went limp, I didn't know what to do!  
The waiter asked about dessert, I sat by in suspense;  
When she said, "Pie!" I thought I'd die! I had but fifty cents.



She said she wasn't thirsty. No! She might have "just a sip."  
I thought I'd bust, I didn't trust her goddamn cheating lip.  
And when she rolled off what she'd have, my heart began to sink,  
She wasn't one bit thirsty, but God! How she could drink!  
A slug of gin, a glass of Cin, a mug of lager beer,  
A Brandy Alexander, too, she made them disappear!  
A jug of ale, a pink cocktail, her thirst was just immense.  
She ordered more, I hit the floor. I had but fifty cents.  
I called the boss, asked for my check, in came the great big fuck!  
I looked sincere, but shat in fear, and I gave him my half buck.  
He broke my nose, tore up my clothes, he stomped me into jelly.  
He shoved his fist, up to his wrist, inside my writhing belly.  
With obscene calls, he broke my balls, my butt was in a sling.  
But what I minded most of all, was when he whacked my thing.  
I stumbled out into the street, I couldn't drag my ass.  
I struggled to my bumbling feet assisted by my lass.  
At last, at last, we both got home, she took off all her duds.  
Her nipples sweet, were so petite, like rosy little buds.  
'Twas clear she wanted to make up, I wouldn't play the cad.  
She yearned to make some scant amends, she'd let herself be had.  
She offered me her luscious cunt, but nothing could avail.  
My cock, it wept, but couldn't accept, that fifty cents of tail.  
(H. H. Hart)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\50ways-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Fifty Ways To Fuck Your lover

(llewtraH)

by Kaye and Christian

Tune: Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover by Paul Simon

The problem is all to do with head, she said to me;

The answer is easy if you take it orally.

I'd like to help you with your problem, dear, tonight;

There must be fifty ways to fuck your lover.

He said, it's really not my habit to extrude,

Furtermore, I hope my plumbing won't be lost or misconstrued But I'll repeat myself  
at the risk of being crude,

There must be fifty ways to fuck your lover.

Just slip in the back, Jack,

Wham, bam, slam, Stan,

No need to be coy, Roy,

Just listen to me.

Use some thrust, Gus,

We don't need to discuss much,

You know the key, Lee,

Just get it for free.

She said, it excites me so to see you in such pain;  
I wish there were things to do to make you groan again.  
I said, I appreciate that and dear, please explain,  
There must be fifty ways to fuck your mother.  
She said why don't I just tie you up tonight;  
And in the morning you will put up much less of a fight.  
And then she blew me,  
And I realized she probably was right.  
There must be fifty ways to fuck your lover.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\abdul--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### ABDUL THE BULBUL EMIR

(Jerry Silverman)

(llewtraH)

In the harems of Egypt no infidels see,  
The women yet fairer than fair.  
But the fairest, a Greek, was owned by a shiek,  
Called Abdul the Bulbul Emir.  
A traveling brothel came into the town,  
Run by a pimp from afar.  
So great was its fame, that well-known was the name,  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.  
Abdul the Bulbul arrived with his bride,  
A prize whose eyes shone like a star.  
He claimed he could prong more cunts with his dong,  
Than Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.  
A day was arranged for the spectacle great;  
A visit was planned by the Czar!  
And the curbs were all lined with harlots reclined  
In honor of Ivan Skavar.  
Old Abdul came in with a snatch by his side;  
His eye had the leer of desire.  
And he started to brag how he would out shag  
Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.  
They met on the track, with their tools hanging slack,  
Dressed only in shoes and a leer.  
Both were fast on the rise, by they gasped at the size,  
Of Abdul the Bulbul Emir.  
All hairs they were shorn, no Frenchies were won,  
And that suited Abdul by far.  
He's quite set his mind on a fast action grind  
To beat Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.  
They worked through the night, till the dawn's early light,  
The clamor was heard from afar.  
The multitudes came to applaud the ball game,

Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

They worked all night in the pale yellow light,  
Aod Abdul he revved like a car.  
But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

When Ivan was finished, he turned to the Greek,  
And laughed when she shook with great fear.  
She swallowed his pride; he buggered the bride,  
Of Abdul the Bulbul Emir.

When Ivan was done and was wiping his gun,  
He bent down to polish his gear.  
He felt up his ass a hard pecker pass,  
'Twas Abdul the Bulbul Emir.

Now the crowds looking on, proclaimed who had won,  
They were ordered apart by the Czar.  
But fast were they jammed; the pecker was crammed,  
Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.  
The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted "Queen!"  
They were ordered apart by the Czar.  
'Twas bloody bad luck for poor Abdul was stuck  
Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.  
Now the cream of the joke, when apart they were broke,  
Was laughed at for years by the Czar,  
For Abdul the Bulbul had left most of his tool,  
Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The fair Grecian maiden a sad vigil keeps,  
With a husband whose tastes have turned queer.  
She longs for the dong that once did belong,  
To Abdul the Bulbul Emir.

(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)  
(addition verses by llewtraH)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\abortin3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Abortion

(llewtraH)

(Sung to the tune of "Jadda")

Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N

Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N

Well you get that poker nice and hot,  
Then you shove it way up in her twat.

Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N

Abortion, abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N-

Sticks and coat hangers and all the rest,  
But I like Drano, it ' s the best.

Baby Fuck, Baby Fuck, B-A-B-Y-F-U-C-K

First you throw the baby on the bed,  
And then you fuck the soft spot in its head.  
Blow Job, Blow Job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B  
Eastside, westside, northside, south,  
My baby likes it best when I cum in her mouth.  
Bum Fuck, Bum Fuck, B-U-M F-U-C-K  
Eastside, westside, northside, down,  
My baby likes it best when I cum in her brown.  
Dirtbag, Dirtbag, D-I-R-T-B-A-G  
They may be fat and they may be thin,  
But - they 're all beauty queens when you get it in.  
Hand Job , Hand Job, H-A-N-D J-O-B  
You wrap your hand around your gland,  
You slap it around 'til it just won't stand.  
Muff Dive, Muff Dive, M-U-F-F D-I-V-E  
She wraps her legs around your face,  
You lick and slobber all over the place.  
Poop Shoot, Poop Shoot, P-O-O-P-S-H-O-O-T  
Back door, cornhole, it's a gas,  
You ram that pecker right up her ass.  
Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M  
Well it's mangey, rangey, and covered with hair,  
But what would you do if it wasn't there?  
Smegma, Smegma, S-M-E-G-M-A  
It's white and cheesy, and it smells like taint,  
But if you eat too much, you're liable to faint.  
Sodomy, Sodomy, S-O-D-O-M-Y  
you put the sheep's legs inside your boots,  
so she won't change her mind when you're about to shoot.  
Swallow, Swallow, S-W-A-L-L-O-W  
She'll swallow it all and she'll swallow it well,  
She'll swallow it all 'cause she ain't on the pill.  
Taint, Taint, T-A-I-N-T  
It's not the ass and it's not the cunt,  
It's the little bit of heaven 'tween the rear and the front.  
Tit Fuck, Tit Fuck, T-I-T F-U-C-K  
Northside, southside, eastside, west,  
My baby likes it best when I cum on her chest.  
Titties, Titties, T-I-T-T-I-E-S  
Well their just a part of the epiderm,  
But I like 'em best when they're big and firm.

#### ALTERNATIVE VERSION

Abortion, abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N  
Meat cleaver, coat hanger or a long pole,  
The thing that works best is a can of Draino.  
Nose job, nose job, N-O-S-E-J-O-B  
It's better than a blow job cos she doesn't cough,  
My baby loves it best when she sniffs me off.  
Jar fuck  
It's warm and it's juicy and it'll even quiver,

When you can't find a girl, use a jar of liver.  
Poop pack,  
It's round and it's brown and it's covered in goop,  
My baby loves it best when I pack her poop.  
Arse fuck  
It's brown and it's round and it's full of gas,  
My baby loves it best when I fuck her up the arse  
Eye fuck  
Right eye, left eye, it's all the same  
My baby loves it best when I come on her brain.  
Red lips  
Tampax, kotex, life can be such a drag  
When you're eating out your girl and she's on the rag.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\adameve3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Adam and Eve - Sarah Hartwell

In the Garden of Eden as every body knows,  
Lived Adam and Eve without any clothes;  
In the Garden of Eden were two little leaves:  
One covered Adam and the other covered Eve's.  
As the story goes on, one blustery day,  
The wind came along and blew the leaves away.  
At the sight of Eve's cunny, Adam he did stare,  
And covet Eve's treasure all covered o'er with hair.  
Aand wonder of wonders, Eve's got a surprise,  
As Adam's own serpent, it started in to rise.  
Eve was astounded, it gave her such a shock,  
To see Adam flaunting that thing which he now called a cock.  
They found them a spot that was shady and war,  
The cock and the cunny were working their charm.  
Eve opened up her legs, and spread them wide apart,  
And a fluttering feeling took a hold of her heart.  
The head of his serpent poked into her hole,  
And filled them with passion they could not control.  
Eve lay on her back with her legs opened wide,  
And Adam's stiff serpent soon crept right inside.  
It eased itself into eve's treasure, her cunny,  
All dripping and wet, land of milk and honey.  
Backwards and forwards that serpent did slide,  
And Eve's hidden treasure got all wet inside.  
The feeling was good; Eve wouldn't let loose,  
Until Adam's serpent was all out of juice.  
Eve quivered right through and she let out a grunt,  
As Adam's stiff serpent slipped out of her cunt.  
Now down through the years godly people did screw,

And now is the time for my serpent and you.  
So pull down your knickers, lay down on the grass,  
'Cause I'm in the mood for a piece of your ass.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\aintfuk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Ain't Gonna Fuck No More  
My dick has felt the burning of the coming of the clap,  
I've been clean for all these years and now It's coming back.  
That fucking whore I had last night she must have been a slapper,  
And I ain't gonna fuck no more.  
Chorus: Lordy, Lordy dick's on fire,  
Lordy, Lordy dick's on fire,  
Lordy, Lordy dick's on fire,  
And I ain't gonna fuck no more.  
That bitch said that she was clean but she really was a liar.  
My balls are turning purple and my poor old dick's on fire,  
I got an awful lot more than the simple screw desired,  
And I ain't gonna fuck no more.  
I propped her on a barstool and I bought that bitch a whisky.  
She downed it in single gulp and said that she felt frisky.  
I briefly thought about my wife and wondered if she'd miss me,  
Now I ain't gonna fuck no more.  
I had a couple of lagers and I had some good home brew.  
My dick was getting harder, God, how my pecker grew.  
She reached into my trousers, pulled it out before I knew,  
That I ain't gonna fuck no more.  
I should've listened to the barman 'cause he'd been with her before.  
That must have been where he got his festering chancre sore.  
I should have listened to him when he said she was a whore,  
Now I ain't gonna fuck no more.  
I'd seen her winking at me from across the public bar.  
Her ass was swinging wildly and her tits were sagging far.  
So I went out back with her and did it in her car,  
Now I ain't gonna fuck no more.  
So I took her to the car park and she came on really hot.  
I never noticed all the pus was dripping from her slot.  
I stuck it right up in her and the clap was what I got,  
And I ain't gonna fuck no more.  
Petting on the back seat, said she really liked to fuck.  
I was getting horny but I should have let her suck.  
I gave her the full monty, now it's just my bleedin' luck,  
That I ain't gonna fuck no more.  
Now I'm in the VD clinic and I'm sitting in the chair.,  
Feels like a red hot poker has been stuffed in down there,  
Nurse grabbed my balls and said 'sneeze' and I felt my scrotum tear,

And I ain't gonna fuck no more.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\airmen-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The First Thing

(llewtraH)

The first thing they asked for, they asked for some beer,  
Gallons and gallons of beautiful beer.

And if we have one beer, may we also have ten?

May we have a bloody brewery?

Said the airmen, "Amen."

CHORUS

There were squadron Leaders and Wing Commanders and Group  
Hands in their pockets with fuck all to do,

Stealing the beer of the poor A C two

May the Lord shit on them sideways,

May the Lord shit on them sideways,

May the Lord shit on them sideways,

Said the airmen, "Fuck you."

The next thing they asked for, they asked for some girls,

Dozens and dozens of beautiful girls.

And if we have one girl, may we also have ten?

May we have a bloody brothel?

Said the airmen, "Amen."

The third thing they asked for, they asked for some pay,

Mountains and mountains of beautiful pay.

And if we have one pound, may we also have ten?

May we have a bloody mint, sir?

Said the airmen, "Amen."

The fourth thing they asked for, they asked for some planes, Hundreds and hundreds  
of beautiful planes.

And if we have one plane, we may also have ten?

May we have a bloody factory?

Said the airmen, "Amen."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\al-boog3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ALI BOOGIE

I boogied last night, and the night before

I'm going back tonight and boogie some more.

Chorus: Ali Boogie is all that I crave.

Good old Ali Boogie will drive me to my grave.

Momma's on the bottom, poppa's on the top,  
Baby's in the attic filling rubber with snot.  
Momma's on the bottom, poppa's on the top,  
Baby's in the crib yelling, "Shove it to her, Pop!"  
Momma's in the hospital, poppa's in jail,  
Sister's on the corner crying, "Pussy for sale!"  
I got a gal about six-foot-four,  
She fucks everything like a two-bit whore.  
I got a gal lives over the hill.  
She won't do it, but her sister will.  
Daddy's got a watch, momma's got a ring,  
Sister's got a baby from shaking that thing.  
One and one makes two--two and two makes four,  
If the bed breaks down, we'll fuck on the floor.  
(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)  
When Ivan was finished, he turned to the Greek,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\alfabe-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

"A," YOU'VE GOT ASSHOLE STAINS

\*-----

Melody--"A," You're Adorable  
A, you've got asshole stains,  
B, you've got balls for brains,  
C, you've hardly got a cock at all,  
D, like a dorker's tool,  
E, your ass exudes stool,  
F, your farts smell like fucking shit,  
G, you've got gonorrhea,  
H, hemorrhoids to your knees,  
I, eyes that run and bleed and itch,  
J, you can jack your jizz,  
K, you can kiss my phizz,  
L, fuckin' lousy son-of-a-bitch,  
M-N-O-P, menstrual blood on your prick,  
Q-R-S-T, alphabetically speaking you're S-H-I-T  
U, make my pussy itch,  
V-D down to your feet,  
W-X-Y-Z,  
I love to wander through the alphabet with you,  
To tell the Hash what you mean to me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\alfabet3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



THE ALPHABET SONG

(llewtraH)

A

is for Asshole all tattered and torn,

CHORUS:

Heigh Ho said Rolly.

B

is the Bastard that's never been born,

CHORUS:

With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em,

Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly.

C

is for Cunt all dripping with piss,

D

is the Drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E

is for Eunuch with only one ball,

F

is the Fucker with no balls at all.

G

is for Gonorrhea, Goiter, and Gout,

H

is the Harlot that spreads it about.

I

is Injection for syphilis and itch,

J

is the Jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K

is for King who thought tucking a bore,

L

is the Lesbian who came back for more.

M

is for Maidenhead tattered and torn,

N

is the Noble who died with a horn.

O

is for Orifice now gently revealed,

P

is the Prick with the foreskin backpeeled.

Q

is for the Quaker who shit in his hat,

R

is the Roger who rogered the cat.

S

is for Shitpot, all full to the brim,

T

is the Turds that are floating within.

U

is for Usher who taught us at school,  
V  
is the Virgin who played with his tool.  
W  
is for the Whore who made tucking a farce,  
X, Y, Z  
you can stuff up your arse.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\algenon3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Sexual Education Of Algernon Perkins

#### Part 1:

Algernon aged 11

My name is Algy Perkins, I'm eleven years of age.  
My sexual development is at an early stage.  
Yet I've always had a passion for amusing myself,  
Which my mother maintained was abusing myself.  
I have a little penis, but sometimes he gets bigger,  
Six or seven inches long, the rotten stinking frigger.  
Though he sometimes gets so small that he difficult to find,  
And mother says "Don't play with him, 'cause that will make you blind.  
Quite the nicest thing about it are the things that make him grow,  
Like thinking of young ladies and the way their dresses flow.  
And if I think of kissing girls or anything like that,  
He stiffens up quite quickly till he's like a baseball bat.  
And when I go to bed at night, I take him in my fist;  
The pleasure that he gives me is too precious to be missed.  
I'm excited by the thoughts of doing it arouses'  
Of Turtle Doves cavorting in lovely ladies blouses.  
I've thought of them as Turtle Doves since I was very small,  
And mother came to comfort me when I had had a fall.  
She picked me up and squeezed me against her satin nightie.  
I found my face between her breasts, Jesus Christ Almighty!  
That was when it happened first, my penis started growing,  
And floods of hot adrenalin through my body flowing.  
I raised my little fingers to explore those magic hills,  
They sank into pneumatic bliss beneath the satin frills.  
All my troubles were forgotten; my tears were dried away,  
And is asked her as I squeezed her breasts, 'Mam, what are they, pray? A look of  
sheer panic was the answer she returned me;  
She snatched my hands away from them. Terrified, she spurned me.  
But still I stared in wonder at those swellings half revealed;  
Still trembling and excited for an answer I appealed.  
She stammered and she stuttered, she was clearly thunderstruck;  
She said they were some Turtle Doves she kept in there for luck.  
Being not allowed to fondle my newly found arousers,

The devil put my hands to work inside my little trousers.  
I'd never known my penis to stand up like that before,  
So idle hands were put to work the wonder to explore.  
My penis was a ramrod four times his normal being;  
Gingerly I felt the thing I'd thought was just for peeing.  
I rubbed and I squeezed it till I felt a wild sensation;  
A surge of raw excitement completed my elation.  
On day I saw my teacher adjusting her suspender.  
I saw a lovely thigh that epitomized her gender.  
A stockinged thigh was glory I had never seen before,  
I thought it was a portent of some special bliss in store.  
I ran into the toilet and I pulled my penis out,  
And played with him until I feared my eyesight was in doubt.  
The thought of such voluptuous thighs was spinning me in whirls,  
And as I played I conjured up more images of girls.  
When Our parents were away, there was only Sis and me,  
And that happened every Thursday when a GI came to tea.  
And he would give me five bob, and Sis another shilling,  
And send me down the street, where a Cowboy film was billing.  
The pretty girls in flouncy frills who sang in cowboy bars,  
In their flowing low-cut dresses and their tight-fitting bras,  
Excited me beyond belief and every time they kissed,  
My penis rose adoring them and trembled in my fist.  
Then I'd get home by half-past eight and knock upon the door,  
To find Sissy wearing stockings just like my teacher wore.  
She'd have dark shiny nylons on with seams right down the back,  
And I'd think of teacher's thighs when my noodle hit the sack.  
Then I noticed every week that a different GI came,  
Though the pocket money given me always seemed the same.  
And every time by half-past eight, the GI would be gone,  
While a happy sort of radiance all over Sister shone.  
The clothes she wore on GI days would make me feel quite strange,  
An hour or more before they came, she'd go upstairs to change.  
Emerging in a sweater fitting like a pair of gloves,  
Bringing up my penis with her fluttering Turtle Doves.  
'Twas the twenty-fourth of August in nineteen forty three,  
That yet another Yankee came to visit Sis for tea.  
I took my pocket money in the customary way,  
But something in the atmosphere suggested I should stay.  
The Yank was watching Sister while he offered me my pay,  
He was gazing at the Turtle Doves fluttering away,  
And without a second glance to see what I was doing,  
His hands were all over where the Turtle Doves were cooing.  
My penis was a baseball bat before I fled the scene;  
I was peeping through the keyhole to see what it could mean;  
The Doves were in his hands as he embraced her from the rear,  
He was squeezing and teasing them and nibbling sister's ear.  
With my penis in my hand I saw those Doves emerging.  
He pulled the sweater up, my adrenalin was surging.  
Around her head and down her arms, inside-out he drew it;

I saw her mighty bras as he struggled to undo it.  
I was choked with emotion as I saw it come away,  
To reveal a pair of Breasts in the fading light of day.  
Full swelling out like Turtle Doves before they came to rest.  
Two trembling orbs of loviness arose upon each breast.  
I was tossing off like mad to celebrate I'd seen 'em;  
The Yank was on his knees, with his face pressed in between 'em.  
It seem to me the pinnacle of penis-raising sights  
That would keep me wanking happily for many many nights.  
But it wasn't just for Turtle Doves that Yanks came to tea,  
But something more exciting yet, that I was soon to see.  
He stood aside as if to let me see those Breasts some more,  
While Sister pulled a zip that let her skirt fall to the floor.  
Teacher's thighs I'd only seen to just above her stocking,  
Even that had been enough to send my senses rocking;  
My Sister held her stockings up with long suspender strips,  
Attaching to a narrow belt, held taut across her hips.  
Her plump voluptuous thigns were just as much exciting  
As her round swelling Breasts, pneumatically inviting.  
But the thought that most of all, had my penis on alert,  
Was that Sis had had no knickers on underneath her skirt.  
Her thighs were close together; she was standing knee to knee;  
And where they met beneath her tum, the shadow formed a Vee.  
Amazed, I stared in wonder at the jet-black silken curls  
That covered up what's different between us boys and girls.  
Then off she kicked her high-heeled shoes and on the sofa sat.  
She spread her Thighs and where they met, she gave herself a pat.  
She threw her shoulders back and her Turtle Doves were stirring.  
They had my penis up, he was positively purring.  
My understanding dawned as I saw where she was stroking;  
I knew it was the place for a penis to be poking.  
And, sure enough, I saw the Yankee toss his pants aside,  
And shake his penis all about with every sense of pride.  
Knees bent, Thighs apart, my sister lay back on the bolster;  
The GI's pistol penis was heading for her holster.  
He scrambled up on top of her and got between her Thighs,  
And he shoved his penis in her, right there before my eyes.

Part II:

Algernon aged 12

My name is Algy Perkins and now I'm one year older;  
In sexual pursuits I am growing ever bolder;  
For I have seen the ultimate in sexual delight,  
On the strength of which I pull my pud every fucking night.  
Every Thursday regular I'd have my picture money.  
And the picture I would see would be my Sister's cunny.  
And her great big Turtle Doves would just be nuzzled by a Yank,  
And then I'd watch him fuck her rotten, while I had a wank.  
I set up orange boxes outside the parlor winder,  
And charged the lads half a crown to see my Sister Linda.  
They queued up with alacrity to see her being done,

And I knew what I would do with the fortune being won.  
So when I'd saved a fiver, I sought out the wicked street,  
Where the girls of easy virtue were nightly on the beat.  
With my heart in my throat and with a tremor in my knees,  
I stopped and asked a likely girl "What will you charge me, please?"  
She looked at me and said amazed, "A little boy like you?  
Do you really understand, boy, what I am here to do?"  
I said, "Oh yes, I do, Miss, I have seen it being done,  
And I want to put my penis right up your current bun."  
She said, "It's most irregular; it shouldn't be permitted,  
And I would be surprised if your little penis fitted."  
I said "Oh Missy, Missy, please, I want to see your Tits,  
And if you let me kiss them, I will bet my penis fits.  
She said, "Two pounds is what I charge and that's a total strip-off,  
I promise satisfaction, you'll find it's not a rip-off.  
I said, "Oh thank you, thank you," and she gave my head a pat.  
And I eyed here Turtle Doves as she led me to her flat.  
She let me put my hand up underneath her filly dress;  
She was cool above her stockings where I gave her snatch a press.  
She wasn't wearing Knickers and I found her naughty Cunt.  
She said, "Never mind the fore-play, you dirty-minded runt."  
I didn't know what fore-play was and surely didn't care.  
I watched her take her clothing off and stack in on a chair.  
I was drooling on her stockinged Thighs; Gloating o'er each breast.  
She said, "Come on, you wanker.  
Aren't you going to get undressed?"  
I dropped my short grey trousers and she said, "Come let us start."  
She lay back on the bed and spread her gorgeous Thighs apart,  
Saying, "Come, my sex-crazed baby and be shown how it is done.  
Let me show you how your penis gets into my current bun."  
She gave a friendly smile and said, "Come on, let's start the course."  
I scrambled up and mounted her, as if she were a horse.  
"No!" she said, "that's not the way, you'll hurt yourself like that.  
You must keep your knees together when aiming at my twat."  
She got me kneeling upright in between her mighty thighs;  
She took hold of my penis and she tried it out for size.  
She said, "God, you're got a hard-on, you randy little buck,  
It may not be the biggest, but it's ready for a fuck."  
"Now this is where my cunt is, but remember I'm a whore,  
And several hundred penises have been in here before.  
So though you can't ejaculate and fill me up with sperm,  
To protect you for the pox, I must cover up your worm."  
She unrolled a rubber "johnny" right along on my penis,  
And guided my erection towards her lovely Mound Of Venus.  
Impatient to start fucking her, I thrust it up her spout,  
And like a piston engine, I was thrusting in and out.  
She sucked my eager cock in and against each thrust she heaved,  
And then, too soon, it happened; my climax was achieved.  
Instinctively, I took her with affection in my arms,  
And pressed my burning cheeks between her Bosom's ample charms.

And as my cock erupted in hot erotic twitches,  
I knew at last why it was, a woman's cunt bewitches.  
And I knew I'd be in slavery all my mortal days,  
To Buxom girls' come-hither Thighs, and fatal winning ways.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\allgism3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

All My Jism  
by Crabs, San Francisco, for Gay to Breakers '95  
Men:

Close your eyes, spread your legs,  
Let me fertilize your eggs,  
Remember, I'll always be true.  
And then while I'm away,  
I'll beat off every day,  
And send all my jism to you.

Women:  
He'll pretend to be kissing,  
The lips used for pissing,  
While fondling his balls so blue.  
And then while I'm not home,  
He'll be stroking his bone,  
And sending his jism to me.  
Chorus: All my jism, I will send to you.  
All my jism, you can have my spew.  
All my jism, all my jism,  
All my jism, I will send to you.

Women:  
I will sing this bright chorus,  
While I rub my clitoris,  
With my dildo so tried and true.  
And then while you're away,  
I will vibrate away,  
And send all my jism to you.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\allthin3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

All Things Vice and Sexual  
All things vice and sexual,  
Perversions great and small,  
Straight, depraved or bestial,  
My God, I love them all.

The hostler in his stable,  
The shepherd in his flock,  
One screws mares when able,  
One gives his ewes his cock.  
Relieve sexual frustration,  
Whichever way feels nice,  
Some swear by masturbation,,  
That old time-honored vice.  
When you want to get screwed,  
And you are out of luck,  
There are other things to do,  
If you cannot get a fuck.  
When you get those human urgings,  
And insdulge them as you will,  
Defolowering young virgins,  
Gives some poor old sods a thrill.  
Bondage straps and old leather,  
Nibblin', suckin', and lickin',  
Some of them prefer a feather,  
But I prefer the chicken.  
When you really feel downhearted,  
Then just give your dick a yank.  
There is nothing's been invented,  
That can beat a good old wank.  
If you have those urges coming,  
But your sex life has a hitch,  
If you can't attract the women,  
Then go find a willing bitch.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\amazgra3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### AMAZING GRACE

(llewtraH)

\*-----

Amazing Grace, how sweet her snatch, that takes a cock like mine,  
I once got lost within her thatch, and stuffed her tight behind.  
Amazing Grace, her round her tits, how tasty in my mouth,  
One nipple points up to the north, the other one sags south.  
Amazing Grace, how sweet her clit, just like an oyster pearl,  
It nestles deep between two lips, among her pubic curls.  
Amazing Grace how deep her hole, the best in all the land,  
I tried to put two fingers in and nearly lost my hand.  
Amazing Grace, how sweet the girl, she has a lovely heart,  
She smells divine when wearing Chanel, and awful when she farts.  
Amazing Grace, I love you so, will you sit on my face?  
You taste divine, I love you so - oh please Amazing Grace?

Amazing Grace, how large her cunt, no cock can touch the sides,  
Southend Rugby Football Club, all fucked Grace and got lost inside.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\analov-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ANAL LOVE

(llewtraH)

Anon

I've been fucking all night, patches wet on the bed,  
I've done cunnilingus and she's given me head,  
My baby is gasping, "Take me from the rear",  
And it's four a.m. and we're shifting gear.  
When she's horny and the longing gets too much,  
Tired of my penis coming in from above,  
Don't need her cunt at all,  
We've got a thing that's called: anal love,  
We've got a way from the rear,  
Anal love  
My girl is horny and coming on strong,  
God how bad she wants my dong,  
She has got me hypnotised,  
So I'm giving her a new surprise.  
When she gets horny, and her cunt has had enough  
Tire of my penis coming in from above  
Don't need no rubbers at all  
We've got a thing that's called: Anal love  
I take her from behind.  
Picking up speed I'm almost there,  
Can't keep cool, so gotta take care,  
I drive my penis into her from behind,  
I love to do it and I know she don't mind,  
Almost climaxed now the urging's so strong,  
Can't hold back now, have to come,  
Then my woman sings another song,  
"No more anal love, I've come".

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\a-rovin3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

A-ROVING

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,  
Mark well what I do say,  
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,



And she was mistress of her trade,  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.  
 chorus: A-roving, a-roving, for roving's been my ru-i-in,  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.  
 I put my hand upon her knee,  
 Mark well what I do say,  
 I put my hand upon her knee,  
 She said, "Young man, you're rather free."  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.  
 I put my hand upon her thigh,  
 Mark well what I do say,  
 I put my hand upon her thigh,  
 She said, "Young man, you're rather high."  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.  
 I put my hand upon her snatch,  
 Mark well what I do say,  
 I put my hand upon her snatch,  
 She said, "Young man, that's my main hatch."  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.  
 She rolled me over on my back,  
 Mark well what I do say,  
 She rolled me over on my back,  
 And fucked so hard, my balls did crack.  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.  
 And then I slipped her on the blocks,  
 Mark well what I do say,  
 And then I slipped her on the blocks,  
 She said, "Young man, I've got the pox."  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.  
 And when she spent my whole year's pay,  
 Mark well what I do say,  
 And when she spent my whole year's pay,  
 She slipped her anchor and sailed away,  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.  
 (The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)  
 Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\astrona3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# ASTRONAUT NELL

\*-----

(A 21st Century remake of the classic Eskimo Nell)  
 Don't look at me that way, spacer,  
 Like my spacesuit's full of shit,  
 It's just this goddam Martian plague,  
 That's eating me bit by bit.

Though a man grows old and his balls grow cold,  
In the outer reaches of space,  
It's only a fool would park his tool  
In a whore at Orion's place.  
So find me a stool and pour me a drink,  
And a spacefarer's tale I'll tell,  
'Bout Saturn's rings and stranger things,  
And a whore named Astronaut Nell.  
I can tell you tales about Titan, boys,  
Where it's 50 degrees below,  
Where it's so bloody cold that oxygen's sold,  
All rolled into balls like snow.  
Many spacers flock to that frozen rock,  
And they pretty soon get bored,  
Out in the gloom of the Titan moon,  
In the half-light mining ore.  
Now it ain't so neat when you beat your meat,  
On a hell-hole thin-aired planet,  
When your zero-grav gland gets a raging stand  
That feels like Titan granite.  
The brothels and bars are over on Mars,  
And you're stuck grubbing for gold,  
And globs of spunk spin off in chunks,  
Into the stellar cold.  
So you hitch a lift on a passing ship,  
And two months' journey pass,  
While the holo-decks give virtual sex,  
But you crave a real piece of ass.  
And you cannot wank in a cryo-tank,  
So the journey's mighty boring,  
But it's worth the waiting for a destination,  
Full of serious, low-g whoring.  
There are android pals and robot gals,  
To make a man feel swell,  
But for first class ass, you gotta hit Mars,  
For the famous Astronaut Nell.  
Now Andromeda Dick and Perseus Pete,  
Lived on that Titan moon,  
And such was their luck that they'd had no fuck,  
Since the way-station on Neptune.  
But these two wrecks wanted real sex,  
Not a Neptune pleasure droid,  
And for Andromeda Dick with his kingly prick,  
There was only one place in the void.  
So they hired a berth on ship bound for Earth,  
With a stopover on Big Red,  
By the time Dick thawed he was mighty bored,  
So he jerked off till he bled.  
They reached the outer zone of Mars Town dome,  
At the height of a Martian noon,

And to slake their thirst, and do their worst,  
Sought O'Ryan's Orion saloon.  
Dick strode through the doors to that den of whores,  
Both prick and zapper flashed free,  
"You second-rate droids from the asteroids,  
Who'll drink or fuck with me?"  
A robo-wench on the nearest bench,  
With her copper-color hair,  
Saw the outsized prick of Andromeda Dick,  
And switched herself off right there.  
Dick's phallic limb was in fucking trim,  
So he backed and took a run,  
Then made a dart at some alien tart,  
And scored a hole in one.  
With alien grace the tart wrapped his waist  
In her suckered tentacles,  
And then Dick swore as the frog-faced whore's  
Tongue tickled his testicles.  
Andromeda Dick, he fucked her quick,  
In the cunt on her rearmost side,  
As he aimed for the cunt on the alien's front,  
The saloon's doors opened wide.  
There was not a word from any man,  
As into that spacers' hell  
Stepped a fearless whore who knew the score,  
And her name was Astronaut Nell.  
In the entrance she stood and men got wood,  
From seeing her standing there,  
In her silver clothes and zipper worn low,  
And her raven nipple-hair.  
Her artificial eyes were red as the skies,  
Her nimble hands twelve fingered,  
And wherever she went, those horny men,  
Breathed her pheromones which lingered.  
While other men gazed at Nell's visored face,  
And her exposed rows of nipples,  
Dick's alien bitch made her labia twitch,  
In pecker-crushing ripples.  
By this time, Dick had got his prick  
Well into orifice two,  
When Astronaut Nell let out a yell.  
And bawled to him, "Hey, you!"  
Dick gave a flick of his muscular prick,  
Flung the alien tart away,  
She landed crumpled, her tentacles rumpled,  
Antennae in disarray.  
And Astronaut Nell, that alien belle,  
With her cyber-enhanced eyes,  
With utter scorn sneered at Dick's horn,  
Her visor lifted high.

She had nipples six on her three paired tits,  
She sneered with cold contempt,  
"You must be down on your luck if you have to fuck,  
With that pox-hole alien wench!"  
"If that overgrown toad can't take your choad,"  
She sneered at the tentacled whore,  
"There's another two cunts can do the stunts,  
And they're Astronaut Nell's, not yours."  
She dropped her spacesuit piece by piece  
With an air of conscious pride,  
And when she stood, retracted two clit hoods,  
Till men saw her twin divides.  
Tis fair to state neither looked so great  
Though their strength lay well within  
Both had the depth, right to her breasts,  
To take a man's forearm in.  
She seated herself on a table top,  
Where someone had left two jars.  
She twitched her hips and crushed 'em to bits  
'Tween the three cheeks of her arse.  
She flexed her knees with double-jointed ease,  
And spread her scaly thighs apart.  
"Andromeda Dick, can your little stick,  
Fuck me till I damn well fart?"  
Usually Dick liked to fuck 'em quick,  
But with Nell he took his time,  
For a wench like that with her doubled twat,  
Was to savour, like Cygnan wine.  
Dick flexed his asshole in and out  
And made his bollocks swell,  
He pulled his six inch foreskin taut,  
To impress that alien girl.  
Nell polished one cunt with Betelgeuse Rum,  
The other with Saturn beer.  
Asked "Left or right?  
And don't take all night,  
You goddam Titan queer!"  
With his knob alight, Dick took a sight  
Along that mighty tool,  
Chose the left-hand quim and shoved it in  
With a starship captain's cool.  
Have you ever seen the thrusters  
On the Pride of Andromeda -  
That can easy out-pull a great black hole,  
Well, then you know what thrusters are.  
Or you think you do, but you've yet to view,  
The power that thrusts that prick  
And the work that's done on a whoring run  
By a man like Andromeda Dick.  
Astronaut Nell could bear things well,

With her alien tough construction,  
She'd the strength of ten in her abdomen  
And a paralysing suction.  
She could take the stream of a human's cream,  
Like the flush of a vacuum closet,  
And she gripped Dick's cock in a tractor-beam lock  
That would make a Cygnan lose his deposit!  
But Andromeda Dick would not come quick,  
He meant to conserve his powers,  
For if he'd a mind, he'd grind and grind  
Till Hale-Bopp fell in showers.  
Nell lay a while with inscrutable smile,  
Then left cunt's grip grew keener,  
A squeeze of her thigh sucked Dick's balls dry  
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.  
Right here, my friend, we come to the end  
Of xeno-copulation's classic:  
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick  
And left him needing a prosthetic.  
He fell to the floor, and he knew no more,  
His passions quite extinct,  
And when he coughed, his cock fell off,  
And his balls dropped off with a clink.  
She looked Pete in the eye "would you like to try  
Left or right, you pick.  
But you better watch out, you whorey lout,  
If you want to keep your prick -  
My stunning cunts have cunning stunts,  
They suck and crush and squeeze,  
And many a fool with a tiny tool  
Got sucked in to his knees!"  
The prehensile rims of her double quims,  
Puckered just like lips,  
And the clitoral hoods were tough as wood,  
And with sharp barbs equipped.  
Pete's belly felt hollow, he gulped and swallowed,  
And declined to try his luck,  
For neither cleft, not right nor left,  
Could coax poor Pete to fuck.  
Nell had set the pace and Dick had lost face,  
And Pete felt a fucking fool  
When a scale-skinned thing with tail and wings,  
Ate Dick's dismembered tool.  
Nell rose to her feet with a smile so sweet,  
Then "Bully," she said, "for you,  
Though I might have guessed that that was the best  
That you Titan pimps could do.  
Men have prodded me in zero-g,  
'Bove planets' deserts ruddy,  
And I've rolled in mid-air and heard them swear.

As I fucked the bastards bloody.  
Upon the frigid plains of solid methane,  
They've plumbed the depths of my quaint,  
And I've played tricks with their puny pricks,  
That would make a human faint.  
There are worlds 'mong the stars that make red Mars,  
Look hospitable and warm,  
Where men will screw with primordial stew,  
When they get the raging horn."  
Then Andromeda Dick and Perseus Pete  
Slunk away from the Orion saloon,  
And Andromeda Dick with a plastic prick,  
Slunk back to that Titan moon.  
Then left cunt's grip grew keener,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\auspete3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Australia Pete (their answer to Eskimo Nell)  
In the old pubs and shacks in the Aussie outback,  
Men drink to Australia Pete,  
Who screwed the hell out of Eskimo Nell  
With a cock that measured three feet.  
The old legends tell of how Eskimo Nell  
Was the unbeaten queen of the cot,  
And though some say she's still screwing away,  
The sad simple truth is she's not.  
'Cause Nell's great snatch did meet its match  
In a proud Australian prick,  
And Mexican Pete could not compete  
Nor could old Dead-eye Dick.  
So pull up a stool and I'll tell of a tool,  
And none of it is idle prattle.  
Let me regale you with the great tale  
Of an epic sexual battle.  
And fetch me a beer if you want to hear  
Of a lad from our fair shores,  
Whose prowess at sex made bleeding wrecks  
Of Australia's finest whores.  
The tale of that screw I'll tell to you;  
It's a fornication epic,  
About the stand of a three foot gland,  
And none of it prosthetic.  
It made the cranny of Nell's fair fanny  
Look like a tiny dimple,  
And even your own, when fully grown,  
Would seem more like a pimple!

He had balls like a stallion, each one held a gallon,  
And to keep them from exploding,  
He needed ten shags a day and a bloody good lay  
To reduce his testicular loading.  
If you find it hard to envision a yard  
And you cannot work in feet; or  
In metric talk, it's slightly short,  
Of a modern metric metre.  
Now Pete would screw with a kangaroo,  
A sheep or a brushy nag,  
With a dingo dog or a wild brush hog,  
If he couldn't get a shag.  
But love can't blossom with a 'possum;  
They just aren't built to take  
A mighty dong, full three foot long,  
Which resembled a taipan snake.  
Now, Pete's occupation was good copulation,  
And he wasn't always choosy --  
Screwed the sheep population of the great Aussie nation,  
When he couldn't snag a floozy.  
If he couldn't sleep, he'd screw a sheep,  
Just to exercise his cock.  
First ewes and lambs, then finally rams,  
'Til he'd fucked the whole damn flock.  
It has been said, when girls give head  
To Pete's mighty yard long staff,  
One sucks the tip between the lips,  
While ten more lick the shaft.  
When he waltzed Matilda, he more than filled her,  
She took it way to the hilt;  
Impaled by his wick, like a chook on a spit,  
And by Pete's penis was kilt.  
It doesn't hang loose, when not in use,  
Around his waist it's rolled;  
When stiff and hard, he comes by the yard,  
Or so the tales have told.  
His member proud could attract a crowd  
Of fanatical female admirers;  
Girls were impressed, they would ask to test  
And line up in rows to be buyers.  
Matron, mother or maid, they all got laid,  
Aged sixty to sixteen --  
From the age of consent to retirement,  
And all ages found in between.  
When he was born, they thought they saw  
His big umbilical cord.  
When they seen this outsized penis,  
It sent cheers throughout the ward.  
Now Pete was born with a raging horn,  
Which later made women insane.

As one gal said, he loved to give head,  
And he fucked like a cat in a drain.  
No hocus-pocus, he was always focused,  
On the needs of his three-foot prong.  
He breathed through his ears and had women in tears,  
With a tongue just nine inches long.  
They claim that Pete's penis had an I.Q. near genius,  
And could smell a pussy wet and warm,  
In a lead-lined box closed as tight as Ft Knox,  
Three miles off through a thunderstorm.  
It would curl and bend and kink at the end,  
Then rise like a snake on command.  
And given the chance, it'd get up and dance  
To the beat of an outback band.  
"In excess of a yard, it will never get hard,"  
The doctors all did proclaim.  
"Blood will rush from his head, either leave him dead,  
Or send him right into a faint."  
Aged only fourteen, he met a beauty queen  
At the local county fair.  
And his three foot dong proved the doctors all wrong,  
By standing staight up in the air.  
He walked with a swagger, did not faint or stagger,  
All eyes upon that monster, gazed.  
The docs scratched their heads and to a man said,  
That frankly, they were amazed.  
With that monstrous knob, he soon found a job,  
And was filmed for all possible dangles.  
He starred in porn, but to capture his horn,  
They had to use very wide angles.  
That monster would stand at the stroke of a hand;  
Pete had no need for Viagra.  
In torrents he came, up ten, feet then rained  
Down with the force of Niagara.  
The tensile strength of this prehensile length  
Left all his lady friends astounded.  
And with his tongue, a good nine inches long,  
His skills were really well rounded.  
The story says Pete would forget to eat  
With women three deep, wall to wall.  
He once ate not a bite for ten days and nights;  
His cock withered to nothing at all.  
Things looked grim to the waiting quim,  
Anticipating Pete's service.  
He was taken away, cock thin, limp and grey,  
Leaving his girlfriends nervous.  
He looked near-dead as they laid him in bed;  
The docs said "feed intravenous,"  
But the nurses were hip and connected the drip  
To the eye of his poor shriveled penis.



It was nothing by mouth for forty-eight hours,  
Until he was well re-hydrated.  
They took turns by his bed, to watch, so they said,  
And see if his penis inflated.  
He lingered for days while his girlfriends all prayed  
His illness would not curb his vigor.  
And each horny bitch with a slit like a ditch,  
Prayed that his cock would grow bigger.  
Enforced bed rest was a terrible test  
For his days gave him time for reflection.  
And his nights were spent in a bed like a tent,  
Where the pole was his massive erection.  
Then a doctor said "Look, have a read of this book,  
Eskimo Nell was as horny as you."  
Though it took him an age, he read every page  
Till he ached for this world famous screw.  
Fit and relaxed for six weeks on his back,  
Pete was discharged on a Sunday.  
And all of the nurses gave dollars and purses,  
If he'd like to drop back on a Monday.  
Back on the town, local girls got him down  
Though he fucked them full often and well.  
Each screw was a bore, an unchallenging chore;  
What he wanted was Eskimo Nell.  
Pete beat his vast cock upon Ayers Rock,  
For he felt full quite out of luck.  
His face had gone scarlet at the thought of that harlot,  
And an apocalyptic, incredible fuck.  
He knew his erection was fucking perfection,  
He knew he'd bring Nell to her knees.  
So he packed up a kit with a bridle and bit,  
And a gallon of kangaroo grease.  
He quit fair Aussie Land and as working hired hand  
On a P&O cruise bound for Frisco,  
Where he practiced his skills on dozens of girls  
At a six-nights-a-week B-deck disco.  
As the P&O hove out of the Sydney Cove,  
Pete's purpose was plain and specific.  
He had three in his bed when they passed Sydney Head,  
And four as they hit the Pacific.  
At every harbor, his fame it grew larger,  
And female admirers all flocked.  
They went down on their knees along on the quays,  
And lined up on piers and the docks.  
By the time the ship docked, that nice three foot cock  
Had deflowered nearly four dozen,  
Including for spite, a queer transvestite,  
And also the captain's young cousin.  
California spread Pete's prowess in bed  
Till the invites flowed like wine.

He fair broke the hearts of hundreds of tarts,  
But of Eskimo Nell, not a sign.  
Then one night at a party, a young arty-farty  
Bet a fortune that no one could screw  
His nice virgin bride who stood proud by his side,  
Nell's frigid sister, Icicle Sue.  
The man was a pain but his motives were plain;  
He expected to make quite a killing.  
For a hundred or so, she was sure to say 'no'  
And return yet a virgin, God willing.  
Most everyone knew about Icicle Sue;  
She was reputedly frigid.  
Would she be in the mood to really get screwed  
When she saw Pete's beast go rigid.  
Or maybe that maid would stay chaste, afraid  
Of his monstrous single-eyed snake.  
Pete accepted the bet -- he would show them yet,  
For his reputation's at stake.  
Pete needed no urgin' to tackle that virgin,  
And the challenge it did inspire him.  
His inspiration became determination  
To light up that cold maiden's fire.  
Now Sue wasn't gay, in spite what men say.  
It was just that she'd not met a turn-on.  
No fellow she'd met had entered her yet,  
Or got her fire close to burn on.  
Pete's pounding heart have a trembling start;  
He'd heard rumors that Nell had a sister.  
And all stories went that the maiden was bent  
And that no man had done more than kiss her.  
But as weirdos went, our Sue wasn't bent;  
She thought intercourse idiotic.  
This beautiful elf chose to finger herself  
Which is not so much queer as neurotic.  
She stood tall and proud in the midst of the crowd,  
Long-legged, slim, tall, and full-breasted,  
With rippling thighs and challenging eyes;  
A woman who'd never been bested.  
Like a man possessed, Pete sprang to his feet,  
"Where's Nell?" he asked as he kissed her.  
"Sailing," said she.  
"You must screw me,  
Before you've a chance with my sister."  
Though Pete was a stag when it came to a shag,  
He could also take things sure and slow.  
Rape wasn't his game and he wasn't ashamed  
To tell his competitors so.  
When it came to a screw, he knew what to do,  
To make women wet, hot and willing.  
First give them some fun with his nine inch tongue,

Before giving them something more filling.  
His tongue could reach inside her breach,  
While he then breathed through his ears.  
Never mind the clit, he could reach the cervix  
And have a woman in tears.  
He'd warm women up before having a fuck,  
Make them wet inside, hot and so ready,  
Before easing in that long weapon of sin,  
Smooth and rock-hard and rock-steady.  
Sue met her doom that night in her room,  
For Australian Pete was inspired.  
He kissed her and teased her; then stroked and pleased her,  
Till the lady was both stoked and fired.  
He kissed both her thighs, her breasts and her eyes,  
Till her whole body burned with desire,  
And if her legs weren't so wet in between,  
She might very well have caught fire.  
Intrigued by his dimension, she forgot her tension,  
And let herself be overpowered.  
"Good grief!  
This is great!  
Better than masturbate!"  
Said Icicle Sue, deflowered.  
All through that first fuck, she writhed and she bucked,  
Expressing her greatful enjoyment.  
She gasped and she groaned with orgasmic moans,  
At that tool's skillful employment.  
She left Pete's bed minus her maidenhead,  
And Pete then claimed his winning bet.  
But he still wanted the quim of her older twin,  
And swore that he would have her yet.  
Now Nell was in France when her sister's romance  
Made headlines from Sydney to Rome.  
And before you could grin or say Errol Flynn,  
She was packed and on her way home.  
Eskimo Nell was no longer a girl;  
Of that there was no mistake.  
For years she'd been chaste, what a great bloody waste,  
Because she was still in good shape.  
Her reputation spread as wide as her legs,  
From the Yukon to Old Panama.  
Tales were told in the New World and Old  
Of her attributes and her stamina.  
From the gold-rush days when her trail had been blazed,  
By many a lusty prospector.  
She'd been in demand all through the land,  
By men who did love to inspect her.  
In a fit of boredom, she'd given up whoring,  
And become a nice chat-show queen.  
On the late night show she frequently spoke

Of her exploits which were quite obscene.  
She could make a killing with a headline billing  
Of a session with Australia Pete.  
A televised mating would top all the ratings,  
Both live and also repeats.  
When they met in New York, poor Pete blew his cork,  
He went totally out of his tree.  
He cried out, "I'm Pete!  
The man with three feet!  
And Nell, you're the woman for me!"  
With a smile on her lips and a sway to her hips,  
Nell turned to Australia Pete.  
"If you want to root then you'd better be good.  
I won't touch a cock under three feet."  
"I come from a place where men set the pace,  
And we treat short-cocked bastards like junk."  
So Pete with a cry, unzipped his fly,  
And unleashed the elephant's trunk.  
Nell did her best to appear unimpressed,  
As Pete's weapon came close to her thighs,  
Then thinking quick, she grabbed hold of his dick,  
And said, with a gleam in her eyes:  
"Australia Pete, that's all of three feet;  
It's the biggest I've seen, to be fair.  
And I'd love to screw with a cockster like you  
In the ring, down at Madison Square.  
At five bucks a throw, most people will go  
To witness this unheard of feat.  
For where else could they see a fine lady like me  
Fuck the likes of Australia Pete.  
Replied Pete, "I require enough to retire,  
So this plan should suit me just fine."  
And taking hold of his prick, he molded it quick  
To the shape of the great dollar sign.  
Said Nell, "When Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Came to me in search of sex,  
I spat on their names; they slunk off in shame,  
A pair of broken down wrecks."  
"I went back to the cold of the arctic pole,  
In search of sexual joys.  
I'd been looking for mates when I came to the states,  
But all that I found were boys."  
"I was still just a girl when I traveled the world,  
Full of lust, desire, and hope.  
But I met only fools with drooping tools,  
That dangled like fraying rope."  
"I used womanly wiles on untamed isles  
And in dark lanads uncharted,  
But the boastful brats could not fill my crack,  
And when ridiculed, they departed."

"But if that yard of prick becomes a hard dick,  
Well, that just might do the job.  
And maybe your action will provide satisfaction,"  
She said, while eyeing his knob.  
Madison Garden had a corporate hard-on  
At the thought of an open-air screw,  
Though right from the start, they discounted art  
And concentrated on revenue.  
More tickets were sold than the Garden could hold;  
The response to the bout was incredible,  
For the tickets were juicy and tasted of pussy,  
Shaped like a cock and quite edible.  
The churches complained such an act was profane,  
Bought thousands of tickets and burned them,  
While hundreds were sold to the lonely and old,  
Who chewed them awhile and returned them.  
Pete practiced hard with a number of tarts;  
No dollars were charged when he fucked them.  
When they ran out of breath, fucked nearly to death,  
He said, "Thank you, madam," and shucked them.  
It had been quite an age, in fact several decades  
Since Eskimo Nell had found fame.  
With the money she'd earned, prostitution she'd spurned;  
That harlot had come off the game.  
She'd not shagged a guy, though many had tried,  
If fact she'd become celibate.  
And when any applied, she looked in their eye  
"Not tonight, my condition is delicate."  
The forthcoming bout was wearing them out;  
Pete couldn't raise an erection.  
And poor old Nell's cunt, to be perfectly blunt,  
Was so tight it was virgin perfection.  
And she'd quite lost the hold on her muscle control;  
Her wide cavern was tight as a drum.  
And a hydraulic jack attached to her back  
Couldn't part the two cheeks of her bum.  
When the big day arrived, the air was alive;  
The audience roared to their feet,  
As Nell with a smile walked the last quarter mile,  
But where was Australia Pete?  
Aussie Pete then arrived, more dead than alive  
With black circles etched under his eyes.  
And covered in grease from his elbow to knees,  
Nell gaped at him in surprise.  
He said, "Listen Nell, if we do this well,  
With my three foot cock in your snatch,  
We can hold out for days in the sweetest of ways,  
And then quit and demand a rematch."  
Nell replied, "Not a chance, this fucking romance  
Goes on until I'm declared winner."

I figure to shower in roughly an hour,  
And fuck twenty men before dinner."  
With a small smile of pride, she spread her legs wide  
Till the gate of her treasure was parted.  
And he gazed in awe at the great gaping maw,  
A canyon that no man had charted.  
Down on his knees, he packed her in grease,  
And then entered, he sure didn't linger.  
But she, eyes closed tight, said "Don't take all night,  
And please use your cock not your finger."  
"Let me take up the slack," he said, standing back.  
"And now prepare to be invaded.  
For this mighty beast is a visual feast,  
But in practice, too much for most ladies."  
There's only room, before reaching the womb,  
To bury nine inches or ten.  
Most women flinch at the eleventh inch,  
And twelve defeats all the women.  
Upon his knees, with languid ease,  
He pushed that member in.  
Inch by inch, she did not flinch  
From the wages of her sin.  
Eskimo Nell took the twelve inches well;  
Her entrance still looked well worn.  
She took it all and called for more,  
So Pete tried to ram home his horn.  
Pete nearly choked in the midst of a stroke,  
As he felt something sharp in his way.  
Laughing said she, "That's my old IUD,  
I may need some protection today."  
But then with a yell, he cried, "Eskimo Nell,  
That's a bullet; that's no contraceptive."  
She replied, "For a cock that's as hard as a rock,  
It's unusually fucking perceptive."  
"It's been there for years; it's a souvenir  
From the days I first left for the South.  
Mexican Pete used his gun; I fired back in fun.  
But a bullet was then caught in my "mouth".  
But Nell didn't know just how far a yard goes,  
And Australia Pete had to gloat,  
When she took every inch in one mighty clinch  
And put a new slant on "Deep Throat."  
When it reached her throat, that whore didn't choke,  
Nor did her expression go pale.  
Nor in pain did she glare, as in bliss she lay there,  
Upon that yard hard-on impaled.  
Then Eskimo Nell, she let out a yell,  
And the crowd then rose to its feet.  
"I bless my luck, I've had this fuck,  
I am now feeling full, quite replete."

She took that cock in a vise-like lock  
That had left many men bereft;  
Left many a wimp, slack, useless, limp,  
When they had withdrawn from her cleft.  
But Pete's mighty yard stayed quite firm and hard,  
And could not be defeated,  
By the crushing walls of Nell's entrance hall,  
Nor his mission left uncompleted.  
In her deep insides, that pole did glide;  
Nell began to groan and to writhe.  
As Pete began to ride, she bucked and cried:  
"I swear that thing is alive!"  
It wriggled and twitched in her womanly niche  
Like a dancing rattlesnake.  
Then with all its strength, it sprang full length,  
Like the handle of a rake.  
A rosy glow spread tight to her toes  
And a pleasant warmth inside.  
She convulsed in the spasms of ten orgasms,  
And was still not satisfied.  
But Pete had more for her in store;  
He held himself back in reserve.  
He wouldn't let loose a drip of juice  
Till she'd gotten just what she deserved.  
After three days and nights, they looked a grim sight;  
They'd done everything under the sun.  
Though Pete's mighty cock was still hard as a rock,  
And as long as just when they'd begun.  
Nell cried, "Jesus Christ, this is really quite nice,  
But I really can't take too much more."  
Pete replied, "Then give in 'cause I'm going to win;  
Fucking's one thing I adore."  
She squeezed him out quick and grabbed hold of his dick,  
And pulled it away from her thighs.  
At the moment he came, she took careful aim,  
And shot him right between the eyes.  
But Australia Pete recovered a treat,  
And as the crowd cheered Nell as the winner,  
He grabbed her left breast, got back on the nest,  
And went down on her pussy for dinner.  
Poor Nell had relaxed, her defences were slack;  
She'd let go of all her emotions.  
And she lay in a daze, her mind quite amazed  
By her body's unleashed heaving motions.  
Pete's wild flicking tongue was now deep in among  
The fount of her woman's desire.  
And though old Nell tried to stem orgasm's tide,  
Old Pete was still feeding the fire.  
Her moans and cries and wild panting sighs  
Drove the crowd to utter distraction.

And more than one couple got into real trouble  
By attempting to copy the action.  
But Pete's proud staff was still less than half  
And this thought filled him with dejection,  
Till as Nell grew excited, this problem was righted  
And he regained his roaring erection.  
"All right," said Pete as he got to his feet,  
"Someone fetch me a ladder or chair,  
It won't take much longer and I'll penetrate stronger  
From six feet or so in the air."  
Said Nell with a grin, "Before you begin,  
There's something that you ought to know.  
The last guy who tried is still somewhere inside.  
If you see him, you tell him hello."  
Then Pete aimed his prick, that great throbbing stick,  
At the hole, much more cavern than crack,  
As Eskimo Nell, that famed Yukon Belle,  
Lay smiling at him, on her back.  
He flew through the air without worry or care;  
As he landed the crowd gave a cry.  
They rose to their feet, crying "Australia Pete,  
It's a good one, a fucking bullseye."  
As for Eskimo Nell, she took it real well,  
For she wrapped her legs tight 'round his spine.  
And holding him tight, her eyes shining bright,  
Said "Do it again, it's divine!"  
After five minutes rest, they returned to the test,  
Till they'd been at it most of five days,  
And had blown and fucked, fingered and sucked  
In every conceivable way.  
All America halted, the pair was exalted,  
Filmed live for the state's television.  
While glued to their sets, New Yorkers phoned bets  
On the next brand-new sexual position.  
Nell convulsed her hips, like the apocalypse,  
As he rode her just like a horse.  
When he shot his stream, you could see the steam  
From its cataclysmic force.  
That high-pressure jet was like a bullet,  
Which could pierce through a thick armor plate.  
But Eskimo Nell said, "My!  
How swell!  
I just saw you balls deflate."  
Pete's rock-hard tip made a great jagged rip;  
It entered poor Nell's intestine.  
It reached right to the end and made a quick bend,  
Then played pinball with liver and spleen.  
She went a strange green, came apart at the seam,  
And when Pete he let loose his come,  
Her hearts it was broke, his dick went up her throat,



And stuck out her mouth like a tongue.  
All industry stopped as clerks, cooks and cops  
Fought for entry to Madison Garden.  
And the President said, "If he fucks her dead  
Or she kills him, I'm giving a pardon."  
The networks all tried to broadcast nationwide,  
And they managed it on the last day.  
One newsman said "Brother, they're not screwing each other,  
They're fucking the whole USA."  
But just as he spoke, poor Nell gave a croak,  
Her eyes glazed and slowly rolled back.  
And Pete knew it was done, the fight had been won;  
He'd conquered the Queen Of The Sack.  
He called for the doc, for it seems that his cock  
Had torn Nell's ribcage apart,  
For both her great breasts had sunk to her chest,  
And were sittin on top of her heart.  
This scene of depravity. This great gaping cavity,  
Once a woman called Eskimo Nell,  
Gave a last heartfelt sigh and lay back to die;  
It was the end of the old Yukon belle.  
Australia Pete, his victory complete,  
Was in tears as he slowly withdrew.  
"Where else," he cried, "If I searched 'til I died,  
Would I find such a fantastic screw?"  
Pete's name was in lights.  
After six days and nights,  
Exhaustion had made his face scarlet.  
And with a long sigh, he collapsed there and died,  
With ten inches still stuck in the harlot.  
They couldn't be saved, so they dug a wide grave  
And buried them joined cunt to cock.  
The headstone was obscene, stone cock spewing cream,  
And to it the impotent flock.  
Back where kangaroos jump and koala bears hump,  
In the land of the wild jackaroo,  
Where they still sing songs around billabongs,  
When there's not fucking much else to do.  
Where the Dingo dog likes to play with his log,  
And the kangaroos, they liked to toss  
Off in the night, in the pale starlight,  
In the land of the Southern Cross.  
They'll engrave his cock upon Ayer's Rock  
To show all future generations,  
For that 'Stralian man, with the three-foot stand,  
Inspires awe and veneration.  
And the songs they sing in old Alice Springs,  
To this Aussie hero of sex;  
How he rang the bell of Eskimo Nell  
And left her a cunt-split wreck.

For the price of a beer, men will talk for a year  
And swear every damn word is true,  
When they tell you his ghost still wanders the coast  
In its search for the ultimate screw.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\awayman3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Away In A Brothel

(llewtraH)

Away in a brothel, the light turned to red;  
A cracking good hooker is giving me head.  
The mirrors above me, reflecting the sight;  
My face set in grimace. I hope she won't bite.  
She cost me a tenner, that's just for a suck;  
It's three times that price if I wanted a fuck.  
Christmas is coming, in common with me;  
It comes once per annum and nothing's for free.  
Oh what will she give me -- a good dose of clap?  
Side-order of herpes and all of that crap;  
Crabs, fleas and pube-lice, I think she has scabies,  
Oh please do not bite me -- I do not want rabies.  
Away in a whorehouse, my pecker is dead;  
I think it got broken when I fell off the bed.  
The hooker is laughing, I think it's obscene.  
I may not get rabies, but I'm sure of gangrene.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\bal.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Test Engineering Trials Day

(llewtraH)

Four and twenty virgins went to Engineering Test,  
When Trials tests were over there were four and twenty less.  
Chorus: Sing trials to your partner  
Ass against the wall,  
If you canna get screwed by Test Engineers  
You'll never get screwed at all.  
< her name > she was there, upon one of the testing stations,  
She left Test Engineering with some small modifications.  
< her name > was there and she showed real potential,  
Her resistance was very small, capacitance exponential.  
< her name > she was there, her software got a tweak,  
They also checked her dwell time then found her firmware weak.

< her name > was there, she put them all through hoops,  
 So they formed a circle and tested her in a loop. <her name>she was there, her  
 action couldn't be beat,  
 They entered all the test results between her testing sheet.  
 < her name > she was there upon a vibrating table,  
 < his name > screwed her though the surface was unstable.  
 < her name > was there, they probed her everywhere,  
 And they all agreed at length that she had some great software.  
 < her name > was there, triggered by a rising edge,  
 His edge rose pretty sharply every time upon the bench.  
 < her name > she was there, she was Quality Assured,  
 And when she had left there, she had also been re-bored.  
 < her name > was in some doubt about configuration,  
 She was configured, managed, controlled and is now in calibration.  
 < her name > was there, upon a bed of nails,  
 Test jigged, test rigged and tested till at last her resolve failed.  
 < her name > was there, strung up on a test rack,  
 First she did it standing up, then did it on her back.  
 < his name > was there, the women succumbed to his wiles,  
 And when the day was over, he'd given them all a trial.  
 < her name > had plugged herself  
 into an oscilloscope,  
 You should've seen her heart rate soar when < his name > had a grope!  
 < her name > was there, she was a comely wench,  
 So they tested out her features on a firmware proving bench.  
 < his name > was there, he really felt a fool,  
 He only had some software, but he needed a hardware tool.  
 < her name > was there, with flying colours she passed,  
 Validated and verified and re-tested when they asked.  
 < her name > was there, they tested her with a probe,  
 They all witnessed the testing when her capacitance level rose.  
 < her name > was there, she had no resistance at all,  
 But sadly for the testers her capacitance was small.  
 < her name > was there and she made their juices boil,  
 But as a precaution they fitted her with a coil.  
 < her name > was there, they gave her points a poke,  
 And after an almighty bang the girl went up in smoke.  
 < her name > was there, she thought the tests were rigged,  
 So they laid her on a bed of nails and tested her with a jig.  
 < her name > was there, she was more robust than the rest,  
 She was prodded and verified by every member from Test.  
 < her name > was there and they tested her in-line,  
 They didn't find a single fault, all her components were fine.  
 < his name > was there, he thought it all a ruse,  
 But when he tested < her name > he almost blew a fuse.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\bal-bal3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE BALL OF BALLYNOOR

Oh the ball, the Ball of Ballynoor,  
What your wife and my wife were doing on the floor.  
Wha'l do ye las' nicht, wha'l do ye noo,  
The one tha' do ye las' nicht canna do ye noo.

Four and twenty virgin came down from Inverness,  
And when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less.  
Four and twenty prostitutes came up from Glockamore,  
And when the ball was over, they were all double bore.  
The village plumber he was there, he felt an awful fool,  
He'd come eleven leagues or more, forgot to bring his tool.

There was fucking in the hallways, fucking in the ricks,  
You couldna hear the music for the swishing of the pricks.  
There was fucking in the kitchen, fucking in the halls,  
You couldna hear the music for the clanging of the balls.

There was fucking in the ante-room, fucking on the stairs,  
You couldna see the people for the flying pubic hairs.  
(insert name), he was there, it was a bloody shame,

He fucked a lassie forty times, and wouldna take her haim.  
The parson's daughter she was there, a cunning little runt,  
With poison ivy up her ass, and thistle up her cunt.

The Vicar's wife she was there, a-sitting by the fire,  
Knitting rubber condoms out of india rubber tires.

The village idiot he was there, a-sitting on a pole,  
Pulled his foreskin over his head, whistled thru the hole.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there, she had the crowd in fits,  
Jumping off the mantelpiece and bouncing off her teats.

The widow Murphy she was there, explaining to the groom,  
The vagina, not the ass hole, is the entrance to the womb.  
The village magician he was there, up to his lovely tricks,  
Pulling his asshole over his head and standing on his prick.

The village smithy he was there, sitting by his fire,  
Doing abortions by the score, with a piece of red-hot wire.

The smithy's brother he was there, his sickle in his hand,  
And every time he turned around, he circumcised the band.

The Vicar's wife she was there, her back against the wall,  
"Put your money on the table, boys, I'm gonna fuck you all.

The Vicar and his wife were having lots of fun.

The Parson had his finger up another lady's bum.

The village doctor he was there, he had his bag of tricks,  
And in between the dances, he was sterilizing pricks.

In the middle of the ballroom, the village idiot sat,  
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it in his hat.

There was fucking on the couches, fucking on the cots,  
And lying up against the walls were rows of grinning twats.

Farmer Brown he was there, a-jumping on his hat,  
For half an acre of his corn was fairly fucked flat.

Giles he played a dirty trick, we canna let it pass,

He showed a girl his mighty prick, and shoved it up her ass.  
 Bayard Stockton he was there, drunk beyond a doot,  
 He tried to fuck the parson's wife, but couldna find his root.  
 Dino had an even stroke, his skill was much admired,  
 He gratified one cunt at a time until his skill expired.  
 Lindsay Bedogni he was there, and he was in dispair,  
 He couldna get his pecker through the tangles of the hair.  
 Jackie Stewart did his fucking right upon the moor,  
 It was, he thought, much better than fucking on the floor.  
 Jock McTavish he was there a looking for a fuck,  
 But every cunt was occupied and he was out of luck.  
 Mike McMurdock he was there, his cock was long and high,  
 But when he'd fucked forty times, he was fucking mighty dry.  
 McCardew-Roberts he was there, his cock was all alert,  
 But when half the night was done, 'twas dangling in the dirt.  
 The chimney sweep he was there, they had to throw him oot,  
 Every time he passed some wind, the room was filled with soot.  
 The doctor's daughter was there, she went to gather sticks,  
 She couldna find a blade of grass, for cunts and standing pricks.  
 The village builder he was there, he brought his bag of tricks,  
 He poured cement in all the holes, and blunted all the pricks.  
 Little Jimmy he was there, the leader of the choir,  
 He hit the balls of all the boys, to make their voices higher.  
 Now little Tommy he was there, But he was only eight,  
 He couldna do the lassies, so he had to masturbate.  
 The village postman he was there, the poor man had the pox,  
 He couldna do the lassies, so he did the letter box.  
 The village idiot he was there, a-leaning on the gate,  
 He couldna find a cunt to fuck, so he had to flatulate.  
 The blacksmith's father he was there, a-roaring like a lion,  
 He'd cut his cock off in the forge, so he used a red hot iron.  
 And when the ball was over, everyone confessed,  
 The doings was exquisite, but the fucking was the best.  
 John Brown the proctor was very surprised to see,  
 Four and twenty maidenheads a-hanging from a tree.  
 (Rugby Songs by Michael Green )  
 The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey,  
 The king was in the chambermaid, and she was in the money.  
 First lady forward, second lady pass,  
 Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's ass.  
 The groom was all excited, and racing round the halls,  
 A-stumbling on his pecker, and a-tripping over his balls.  
 The elders of the church were there, and far too old to firk,  
 They sat around the table, where they had a circle jerk.  
 (The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)  
 There was doin' in the barley, doin' in the oats,  
 Some was doin' lassies, but most was doin' goats.  
 The Queen was in the parlor, she was countin' up her wealth;  
 The King was in the Countess, the Count played with himself.  
 The schoolmaster he was there, he worked by rule of thumb,

He figured out with logarithms, just when he could come.  
The tailor was a busy man, the work went to his head,  
Sewing up the torn cunts with miles and miles of thread.  
Tommy Reed he was there, his balls were made of brass,  
And when he blew a fart, my lads, the sparks flew out his ass.  
(Der Wedlin Inn, Mt. Shasta, Calif, 1960)  
The groom by now was excited and racing round the halls,  
He was pulling on his pecker and showing off his balls.  
The village pervert he was there, scratching at his crotch,  
But no one minded him at all, he was only there to watch.  
The local Cavaliers were there, in elegance they sat;  
Doing things unusual with the feathers in their hat.  
The village carpenter was there, with his prick of wood;  
He made it when he lost his own, it worked just as good.  
The old fishmonger he was there, the dirty stinking sod;  
He never got a rise that night, so he diddled them with a cod.  
There was doings on the porches, doings on the stones,  
You couldna hear the music for the wheezings and the groans.  
There was doin's in the bedrooms, doin's in the tub,  
Till every single pecker there was worn down to a nub.  
Frankie Papen he was there, grinnin' at the Queen.  
He'd built himself a dildo, and powered it by steam.  
Old Rasmussen he was there, but he was fast asleep,  
The ladies wouldn't have him, and we'd run clean out of sheep.  
Annie Brown whe was there, but she looked woebegone,  
Cause when you spread her legs, boys, a little light came on.  
Bobby Hard he was there, giving happy sighs,  
His hardon us up so much skin, he couldn't close his eyes.  
Cyrano de Bergerac, dressed in fancy clothes,  
He wouldna use his pecker, so he did them with his nose.  
Pinocchio he was there, and quite a sight to see,  
The ladies sat upon his face and shouted, "Lie to me!"  
Pat Murdoch he was there, with his brand new bride,  
But when he opened up her legs, his pet canary died.  
Doin's on the sofa, doin's in the chair,  
And when they found the trampoline, there was doin's in the air.  
The Count and Countess, they were there, a-doin' on the stair.  
The bannister broke, and down they fell, and finished in midair.  
It started out so simple like, each lad and lassie mated,  
But pretty soon the doin's got so bloody complicated.  
Jock McTavish he was there, covered up with smiles,  
Doin' several girls at once, and in amazing style.  
Dot McKenzie, she was there, covered all in sweat,  
Taking on all comers, and she hasn't finished yet.  
The undertaker, he was there, in a long black shroud,  
Swinging from the chandelier, and pissing on the crowd.  
The village nympho, she was there, with a happy grin,  
For every hole was occupied, and full to the brim.  
The village glazier, he was there, with his prick of glass,  
He diddled them in their cunnies, and also in the ass.

Bob McKenna, he was there, he played a wily game,  
He did a lassie fourteen times, before he finally came.  
Dennis Bowman, he was there, his balls were made of brass,  
And when he blew a fart, m'lads, sparks flew out his ass.  
Trevor McLeod, he was there, up from Dungaree,  
With a yard and half of prick, that hung below his knee.  
(insert name), he was there, that rowdy ranting bloke,  
Masturbating by himself, with a double backhand stroke.  
(insert name), that randy wench, she was also there,  
And thirty men were sucked dry, before she stopped for air.  
James the First, he was there, a sight you should have seen,  
He was the King of England, but preferred to be the Queen.  
The groom was in the corner, oiling up his tool,  
The bride was in the icebox, her private parts to cool.  
(insert name), he was there, up to his old trick,  
Dancing naked 'round the room, pirouetting on his prick.  
Santa Claus was also there, and very drunk I fear,  
You'd be drunk there with him, if you came but once a year.  
(insert name), he was there, and he was smooth and slick,  
Tallying up his score that night by notches on his prick  
The village dwarf, he was there, that randy little runt,  
He'd dive upon a lassie, headfirst into her cunt.  
(insert name), he was there, he was a sight to see,  
They bent him over a table, the rest is Greek to me.  
(insert name), he was there, but he was fast asleep,  
Cuddled up with a happy grin, beside his rubber sheep.  
(insert name), she was there, and she was wonderous wise,  
With "USDA Grade A Choice", tattooed on her thighs.  
(insert name), he was there, doing his famous stunt,  
Braiding all the pubic hair on every single cunt.  
Anne Bolyn was also there, even though she's dead,  
She's terrific on her back, me boys, but better giving head.  
Good old (insert name), he was there, taking up the slack,  
Separating men from boys with a shiny bumper jack.  
(insert name), he was there, and he is very pure,  
We think he has a pecker, though no one's very sure.  
(insert name), she was there, a lady quite perverse,  
She'd worn out all the peckers, so she went from bed to wurst.  
(insert name), he was there, all filled up with lust,  
He'd had so many lassies that his pecker just shot dust.  
Good old (insert name) took his partner by the arm,  
And grinned and said "Another wouldn't do us any harm."  
There was doin's in the garden, doin's all around,  
There were folks a fucking on every inch of ground.  
(insert name), he was there, a-sitting on his tush,  
He never made it to the point, just beat around the bush.  
The village baker, he was there, a-looking pretty mean,  
Shouting all the girls were tarts, and pumping 'em full of cream.  
The village hooker, she was there, a-lying on the floor,  
And every time she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

There were doin's in the parlor, doin's on the grass,  
And all that you could see were waves of undulating ass.  
Four and twenty dairymaids, a-laying out all bare,  
You couldna see the daisies for the cunts and curly hair.  
The teacher of the school was there, she didna bring her stick,  
She wasna much to look at but she sure could take the prick.  
The Canadian soldier, he was there, he made the people stare,  
For when he took his trousers down, he looked just like a bear.  
The movie star, she was there, and thought it quite a farce,  
To lie down on her stomach, and take it up her arse.  
This cocky virgin, HE was there, drinking Milwaukee's best,  
Showing the girls his tiny prick, but they were not impressed.  
This other virgin, SHE was there, attempting to give head,  
But when it came to swallowing, she spit it out instead.  
A body builder, SHE was there, with legs all firm and tan,  
Her shorts rode up her ass so tight, they squeak-ed when she ran. from llewtraH  
The Count and Countess, they were there, a-doin' on the stair  
The bannister broke, and down they fell, they finished in mid-air  
Clan MacChluarain, they were there, sleepin in the shade  
For no one could decide if they were Man, or Sheep, or Maid!  
The local Cavaliers were there, in elegance they sat  
A-doin' Things Unusual with the feathers in their hat!  
The local herdsman they were there, busier than bees  
The ladies wouldna have 'em, so they diddled dogs and trees!  
The village carpenter he was there, with his prick of wood  
He made it when he lost his own, and it worked just as good!  
The College of Herald's they were there, in the other room  
Arguin' about who would do what, with which, to whom!  
A Franciscan Friar was in the courtyard, naked in the sun.  
Drinking the sacrificial wine and doing an ugly nun.  
The old fishmonger he was there, a dirty stinkin sod  
He never got a rise that night, so he screwed 'em with a cod  
Clan MacChluarain they were there, chasin' round the Keep  
And every single man of them buggerin' a sheep!  
(insert name) had a gerbil, he diddled it very well  
He didn't wrap it in duct tape: he blew it all to hell!  
(insert name) he was there; he wasn't very nice  
He didna do the ladies, he did gerbils, rats and mice!  
The village Masochist, he was there, beggin' for some blows  
The Sadist merely looked at him, and softly answered "No!"  
Yang the Nauseating was sittin' out in back  
The ladies did na' want him for he smelled too much of yak!  
The village druggist he was there, grinnin' like a fox  
He'd sold out of condoms, so he sold 'em dirty socks!  
The local vicar, he was there, his collar back to front  
He said, "Thy sins are blessed!" and he shoved it up her cunt.  
The village idiot he was there, up to his favorite trick:  
Bouncin' on his testicles and whistlin' thru his prick!  
The village fireman was there, quenchin' lassie's fires  
He diddled 'em in the firetruck, right beside the tires!



The pickpocket's wife, she was there, a bonnie little thing.  
Many a lad gained a disease, but lost their favourite ring.  
(insert name) was also there, standing back-to-front,  
With thirteen inches of candlestick inserted in her cunt!  
There was doin's in the bedrooms, there was doin's in the tub,  
'Till every single pecker there was worn down to a nub!  
The Parson's wife, she was there; she was the worst of all:  
She pulled her skirts above her head and shouted: "Fuck it all!"  
The eunuch and someone's wife had a little tryst.  
He didn't have much that would work so he had to use his fist.  
(name) and (name) they were there, and they were quite a pair.  
Each did a lassie seven times, and never touched the hair!  
(insert name) he was there, but he wouldna' dance,  
Just sat there with his ten-inch rise, a-waitin' for his chance.  
(insert name) he was there, up from Dungaree  
With a yard-and-a-half of Glory, that hung below his knee!  
The cows were wearin' bridles, the horses wearin' bits  
The Queen she wore two harness-rings thru the nipples of her tits  
(insert name) he was there, grinnin' at the Queen  
He'd built himself a dildo, and powered it by steam!  
(insert name) she was there, and she was very strange:  
You stick a dollar in her cunt, she'd spit back 10 cents change.  
(insert name) he was there, but he was fast asleep  
The ladies wouldna have him, and we'd run clean out of sheep  
They tried it on the garden path, and once around the park,  
And when the candles snotted out, they diddled in the dark!  
The groom was in the corner, oiling up his tool,  
The bride was in the icebox, her private parts to cool!  
A strapping Scotsman he was there, known to all as "Ronald"  
His rise it weighed a quarter-pound...he must be a MacDonald  
Bunny Foo-foo he was there, hoppin' thru the wood,  
Doin' the Good Fairy like a horny rabbit should!  
(insert name), that randy wench, she was also there,  
And thirty men were suckit dry before she stopped for air!  
The Kingdom Marshal, he was there, full of botheration,  
For nobody signed a waiver for the evening's fornication!  
(insert name) she was there, and she was lookin' pert,  
With six or seven Cavaliers underneath her skirt!  
(insert name) was also there, with his feather-bed,  
And on the bedposts he had marked his score of maidenheads!  
Santa Claus was also there, and very drunk, I fear,  
You'd be drunk there with him if you came just once a year!  
(insert name) he was there, and he was smooth and slick,  
Tallyin' up his score that night by notches on his prick!  
The village dwarf was also there, that randy little runt,  
He'd dive upon a lassie, headfirst in her cunt!  
The shepherdboy, he was there and had a secret hard to keep.  
He did the ladies when he could, but otherwise did his sheep  
(insert name) was also there, (s)he was a sight to see,  
They bent him (her) o'er the table, and the rest was Greek to me.

James the First and Sixth were there, a sight you should have see He was the King of England but preferred to be the Queen!

(insert name) he was there, but he was runnin' late,  
Askin' round from man to man just how to copulate!

(insert name) was also there, but he was fast asleep,  
Cuddled up, with a happy grin, beside his rubber sheep!

The (insert name) all were there, that's what I presume,  
They buggered themselves into a chain, and danced around the room

(insert name) she was there, and she was wondrous wise,  
With "USDA Grade A Choice", tattooed on her thighs!

(insert name) was sitting there, filled up with remorse,  
He'd got a little drunk that night, and did his lady's horse

(insert name) he was there, he canna see at all,  
so he satisfied his urgin's at a knothole in the wall!

Elanor of Aquitaine was very, very nice....

She didn't like French Culture, so she tried the English Vice.

The King of (insert name), worked up a head of steam,  
And all the Duchesses in sight yelled out "God save the Queen!"

Good old (insert name) he was there, takin' up the slack,  
Separatin' the men from boys with a chromium bumper jack!

Guid old Jock McNorris took his partner by the arm,  
And grinned, and said "Another "do" won't do us any harm!"

They were doin' it in the garden, they were doin' it all around.  
There were folks a-doin' on every inch of ground!

William of the Shire was there, he wasna' in the race,  
He wouldna' use his pecker, so he did 'em with his mace....!

There were lassies with the syphllis, and lassies wi' the piles,  
And lassies wi' their hinder parts all wreathed up in smiles

There was doin's on the sofa, there was doin's in the chair,  
And when they found the trampoline, there was doin's in the air.

The village harlot she was there, a-lying on the floor,  
And every time she opened her legs, the suction closed the door.

(Insert name), she was there, that wicked little slut!  
Performin' things unspeakable wi' a North Sea halibut!

(Insert name), she was there, a lady quite perverse;  
She'd worn out all the peckers so she went from bed to wurst

(Insert name) he was there, all filled up with lust,  
He'd had so many lassies that his pecker just shot dust!

The Musketeers were also there, and they were fast and quick.

You should have seen their doin's with their muzzle-loading prick  
(Insert name), he was there, but he had run amuck

He diddled geese and chickens and a passing Mallard duck!

The Lord of the castle was runnin' around, raisin' up his kilt;  
Propositionin' the nearest lady, "Lassie, quick, before it wilts.

Stick your hand beneath my kilt; I'm a gruesome troubador!

And if you stick it there again, you'll see it grew some mor.

"What the hell's a 'sporrán'?" the lassie loudly begged;

She was answered: "It's the hairy thing between a Scotsman's legs

(Insert Irish name) he was there, doin' dogs and such,  
You can always tell an Irishman, but y'canna tell him much!

There were doin's in the parlor, there was doin's in the grass.  
and all that you could see were waves of undulating ass!  
The village builder he was there, he brought his bag of tricks.  
He poured cement in all the cunts and blunted all the pricks  
There was fuckin' on the couches, and doin's in the punts  
And linin' up against the wall were rows of grinnin' cunts!  
There was doin's on the couches, there was doin's on the cot  
And linin' up against the wall were rows of drooling twats!  
(Insert name) he was there and he was in despair,  
He couldna' get his pecker through the tangled pubic hair!  
(Insert name) he was there, his prick was all alert  
But when only half the night was done, t'was danglin' in the dirt  
The doctor's daughter, she was there, she went to gather sticks.  
She couldna' find a blade of grass for cunts and standing pricks.  
Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?  
With pussy fair, and pubic hair, and peckers in a row!  
There was doin's in the kitchen, there was doin's in the halls.  
You couldna hear the music for the clargin' of the balls!  
(Insert name) was also there, this I must confess:  
Buggerin' at the Parson's cat; it's "pussy" none the less!  
(Insert name) he was there, a pervert all his life;  
He didna do the lassies...he only did his wife!  
Ivan the Terrible he was there, that filthy Russian cad,  
The Boyars called him "Terrible," the ladies said "Not bad!"  
(Insert Arabic name) he was there, in his white burnoose,  
He sat down at the table and he called for "Cunt au jus!"  
The village economist, he was there, his slide rule in his hand,  
Figuring out exactly when supply would meet demand.  
(insert name) he was there, and he is big and hairy;  
He spent the evening with a will, pluckin' virgin cherries!  
(insert name) was at the Ball, lookin' pretty grumpy;  
His pecker isn't very long...the ladies call him "Stumpy!"  
(insert name) was at the Ball, for this he is renowned:  
His pecker is so very long, it drags along the ground!  
The King is the biggest prick you've ever seen;  
We may cry "God save the King," but, Lords, God save the Queen!  
My Lady went to London, my Lady went to France,  
My Lady goes to Fredrick's to buy her underpants!  
My Lady's very beautiful, and this is what she wears:  
Jewelry, and fancy gowns, but NEVER underwear!  
(insert name) he was there; we did a double-take,  
When we saw him gettin' sexual with a shovel and a rake!  
The yurt was getting noisy, the yurt was getting loud;  
It was a Mongolian Cluster Fuck, and drawing quite a crowd!  
Dracula was also there, dressed up in his cape,  
Explainin' to Van Helsing that "It vasn't really rape!"  
The groom was in the parlor, explaining to his bride,  
The penis not the scrotum, is the part that goes inside.  
The village doctor he was there, he had his bag of tricks,  
And in between the dances, he was sterilizing pricks.

The tax collector he was there, collecting all his tax,  
The woman who couldna pay, were paying on their backs.  
The village lawyer he was there, collecting all his fees,  
The men who couldna pay, were paying on their knees.  
The village witch she was there, in an upstairs' room,  
The men were ignoring her, so she was riding on her broom.  
The local herder he was there, and he began to weep,  
All these willing ladies, and not a single sheep.  
The village nurse she was there, checking all the cocks,  
She said of all these blisters, it isn't chicken pox.  
A cocky virgin he was there, drinking Old Milwaukee's Best,  
Showing the girls his tiny dick, the girls they weren't impressed  
Another virgin she was there, talkin' 'bout givin' head,  
But when it came to swallowin', she would spit instead.  
A fine young virgin lass was there, with legs all firm and tan.  
Her shorts rode up her ass so tight, they squeaked whenever she r  
I put my head upon her lap, and she put hers in mine.  
We sucked a bit and blowed a bit and that's called sixty-nine.  
The village whore she was there, doing a really good stunt  
Stuck to the ceiling by the suction of her cunt.  
The village gynecologist he was there upon a beaver hunt,  
Pulled down all the women's pants and probed through all the cunt  
The blacksmith's father he was there, a roaring like a lion,  
He'd cut his cock off in the forge so he used his rod of iron.  
The village virgin she was there, all dressed in frilly pink  
She took the boys behind the fence and made their fingers stink.  
Willy Roberts he arrived, his prick was all alert,  
But when the night was done 'twas dangling in the dirt.  
Wee MacGregor he was there, his pint of beer he'd split,  
It mingled with the semen rhat was trickling down his kilt.  
Mrs. O'Leary she was there, swingin' from the chandelier,  
Spilling her menstrual juices into everybody's beer.  
And finally there was the Johnnie Rugger, he seemed like quite a  
But when it came to fucking, his pecker was a dud.  
The village magician, he was there, he gave us all a laugh.  
He pulled his foreskin over his head and vanished up his ass  
The fruit-picker's daughter, she was there and always within reac Offerin' the men  
all they could eat and for only three pence each  
The deaf mute lad, he was there and didn't have much to say.  
Waitin' for the lasses to pass out and doin' 'em where they lay.  
The village blacksmith, what a bull, his prick hung down to there He fucked the lads  
and lassies both, and didn't seem to care  
Now Mistress Gwen took on three men, she wilted all their poles.  
She would have taken on some more, but she ran out of holes,  
The teacher grabbed the cobbler and she fucked him through the ni She made him do it  
over again until he got it right,  
The miser used a golden condom when he did his honey,  
He says he always likes it when he's comin' into money!  
The carpenter he grabbed a lass as he came through the door,  
He didn't have a nail and so he screwed her to the floor

The cook's a flirt, she raised her skirt so all could try her dis And though it looks like bearded clam, you'd swear it tastes of f

Now Meg she had her monthly curse, and so she said, "My dear,  
Unless you want a bloody mess, please enter through the rear."

The seamstress called out to the man who was before her kneeling, "Come on now, Jim, let go my quim, I'd rather fucking than feelin

The gardener played in a fruity way with the lady of the manor,  
Fondling her melons while she gobbled his banana.

The Rabbi had a hard time keepin' his skullcap on his head,  
His wife she tried to help by layin' there like she were dead.  
The shepherd did the barmaid, and while she enjoyed it fully  
He would have liked it better if her back had been all wooly.

The dairy maid, she stroked her man until it made him shudder;  
She seems to do a lot of that, at one place or an udder!

Now Little Paul was hung so small, his partner tried to hide,

But she ran into a doorknob, so now she's satisfied!

The goblin he's the weirdest fuck that you have ever seen,  
He grunts like a pig when he gives you the jig, and when he

Test Engineering Trials Day  
(llewtraH)

Four and twenty virgins went to Engineering Test,  
When Trials tests were over there were four and twenty less.

Chorus: Sing trials to your partner

Ass against the wall,

If you canna get screwed by Test Engineers  
You'll never get screwed at all.

< her name > she was there, upon one of the testing stations,  
She left Test Engineering with some small modifications.

< her name > was there and she showed real potential,  
Her resistance was very small, capacitance exponential.

< her name > she was there, her software got a tweak,  
They also checked her dwell time then found her firmware weak.

< her name > was there, she put them all through hoops,  
So they formed a circle and tested her in a loop. <her name>she was there, her  
action couldn't be beat,

They entered all the test results between her testing sheet.

< her name > she was there upon a vibrating table,

< his name > screwed her though the surface was unstable.

< her name > was there, they probed her everywhere,  
And they all agreed at length that she had some great software.

< her name > was there, triggered by a rising edge,  
His edge rose pretty sharply every time upon the bench.

< her name > she was there, she was Quality Assured,  
And when she had left there, she had also been re-bored.

< her name > was in some doubt about configuration,  
She was configured, managed, controlled and is now in calibration

< her name > was there, upon a bed of nails,  
Test jigged, test rigged and tested till at last her resolve fail

< her name > was there, strung up on a test rack,  
First she did it standing up, then did it on her back.

< his name > was there, the women succumbed to his wiles,  
And when the day was over, he'd given them all a trial.  
< her name > had plugged herself  
into an oscilloscope,  
You should've seen her heart rate soar when < his name > had a gr  
< her name > was there, she was a comely wench,  
So they tested out her features on a firmware proving bench.  
< his name > was there, he really felt a fool,  
He only had some software, but he needed a hardware tool.  
< her name > was there, with flying colours she passed,  
Validated and verified and re-tested when they asked.  
< her name > was there, they tested her with a probe,  
They all witnessed the testing when her capacitance level rose.  
< her name > was there, she had no resistance at all,  
But sadly for the testers her capacitance was small.  
< her name > was there and she made their juices boil,  
But as a precaution they fitted her with a coil.  
< her name > was there, they gave her points a poke,  
And after an almighty bang the girl went up in smoke.  
< her name > was there, she thought the tests were rigged,  
So they laid her on a bed of nails and tested her with a jig.  
< her name > was there, she was more robust than the rest,  
She was prodded and verified by every member from Test.  
< her name > was there and they tested her in-line,  
They didn't find a single fault, all her components were fine.  
< his name > was there, he thought it all a ruse,  
But when he tested < her name > he almost blew a fuse.  
  
< his name > was there, he thought it all a ruse,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\balgame3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Take Me Out To The Ball Game  
(llewtraH)  
Whip it out at the ball game;  
Wave it 'round at the crowd.  
Dip it in jello and Crackerjack;  
I don't care if you give it a whack,  
For it's,  
Beat your meat at the ball game;  
If you don't come it's a shame,  
For it's one, two,  
And you're covered in goo,  
At the old ball game!  
Take Me Out For A Good Ball  
(llewtraH)

Take me out for a good ball,  
Lay me down on the ground.  
Give me you penis and three stiff whacks,  
If you come first, I won't ever come back.  
For it's shoot, shoot, shoot for the hole please!  
I can't believe you're so lame!  
From the front, back, side, I don't care!  
You're a damn bad lay!  
The little white bugger he went to hell,  
He shagged the Devil and his wife as well.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\baloyar3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Ball Of Yarn

One fine day in May, I took a walk one day  
Down by my grandfather's farm.  
I met a pretty maid and this is what I said,  
"May I wind up your little ball of yarn?"  
In the merry month of June, when the roses were in bloom,  
I chanced to take a walk around the farm.  
I met a pretty miss, and I politely asked her this,  
"Will you let me spin your little ball of yarn?"  
I'm a gentleman of leisure, of nobility and pleasure,  
With manners of the manor and the morals of the barn.  
And when I met a lady in the forest green and shady,  
I asked if I could spin her ball of yarn.  
chorus: Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,  
It was there I spun her little ball of yarn.  
Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,  
It was there I spun her little ball of yarn.  
When she gave me her consent, and behind the barn we went,  
I promised that I would do no harm.  
Then I politely laid her down, and I rumpled up her gown,  
It was there I spun her little ball of yarn.  
She gave her kind consent and behind the bush we went,  
And I said, "My dear, there's no cause for alarm."  
So I laid her on the ground and with expertise so sound,  
I went on to spin her little ball of yarn.  
"Oh no," says she to me, "you're a stranger, I can see,  
And though I do admire your northern charm,  
I prefer to let one of those, with the manners and the clothes,  
To wind up my little ball of yarn.  
I took her by the waist and gently laid her down,  
Not meaning to do her any harm.  
She looked up in my face, looked her leegs around my waist,  
And says, "Wind up my little ball of yarn."

She undressed before my sight, we went at it all that night,  
 Her little frame was shaking stem to stern.  
 And the blackbird and the robin, watched her little butt a-bobbin',  
 It was there I spun her little ball of yarn.  
 I took this pretty maid, underneath the shade,  
 Not intening to do her any harm.  
 I took her by surprise, and I laid between her thighs.  
 And I winded up her little ball of yarn.  
 She ten stood up, took her skirt from 'round her waist,  
 And she went happily skipping down the lane.  
 I went skipping over the green, for fear I would be seen,  
 Winding up her little ball of yarn.  
 This pretty maid she rose and she pulled on all her clothes,  
 And straight to her grandmother she did run.  
 And for me, I was not seen as I skipped across the green,  
 After winding up her little ball of yarn.  
 It was two months after that, in the office where I sat,  
 Never dreaming that she'd done me any harm,  
 A doctor dressed in white, said "Your pecker is a sight!  
 It's been tangled in a little ball of yarn."  
 It was nine months after that, in a barroom where I sat,  
 I felt a heavy hand upon my arm.  
 And an officer in blue, said "Young man, I've come for you,  
 You're the father of a little ball of yarn."  
 It was nine months after than, in my manor where I sat,  
 I saw a figure coming past the barn.  
 And a big man with a truncheon quite disturbed my Sunday bruncheon,  
 I was father of a little ball of yarn.  
 Come all you young men, neveer step out after ten,  
 Not intending for to do her any harm.  
 As soon as they lie down, you've got to pay a half a crown,  
 For winding up her little ball of yarn.  
 Come all you young men, take a warning to what I said,  
 Never rise up too early in the morn.  
 Like the blackbird and the thrush, there'll be someone 'hind the bush, That will  
 wind up your little ball of yarn.  
 In my prison cell I sit, with my shirttail in my shit,  
 And the shadow of my cock upon the wall,  
 And the visitors as they pass, they thrust hatpins up my ass,  
 And the little crabs play pingpong with my balls.  
 So come on all ye maids and harken to what I say,  
 And don't go out a-walking in the morn.  
 Like the blackbird keep your head beneath your wing,  
 And your hand upon your little ball of yarn.  
 (Oscar Brand)  
 (llewtraH)



Bollocks Of Fire

(llewtraH)

Chorus:

Bollocks of mine, lust rolls over me.

My desire it to get you to fuck with me.

Many women I've fucked; many women I've screwed;

My bollocks ache badly with my wanting you.

My dick will explode; my balls are on fire;

I am always a slave to my bollocks of fire.

Fucked them in sunshine and fucked them in rain;

Sometimes gone back and I've fucked them again.

My dick is rising, grows higher and higher;

I am always a slave to these bollocks of fire.

Fucked in the heather; fucked in the glen;

In one single night I fucked twenty women.

Haven't fucked you and that's all I desire,

I am always a slave to these bollocks of fire.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\barnbil3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bollocky Bill The Sailor

(llewtraH)

WOMAN'S VOICE:

Who's that knocking at my door? (x3)

Cried the fair young maiden.

MAN'S VOICE:

It's only me from across the sea,

Cried Bollocky Bill the sailor.

So open the door you fucking whore,

Said Bollocky Bill the sailor.

I drink my whiskey when I can,

For whiskey is the life of man

I drink it from an old tin can,

Said Bollocky Bill the sailor

WOMAN'S VOICE:

Why are you knocking at my door? (x3)

Cried the fair young maiden.

MAN'S VOICE:

'Cause I'm young enough, and ready and rough,

Said Bollocky Bill the sailor.

I've had one whore and I want one more,

Said Bollocky Bill the sailor

So open the door you filthy maid,

Open the door and you'll get laid,  
You're just another dockside jade,  
Said Bollocky Bill the sailor.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

I'll come down and let you in (3X)  
Said the fair young maiden

MAN'S VOICE:

So hurry before I bust in the door,  
I just got laid and I want some more,  
I'm newly come upon the shore,  
And this is what I'm looking for --  
A jade, a maid, or even a whore.  
Will you take me to the dance?  
Screw the dance and drop your pants,  
I'll fuck you when I have the chance,  
I'll fuck you once, I'll bugger you twice,  
Then try a different kind of vice  
It may be fun, but it isn't nice.  
What if my parents should come home?  
I'll kill your Pa and fuck your Ma,  
And then I'll give a loud huzzah,  
So get into bed or it's on the floor,  
'Cause what d'you think I came here for  
You're just another stinking whore,  
Oh your whiskers scrape my cheeks  
I'm dirty and lousy and full of fleas,  
I'll stick my mast in whom I please,  
My flowing whiskers give me class,  
The sea horses ate them instead of grass  
If they hurt your cheeks, they'll tickle your ass!  
What if we should have a girl?  
I'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch,  
For I come here to scratch my itch,  
I fuck 'em warm, I fuck 'em cold,  
I fuck 'em young, I fuck 'em old,  
I don't care if they're shy or bold,  
What if we should have a boy?  
I'll take him to sea, and he'll fuck like me,  
He'll wind up on the gallows-tree,  
So tuck your ankles behind your ears,  
Open your cunt and dry your tears  
\* Open your cunt and dry your tears)  
I'm a leering, jeering privateer.  
Oh when will we be wed?  
You foolish girl, It's nothing but sport,  
I've got me a wife in every port,  
Off I go on another tack,  
To give some other fair maid a whack,  
But keep it oiled till I come back.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\bastard3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

LONG LIVE THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND  
The minstrels sing of an English King,  
Who lived long years ago.  
He ruled his land with an iron hand,  
But his mind was weak and low.  
He loved to hunt the royal stag,  
Out in the royal wood;  
But better than that he loved to sit,  
And pull the royal pud.  
Now his only undergarment,  
Was a filthy leather shirt.  
He wore this hide to hide his hide,  
But he couldn't hide the dirt.  
He was wild and wooly and full of fleas,  
And his terrible tool hung down to his knees.  
God save the Bastard King of England.  
Now the Queen of Spain was a spicy dame,  
And very well built was she.  
She loved to fool with the royal tool,  
Of the King across the sea.  
So she sent a royal message,  
By royal messenger,  
Inviting the King to come and spend  
A couple of weeks with her.  
When Phillip of France, he heard this news,  
He swore before his court,  
"She only loves my rival,  
Because my dong's too short."  
So he sent the count of Syphillysap  
To give the Queen a dose of the clap,  
Thus proving a mighty blow to merry England.  
When news of this disaster,  
Reached fair Windsor's wall,  
The King, he swore by the shirt he wore,  
He'd have the Frenchman's balls.  
He offered half his kingdom,  
And a crack at Queen Hortense,  
To any loyal sonofabitch,  
Who'd nut the King of France.  
The loyal Duke of Essex,  
Betook himself to France.  
Swore Phillip was a fairy,  
Phillip took down his pants.  
Around his dong he buckled a thong,

And merrily merrily galloped along,  
Dragging the bastard back to merry England.  
The King threw up his breakfast,  
And he shit right on the floor,  
For during the ride, the Frenchman's pride,  
Was stretched a yard or more,  
And the merry wives of Windsor,  
Bit their teats in fiendish glee,  
To see the Frenchman's inch-and-a-half,  
Stretched out to forty-three.  
And all the wives of England,  
Came down to London Town.  
And rallied round the castle walls,  
"To hell with the British Crown!"  
Phillip of France usurped the throne,  
His scepter was the royal bone,  
With which he brownd the Bastard King of England.

x

(learned from Jim Hansen at UC Davis, 1956)  
(similar version from the Dirty Song Book by J Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\bazaar-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Old Bazaar in Cairo  
Rice pud, very good, chuck it all about;  
We made it in a teapot and couldn't get it out.  
So we all took turns at sucking through the spout.  
chorus: In the Old Bazaar in Cairo  
The Bazaar hot-dog vendor, his brother and his son,  
Here's what they do with relish, to catch up on their fun,  
They take a lovely weenie and slip it in a bum,  
The fisherman's daughter will lay it on the slab,  
You'd better get your skates on, her sole is up for grabs.  
She will let you fillet, but you'd better watch for crabs.  
The Sergeant's daughter likes laying down the law,  
She shows policemen what their truncheon's for,  
Come to her station, she'll arrest you at the door.  
The camel-trader's daughter will let you have a hump;  
Mount her, ride her, drive her any way she comes.  
She will go much faster if you smack her on the rump.  
The mule-driver's daughter has a lovely ass,  
If you want her tail, you can roll her in the grass.  
Beat her with your rod and then drive it up her ass.  
The baccy-seller's daughter will let yu have some shag,  
Hand-rolled or ready-rubbed, you won't find her a drag.  
If your pipe needs reaming, she's better than a fag.

The banker's daughter will open your accooount.  
Whe welcomes a deposit, whatever the amount.  
But if you want withdrawal, you will pay to get it out.  
The hasher's daughter is always good for funny.  
Never mind the hare, she fucks just like a bunny.  
She always will give you a good run for your money.  
The blacksmith's daughter will let you use her forge.  
You can stoke her furnace if you do feel the urge.  
Put your iron in her fire if you have got the nerve.  
The bartender's daughter prefers them mild and stout.  
She'll give you good head; her measures never short.  
And you won't find her bitter when you tip her out.  
The clock-maker's daughter will make time for you.  
You won't need appointments; any time will do.  
If your spring has run down, she will wind it up for you.  
The grocer's daughter is not left on the shelf.  
If you like her stock, you can help yourself.  
She's open all hours with bonuses as well.  
The rug-maker's daughter, she likes to lay it down.  
She spreads heer wares out for you upon the ground.  
She likes her underfelt and her tassels can be found.  
The fur-trader's daughter has a bit of fluff.  
If you'd like some beaver, you will love her muff.  
Once you have trapped her, she likes to be stuffed.  
The harness-maker's daughter will let you check her girth.  
Climb into her saddle and ride for all you're worth.  
You'll never come a cropper, you'll get your money's worth.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\beast--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

My Girlfrined's A Bit Of A Beast  
They say that my girlfriend's a bit of a beast,  
I have to admit that it's true.  
She an animal lover to say the least  
And now only a donkey will do.  
She once climbed in the cate with a tapir;  
Now they won't let her into the zoo.  
She was trying to persuade it to rape her.  
Now only a donkey will do.  
She's done it with dogs, she's done it with hogs,  
She's tried with an ape, but the monkey cried rape,  
Now only a donkey will do; now only a donkey will do.  
I got home one day, and found her dog-knotted,  
With the Rottweiler from over next door.  
By several neighbors she was spotted,  
As the pair crept around on all fours.

The dog, he was panting, exhausted;  
It's plight just could not be ignored.  
Can't tell if 'twas willing or she forced it,  
But my girl she was crying for more.  
She'll try with a goat, or curl up with a stoat,  
She's tried intercourse with a willing race horse,  
Now only a donkey will do; now only a donkey will do.  
They won't let my girlfriend visit the farm,  
Where she had a relationship deep,  
With the Hereford bull that lived in the barn,  
And the ram that serviced all the sheep.  
The stallion the farmer rode off in the hunt  
Was too tired to trot to the meet,  
Now she keeps a donkey and performs some neat stunts,  
'Cause my girlfriend's a bit of a beast.  
She'll do it for a laugh with tiger or giraffe,  
By a sheepdog she's tupp'd, but we'd not keep the pups,  
Now only a donkey will do, now only a donkey will do.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\beastlv3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Beastly Love  
(lleeewtraH)

Anon

I've been busy all day, now I'm fucking the dog;  
I've done some light petting, now I've gone the whole hog.  
My doggie is barking; I'm down on my knees;  
I've given eight inches; she's given me fleas.  
When I get horny and my love life has a hitch;  
Can't get a girlfriend, but I've a mongrel bitch.  
Don't need a woman at all.  
I've got a thing that's called:  
beastly love,  
I've got a way with my dog,  
Beastly love.  
My dog is furry and always around,  
God how much I love that hound!  
I can never get a girl,  
So all I've got is given to her.  
Picking up fleas, the price of sin,  
Can't keep out so I gotta get in.  
I'm on my knees now, she gives a small whine;  
Her tail is wagging so I know she don't mind.  
Bestiality, fucking things in fur,  
Girlfriends who bark, or they purr,  
Maybe chickens when I fancy birds,

Give me beastie love once more!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\bevhill3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Gunga's Song

(llewtraH)

Tune: Beverley Hillbillies Theme

This here's a story 'bout a man named Gunga,  
He had no prick, so he had to use his tongue-a.  
It was down in Houston at a Harriers' run,  
A harlot straddled him and said, "Let's have some fun!"  
You know . . . moustache rides . . . face smegma . . .  
Well the next thing you know old Gunga's caught in the act,  
The Hash folks said, "You oughtn't be lickin' that!  
The pound is the place where she ought to be."  
He didn't have a worry, except for VD.  
You know . . . tongue rot . . . herpes sores . . .  
Well, the moral told here is when you're hashing in Texas,  
You ought to keep your tongue out of other people's sexes.  
They thought they'd honor him for public cunnilingus,  
Now Gunga's called . . . Gungalingus.

Humping Hillbillies

(llewtraH)

Come and listen to a story 'bout a man named Jed,  
He grabbed his li'l sister an' threw her on the bed,  
Then he gave her somethin' that was long and firm,  
An' a lot creamy stuff squirted outta his worm,  
Jiz that is.  
Texas twat sauce.  
Baby makers.  
Almost 'fore you know it Jed's an oil millionaire,  
With a hard-on protrudin' from his brand new underwear,  
Grabbed a hold of granny and he stuck it in her ear,  
Her nose started foamin' like a Budweiser beer,  
Fizzin' jism.  
Incest.  
Granny's best.  
Well it's time to say goodbye to Jed and all his kin,  
Grannys got his jism and it's dribblin' down her chin,  
Ellie Mae is pregnant for the seventh time this year,  
And granny's started worryin' that Jethro's turning queer,  
Homosexual.  
Rednecks.  
Family sex.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\bigvagn3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Man Trap

Love is a burning thing,  
Met a girl who could make me sing,  
A snatch was never wider,  
I fell into her huge vagina.  
I fell into her steamy wet vagina,  
Went down, down, down, almost the whole way to China.  
And it turns, squirms, churns,  
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.  
The taste, it was so sweet,  
Then I slid in my meat,  
Just before I was done,  
She asked, "Are you in yet hon?"  
I tasted her and then,  
I had to try again,  
She said, with all her charm,  
"Don't use your cock again, try your arm."  
I fell into her steamy wet vagina,  
With arms and legs both, I couldn't satisfy her.  
And it turns, squirms, churns,  
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\bigwhel3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Great Big Wheel

(llewtraH)  
Oh a Cowboy told me before he died,  
And I've got no reason to think he lied,  
That though he tried for most of his life,  
He just never could satisfy his wife.  
Chorus: Round and round went the bloody great wheel;  
In and out went a rod of steel.  
I'll lay you money on a sure-fire bet,  
That bloody great wheel is turning yet.  
So he mounted up a great big wheel,  
There upon a rod of steel,  
Two brass chambers a-filled with cream.  
And the whole bloody thing was run by steam.  
Then he rolled it through the bedroom door,  
And the wheel started up with a great big roar,  
It rolled to his wife and rolled on top,



And it pumped until she hollered stop.  
But the bloody great wheel just rolled on through,  
'Till the cowboy's wife was split in two.  
Then as if possessed by a monstrous whim,  
It turned around and mounted him.  
It rolled to the gate and it steamed real fast,  
Mounting the people just strolling past.  
Covered them all with grease and cream,  
'Till it disappeared in a cloud of steam.  
So if you ever see a bloody great wheel,  
There upon a rod of steel,  
Run for the prairie or over the hill  
Unless you're looking for a long-time thrill.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\blakbrd3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Blackbird  
(llewtraH)

One day as I was going the road to town  
What did I see but a blackbird,  
swinging by her legs upside down.  
Said I to her, "Bird what is your song?"  
Said she to me, "Some dirty no good blackguard  
of a cock done me wrong!"  
Oh the day it was fine, 'twas in the merry month of May  
When slugs and all the earwigs  
Likewise came out to play.  
With his feathers afire, he beguiled me.  
Said he to me, "Come up to me nest me girl,  
I've some damn fine etchings to see!"  
When we got up to the nest, there was nothing there at all.  
But a damn great enormous brass studded double bed  
And nothing else at all.  
Said I to him, "Bird where are these things, which  
Which do your nest adorn?"  
Well he looked at me peculiarly and said to me,  
"Was it yesterday you were born?"  
"Ochone go cleo, agus a-weena strew," which means,  
What happened after that,  
I don't intend to tell you.  
And thus she sang, hangin' upside down by her spindly legs,  
He left me all alone in the world  
And me with some fatherless eggs.  
And thus I roam the whole world through  
Catching slugs and catching earwigs and  
Likewise catching the flu.

And thus she sang, a poor old lonely blackbird hen,  
Which only goes to show ye girls,  
There's fuck-all good in men!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\blewbyu3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Blew By You

\*-----

tune: Blue Bayou  
by Mike "SmallBone" Featherston  
I feel brand new; I've got a healthy mind.  
It's getting better all of the time,  
Since I left my old girl behind and got blew by you.  
Savin' nickels, saving dimes;  
Puttin' em where the sun don't shine.  
Lookin' forward to the next time I get blew by you.  
I'm coming back today, I save my pay to get blew by you.  
Oh, it feels real fine, only costs a dime to get blew by you.  
You raised my hopes when you reached for the soap, it's more than I had  
Oh, your suntanned thighs, your moans and cries, how happy I'll be.  
I can't wait to see you again;  
Until then I'll just use my hand.  
I know I'll feel better again, when I'm blew by you.  
Roses on my piano are nice, but two lips on my organ suffice,  
Make me crazy, 'cause I sure like to get blew by you.  
I'm coming back soon at the midnight moon for that special trick,  
'Cause there's no doubt when your teeth come out, you really got it licked. I just  
can't hide how I feel inside, when we play horsey and I get to ride; If Cosell would  
show and call it blow by blow, he'd go cross-eyed.  
All the guys on the farm would give their right arm to get blew by you!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\bliturd3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Blinded By Turds

There was an old woman who lived on our street.  
Her passage was clogged up with too much to eat.  
She took stomach pills without reading the box.  
Before she could strip, turds were flying like rocks.  
chorus: Too ra la, too ra lay,  
A rolling stone gathers no moss, so they say.  
Sing along with the birds,  
It's a wonderful song and it's all about turds.

She ran to the window and thrust out her ass,  
And just at that moment a cowboy did pass.  
He heard the strange noise and he looked up on high;  
A bloody great turd hit him right in the eye.  
He ran to the east, he ran to the west.  
A further consignment arrived on his chest.  
He ran to the north and he ran to the south;  
A bloody great turd hit him right in the mouth.  
If ever you pass over Platte River Bridge,  
Be kind to the cowboy asleep on the ridge.  
His chest bears a placard where on are these words:  
"Be kind to a cowboy who's blinded by turds."

(Oscar Brand)

#### Blinded By Shit

Now when this old lady retired for the night,  
She said, "Oh Gor Blimey, I believe I must shite."  
There's no use in talking about things that have past,  
So up went the window and out went her ass.  
There was an old watchman who chanced to pass by,  
Looked up, got a chunk of shit right in the eye.  
He put up his hand to see where he was hit,  
He say, "Gor Blimey, I'm blinded by shit."  
Now this poor watchman was blinded for life.  
He had five healthy children and a fine fucking wife.  
On a London street corner you may now see him sit,  
With a sign on his chest reading, "Blinded by shit."

(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)

#### Blinded By Turds

There was a young maiden named Madeline Schmidt,  
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit,  
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,  
Up went the window and out went her ass!  
Chorus: It was brown, brown, shit all around,  
It was brown, brown, shit all around,  
It was brown, brown, shit all around,  
And the whole world was covered in SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.  
A handsome young copper was walking his beat,  
He just happened to be on that side of the street,  
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,  
And a big wad of shit hit him right in HIS EYE!  
He turned to the east and he turned to the west,  
Then a bloody great turd hit him right on the chest,  
He turned to the north, then he turned to the south,  
And another great turd hit him right in HIS MOUTH!  
That handsome young copper he cursed and he swore,  
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,  
And beneath London Bridge you can still see him sit,  
With a sign 'round his neck saying BLINDED BY SHIT!

#### ALTERNATIVE VERSION

There was an old lady, I'd have you to know.

Who went up to London a short time ago.  
She liked it quite well and thought she would stay.  
The neighbors were tickled when she went away.  
Now when this old lady retired for the night,  
She said, "Oh gor blimey I believe I must shite."  
There's no use in talking about things that have passed.

So she went to the window and out went her ass.  
There was an old watchman who chanced to pass by,  
Looked up and got a chunk of shit right in the eye.  
He put up his hand to see where he was hit.  
He says, "Oh gor blimey, I'm blinded with shit."  
Now this poor watchman was blinded for life.

He had five health children and a fine fucking wife,  
On a London street corner you may now see him sit.  
With sign on his chest reading, "Blinded by shit."  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS VERSES  
Two fast moving Hashers came running along,  
Throwing flour and paper and singing their song,  
Singing, Hi-Diddle-Diddle, and flogging their dongs,  
The hares were trail-setting, the pack wouldn't be long.  
The hares found the copper alone by the pit,  
Threw flour in the holes where his eyes used to fit,  
The hares led the pack by a block and a bit,  
Said, "We'll lead the damn pack through these puddles of SHI  
The hares led the pack to the edge of the pit,  
They slipped and they slid in the puddles of shit,  
They fell in the shiggy, right up to their tails,  
Ere they sank out of sight, they marked it TRUE TRAIL!  
The pack followed bravely, the pack followed true,  
They followed the hares into that vile brew,  
They followed true trail right into the pit,  
Soon the whole pack of Hashers was drowning in SHIT!  
This tale has a lesson if you think a bit,  
Don't follow true trail right into the pit,  
Remember that hares can be damn bloody fools,  
And in Hashing, like loving, there's NO FUCKING RULES!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\blndcum3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Blinded By Come

There was an old man who lived over the bank,  
No sex for six years so he needed a wank,  
Just at that moment a sailor walked by,  
And a great gout of come hit him straight in the eyes.  
One moment the sailor was a fit able seaman,  
The next he was sightless, quite blinded by semen.

Next time you walk past some down and out bum,  
He might be that sailor who was blinded by come.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\blowjob3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

No Blowjob Today

By King RongJohn

Clint was a cowboy, he rode on the range;

When he came into town he would sing this refrain:

Key yai yai yippie yai yai, key yai yai yippie ay,

I'll gladly pay Tuesday for a blowjob today.

On Clint at the whorehouse, the door was slammed shut;

His credit no good for a worm eaten slut.

Key yai yai yippie yai yai, key yai yai yippie ay,

You cannot pay Tuesday for a blowjob today.

Into his saddle Clint dejectedly sank;

He sat on his horse and he started to wank.

Key yai yai yippie yai yai, key yai yai yippie ay,

I cannot pay Tuesday for a blowjob today.

The Gay Caballero, his name was Latrell,

Rode in with a song that made Clint's member swell.

Ke yai yai yippie yai yai, key yai yai yippie ay,

You can pay me on Tuesday for a blowjob today.

For the Gay Caballero, old Clint was no match;

They found him sucked dry in a tumbleweed patch.

Key yai yai yippie yai yai, key yai yai yippie ay,

The Gay Caballero won't get paid Tuesday.

The moral is clear if you're looking for it;

A blowjob on credit is worthless as shit.

Key yai yai yippie yai yai, key yai yai yippie ay,

That's Clint meets the Gay Caballero, Ole!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\bravran3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bravo Ranger

Tune: Sound Off

I want to be a bravo ranger,

Live a life of fun and danger.

Scuba diver,

Sixty niner,

I've got a girl and she's the best;

Many a time I've sucked her breast.

Fucked her standing,  
Fucked her lying;  
If she had wings,  
I'd fuck her flying.  
Now she's dead but not forgotten;  
Dug her up and fucked her rotten.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\bucket-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Parody On The Old Oaken Bucket

How dear to my heart is the old fashioned harlot,  
When fond recollection presents her to view,  
The madam, the whorehouse, and beer by the carlot,  
And e'en the delight of the oldfashioned screw.  
You may talk as you like of these new innovations  
Imported from France and of which I've heard tell,  
But give me the natural, carnal sensations  
Of the old fashioned harlot whose surname was Belle.  
How dear to my heart was the old fashioned harlot  
As she lay legs outstretched on her sumptuous bed,  
While I, an impetuous horny young varlet,  
Drove my dink to the hub on her spoiled maidenhead.  
With her musk and her smile and her very bad grammar,  
She had cast over me quite a Paphian spell,  
And I dearly delighted to fondle and cram her,  
This old fashioned harlot whose surname was Belle.  
How dear to my heart was the old fashioned harlot  
Whose regular price was five dollars a leap.  
I was really quite fond of those women in scarlet,  
With whom I was wont, on occasion, to sleep.  
You may sing as you please of the old fashioned bucket  
That hung or that swung in the moss-girdled well,  
But give me a strumpet with leisure to fuck it  
Like the oldfashioned harlot whose surname was Belle.  
(Eugene Fields)  
In sooth, the building was no place where one could wish to stay,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\buggery3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### One Little Finger

(llewtraH)

One little finger for lads in their teens,

Two when they're bigger, and eating their greens;  
Some are so tight that they can't take a thumb,  
But a man needs three fingers to pleasure his bum,  
Some arseholes are slack and some arseholes are tight,  
And some can take four without much of a fight,  
Some can take finger and thumb in a fist,  
And swallow your hand right up to the wrist,  
For some a vibrator, for some a huge dildo,  
For others an arm - right up to the elbow,  
Some arseholes get slacker when owners get older,  
And can take in an arm, right up to the shoulder.  
On fisting and wristing, for now I shall pass,  
And I'll try not to joke elbows and arse!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\byeblak3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Bye Bye Blackbird  
Once a boy was no good;  
Took a girl into the wood.  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Laid her down upon the grass,  
Pinched her tits and slapped her ass.  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Took her where nobody else could find her,  
To a place where he could really grind her.  
Rolled her over on her front,  
Shoved his pecker up her cunt.  
Blackbird, bye, bye.  
Take off all your underwear;  
I don't care if you are bare.  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
You learned me how to dance and sing,  
Even how to shake my thing.  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
You took me to a bungalow in the wildwood;  
There I took advantage of your childhood.  
I took off your lovely dress,  
Looking for your blackbird's nest.  
Blackbird, bye, bye.  
Back your ass against the wall;  
Here I come balls and all.  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
I know I haven't got a lot,  
But what I've got will fill your twat.  
Bye, bye, blackbird,  
Put your legs around me tighter, honey,

Now my prick is starting to feel funny.  
Hoist your ass and shake your tits,  
Till the great big snapper spits.  
Blackbird, bye, bye.  
But this girl she was no sport;  
Took her story to a court.  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Told her story in the morn;  
All the jury had a horn.  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Then the judge did come to his decision;  
The poor old sod got eighteen months in prison.  
So next time, boy, do it right,  
Stuff her twat with dynamite,  
Blackbird, bye, bye.  
When he came out, he tried again;  
Took her down a leafy lane.  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Stuffed her arse with dynamite,  
Lit the fuse, had a shite.  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Suddenly there was a great explosion,  
Followed by a fucking great commotion.  
There's a minge up in a tree, hanging low and swinging free. Blackbird, bye, bye.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\came-ye3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Came Ye All At Once

Came ye all at once; didna please your lady.  
Didna want to wait, nor ask if she was ready.  
You just shot your load; didna bother waiting.  
That's why she prefers -- masturbating.  
Came ye in a rush; couldna wait to get there.  
Came out in a gush; do you think that's fair?  
Could ye make it last? don't you want to sate her?  
That's why she prefers -- a vibrator.  
Over in a trice; hardly got in her.  
Didna warm her up; is foreplay just for sinners?  
She didna get to come, and she's not fulfilled, oh.  
That's why she prefers -- to use a dildo.  
Came ye all at once; didn'a please your lady.  
Can't you just slow down; just this once, oh maybe?  
Do you have a case of premature ejaculation?  
That's why she prefers -- masturbation.



C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\candles3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

## All Girls Love A Candle

Version 1:

Chorus:

All nice girls love a candle; all nice girls love a wick;  
There's something about a candle that reminds them of a prick.

Nice and greasy, slips in easy, it's the girlies pride and joy;  
When you've got a candle, who ever needs a boy.

Ship ahoy, ship ahoy.

All the nice boys like a harlot, all the nice boys like a whore;  
There's something about a harlot that they've never known before.  
She'll be willing for a shilling, and she'll pep you up my boy.  
She'll leave you on the rocks with a bloody dose of pox,

Ship ahoy, ship ahoy.

All the parsons like a choir boy, all the parsons like a bum;  
There's something about a choir boy that would make an angel come.

Roll him over, sleep in clover, it's the curates only joy;  
And you needn't give a rap for you'll never catch the clap,  
Ship ahoy, ship ahoy.

When the man-o-war or merchant ship comes sailing into port,  
The jolly tar with joy, will sing out "Land Ahoy.

With his pockets full of money and his parrot in a cage,  
He smiles at all the pretty girls upon the landing stage.

All nice girls love a sailor; all nice girls love a tar.  
There's something about a sailor; you know how sailors are.

Bright and breezy, free and easy, he's the ladies pride and joy.

He's been up Lady Jane and he's going to again, ship ahoy sailor boy.

Jack is partial to the yellow girls across the eastern seas,  
With their lovely almond eyes, the tars they hypnotise.

And when they leave the Sandwich Isles, he loves the dusky belles,  
Dressed up "a la Salome": colored beads and oyster shells.

He will spend his money freely, and he's generous to pals;

While Jack has a sou, there's half of it for you.

It's just the same in love or war, he goes through with a smile.

You can trust a sailor, he's a white man all the while.

Version 2

All the ladies love a candle; it sets their parts aflame.

It comes in many sizes; made of wax it will not wane.

All the ladies love a candle, all the nice girls love a wick;  
Something about a candle that reminds them of a prick.

They pick the size that satisfies and thrust it to the hilt;

Unlike the fleshy version, when they've spent, it doesn't wilt.

Nice and greasy, slips in easy, in the back or in the front,

Candles come in many sizes to fit any size of cunt.

Church candles for the slack ones, birthday candles for the small,

Bought in any hardware outlet, there's a size to fit them all.

When they had their satisfaction or are simply feeling bored,  
Wax will not feel rejected, if it's left weeks in a drawer.

A candle will not wander, a candle's always true,  
A candle won't get jealous is another candle's used,  
When too tired of her waxwork, to amuse or abuse herself,  
Or she buys a bigger candle, it won't feel "left on the shelf."  
Horny ladies love a candle; it gives pleasure in the night;  
And if she wants to finish things, she can set the wick alight.

Version 3

There is a thing which in the light  
Is seldom used, but in the night,  
It serves the female maiden crew,  
The ladies and the good-wives too.

They use it to take in their hand,  
And then it will uprightly stand.  
And to a hole, they it apply,  
Where by its goodwill it would die;  
It spends, goes out, and still within,  
It leaves it's moisture, thick and thin.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cardinl3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Cardinal Be Damned

chorus: The Cardinal be damned, boys, the Cardinal be damned.  
The Cardinal be damned, boys, the Cardinal be damned.  
And any Stanford son of a bitch don't like the blue and gold,  
He can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the bear's asshole.

Stanford's run by Harvard, and Harvard's run by Yale.  
Yale is run by Vassar, and Vassar run by tail.

Stanford's run on stud-horse piss, they say it's raised by hand,  
Oh those masturbating sons of bitches, the assholes of the land.  
Here's to (current football coach), the dirty sonofabitch.

I hope he dies of syphilis and of the seven year itch.  
And if we ever catch him, I'll tell you what we'll do;  
We will line his ass with broken glass and seal it up with glue.  
If we catch a Stanford man behind these sacred walls,  
We'll take him down to Sather Gate and cut off both his balls.

We'll take him down to Sather Gate and from the highest tree,  
We will hang his balls a-way up high for everyone to see.

I'm a prostitute from Stanford, I'll fuck for fifty cents.  
You can lay my ass upon the grass, my pants upon the fence.  
I'll let you rub my belly, on Sundays fuck for free,  
But get off of me, you son of a bitch, if you're from U.S.C.  
(Stanford 1949)

Stanford University and University of California at Berkeley  
are beloved enemies.

The tune is a slight modification of  
 "Rambling Wreck From Georgia Tech".  
 In rebuttal:  
 That Dirty Golden Bear  
 That dirty golden bear  
 Is losing all his hair.  
 His teeth are out,  
 He's got the gout,  
 He don't know what it's all about.  
 He's losing all his class.  
 He's falling on his ass.  
 And once again the cardinal will whip the gold and blue.  
 Stanford's words to the Cal Fight Song.

\*  
 ŽøfiVÄ^&f?u]ög ū/öFt"öÄu"<F  
 £İ, <ðŒ^ð&Ç €Äë%öÄ t, ðy<F  
 £Ò, <ðŒ^ð, &% ÄŽFð&Æë&f?u, ë  
 &f? uB, <ðŒ^ðÄ^ÿF&Š ^FýPÿv<Nò%vô%NöQVè\$ÿÄ<ðRPè-ÿÄ  
 ŠFýÄ^ô& +Äë, ÷Ö^MM<å]MÊ, -EU

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\carlot-3.txt  
 \*\*\*\*\*

In A Lonely Car Lot  
 Once in a lonely car lot,  
 Stood a rusting Ford Capri,  
 Where Fred met a lusty harlot,  
 "Big boy, won't you play with me?"  
 Mary was a prostitute  
 From a house of ill repute.  
 They went down upon the back seat,  
 In that auto after dark;  
 Made the car seats protest and squeak,  
 Bounced the car around the park.  
 Freddie was the punter pushing,  
 Harlot Mary was the cushion.  
 And through all the wonderous screwing,  
 He did moan and groan and pray,  
 That he'd get his full ten quid's worth,  
 And no clap would come his way.  
 Freddie did not have safe sex,  
 Mary did not have Durex.  
 The suspension took a beating,  
 MacPherson struts they could not stand.  
 All the bouncing from the back seat,  
 The engine fell on to the ground.  
 Suddenly the axles snapped.

And all four tires were going flat.  
The gas tank hit the asphalt,  
With a roar it did explode.  
At that moment, thrusting Freddie,  
With a roar, did shoot his load.  
"God," said Mary, "What a climax,"  
As the floorpan hit the tarmac.  
Flames arose from all the spilt fuel,  
Sparked by motion from within.  
When the cops arrived next morning,  
They had to call the next of kin.  
Back seat passions had ignited,  
And that session had been blighted.  
If your eyes see that sad Capri,  
Gently rusting all alone,  
Be warned that sex upon a car seat,  
Does have dangers all its own.  
First make sure you set the handbrake,  
And the car's suspension takes it.  
Don't be just like Fred and Mary,  
Sent by lust to kingdom come,  
In a car, it's just not Durex,  
That makes sex both safe and fun.  
Check the chassis copes with passion,  
Or risk climactic cremation.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\casey--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Band Played On  
Casey got hit with a bucket of shit,  
And the band played on.  
He waltzed round the floor and got hit with some more,  
And the band played on.  
His balls were so loaded they nearly exploded,  
The poor girl she shook with alarm.  
He married the bitch with the seven-year itch,  
And the band played on.  
(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)  
But he couldn't hide the dirt.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\caseyjo3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Casey Jones

(llewtraH)

Casey Jones was a son of a bitch,  
Drove a steam engine through a forty foot ditch.  
Pissed on the whistle and shit on the bell,  
And he went through Chicago like a bat out of hell.

Chorus: Casey Jones, mounted in his cabin;  
Casey Jones, had his pecker in his hand;  
Casey Jones, mounted in his cabin;  
"Bend over ladies, I'm a railroad man!"  
It happened one morning about a quarter to four,  
Pulled up in front of a whore house door;  
Climbed through the window with his cock in his hand;  
Said "I'll prove I'm a railroad man."

He lined a hundred whores up against the wall,  
And he bet ten dollars he could fuck 'em all.  
He fucked ninety-eight and his balls turned blue;  
He took a shot of whiskey and he fucked the other two.  
Casey Jones was a son of a bitch,  
His balls were covered with the whorehouse itch;  
He left that house with his pecker in his hand,  
Says to the whores, "I'm a railroad man."

Casey Jones said before he died,  
There were five more things he would like to ride:  
Bicycle, tricycle, automobile,  
A bow-legged woman and a ferris wheel.  
Casey Jones said before he died,  
There were two more drinks he'd like to try,  
"Tell me Casey, what can they be?"  
"A cold glass of water and a hot cup of tea."  
They were rolling down the line about half past two;  
Casey pissed in the fire and the boiler blew.  
The fireman drowned in a yellow stream,  
And for miles around you could see yellow steam.  
They were rolling down the line about half past two,  
Casey pissed in the fire and the boiler blew,  
That was the end of Casey Jones' reign,  
As the stinking fucker who drove a train.

Casey Jones

Casey Jones was a son of a bitch,  
He ran his train in a whore house ditch.  
Jumped from the cabin with his cock in his hand,  
Said, "Look out, ladies, I'm a railroad man."  
Lined one hundred whores up against the wall;  
Swore to God Almighty ,he could fuck them all.  
Fucked ninety-eight and his balls turned blue,  
Took a shot of whiskey, and he fucked the other two.

(UC @ Davis 1950 from Clayton Finch)

Casey died and he went to hell.  
He fucked the devil and he fucked him well.

All the little devils a'climbing the walls,  
Saying, "Look out Daddy, he'll fuck us all!"  
(Ken Smith 1995 on the internet)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\catgrat3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Catherine The Great

Mine eyes have seen the glory that was Catherine the Great;  
Spread-eagled 'neath a warhorse, crushed outside the palace gate.  
She should have stuck to soldiers, should've chose to masturbate,  
Now she ain't gonna ride no more!

chorus: Glory Glory Catherina,  
She's a whorey old Tsarina.

Glory Glory Catherina

And she ain't gonna ride no more.

Crushed beneath a stallion which was hoisted on a winch,  
She might have checked the pulley, but she didn't check the cinch.  
I watched her offer up her cunt, she didn't even flinch,  
And she ain't gonna ride no more.

Last night she had a pony but it didn't satisfy,  
It had a two-foot pecker, she had much more room inside.  
She chose a sturdy warhorse, it was one she'd not yet tried,  
And she ain't gonna ride no more.

She'd worn out half her army, in her bed the night before;  
Most of them were crippled and she wasn't even sore.

Camp-followers were unemployed, she was the army whore,  
And she ain't gonna ride no more.

Kate the Great was horny so she called band a of Cossacks,  
The Cossacks and their ponies all joined in with Cathy's frolics.  
She left the ponies legless and wore out the Cossacks bollocks,  
And they ain't gonna ride no more.

She worked her way up steadily through dogs and rams and goats,  
She used to keep a Brahma bull so she could get her oats.  
She'd set her heart upon a horse, the ultimate in pokes,  
And she ain't gonna ride no more.

Ten soldiers hauled it in the air, the horse began to cry,  
Catherine lifted up her skirts and opened herself wide.  
She's ready for a fucking, for the horse to slip inside,  
And she ain't gonna ride no more.

The soldiers gave a warning, "Watch out Catherine," they cried,  
The pulley started sagging and the rope began to slide.  
The whole lot crashed upon her head and that is how she died.  
And she ain't gonna ride no more.

The soldiers tried to save the horse 'fore Kate the Great was crushed, She was  
gasping underneath the horse, "Oh God, a super fuck!"

They couldn't budge the stallion though the whole damn army pushed,

And she ain't gonna ride no more.

When they finally heaved it free, the sight near made them sick,  
The found Catherine the Great was kabob-ed upon its mighty prick.  
She looked just like a minute steak a-skewered on a stick.

And she ain't gonna ride no more.

The best horse lover ever born was Catherine the Great,  
But all you rampant equiphiles take note of Cathy's fate.  
If you want to hoist your horsey, check the rope can bear the weight,  
Or you ain't gonna ride no more.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cats---3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Cats on the Rooftops

chorus: Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,  
Cats with the clap, and the crabs, and the piles,  
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The monkey is a lively chap,  
He's known to take a flying crap.

And now and then he's clipped by clap,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The snag-toothed walrus is a beast,  
Of whom we know the very least.

But when he fucks, Great Judas Priest!  
How he revels in the joys of fornication.

The hippo knows the latest style,  
And does his lady friends beguile.

And when he comes, he floods the Nile,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The eagles they fly very high,  
And often shit right in your eye.

How glad I am that cows don't fly,  
As we revel in the joys of fornication.

The cow is rather meek and kind,  
The calmest of all beasts, you'll find.

But when the bull mounts from behind,  
How she revels in the joys of fornication.

The porcupine is full of quills,  
Which do protect it from all ills.

But I'm sure they must enhance the thrills,  
As it revels in the joys of fornication.

(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)

When you wake up in the morning with the devil of a stand,  
From the pressure of the liquid on the seminary gland,  
If you haven't got a woman, use your own horny hand,  
As you revel in the joys of fornication.

The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life,  
He can't afford a mistress, and he doesn't have a wife,  
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
When you find yourself in springtime with a surge of sexual joy,  
And you wife has got the rag on, and your daughter's rather coy,  
Then jam it up the bottom of your favorite choirboy,  
As you revel in the joys of fornication.  
Long-legged curates grind like goats,  
Pale-faced spinsters shag like stoats,  
And the whole damn world stands by and gloats,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.  
The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick,  
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,  
But whenever it does, it slips in thick,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
The ape is small and rather slow,  
Erect he stands a foot or so,  
So when he comes, it's time to go,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
The bee disports among the trees,  
And there consorts with who he please,  
To fill the land with sons of bees,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
The elephant's ass is big and round,  
A small one weighs a thousand pounds,  
Two together quake the ground,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.  
The camel likes to have his fun,  
His night is made when he is done,  
For he always gets two humps for one,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
The donkey is a lonely bloke,  
He hardly ever gets a poke,  
But when he does, he lets it soak,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
The orangutan is a colorful sight,  
There's a glow on his ass like a neon light,  
As it jumps and it leaps in the jungle night,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
The hippopotamus, so it seems,  
Very rarely has wet dreams,  
But when he does, he comes in streams,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
The oyster is a paragon of purity,  
And you can't tell the he from the she,  
But he can tell and so can she,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.  
A thousand verses all in rhyme,  
To sit and sing them seems such a crime,



When we could better spend our time,  
Revelling in the joys of fornication.

(Rugby Songs by Michael Green)

The crocodile is a funny animile,  
He rapes his mate just once in a while,  
But when he does, he floods the Nile,  
As he revels in the joy of fornication.

(Bawdy Songs by Oscar Brand)

The donkey is a lonely bloke,  
He very seldom wets his poke,  
But when he does, he lets it soak,  
As he revels in the joy of fornication.

The monkey, good as monkeys go,  
Erect can go an inch or so,  
And when he comes, it's time to go,  
As he revels in the joy of fornication.

The poor domestic doggy, on his chain all day,  
Seldom get s chance to go and let himself play,  
So he licks his little dick, in a very frantic way.  
As he revels in the joy of fornication.

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,  
He takes two days to take a screw, and when he's in the throes,  
He doesn't stop to take it out, but piddles through his nose,  
As he revels in the joy of fornication.

The owls in the trees and the cats on the tiles,  
One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in piles,  
You can hear their yowls and howls and moans and groans  
For miles and miles

As they revel in the joy of fornication.

Poor old bovine, poor old bull,  
Very seldom geets a pull,  
But when he does, the cow is full,

As you revel in the joy of fornication.

When you wake up in the morning with a lovely ten-inch stand,  
And there isn't any woman in the whole damn land,  
Then there is nothing else to do but take it in your hand,

As you revel in the joy of masturbation.

The Australian lady emu when she wants to find a mate,  
Wanders 'round the desert with a feather up her date.

You should see that feather when she meets her destined fate,  
As she revels in the joy of fornication.

The labors of the poofter find but little favor here,  
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep, I fear,  
As he dreams he rips a red-un up some dirty urchin's rear,  
As he revels in the joy of fornication.

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song;  
He has a ponderous penis fully forty cubits long.

You should hear his high crescendo when his mate is on the prong, As he revels in  
the joy of fornication.

Little Mary Johnson will be seven next July;

She's never had a naughty, but she thought she'd like to try.  
So she took her daddy's walking stick and did it on the sly,  
As she reveled in the joys of fornication.  
The poor old rhinoceros, so it appears,  
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,  
But when he does, he makes up for arrears,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
The wild boar roots in the mud all day,  
Thinking of the sows that are far, far away,  
And the corkscrew motion of over half a day,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
Quite a funny mammal is the old sperm whale,  
With a funny little diddle tucked underneath his tail,  
And he rides his misses in the teeth of a full gale,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.  
Once I met a girl with a very lovely rear;  
And she gave me an infection of a dose of gonorrhea.  
Fools rush in where angels fear,  
As I reveled in the joys of fornication.  
Poor little tortoise in his shell,  
He doesn't manage very well,  
But when he does, he fucks like hell  
As he revel in the joys of fornication.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cemesue3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Cemetery Sue (llewtraH)

They say a hard man is always good to find,  
If he's three days dead, then Sue desn't mind.  
Ask her what she wants and she'll say she'll have a  
Dose of rigor mortis from a fresh cadaver.  
If the hearse is a-rocking,  
hen don't bother knocking,  
'Cause there's room in a coffin for two.  
She the mortician's daughter, no better than she ought to  
Be, that's Cemetary Sue.  
If Sue can find a stiff with a damn great hard on,  
The situation's grave if you'll beg my pardon,  
But he won't get buried until after he's been laid,  
'Cause the undertaker's daughter is a dead good maid.  
An erection can be charming, when after the embalming.  
It stays up a week or two.  
There's more than on young lad who's been laid upon the slab,  
Thanks to Cemetary Sue.  
At nights you'll find the casket will be tossing,  
If a cold hard man is laid out in a coffin.

It's such a waste to proceed with decent burial,  
Until he's give the rites necrophilial.  
In the funeral parlor, Sue finds the men are harder,  
And they stay like that for awhile.  
If their dicks gone wooden, she knows she's got a good 'un,  
She's a dedicated necrophile.  
If there's something Sue really like to handle,  
It's a corpse all white with dick just like a candle.  
At the crematorium he won't go up in smoke,  
Till Cemetary Sue has had a poke.  
A corpse will never come, but always solid as a gun,  
For as long as he does care to ride.  
He may be young or old and his body may be cold,  
But his dink will be very warm inside.  
The police bring her corpses in a zip-locked body bag;  
First they get autopsied and then they get a shag.  
They may be lying silent with arms folded on breast,  
Dead men tell no secrets and dead men get no rest.  
Each sarcophagus makes her lubricate with lust;  
It's a waste to burn a stiff one into ashes.  
It makes her so frustrated when the body in cremated,  
And she loses the object of her passion.  
She gets a sexy feeling at the mortuary gate,  
So she sits on a coffin and she starts to masturbate.  
When the corpse goes flaccid and its dink's gone soft and thin,  
She still can have a good time 'cause the femur slips right in.  
She likes to copulate with her latest deceased mate,  
That she has met through an obituary.  
She goes to the mausoleum, when she wants so much to see him,  
And give him the last rites funerary.  
She isn't into discos; she likes those funeral dirges,  
'Cause a hard man in a coffin brings out urges.  
When her partner doesn't come, it isn't that he's frigid,  
He's just three days dead and rock solid rigid.  
Now some might think it is crude, going down on some dude,  
When he's lying on a slab, stone cold dead.  
But Sue can play about, he won't come in her mouth,  
However she sucks and gives head.  
The undertaker's daughter is a necro-sex freak;  
She likes only dead men 'cause hardons last a week.  
If she can find a stiff one, it's indecent just to bury,  
Before she satisfied her urges necrophiliac.  
Sue will have them all till the maggots start to crawl,  
Aas long as there's rigor in his prick.  
Her passion is unfettered, and the shagging is much better,  
With a rock-hard lovely week-dead dick.  
The cold of a corpse will ignite Sue's ardour,  
She can always find a stiff at the funeral parlor.  
Ask her what she wants and she'll say she'd rather  
Have a dose of rigor mortis from a fresh cadaver.

If the hearse is rockin', Sue has got a cock in,  
She's a woman of dubious charms.  
Men are sexy when demised, so she opens up her thighs,  
When a deader falls into her arms.  
Cemetary Sue likes her men to be cool;  
Rigor mortis, not Viagra, puts the stiffness in a tool.  
She's the last of her line of the necro-sexuals,  
Her father was a hangman and her ma a gallows ghoul.  
When the corpses began to swing, you could hear her mother sing,  
As she stood right beside the gallows tree.  
She could hardly bear to wait for her latest gallows mate;  
She sang cut 'em down and give them to me.  
Cemetary Sue became a chronic masturbator,  
She always get turned on when she sees an undertaker.  
And she loved to put a casket and its contents to the test,  
By climbing on the corpses at the chapel of rest.  
Sue's aunt always used to swear, by the electric chair,  
'Cause she wanted weiner cooked and hot.  
When the elctrocuted dies, and both his bollocks fried,  
A charred stick was all that auntie got.  
Sue's grand-daddy was a headsman and a necro-sexual,  
Her great uncle was a butcher who was necro-bestial,  
And was into flagellation so the comment was, of course,  
That when it came to screwing, he was flogging a dead horse.  
Did you know, taxidermists specimens are firmest,  
And their subjects will always get stuffed.  
But Sue sits and masturbates by the cemetary gates,  
To her fantasies of necro-lust.  
Cemetary Sue works the mortuary shift;  
The sight of mangled bodies makes her spirits lift.  
Diddling with the dead is this chick's main hobby.  
Ask for a date and she'll say "Over your dead body!"  
She's a necro-whore and she loves to drop her drawers,  
At the rise of a dead cold dick.  
A corpse kept on ice is really very nice,  
And embalming them quite often does the trick.  
Cemetary Sue likes to get her nightly boffing  
On crushed red velvet in a light oak coffin.  
If the casket is empty, Sue will get her tricks,  
By doing obscene acts with the chapel candlesticks.  
A double-weight box gave pall-bearers a shock,  
So they stopped and checked on inside.  
It was lucky they did; they'd nailed down the lid.  
While Sue was having a ride.  
Necrophile Sue once had a living bloke;  
He found the only way that he'd ever get a poke,  
Was to paint himself like a heavy-metal freak,  
Lie there still and silent and trying hard not to breathe.  
Sue will have them all 'til the maggots start to crawl,  
As long as there's rigor in pricks.

Her passion is unfettered and the shagging is much better,  
With a rock-hard week-old dead dick.

Rigor mortis, not Viagra, puts the stiffness in a tool.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\charhar3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Charlotte The Harlot

Down in Cunt Valley where gism does flow,  
And cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow,  
'Twas there that I met her, the girl I adore,  
That free-fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

chorus: It's Charlotte the Harlot, the girl we adore,  
The pride of the prairie, the girls we adore.

She's greasy, she's sleazy, she works on the street,  
Whenever I see her, she's always in heat.

Goes down for a dollar, takes less or takes more,  
She Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

Way out on the prairie, where cowshit is thick,  
Where women are women, and cowboys come quick,  
There lives pretty Charlotte, the girl we adore,  
The pride of the prairie, the cowpunchers whore.

One day while out riding, no pants on her quim,  
A rattlesnake spied it and flung himself in.

Now Charlotte the Harlot gives cowboys a fright,  
The only vagina that rattles and bites.

One day on the prairie while riding along,  
My seat in the saddle, my reins on my dong,  
When who should I spy but the girl I adore,  
It's Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

I got off my pony and reached for her crack,  
The damn thing was rattling and biting me back.

I took out my gun and aimed for its head,  
I missed the damn rattler, and shot her instead.

The funeral procession was forty miles long,  
Made up of cowboys a-singing this song.

Here lies a poor maiden who never kept score,  
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

(Woodland Calif 1950)

(Oscar Brand)

One night while out riding, way down by the falls,  
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls.

I saw Charlotte the harlot using a stick,  
Instead of the end of a cowpuncher's prick.

I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down there,  
And parted the tresses of curly-brown hair,  
Inserted the cock of my sturdy horse,

And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,  
Until Charlotte rejoiced at the very high speed.

When all of a sudden my horse did back-fire,  
And shot Charlotte the harlot right into the mire.  
Up got Charlotte all covered with muck,  
And said, "Oh dear, what a glorious fuck."

Two paces forward and fell flat on the floor,  
And that was the end of the cowpuncher's whore.

(Michael Green)

Lupe

(llewtraH)

'Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,  
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow,

'Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore,  
She's a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

Chorus: She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll tickle your

And if you're not happy, she'll suck out your guts,  
She'll wrap her legs round you till you want to die,  
But I'd rather eat Lupe than sweet cherry pie.

When Lupe was a young girl of just about eight,  
She'd swing to and fro on the back garden gate.

The crossmember parted, the upright went in,  
And since then she's lived in a welter of sin.

The bar was of marble and it was well-built,  
But it shuddered and groaned as he drove to the hilt.

"Viva la Mexico!" Lupe she cried.

"Remember the Alamo!" the Texan replied.

Now Lupe is dead and she lays in her tomb,  
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb,  
The smile on her face, well, it says "Give me more,  
I'm a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\chernob3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Legend of Chernobyl Sam

(llewtraH)

This is the sad legend of Chernobyl Sam,  
Who lived by a nuclear power facility,  
And, when the tale began, was an ordinary man,  
With ordinary abilities.

One dick and two balls, no more and no less,  
That was what Sam had fitted.

And with that tackle, he felt blessed,  
For his chums were likewise knitted.

That was before Chernobyl went bang,

And leaked that radiation.  
Life, it changed for Chernobyl Sam,  
Due to nuclear mutation.  
He was out on his farm in a turnip field,  
Vigorously wielding his hoe,  
When, all of a sudden, he'd doubled his yield,  
Because he felt something grow.  
And there in his pants, to his surprise,  
Was not one dick, but two.  
Well Sam couldn't believe his own eyes;  
It looked to good to be true.  
"It may be Chernobyl got me in this fix,"  
Said Sam with nary a frown.  
He thought of the fun he could have with two dicks,  
And he drove straight over to town.  
There he met Charlotte, the local harlot,  
Chernobyl's three-titted town whore.  
Eyes wide with surprise, the girl went scarlet,  
When he showed her his new double bore.  
"You've got quite a couple, so I must charge double,  
If you do it with both," she cried.  
Sam gave her his roubles, he didn't want trouble,  
Dropped his pants and yelled "Open wide!"  
Well, it may be a sin, but just one went in,  
There wasn't room for the pair.  
Those dicks were too thick, they should've been thin,  
So he stuck the second else where.  
He thrust them in turn, until the friction burned,  
And Charlotte then cried, "No more!"  
One in the churn and one in the stern  
Was too much for the doughty whore.  
If you do double entry, you have to go gently,  
As all good accountants know.  
So when she got dented around bothe entries,  
She chucked him back out in the snow.  
Now Chernobly Sam felt to be twice a man,  
As he checked out his two cocks with glee.  
But his prideful glance down the front of his pants,  
Showed him not two balls, but three!  
Those knackers hung low, they swung to and fro;  
He could swing them up over his shoulder.  
Tie them in a knot, tie them in a bow,  
It made him feel much bolder.  
There was no concealing the joy he was feeling,  
As they reached to the floor when at rest.  
He had a horny feeling when they hit the ceiling;  
With two cocks and three balls, he was blest!  
With a smile, not a frown, he went back into town,  
With his balls tucked into one boot.  
Another tart found, and threw her to the ground,

Took aim and prepared to shoot.  
She whore took it all, including triple balls,  
She wasn't deterred by the girth.  
Like a demon fueled by his great double tool,  
Sam fucked for all he was worth.  
He sighed in bliss as he came with a hiss,  
And his balls hung down to his toes.  
His old single dick was not at all missed,  
As he shot her a double load.  
He sighed in pleasure as he gave her full measure,  
And a double stream of juice.  
But after those endeavors, he tripped on his treasure,  
Those balls hanging low and loose.  
For if you please, they were wrapped 'round his knees,  
Then 'round both ankles wound.  
And when he tried to get his testicles free,  
He fell pole-axed to the ground.  
Around both his ankles were his balls entangled,  
And he could not pry them free.  
Or else he'd mangle those bollocks which dangled,  
And maaaybe loose all three.  
It's sad to tell how he tripped and fell,  
And shuffled out the door.  
Or how Sam fell as his balls start to swell,  
In fron of the laughing whore.  
Chernobyl Sam swore at his great double bore,  
And the balls on which he had tripped.  
They stretched, then tore in a great gout of gore,  
As the skin of his ball-bag ripped.  
With no more fuel to power the tool,  
In dismay Chernobyl Sam wept.  
Leaving all three balls in a great bloody pool,  
Back to his fields he crept.  
Two balls and a dick, will sure do the trick;  
You don't need anything more.  
And thin or thick, be nice to your prick,  
And to balls that don't drag on the floor.  
But now if your jealous, just what is the use  
Of owning a double-bore gun.  
MIghty fine it may look, but what is the use  
If you got no ammunition.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cherpop3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Popping Cherries  
(llewtraH)



Popping cherries is a dirty job,  
But someone's gotta do it.  
Got to be the first one up and  
Force their damn way through it..  
Normally it's easy,  
You might get a bit of blood.  
You know something's going wrong,  
If you get a bleedin' flood.  
Some have 'em very fragile,  
You hardly know know it's there,  
But if it's tough as leather,  
You gotta take some care.  
Some have 'em just like rubber,  
You've hardly got it in;  
It flexes and it stretches,  
You bounce right out again.  
Some have 'em tough as iron,  
Blocks entry to the cunt;  
Can't fight your way through it,  
It makes your plonker blunt.  
God knows why they've got one,  
That hymen thing of virgins.  
The bloody thing gets in the way,  
Of early sexual urgin's.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\chicago3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

Chorus: I used to work in Chicago,  
In a department store,  
I used to work in Chicago,  
But I don't work there any more.  
A woman came in for a computer,  
A computer from the store.  
A computer she wanted, my Wang she got,  
And I don't work there anymore.  
A lady came into the hatshop,  
A hat from the store.  
"Felt," she said; felt her I did.  
And I don't work there anymore.  
A lady came in for a beer...  
6-pack she said, ate she got...  
A lady came in for a sweater...  
"Jumper," she said, jump her I did...  
A lady came in for a seafood...  
Lobster she said, crabs she got...

A lady came in for a floppy disk...  
Floppy disk she wanted, my hard drive she got...  
A lady came in for a ticket...  
"Bangor," she wanted, bang her I did...  
A lady came in for a plumbing...  
Plumbing she wanted, pllumb her I did...  
A lady came in for a pipe...  
Pipe she wanted, hosed she got...  
A lady came in for some coffee...  
"Ground," she wanted, grind her I did...  
A lady came in for a cake...  
"Layer," she wanted, lay her I did...  
A lady came in for a down quilt...  
"Goose," she wanted, goose her I did...  
A lady came in for some lamp oil...  
"Whale," she wanted, sperm her I did...  
A lady came in for some Air Wick...  
"Mountain," she wanted, mount her I did...  
A lady came in for a sleeper...  
"Upper," she wanted, up her I did...  
A lady came in for some china...  
"Bone," she wanted, bone her I did...  
A lady came in for some gin...  
"Beefeater," she wanted, eat her I did...  
A woman came in for some service...  
"Quick," she wanted, prick her I did...  
A lady came in for a diskette...  
"Floppy," she wanted, hard drive her I did...  
A woman came in for a bath mat...  
"Shower," she wanted, show her I did...  
A woman came in for a power drill...  
"Black & Decker," she wanted, deck her I did...  
A lady came in for a drink...  
"Liquor," she wanted, lick her I did...  
A lady came in for some dish soap...  
"Johnson & Johnson," she said, my Johnson she got...  
A woman came in for some wood shoes...  
"Clog," she wanted, flog her I did,..  
A lady came in for a curtain...  
"Drape," she wanted, rape her I did,..  
A lady came in for a doughnut...  
Glazed she wanted, cream filled she got  
A lady came in for a elevator...  
Elevator she wanted, my shaft she got...  
A lady came in for a carpet...  
Carpet she wanted, laid she got...  
A lady came in for a spring...  
Spring she wanted, boinged she got...  
A lady came in for a screwdriver...  
Screwdriver she wanted, screwed she got...

A lady came in for a hammer...  
Hammer she wanted, nailed she got...  
A lady came in for a T-bone...  
T-bone she wanted, my boneless round she got...  
A lady came in for a carpet...  
Pile she wanted, shagged she got she got...  
A lady came in for a gun...  
Gun she wanted, banged she got...  
A lady came in for a nylons...  
Nylons she wanted, hosed she got...  
A lady came in for a metaphysical conversation...  
Metaphysical conversation she wanted, fucked she got...  
A lady came in for a velvet...  
Velvet she wanted, felt she got...  
A lady came in for a bolts...  
Bolts she wanted, my nuts she got...  
A lady came in for a sailors...  
Sailors she wanted, semen she got...  
A lady came in for a ham...  
Ham she wanted, porked she got...  
A lady came in for a cigarette...  
Cigarette she wanted, camel, humped she got...  
A lady came in for a plastic...  
Plastic she wanted, rubbers she got...  
A lady came in for a stockings...  
Stockings she wanted, hosing she got...  
A lady came in for a liquid Plumber...  
Liquid Plumber she wanted, pipes cleaned she got...  
A lady came in for a canned ham...  
Canned ham she wanted, porked she got...  
A lady came in for a butter...  
Butter she wanted, spread she got...  
A lady came in for a fabric...  
Silk she said, felt she got...  
A lady came in for a water-bottle...  
"Rubber," she wanted, rub her I did ...  
A lady came in for a nail...  
Nail she wanted, screwed she got ...  
A lady came in for a fishing-rod...  
Fishing rod she wanted, my pole she got ...  
A lady came in for some meat ...  
Meat she wanted, sausage she got ...  
A lady came in for some beef ...  
Beef she wanted, pork she got ...  
A lady came in for a helicopter ...  
Helicopter she wanted, my chopper she got ...  
A lady came in for a translator ...  
Translator she wanted, cunning linguist she got ...  
A lady came in for a KitKat...  
KitKat she wanted, four fingers she got ...

A lady came in for a pencil ...  
Pencil she wanted, penis she got ...  
A woman came in for a dress,  
A jumper she said so jump her I did,  
A woman came in for a dog,  
A cocker she said so cock her I did,  
A woman came in for some shoes,  
A slipper she said so slip her I did,  
A woman came in for a cake,  
A layer she said so lay her I did,  
A woman came in for a ball,  
A rubber she said so rub her I did,  
A woman came in and a pet,  
"A pussy!" she said, I took the hint,  
A woman came in for a hat,  
"Felt!" she said, so felt her I did,  
A woman came in for a ticket,  
"Bangor!" she said, so bang her I did,  
A woman came in and a dairy,  
"Cream!" she said, so cream her I did,  
A lady came in for a sleeper,  
"Upper," she said, up her I did,  
A lady came in for some wool,  
Wool she wanted, felt she got,  
A man came in for some carpet,  
Shag he wanted, piles he got,  
A woman came in for a doughnut,  
Glazed she said, creme-filled she got,  
A lady came in for toy sailors,  
Toy sailors she said, semen she got,  
A lady came in for assistance,  
Help she said, AIDS she got,  
A lady came in for some film,  
Color she wanted, exposed she got,  
A woman came in for a pet,  
A pet she wanted, some petting she got,  
A lady came in for a video,  
Free Willy she said, free Willy I did,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\chishom3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Old Chisholm Trail

Immortalia, Oscar Brand, llewtraH  
Come along boys and listen to my tale,  
A jigging and a frigging on the old Chisholm Trail.  
chorus: Come tie my root around a root around a tree,

Come tie my root around a tree.

I come out of Alice with the longhorn cattle  
On a ten-dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle.  
Sitten in the saddle with my hand on my dong,  
Shooting jism on the cattle as we ramble along.

Boss says "Cowboy, you better shove,  
The steer you shot was my own true love."

I jumped in the saddle and the saddle wasn't there,  
And I shoved seven inches up the old gray mare.

I'm lying in bed and counting sheep,  
They look so pretty, I just can't sleep.  
With my ass in the saddle and my pecker all sore,  
I spied a little lady in the whorehouse door.

I reached in my pocket and pulled out a penny,  
She says, "For that you not getting any."

I reached in my pocket and pulled out a nickel,  
She says, "For that, you don't even get a tickle."

I reached in my pocket and pulled out a dime,  
She says, "Young man, you're just wasting time."

I reached in my pocket and pulled out a quarter,  
She says, "Young man, I'm a minister's daughter."

I reached in my pocket and pulled out a half,  
She didn't say a word, just started to laugh.

I reached in my pocket and pulled out a dollar,  
She took my hand and put in in her collar.  
I reached in my pocket and pulled out a five,  
She said, "Come inside, we'll see if you're alive."

I rode her standing, I rode her lying,  
If I'd a had wings, I'd of of fucked her flying.

I went to the doctor for my pecker was sore,  
He said, "God Damn! It's the same damn whore."

The Doc took a look and then said, "Cough."  
I coughed so hard my balls fell off.

Put away your holster, put away your gun,  
Your barrels been breached, and your shooting's done.

The next time I seen her, she was shitting on the floor,  
And the wind from her ass blew the cat out the door.

The next time I seen her, the weather was hot,  
And the roaches run right out of her twat.

The next time I seen her, the weather was cool,  
She was fucking herself with an entrenching tool.

I went down to the cellar to get some cider,  
There I saw a cockroach jacking off a spider.

I went down to the cellar to get some gin,  
There was that cockroach at it again.

The last time I seen her and I ain't seen her since,  
She was jacking off a man through a barbed-wire fence.

(Ft. Ord 1953)

(Immortalia)

I rode out of Alice on an October morn,

My horse was a gelding and I had a raging horn.

We didn't reach town till winter, eighty-two.

My ass

was a draggin' and my pecker was too.

I went hunting tail for a prlor house whore.

I didn't have enough so she kicked me out the door.

Reached in my pocket, took out six bits;

She said, "Young man, you can flick my tits."

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck;

She said, "That's more like it, now let's fuck!"

I gave her the dollar and she took it in her hand.

She said, "Young men, will you long pecker stand?"

I jumped off my horse, and bolted the door.

She said, "Come and get me, I'm a damn fine whore."

I grabbed right ahold and I threw her on the grass.

My toe-hold slipped and I rammed it in her ass.

I fucked from the rear; I fucked from the front.

I fucked her up the ass when I wore out her cunt.

Lying or standing, she's a buckaroo's dream.

I fucked her nearly senseless and I filled her up with cream.

I paid another dollar and I got another ride;

Put my cock inside of her and couldn't feel the side.

The hair on her pussy was a strawberry brown

And the crabs on her belly were jumping up and down.

Took my old pecker to the watering trough;

Washed him and I scrubbed him till his head fell off.

The next time I seen her, she was floating down a stream

With a belly full of clabber and a cunt full of cream.

The sun shone down on the nipples of her tits;

I knew she was a whore and I didn't give a shit.

The next time I saw her, she was jacking off my hound,

And the jaws of her twat were drippin' on the ground.

Her tits hung down like a pair of wooden buckets,

And her cunt stunk so bad, my dog wouldn't fuck it.

The next time I saw her, she was jacking off her brother;

The crabs on her ass were fucking one another.

Her cunt was so big that no man alive could screw it;

A cart-horse saw it and he went right to it.

The next time I saw her, she was standing by the door,

And the hair from her cunt hung down to the floor.

So I grabbed her by the neck and I threw her on the grass,

Then I stretched her cunt from her navel to her ass.

So I grabbed her by the waist and I threw her on the bed,

But the wind from her ass killed my dog stone dead.

The last time I seen her 'fore I went back on the trail,

And the drippings from her cunt left a track like a snail.

I saddled up my horse and we hit the cattle trail,

Never thought no more of that greasy piece of tail.

Spent three nights in a bedroll full of fleas,

So damn cold that I thought my balls would freeze.

Five days later and my prick turned blue;  
 I ran to the doctor and he don't know what to do.  
 So I went to another and he said, "Cough!"  
 And I coughed so hard, both my balls fell off.  
 In about nine days, I looked for to see;  
 Chancres on my pecker were big as a pea.  
 He said I'd got a bad case of the red, white and blue;  
 Crabs, lice, and crawlies and the whole damn zoo.  
 Red with the itching and blue with the clap;  
 White where it's falling off and won't grow back.  
 Got ointment for the itching and my pecker turned green.  
 Doc said I'd got the worse dose of pox he'd ever seen.  
 The whore found out, and called me a kid;  
 Told me to remember her, and by God, I did.  
 Gave me some lotion and my pecker went black.  
 It might have cured the chancres but my ball began to crack.  
 "Well," said the doctor, "I'll tell you what I'll do.  
 Gotta saw your pecker off and both balls too."  
 Guess you won't go whoring and you'll never get a wife."  
 Then he sawed off my manhood with his mule-skinning knife.  
 I met a whore in Alice and she gave me the syph.  
 My balls dropped off and I can't get stiff.  
 A cart-horse saw it and he went right to it.  
 The next time I saw her, she was standing by the door,  
 And the hair from her cunt hung down to the floor.  
 -MtUPÖ•ÉDj†+R±mÑ£~>öÚ´æÈRpWp!iÖk-=m|/`BéP  
 +x(røÿ`Ö²ŠVmÜDR'M

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\chrsrob3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Christopher Robin  
 Little boy kneels at the foot of the stairs,  
 Clutched in his hand are a bunch of white hairs.  
 Oh my, just fancy that,  
 Christopher Robin castrated the cat.  
 Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,  
 Lily-white hands are caressing his head.  
 Oh my, could have been worse,  
 Christopher Robin is shagging his nurse.  
 Little boy sits on the lavatory pan,  
 Gently caressing his little old man.  
 Flip flop into the tank,  
 Christopher Robin is have a wank.  
 (Michael Green)  
 Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace  
 Christopher Robin went down on Alice

"Dear little Christopher knows his stuff  
 At 'Trying the Beard' and 'Noshing the Muff.'"
 Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace  
 Christopher Robin's still gobblin' Alice  
 "One more time, then after lunch  
 I'll reciprocate and 'Munch the Trunch.'"
 Christopher Robin is getting his knob in;  
 Alice is down and gobblin' Robin.  
 She won't say a word while 'Tonguing the Tool'  
 "'Cause it's rude to talk when your mouth is full."  
 They're plating away at Buckingham Palace;  
 Alice plates Robin and Robin plates Alice.  
 They're laying down upon the turf;  
 "Nothing compares with a 'Soixante Neuf.'"
 (llewtraH)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\chumhor3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]],B=L1C<

CHUM CHIM THE WHORE AND SHIT HOT FROM KORAT

tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike.

Origin:

(llewtraH)

When this base opened and all things were new,  
 The jocks had a need for someone to screw;  
 When up jumped this girl and said, "For five baht,  
 I'm Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat."  
 Chorus: It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat  
 Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot.  
 It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat,  
 Chum Chim the whore from Korat that's shit-hot.  
 Standing or sitting she's good anyway  
 That's what the jocks at Korat always say.  
 They can't understand why her crotch doesn't rot,  
 Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.  
 A very young jock who first opened her box,  
 Became her pimp and later got shot;  
 But still couldn't tie the marital knot,  
 To Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.  
 She's good in a hammock but better in bed,  
 That's what the jocks from Kadena have said.  
 Some left their wives, believe or not,  
 For Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.  
 When she met our Weasels she sure had the knack,  
 One in the front and the other in back,  
 She liked this arrangement, it doubled her baht,



Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.  
She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC,  
When they had the honor to lay in her rack.  
They never forgot the dirty old twat,  
Of Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.  
With F4-C crews she never had trouble,  
Once she learned how to take them on double,  
Though it was daylight, it bothered her not,  
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\clapalc3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

12;4BEL1CD

The Toff's Tale (version of Clap Alice) - Llewtrah  
Now my foreskin cheese is flourishing;  
It's mellow and it's nourishing;  
It's yellow and it's fetid more than feta.  
While the fungus on my balls  
Makes a toadstool of my tool,  
And oozes from the sores that don't get better.  
I caught my ills one night on  
The seafront down in Brighton,  
Where I met a girl whose 'hairy' harbored fleas.  
She said Alice was her name,  
For tuppence ha'penny she was game,  
To sell me sex all spiced up with disease.  
My shriveled scrotum's musty,  
And my penile warts are crusty,  
And the pustules ooze their poison down my prick.  
And the doctors, full of smiles,  
Caome and visit me for miles,  
Just to see the strange infections on my dick.  
It is swollen with infection  
Like a permanent erection,  
Rampant with all kinds of very dire disease.  
Thought to see my putrid knob .  
As it leaks its toxic globs,  
You need to chip away the chunks of cheese.  
I used to be a noble toff;  
Now my knob will soon fall off,  
From putting it in places that I shouldn't.  
Now I watch my dick decay,  
Desolate in my dismay,  
And all the while, I'm wishing that it wouldn't.  
Clap Alice now is dead,  
Though I wish 'twere me instead,

For I've got a gaping hole where dick once stood.  
Though I'm now in much demand  
'Mongst fine ladies on The Strand,  
When I strap on my prosthetic made of wood.  
Now all you toffs and nobs,  
If you want to keep your knobs,  
Don't go screwing poxy stallerns in the sand.  
Either use your best friend's mother,  
Or the arsehole of your brother,  
Or do the job for nothing with your hand.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\clapali3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Ballad of Clap Alice  
There's a filthy rotten flophouse  
Near the pier on Brighton Front,  
And a den of vice beehind the Brighton Palace.  
There you'll find the fallen women,  
Late at night they hawk their cunt,  
And underneath the pier, you'll see Clap Alice.  
(Rugger Buggers)  
Chorus: For a crown you'll get a clean one,  
For two shillings get a mean one,  
For a sixpence have a quick on in the alley.  
And for tuppence ha'penny you get Clap Alice.  
(Rugger Bugs)  
They say she came to London;  
Worked in nice high class bordellos,  
Exclusively reserved for toff and peers.  
But she got a little careless,  
Caught the pox from unclean fellows,  
And now she works beneath the Brighton pier.  
(K Gordon)  
I'd just got tuppence ha'penny  
And a rising in my knob,  
I'd just a coin left over after beer.  
I found a willing woman,  
But her snatch would cost two bob,  
So I thought I'd sit and jerk off by the pier.  
(Llewtrah)  
Well, I met her on the shingle  
And I had a raging stand.  
And I hadn't coin enough for girls in alleys.  
But for only tuppence ha'penny,  
I could roll her on the sand,  
So underneath the pier I had Clap Alice.

(Llewtrah)

Alice lifted up her frillies,  
And she wasn't wearing drawers;  
I should have marked the pustules on her cunt.

But I was feeling dreadful horny,  
With no coin for decent whores,  
So I fucked Alice down on Brighton Front.

(Llewtrah)

Soon I got a nasty itching  
And my knob was turning red,  
And the doctor said I'd got myself syph-allis.  
He asked me where I'd caught it,  
When "Beneath the pier" I said;  
He laughed and said "I guess you had Clap Alice."

(Llewtrah)

The doctor he was laughing,  
As he poked among my parts.  
The nurse she physicked me with unfeigned malice.  
I earned tuppence ha'penny  
And too poor for healthy tarts,  
But rich enough for diseased old Clap Alice.

(P Woodford)

They painted it with ointment  
And they gave me noxious pills,  
And the physick only made it sting the more.  
The doctor gave stern lessons  
On the pox and other ills,  
That could be caught when screwing seaside whores.

(Llewtrah)

I wenet walking down the seafront,  
Paid a girl to give me head  
In a filthy alley near the Picture Palace.  
She told me that the whore,  
Who worked Brighton Pier was dead,  
It was the French disease the killed our poor Clap Alice. (Llewtrah)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\clapbak3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Clap Came Back

(llewtraH)

by Melissa Binde and Larry Miller

My old Mr. Johnson had seen better days;  
When I screwed my way through college in a half-drunken haze  
I never listened when they told me, my rascal I should wrap,  
And that, little children, is how I got the clap!

CHORUS:

Chorus: But - The - Clap came back, the very next day,  
 The clap came back, bad case of gonorrhea,  
 And the clap came back  
 It just wouldn't stay away...  
 It was sitting in my pecker the very next day.  
 I was walking back home from a local bar,  
 Hadn't walked much, but home wasn't too far.  
 I met a nice girl, we had a few drinks,  
 We went back to my place... Now what do you think?  
 I went to the doctor, and he gave me some pills;  
 The doc had such cold hands that he gave me the chills.  
 He said, "To carry on like this you're much your too old?"  
 This from a man who makes me swallow bread mold!  
 I bought a new device, they said it'd save time,  
 By turning on the lights in a manner sublime.  
 I raised my right hand and brought the left one around,  
 But when the two collided, I cringed at the sound...  
 [spoken] Clap on (clap,clap) Clap off (clap,clap) [repeat]  
 Well, since that painful time, a new girl stole my heart;  
 We had a wedding in June, "Till death us do part."  
 About my history, my bride said with a cough,  
 "If you play around again, I'll Bobbit right off!"  
 X  
 X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\clemen-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Clementine  
 In a cavern, in a canyon,  
 In the shadow of a hill,  
 It was there I kept a cat-house,  
 With my oldest brother Bill  
 chorus: Oh my darling, Oh my darling,  
 Oh my darling Clementine,  
 You are lost and gone forever,  
 Dreadful sorry, Clementine.  
 Though at first we didn't prosper,  
 Soon we started doing fine,  
 When a girl came down from Glouster,  
 With the name of Clementine.  
 She was ugly, she was scrawny,  
 And she had no gift of gab,  
 But she had the kind of quim, boys,  
 That would reach right out and grab.  
 Then the nights were filled with music,  
 The days were filled with song,

Our safe was filled with money,  
Clementine was filled with dong.  
But one day there came a stranger,  
This time she'd met her match.  
He had a rifled member,  
She had a smooth-bore snatch.  
Brother Bill was first to spot it,  
He shouted to her, "Turn!"  
But before these words were spoken,  
She was split from stem to stern.  
We tore that man to pieces,  
He was dead within the hour,  
And we left his cursed member  
For the coyotes to devour.  
Every day down by the graveyard,  
When they toll the mission bell,  
We all lay a wreath of roses,  
Round the quim we loved so well.  
(Oscar Brand)  
There she stood beside the bar rail,  
Drinking pink gins for two bits,  
And the swollen whiskey barrels,  
Stood in awe beside her teats.  
Eyes of whiskey, lips of water,  
As she sodden at me peer,  
Dawns the daylight in her temple,  
With a pecker-warming leer.  
Hung my guitar on the bar rail,  
At the sweetness of the sign,  
In one leap leapt out me trousers,  
Plunged into the foaming brine.  
She was bawdy, she was busty,  
She could match the breat Buzoom,  
As she strained out of her bloomers,  
Like a melon tree in bloom.  
Oh the oak tree and the cypress,  
Never more together twine,  
Since that creeping poison ivy,  
Laid its blight on Clementine.  
(Michael Green)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\clinton3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Clinton Hillbillies

(llewtraH)

Well, this is a story 'bout a man named Bill;

The poor President couldn't keep his willie still;  
Then one day he was working at his desk,  
When in walks Monica and shows the boy her chest.  
Boobs, that is;  
Two of them;  
Bodacious big ones.  
Well, the next thing you know, Monica is on her knees,  
Mouth wide open and as happy as you please;  
Bill says "Oh yeah, now -- don't say a thing!  
If you do a good job, we'll have a little fling."  
Blow job that is;  
Phallic osculation.  
Well, Bill lost his load and it fell upon her dress.  
He said, "Clean it up, 'cause you really are a mess.  
And you are invited here to this fine locality,  
To have a heaping helping of little Willie C."  
The weiner, that is;  
The Presidential staff.  
So week after week, Monica is on her knees,  
Keeping Willie and his weiner just as happy as you please,  
But then she figured out that the fling had gone too far,  
And she blabbed it all to Linda Tripp who blabbed it all to Starr.  
Bad girl, that is;  
Cigars;  
Bodacious big ones.  
Well, it wasn't very long till we all knew the score,  
'Bout the stuff that went down behind the Oval Office door;  
The copuntry's in the toilet and the people cry "No more!"  
But if we oust the chating jerk, we gotta live with Gore.  
Boob, that is;  
Great big one;  
Head stuck up his ass.  
So now you know the story about Bill our president.  
Wondering if his fling is going to cost him every cent.  
So the moral of this story is to do it quietly,  
And stay out of trouble with that bitch named Hillary.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cntstnk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Funk From Her Cunt  
(llewtraH)

Oh she went to the church just to pray for the people,  
But the funk of her cunt knocked the cross off the steeple.

Chorus: She's a dirty motherfucker,  
She's a dirty rotten whore,  
She's the girl from Baltimore.

She's a dirty rotten whore.  
Oh she went to the well just to make a wish,  
But the  
. . . knocked off all the fish.  
Oh she went for a ride on her motorcycle,  
But the  
. . . knocked the chain off the cycle.  
She visited Jakarta on a medical trip,  
But the  
. . . just continued to drip.  
She led them down a cliff just to test their reaction,  
But the  
. . . made them lose all their traction.  
They made her sing a song at the end of the day,  
But the  
. . . made the circle go away.  
At last she was leaving and we gave her a mug,  
But the  
. . . it filled up her jug.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cocksuk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Cocksucker's Ball

(llewtraH)

(Tune: Scotland The Brave)

Here's to the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at The Cocksucker's Ball.  
Then there was the jockey with his upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at The Cocksucker's Ball.  
Then there was the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at The Cocksucker's Ball.  
Then there was the queerie who was leering through his beery,  
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at The Cocksucker's Ball.  
Then there was the Harlot making money in the car lot,  
To support the queerie who was leering through his beery,  
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at The Cocksucker's Ball.  
There was the gatecrasher who was posing as a flasher,

Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot,  
 To support the queerie who was leering through his beery,  
 At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
 At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
 Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
 Who was lifting up her kilty at The Cocksucker's Ball.  
 Then there was the Frenchie who was going down on all the Wenchies,  
 Betting money with the gatecrasher posing as a flasher,  
 Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot,  
 To support the queerie who was leering through his beery,  
 At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
 At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
 Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
 Who was lifting up her kilty at The Cocksucker's Ball.  
 Now the moral of this ditty is that when you're in the City,  
 With your favorite girlie, chasing hairs all short and curly,  
 You've got to do some wooing if you want to do some screwing,  
 And keep her from the Frenchie who goes down on all the Wenchies,  
 Betting money with the gatecrasher posing as a flasher,  
 Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in the car lot,  
 To support the queerie who was leering through his beery,  
 At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his hanky,  
 At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky,  
 Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy assey,  
 Who was lifting up her kilty at The Cocksucker's Ball.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\college3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶uB=L1C<

We Go To College  
 We go to college, college go we,  
 We never lost our virginity.  
 We might have lost it, only they forced it,  
 We are from U. O. P.  
 We go to college, each Christmas dance,  
 We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants.  
 We like to give the freshman a chance.  
 We are from U. O. P.  
 We go to college, we have our fun,  
 We know exactly the way that it's done.  
 We saw the movies in Hygiene A1.  
 We are from U. O. P.  
 We go to college, we like to fuck.  
 We do our work without asking a buck.  
 Come out some night, boys, you may be in luck.  
 We are from U. O. P.



We go to college, we can be had,  
Don't take our word, boys, ask dear old Dad.  
He brings his buddies for graduate studies.  
We are from U. O. P.  
And every evening at one o'clock,  
We watch the watchman piss off the dock.  
We like the way he handles his cock.  
We are from U. O. P.  
When we go riding in a canoe,  
We never take on just one or two.  
We always take on the whole goddamn crew.  
We are from U. O. P.  
We go to college, we fly this flag,  
Down with the shy boys, down with the fag.  
We want a man who wants to and can.  
We are from U. O. P.  
We go to college, we major in bed,  
Ten to a dorm, not one maidenhead.  
We know a hundred ways to get plundered.  
We are from U. O. P.  
We go to college, we're oversexed,  
Just get in line boys, you may be next.  
We're highly rated, we're educated.  
We are from U. O. P.  
Our house mistress, you cannot beat,  
She lets us go walking in the street.  
We sell out titties for threepenny bitties,  
Right outside U. O. P.  
Our school doctor, she is a beaut,  
Teaches us to swerve when our boy friends shoot.  
It saves many marriages and forced miscarriages,  
For we go to U. O. P.  
Our lady coaches, they are the best,  
They teach us how to develop our chest.  
So we wear tight sweaters and carry French letters,  
For we go to U. O. P.  
Our school porter, he is a fool,  
He's only got a teeny weeny tool.  
It's all right for key holes, and little girl peeholes,  
But not for us at U. O. P.  
Our school gardener, he makes us drool,  
He's got a great big whopping dirty tool.  
It's all right for tunnels and Queen Mary's funnels,  
And the girls of U. O. P.  
When we go down to the sea for a swim,  
The people remark on the size of our quims,  
You can bet your bottom dollar, it's big as a horse collar,  
For we go to U. O. P.

(Oscar Brand)

(Rugby Song by Michael Green)

We go to college, good girls are we,  
We take great pride in our virginity.  
We take precautions, avoiding abortions.  
We go to U. O. P.  
When we go to the Vicar's for tea,  
He always lets us sit on his knee.  
We make him randy, he gives us candy,  
We go to U. O. P.  
Our head prefect, her name is Jane.  
She only likes it now and again.  
But she means NOW and AGAIN and AGAIN!  
She goes to U. O. P.  
We go to college, Lesbos are we,  
Because we live in girls dormitories.  
Lights out at seven, candles at eleven,  
We go to U. O. P.  
Those girls from Mills, they are just sissies,  
They get all worked up over a few kisses.  
It takes wax candles and logn broom handles,  
To rouse girls at U. O. P.  
In our cold winters, we wear B.V.D.'s,  
Long handle combos below our knees.  
It's all right for bragging, but not much for shagging,  
We go to U. O. P.

\*\*\*\*\*

Christopher Colombo  
chorus: He knew the world was round-o,  
His balls hung to the ground-o,  
That masturbating, baby-raping,  
Son of a bitch, Colombo.  
In fourteen-hundred and ninety-two,  
A dago from Italy,  
Wandered through the streets of Spain,  
Shitting in every alley.  
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,  
A man whose name was Chris,  
Stood by the Trevi Fountain  
Indulging in a piss.  
Along did come the Queen of Spain  
And glimpsing therre his dong,  
Forthwith was smitten with desire  
And knew not right from wrong.

"Oh, Isabelle," Columbus said,  
A-waving of his balls,  
"The world is round as these are,  
I feel that duty calls."  
He met the Queen of Spain and said,  
"Just give me ships and cargo,  
And hang me up by the balls,  
If I don't bring back Chicago."  
"Take your time", said Isabel,  
And don't forget essentials.  
Come with me to my boudoir,  
And I'll check on your credentials.  
She gave her guest no time to rest,  
The pace was something wicked.  
And every hour by the clock,  
She punched Colombo's ticket.  
She gave him men, she gave his ships,  
That sailed fast and free-a.  
She gave him cash, she gave him jewels,  
And a case of gonorrhea.  
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two  
The expedition started.  
Queen Isabel, she cried like hell;  
Columbus only farted.  
Three little ships set out to sea,  
Each one a double-decker.  
The queen she waved the royal flag,  
Columbo wave his pecker  
Columbo paced upon the deck,  
He knew it was his duty.  
He took his whang into his hand,  
And said, "Ain't she a beauty!"  
Columbus came upon the deck,  
His cock was like a flagpole;  
He grabbed a bos'un by the neck,  
And shoved it up his asshole.  
The bos'un's mate fell overboard;  
The sharks did leap and frolic.  
They gobbled him in one big bite  
And shortly died of colic.  
For forty days and forty nights,  
They sailed the broad Atlantic.  
Columbus and his lousy crew,  
For lack of ass were frantic.  
The sailors on Columbus' ships,  
Each had his private knothole.  
But Columbus was a superman,  
And used a padded porthole.  
"We must have tail!  
Our hearts they fail!"

Colombo did not doubt it.  
"Oh, fuck yourselves!" Colombo said,  
"And say no more about it!"  
"Such sexual fare is but a snare,  
It hasn't helped one bit.  
We've buggered days, we've buggered nights,  
Our cocks are caked with shit.  
"Oh, fuck yourselves' you say to us!  
Is that your only answer?  
For such grandiloquent advice,  
Your cock should get a cancer!  
"We have a yen, we sailor men,  
For cunt juice, plain and nasty.  
And look at him.  
Instead of quim,  
He counsels pederasty!  
For forty days and forty nights,  
We've bobbed upon this ocean.  
We've rocked to fore, we rocked to aft,  
We crave a screwing motion.  
Colombo gulped, Colombo belched,  
His ball gesticulated.  
"I'll give you cunt and booze and quim,  
You'll screw till you are sated."  
"When we strike shore," Colombo swore,  
"I'll buy you luscious whores.  
Just cool your chops, till the anchor drops,  
And the fucking world is yours!"  
"So tickle your cocks, till we reach the docks,  
I'll buy you tail by the carlot.  
I'll have you fucked, I'll have you sucked,  
Each time by a different harlot."  
"Just cool your chops," the sailors said,  
"You're pitching us a balk.  
A set of horny cocks like ours  
Won't just lay down for talk!  
"Our tools they swell, they're full of hell,  
They just won't wait 'til shore.  
We must have tail!  
Our hearts they fail!  
We've told you that before.  
And Oh!  
For the poke of a horny spoke  
Into a horny hole.  
With a grind and a wind, and a tug and a lug,  
And a screw and a twist and a roll.  
"We've talked of cunt, we've dreamed of cunt,  
We must have cunt, they sang.  
Some words, you'll find, will quiet a mind,  
But they just can't still a whang!"

So spake the crew, and without ado,  
The all did bare their cocks.  
Big stubborn tools, as tough as mules,  
And keen and hard as rocks.  
Colombo saw tumescent clubs,  
Each horny as a moose.  
"I'm in a fix!  
What dicks!  
What pricks!  
I see it ain't no use."  
The crew it eyed its captain,  
The captain eyed his crew.  
"Unfurl each sail!  
I'll get you tail.  
In fact, I'll take some, too!"  
Hell-bent for screw, that carnal crew,  
Set sail at a fearful rate.  
They recked not wind, they recked not gale,  
But reckoned not with fate.  
For a terrible storm broke out at se,  
The ship, its end was near.  
On a rockbound coast, Death played the host,  
Colombo shit with fear.  
Colombo had a one-eyed mate,  
He loved him like a brother.  
Every night by candle light,  
They'd cornhole one another.  
The cabin boy, the cabin boy,  
The dirty little nipper,  
He lined his ass with broken glass,  
And circumcised the skipper.  
And when they got to Yankee Land,  
They spied a Yankee harlot.  
At first her ass was lily-white,  
They left, her ass was scarlet.  
They spied a whore upon the shore;  
Off went ties and collars.  
In twenty minutes by the clock,  
She made ten-thousand dollars.  
An indian maid appeared on shore,  
Columbo she pursued her.  
The white of an egg rolled down her leg,  
The son of a bitch, he screwed her.  
With happy shouts, they ran about,  
And practiced fornication.  
And when they sailed, they left behind,  
Ten times the population.  
Colombo went in haste to the Queen,  
Because it was his duty.  
He gave to her a dose of clap;

He had no other booty.  
 And when he got back home to Spain,  
 To tell of his adventures,  
 Queen Isabella sucked him off,  
 Of course, without her dentures.  
 (Oscar Brand)  
 (H. H. Hart)  
 She gave her guest no time for rest,  
 The pace was fairly killing,  
 With legs apart he gave the tart  
 A cream and cherry filling.  
 And when his men pulled out again,  
 And reconed all their score up,  
 They'd caught a pox from every box  
 That syphilized all Europe.  
 So she threw him in a stinking jail,  
 And left him there to gumble;  
 A ball and chain tied to his balls;  
 So ended poor Columbo.  
 For a terrible storm broke out at se,  
 The ship, its end was near.  
 On a rockbound coast, Death played the host,  
 Colombo shit with fear.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\colours3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

l1c004B=L1C<

COLOURS

(llewtrah)

The first time I saw her,  
 She was in gold,  
 All in gold, all in gold.  
 She was a virgin bold  
 Down in the valley  
 Where I laid her down.  
 The next time I saw her,  
 She was in pink,  
 All in pink, all in pink.  
 She made my fingers stink  
 Down in the valley  
 Where I laid her down.  
 The next time I saw her,  
 She was in white,  
 All in white, all in white.  
 I fucked her all the night  
 Down in the valley

Where I laid her down.  
The next time I saw her,  
She was in green,  
All in green, all in green.  
She said that doctors'd been  
Down in the valley  
Where I laid her down.  
The next time I saw her,  
She was in blue,  
All in blue, all in blue.  
She said that there were babies too  
Down in the valley  
Where I laid her down.  
The next time I saw her,  
She was in black,  
All in black, all in black.  
I wanted my money back  
Down in the valley  
Where I laid her down.  
The last time I saw her,  
She was in check,  
All in check, all in check.  
I rung her fucking neck  
Down in the valley  
Where I laid her down.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\contwif3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c␣␣B=L1C<

The Country Wife  
Chorus: Singing high jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig.  
Follow the band, follow the band all the way.  
Singing high jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig.  
Follow the band, follow the band all the way.  
I took my missus horse riding, horse riding  
She stuck it as long as she could;  
She stuck it and stuck it until she said, "Fuck it,  
My arse hole is not made of wood."  
I took my wife for a ramble, a ramble  
Along on a nice country lane.  
She caught her-left tit on a bramble, a bramble,  
And arse over bollocks she came.  
I asked her if it had hurt her, had hurt her  
If she had any bad any pain.  
Before she could answer, could answer,  
She was arse over bollocks again.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\coprfag3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lcll&BGL1CF

Coprophilia's Best

by llewtraH

(Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down)

Coprophilia's best, boys,

Coprophilia's best - coprophagia!

Coprophilia's best, boys,

Coprophilia's best.

Drink diarrhoea with your beer, boys

Drink diarrhoea with your beer,

Drink some more through a straw, dear

Drink diarrhoea with your beer.

Verses:

Eat lots of scat, it's low fat, boys/You won't gain weight on that,

Snack on some sheep pellets, boys/Don't bother to smell it,

Gobble down lots of browns

Scoff the turd of a bird

Have some poo in a stew

Have a bite of buffalo shite

Cowpatty-cake tastes great

Lick up a log from a dog

Chew the spew of a gnu

Eat it whole from a toilet bowl

Suck the scat of a cat

Crap from a wildebeest is a feast

Eat some vomit with whipped cream on it

Guzzle the pee of a bee

Do a stew of monkey spew

Cook the crap of a gnat

Let tastebuds grapple with road-apples

Swallow the poo of a caribou

Drink the piss of your sis,

Lick the scum from his bum

Make your lunch when he dumps

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\corpses3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ld&#12;

6BBL1CA



Necrophilia

(llewtraH)

Chorus: And it's corpse!

Corpse!

I want a corpse!

I've never had anything quite like a corpse!

I've had many women, a dog and a horse,

But I've never had anything quite like a corpse.

When I was a young lad I used to like girls;

One hand in their panties, I'd fondle their curls.

Till one day I contractd a bad case of syph;

You'd never get caught out that way with a stiff.

I've had many lovers in fields and on farms;

I've serviced my women in bed and in barns.

Taken my pleasure from deception or force,

But I've never known service till I serviced a corpse.

Now when I'm in need of a very good lay,

I follow the mourners right down to the grave.

I've even had pleasure with dead queers and faggots,

But it's best with a girl corpse who's writhing with maggots.

Women like pearls and diamonds and cars;

I spent all my money on them down in bars.

But a corpse is content to be left on a slab,

While I find other corpses to make my heart glad.

I've stuffed dead beasties; I've had lots of thrills,

Patrolling the highways in search of roadkills.

Dead cows and mashed 'possums and flat dogs and such;

But it's just not the same as a screw in the morgue.

Someone suggested I go molest a moose;

That was a challenge I could not refuse.

So I took out my rifle and crouched in the gorse;

Shot Bullwinkle dead and then buggered his corpse.

I've found many women attracted to me;

A few of them I have had over for tea.

Some say that they love me (my money of course),

But I'd trade the world women for one lovely corpse.

Now I've broken the laws in thisgod-awful state;

They've put me in prison and locked up the gate.

They say that tomorrow I'll be full of remorse,

But my last night I'll spend with a good sexy corpse.

Now that I'm old, near the end of my days,

I have to admit that I'm set in my ways.

I will have my fun and you can have yours,

And when I am dead you can bugger my corpse.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\crawd3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le3B=L1C<

Inbred Man  
(Crawdada Hole) (llewtraH)  
Inbred Man, he's our man  
Inbred, inbred  
Don't matter if he's kin or Klan  
Inbred, inbred  
Cunt or mouth or asshole too  
Fuck you good that's what he'll do  
Inbred, he's an inbred.  
Inbred Man had a sister once  
Inbred, inbred  
Fucked that bitch way up her cunt  
Inbred, inbred  
Fucked her good then she died  
Cause his dick was laced with cyanide  
Inbred, he's an inbred.  
Inbred Man he loses his truck  
Inbred, inbred  
But with his truck he does not fuck  
Inbred, inbred  
Under the hood is much better  
Puts his lips around that header  
Inbred, he's an inbred.  
Inbred Man went down to the creek  
Inbred, inbred  
Jacking on his big old dick  
Inbred, inbred  
Saw a girl, she look so neat  
GOD DAMN, she's got feet!  
Inbred, he's an inbred.  
Inbred Man had a dog named Rover  
Inbred, inbred  
Inbred yelled, "Well, come on over"  
Inbred, inbred  
Inbred came and so did Rover  
That's more luck than a four-leaf clover  
Inbred, he's an inbred.  
Inbred Man, he's got this punk  
Inbred, inbred  
Boy, that kid smells like a skunk  
Inbred, inbred  
Took it out and shot it twice,  
This song is over, ain't that nice  
Inbred, he's an inbred.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\croksht3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

    B=L1C<

Crock Of Shit

I've been married thirty years,  
Shared my hopes and shared my fears,  
What I made, spent every bit,  
Man, this love's a crock of shit.

I sent all my kids to school,  
Now they think that I'm a fool.  
They don't like me 'cause I spit,  
Man, this love's a crock of shit.

After work most every night,  
I came home, we had a fight.

My wife always was a wit,  
Man, this love's a crock of shit.

If you haven't yet got wed,  
Listen close to what I've said.  
Freedom's still within your mitt,  
Man, this love's a crock of shit.  
(Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cucumb-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

  d&#12;&#12;xBBL1CA

Cucumbers (l1ewrtaH)

Version 1:

A lusty young lady from Texas  
Has developed a wonderful trend;  
To purchase cucumbers for pleasure,  
'Cause she found they are better than men.  
chorus: So line up your cucumbers, ladies,  
They're selling for two bucks apiece.  
Your days of frustration are over,  
'Cause cucumbers don't carry disease.  
In Thailand they're eaten with chilies,  
In England they're put between bread.  
But here we just use them for willies,  
'Cause we know they will never want head.  
A cucumber has interesting ridges;  
Comes in sizes from gherkin to great.  
And when they grow limp you can ditch 'em,  
A buy a fresh one for your date.  
They'll never leave stains on the mattress;  
They're happy to live in the fridge.

The loo seat is never left standing,  
And I've never seen cucumber kids.  
They always rise to the occasion;  
They never go soft halfway through.  
Stay firm and like any position,  
And they'll never come before you.  
A cucumber never is jealous  
Of the courgette sat in the veg tray.  
You don't have to diet or dress up,  
Or worry you're cucumber's gay.  
Cucumbers don't sulk or get selfish,  
They don't take up all of the bed.  
And if you do not want to fuck it,  
You can dice it and eat it instead.  
So watch out, you self-centered he-men;  
You're not quite as great as you think.  
You can't guarantee when it's working,  
And we can't trade you in when it shrinks.  
A cucumber won't balk at anal;  
It performs for hours on end.  
Keeps it up until you've had your pleasure;  
Cucumbers are better than men.  
A cucumber won't get you pregnant,  
So you don't have to carry a sheath.  
And if you don't share a cucumber,  
It won't give you venereal disease.  
So line up for a cucumber dildo;  
I've zucchinis if you need a change.  
Aunt Hilda she loves a stuffed marrow,  
Or aubergines, -- try the whole range.

Version 2:

The attraction of a cucumber  
Must be said, is amazingly queer.  
appends some who like nothing better,  
Than to stick a big one up their rear.  
Now this is a tale of a fellow,  
We will call him the Cucumber Kid,  
With a fetish for those salad items;  
Let me recount the odd things he did.  
One day he hobbled in casually,  
With each step he emitted some gas.  
And the doctors, they found a cucumber,  
Rammed tight up the poor kid's sore ass.  
He promised no longer to do it,  
Though he found it erotic and nice.  
The next day he limped back to the doctor,  
Up his ass they discovered two mice.  
Once more he swore never to do this,  
But returned, he pants covered with shit.  
A cucumber stuck out of his rectum;

His anus was ragged and split.  
The kid had this very strange fetish  
Which he found he could only assuage,  
By sticking huge veg up his asshole,  
But he miscalculated the guage.  
For an asshole is only designed  
For the size of the turd you produce.  
And not as an entrance for veggies,  
For which the lad had such strange use.  
They suggested vibrators or dildoes,  
Would be safer for his preferred vice.  
Cucumbers are downright disastrous;  
Rodentophilia is cruelty to mice.  
For a few week we no longer saw him,  
Then one day he limped back to the door.  
And when we examined his asshole,  
A cucumber was wedged there once more.  
He told us he'd tried the vibrator,  
And the dildo, but they were too thin.  
He only got kicks from cucumbers,  
How they stretched him when he forced them in.  
Alas, the poor kid he is dead now; perotinitis took him away  
Some say he is pushing up daisies, more likely cucumbers, we say.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cucumbr3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]:B=L1C<

The Cucumber Kid  
(llewtraH)  
The attraction of a cucumber,  
Must be said is amazingly queer;  
There's some who like nothing better,  
Than to stick a big one up their rear.  
Now this is the tale of a fellow,  
We will call him the Cucumber Kid,  
With a fetish for these salad items,  
Let me recount the odd things that he did.  
One day he hobbled to casualty,  
With each step he emitted small farts,  
And the doctors they found a cucumber,  
Rammed tight up the poor kid's sore ass.  
He promised no longer to do it,  
Though he found it erotic and nice,  
The next day he limped back to the doctor,  
Up his ass they discovered two mice.  
Once more he swore never to do this,

But returned, his pants covered in shit,  
A cucumber stuck out of his rectum,  
His anus was ragged and split.  
The kid he had this strange fetish,  
Which he found he could only assuage,  
By sticking huge veg up his asshole,  
But he miscalculated their gauge.  
For an asshole is only designed,  
For the size of the turd you produce,  
And not as an entrance for veggies,  
For which the lad had such strange use.  
They suggested vibrators or dildos,  
Would be safer for his preferred vice,  
Cucumbers are downright disastrous,  
Rodentophilia is cruelty to mice.  
For a few weeks we no longer saw him,  
Then one day he limped back to the door,  
And when we examined his asshole,  
A cucumber was wedged there once more.  
He told us he'd tried the vibrator,  
And the dildo - but they were too thin,  
He only got kicks from cucumbers,  
How they stretched him when he forced them in.  
Alas, the poor kid, he is dead now,  
Peritonitis, it took him away;  
Some say he is pushing up daisies,  
More likely cucumbers, we'd say!  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cunfrog3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶:BBL1CA

The Cunnilingate Frog  
She was walking through Amsterdam feeling quite bored,  
When she chanced on a sign on a porno store door,  
Saying "When his tongue fails you, I've something will please,  
With a great nine inch tongue and it comes guaranteed!"  
When she stepped in the store, she was feeling quite glum,  
But the sign looked so promising, she knew she'd have fun.  
The store owner smiled and said, "Try one of these;  
With a great nine inch tongue, it can't fail to please."  
Well, she'd worn out her man and exhausted her dog,  
But fifty guilder bought a Cunnilingate Frog.  
Fully trained, guaranteed, so the store owner said.  
It would leave her ecstatic when she wanted some head.  
Fifty guilder was steep for an amphibious lover,  
But he swore when she'd tried it, she'd want no other.

A frog's easy to keep and inexpensive to feed.  
 It could live in her bath till her hour of need.  
 So she took the frog home, stripped and lay on the bed;  
   Put the frog in position just right to give head.  
   She lay back with a smile, prepared for a surprise,  
   But the frog just said "re-deep" and licked both its eyes.  
 The very next day she returned to the store,  
 Requesting a refund of the cash paid before.  
 "This thing's bloody useless; it didn't give head,"  
   The poor girl complained, so the store-owner said:  
 "I don't understand it; he comes fully trained.  
   Why don't you go home and just try him again?  
   Was the radio too loud?  
 Was the room lit too bright?  
   These things turn him off, too much noise, too much light.  
 I've had no complaints and no dissatisfaction,  
 I've had rave reviews of those frogs when in action.  
 I'd be rather sad to put him back on the shelf.  
   It's a matter of pride for I trained him myself.  
 "Now look," said the girl, "If you'll pull down the blinds,  
   I'll demonstrate for you the problems I find."  
 The blinds were pulled down as the owner complied,  
 And she stripped and lay down with her long legs spread wide.  
   She positioned the frog as she'd done once before,  
 And it just licked its eyes and went "re-deep" once more.  
   "Now you told me its tongue would make me elated,  
   But the sodding thing just leaves me bloody frustrated!"  
 "Aah, I see the problem, it's not yet fully trained."  
   Then he said to the frog, "I thought I'd explained.  
   Well, watch me closely; I'll show you what to do,"  
 He stuck his head 'tween her legs, and with gusto, set to.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cunling3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶B=L1C<

Cunnilingus  
 Long have I traveled and many I've fucked.  
 Tongue-fucked the ladies, but been out of luck.  
 Cunnilingus is grand, sets the ladies on fire,  
   But I can't get fellatio, however I try 'er.  
 It's a matter of taste and to me quim tastes fine,  
   But it would be nice if somebody sucked mine.  
 Cunnilingus is great and fellatio's fun;  
   I'd even hold back so she'd not swallow come.  
   I've sucked on the labia, licked at the clit;  
 Do I get a blow job?

Not one little bit.  
 Cunnilingus is fun and I really don't mind,  
 But it would be better if she did sixty-nine.  
 Around all the oceans, clear to Singapore,  
 Paid fifty dollars to a Malaysian whore.  
 She'd give me a blow job with her supple tongue,  
 As long as I promised that I wouldn't come.  
 Oral sex doesn't faze me; It's a matter of taste.  
 And I really don't mind if they sit on my face.  
 I give head with the best, leaving women elated,  
 But however I try, I just cannot get fellated.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cunnlin3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lcB=L1C<  
 The Cunning Linguist  
 (llewtrraH)  
 It's often said that wit and charm  
 Are prized above good looks.  
 At least that's what I've always read  
 In goddamn self-help books.  
 My tongue's as good as anyone's,  
 For wit and charm, 'tis said.  
 A cunning linguist in the field  
 But under-used in bed.  
 I cannot help that I'm not huge,  
 In body or in cock.  
 I'd hoped my most prehensile tongue  
 Would set me from the flock!  
 My tongue would make a lover glad,  
 And her body I'd devour.  
 With nimble tongue I'd give her head,  
 And her vulva I'd scour.  
 Her labia I'd flick and tease  
 And gently stroke the clit.  
 But alas my tongue is prized  
 For naught but charm and wit.  
 I wouldn't lap like dog or cat,  
 But gently probe and stroke.  
 But women prize me for my words;  
 For sex seek other blokes.  
 My tongue is mobile, long and pink,  
 To reach crevices within;  
 So suck her salty juices out,  
 And scour 'round her quim.  
 So if in bed you prize a man



Whose tongue is nimble fingers,  
Please give Mister Quim a call,  
The first class cunning linguist.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cuntale3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[e]]

;B=L1C<

A Tale Of A Cunt

(llewtraH)

I'll tell you a tale of a Wife,  
And she was a Whig and a Saint;  
She lived a most sanctified life,  
But whyles she was fashed with her...  
Poor woman! she goed to the Priest,  
And till him she made her complaint;  
"There's nothing that troubles my breast  
So sore as the sins of my..."  
"Sin that I was herdin' at home,  
Till now I'm three score and ayont,  
I own it with sin and with shame  
I've led a sad life with my..."  
He bade her to clear up her brow,  
And no be discouraged upon't;  
For holy good women enow  
Were many times waur't with their...  
It's naught but Beelzebub's art,  
But that's the mair sign of a saint,  
He kens that you're pure at the heart,  
So levels his darts at your...  
What signifies Morals and Works,  
Our works are no wordy a runt!  
It's Faith that is sound, orthodox,  
That covers the faults of your...  
Were you of the Reprobate race  
Created to sin and be brunt,  
O then it would alter the case  
If you should go wrang with your...  
But you that is Called and Free  
Elekit and chosen a saint,  
Will't break the Eternal Decree  
Whatever you do with your...  
And now with a sanctified kiss  
Let's kneel and renew covenant:  
It's this---and it's this---and it's this---  
That settles the pride of your...  
Devotion blew up to a flame;

No words can do justice upon't;  
The honest old woman goed hame  
Rejoicing and clawin her...  
Then high to her memory charge;  
And may he who takes it affront,  
Still ride in Love's channel at large,  
And never make port in a...!!!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cuntdef3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[]b []B=L1C<

Cunt Defined (Internet from JokerW)  
Seven wise men with knowledge so fine,  
Created a pussy to their design.  
First was a butcher, smart with wit,  
Using a knife, he gave it a slit.  
Second was a carpenter, strong and bold,  
With a hammer and chisel, he gave it a hole.  
Third was a tailor, tall and thin,  
By using red velver, he lined it within.  
Fourth was a hunter, short and stout,  
With a piece of fox fur, he lined it without.  
Fifth was a fisherman, nasty as hell,  
Threw in a fish and gave it a smell.  
Sixth was a preacher who name was McGee,  
Touched it and blessed it and said it coud pee.  
Last came a sailor, dirty little runt,  
He sucked it and fucked it and called it a cunt.  
The Split  
(3)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\cuntpie3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[]c kB=L1C<

Mrs Hairy Cunt Pie  
Tune: American Pie  
Twass many years ago . . .  
I can still remember  
How the furries used to make me feel.  
Every time I had a chance  
To slip my fingers down her pants  
I'd always finger something that was real.

But lately they've been feeling slicker  
Underneath the frilly knickers.  
From navel clear to clit-hood  
I cannot feel adulthood.

I can't remember if I cried  
When I fingered out my hairless bride.  
And though I touched her deep inside  
I miss her hairy-pie.

Chorus: Bye-bye, Mrs. hairy-cunt pie;  
Yes I'll finger and I'll linger  
Till you come with a \*sigh\*.

And I'll lick your slit to keep you from going dry.  
But I really miss your hairy cunt pie;

I really miss your hairy cunt pie.  
Where's it writ in the book of love  
And a'who decided the fact of  
A bald labia's the way to go?  
Or do you believe in hairy hole?

Can merkins be the way to go?  
I can teach you how to eat one real slow..  
Well, you know I loved that hairy quim,  
Loved to feel those pubics on my chin.

As I licked her clit and chew,  
I'd pull on her fuzzy mons too!  
And with any kinda stinkin' luck  
My hard erection she will start to suck  
And then I know I'd get to fuck  
I'd fuck her hairy pie.

For many years I have had to moan  
While hairless cunt has massaged my bone,  
But that's not how it used to be.  
When my Queen used to strip and pose for me,  
With a cunt that glistened gloriously;  
Juices caught, that lingered sexily.  
Oh, but while her King was out of town  
The Mistress shaved her pubies down,  
And soon the Master learned  
The pain of stubble burn.

And while Mistress tried to use some Nair  
To melt away that stubborn hair,  
The Master sang dirges in despair,  
He missed her hairy pie.

Helter Skelter in a summer swelter,  
Vacationing in a beach-front shelter,  
Island maids are walking past...

As they sway my way I can get a flash  
Through swaying skirts that are made of grass;  
Oh a boner! I can see some hairy gash!  
In the night-time air the bonfire plumed,  
And the hula band played out of tune.

I didn't mind at all  
 I was having quite a ball.  
 'Cause the dancer's hips swished and then revealed  
 The sight that made my senses reel.  
 I squeezed my boner, had a feel.  
 I saw some hairy pie.  
 Now, in my dreams I'm in some place --  
 A Next Generation Trek in space.  
 On a Klingon world I'm lost again.  
 But I am nimble, I am quick  
 I figured out every Klingon trick,  
 But one caught me, a female with a grin.  
 But, what she did -- a tale of the age --  
 She bumped and grinded like on the stage,  
 And Klingons have, you see,  
 Built in redundancy.  
 And as she danced there in the night,  
 Revealed to me, to my delight --  
 Oh what a joy, oh what a sight!  
 She had two hairy pies!  
 I asked my wife one summer morn,  
 If she would consider going unshorn.  
 But she just smiled and walked away.  
 I booted up my ISP;  
 Some hairy quim's I hoped to see,  
 But my jpegs and my mpegs wouldn't play.  
 So in my chair I sat and cried;  
 My dearest wish had been denied.  
 My kinky heart was broken;  
 No more would I be strokin'.  
 The kinkiness I admire the most,  
 Hairy cunts as brown as toast.  
 They've all poofed out just like a ghost.  
 I miss the hairy pie.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\daisy--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[c [B=L1C<  
 Daisy, Daisy  
 (llewtraH)  
 Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do.  
 I'm half crazy, six inches into you.  
 It won't be a stylish entry, I can't afford a Frenchie.  
 But you'll look sweet between the sheets,  
 When I'm six inches into you.  
 Daisy, Daisy, give me a suck or two.  
 I'm half crazy, my balls are going blue.

You know I will be thankful; it's better than a wankful.  
You know my knob looks good in your gob,  
So give me a suck or two.  
Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true.  
Daisy, Daisy, wouldn't you like to screw?  
I really must beg your pardon, I've got a ten-inch hardon,  
From beating my meat against the seat  
Of a bicycle built for two.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\danmorg3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [[SB=L1C<

Daniel Morgan

(llewtraH)

This is the tale of Daniel Morgan,  
Who had a tiny sexual organ;  
This gave the girls a sudden shock,  
When they beheld his tiny cock.  
He laboured hard to find a cure,  
And poulticed it with fish manure.  
He tied it up with bits of string,  
But still it was a poor wee thing.  
Just one inch long when fully reared,  
And lying down it disappeared.  
'Twas just by chance they called Danny,  
A half inch less they'd have called him Fanny.  
One day Dan read in his Daily Mail,  
That things called falsies were on sale  
For women who had tiny breasts;  
They wore these things inside their vests,  
And then went out in latest fashion,  
To satisfy men's latest passion.  
Our Danny said "I am a fool:  
Why can't they make a big false tool!"  
He worked all day upon his chopper,  
And ended with a great big whopper;  
Twelve inches long and made of plastic,  
To stretch a fanny like elastic.  
It really was a lovely job;  
Upon the end a great red knob.  
Dan tied it with bits of twine,  
It really did look rather fine.  
Lying there beneath his pants,  
It looked just like an elephant's.  
It was a perfect plastic penis,  
All set to capture Dan a Venus.

Girls all flocked around with glee,  
 To see his bulge stretch to his knee.  
 No other fellow stood a chance,  
 When Dan went to the local dance.  
 When girls were dancing around with Danny,  
 His tool kept tickling around their fanny.  
 The girls began to faint and swoon,  
 As Danny waltzed them around the room.  
 But what a shock Dan had in store,  
 For one night dancing round the floor,  
 Danny stopped and loudly cursed,  
 He felt his strings and strapping burst.  
 Before he reached the nearest seat,  
 His tool was dangling at his feet.  
 His partner said with a nervous cough,  
 "Excuse me, but your cock fell off!"  
 He couldn't face the scene thereafter,  
 The wisecracks and scornful laughter.  
 All these girls that Dan had dated,  
 In tears to see his cock deflated.  
 A girl named Sylvia made Dan sick,  
 As she gave his tool a spiteful kick.  
 Poor Danny screamed around the hall,  
 For the string was tied around one ball.  
 As he staggered to the door,  
 He dragged his cock along the floor.  
 The band by now was almost crackers,  
 As Dan went off to bathe his knackers.  
 So if you are like Daniel Morgan,  
 And have a tiny sexual organ,  
 Remember though it's only wee,  
 It's always good enough to pee.  
 That things called falsies were on sale

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\darbyrm3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

 c  ABGL1CF

The Darby Ram  
 (llewtraH)

Chorus: If you don't believe me or if you think I lie,  
 You'd better come to Darby Town, you'll see the same as I.  
 As I was going to Derby all on a market day,  
 I met the biggest ram, my boys, that ever was fed on hay.  
 They brought the beast to Derby Town and drove him with a stick,  
 And all the girls in Derby Town paid a quarter to see his prick.  
 The legs upon this monster, they grew so far apart,

That all the girls in Derby Town could hear him when he'd fart.  
 The wool on its belly, sir, it grew into the ground,  
 Cut off and sent to the Derby sales, it fetched a thousand pound.  
 The wool upon its back, sir, grew so very high,  
 The eagles came and built their nests; I heard the young 'uns cry.  
 The hair upon this monster, it grew so very thick,  
 That none of the girls in Derby Town could see the head of his prick.  
 The horns upon this monster, they grew up solid brass.  
 One grew out of his forehead and the other grew out of his ass.  
 The horn on this ram's head, sir, it reached up to the moon,  
 A little boy went up in January and he didn't get back till June.  
 The man that fed this ram my boys he fed him twice a day,  
 And every time he opened his mouth he swallowed a bale of hay.  
 The man that watered this ram my boys watered him twice a day,  
 And every time he opened his mouth he drunk the river dry.  
 Now this old ram he had a tail that reached right down to hell,  
 And every time he waggled it, he rung the fireman's bell.  
 And when this beast got hungry, they mostly fed him grass,  
 They did not put it in his mouth; but shoved it up his ass.  
 He did not care for grass so much; he always wanted duck.  
 But every time he ate a bird, he had to take a fuck.  
 The garbage bill was awful and it cost us quite a bit,  
 But we had to keep a special truck to haul away the shit.  
 There's something else I'd like to say, now what do you think of this? The folks  
 would come from miles around just to watch him take a piss.  
 When the ram was young, sir, it had a nasty trick,  
 Of jumping over a five-barred gate and landing on his prick;  
 When the ram was old, sir, they put it in a truck.  
 And all the girls of Derby Town came out to have a fuck.  
 The butcher that stuck this ram, sir, was up to knees in blood,  
 And the little boy who held the bowl was carried away by the flood.  
 Took all the boys in Derby to roll away his bones,  
 Took all the girls in Derby to roll away his stones.  
 When the ram was dead, sir, they buried it in St. Paul's.  
 It took twelve men and a donkey cart to carry away its balls.  
 The man that owned this ram, sir, he was very rich.  
 But the man who sang this song, sir, is a lying son-of-a-bitch.  
 The girls that live in Derby Town will all sit in your lap,  
 One night a girlie sat on mine and now I've got the clap.  
 Well now my song is ended I've got no more to say,  
 So give us another pint of beer and we'll all of us go away.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\daylite3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c ␣␣B=L1C<

Daylight Come And I Want To Go Home

(llewtraH)

Chorus: Day-oh, Day-oh,  
Daylight come and I want to go home,  
Day-oh, Day-oh,  
Daylight come and I want to go home.  
Frozen bollocks and frozen cock,  
Daylight come and I want to go home,  
Had a piss and froze to the block,  
Daylight come and I want to go home.  
Drew me a katoey from the hat,  
Didn't have a rubber now I've got the clap,  
Drank a dozen whiskies before I puked,  
Spewed on the full-back and got rebuked,  
Ended up with a Rock Hard 'round about dawn,  
Got my pocket picked by a girl called Porn,  
Now I've got to find cheap room and board,  
There I'll stay till my next maraud,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\deadhor3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c ␣MB=L1C<

My Dead Whore  
Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean  
I passed a dead whore on the roadside,  
I knew right away she was dead.  
For the skin on her stomach was flaking,  
She hadn't a hair on her head.  
Chorus: Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my dead whore to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my dead whore to me.  
I first met my dead whore at Mitch's,  
With a horrible snail-sucking face.  
She'd roll them around on her tongue once,  
And barf them back up in your face.  
My dead whore looked into a gas tank,  
The contents of it for to see.  
I then lit a match to assist her.  
Oh bring back my dead whore to me.  
While nibbling my dead whore's festered nipples,  
A horrible thing to discuss,  
I thought it was milk I was sucking,  
But it turned out it was syphilitic pus.  
My dead whore's vagina was swelling,  
A condition I thought would soon pass.  
I stuck in my pecker to explore it;



She farted green gas from her ass.  
I thought of a way of preserving,  
My dead whore for posterity.  
I'd dry her like a piece of beef jerky,  
With a leathery twat just for me.  
I French-kissed my dead whore named Merly,  
I thought she'd a nice active tongue.  
But after an evening of kissing,  
I realized it was maggots from her lung.  
Once upon thinking it over,  
I realized my terrible sin.  
So I stuck my lips to her sweet pussy,  
And sucked out the load I shot in,.  
But before I could extract that jism,  
My dead whore was pregnant and more.  
Inside the maternity morgue,  
She gave birth to a dead baby whore.  
ALTERNATIVE  
I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,  
I knew right away she was dead,  
The skin was all gone from her tummy,  
The hair was all gone from her head.  
Chorus: Dead whore, dead whore,  
I knew right away she was dead, was dead.  
Dead whore, dead whore,  
I knew right away she was dead.  
And as I lay down there beside her,  
I knew right away I had sinned;  
So I put my lips to her sweet pussy,  
And sucked out the load I shot in.  
Sucked out, sucked out,  
I sucked out the load I shot in, shot in,  
Sucked out, sucked out,  
I sucked out the load I shot in.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\dekhal13.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]/B=L1C<

Deck The Halls

(llewtraH)

Here's the season to be greedy,  
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,  
Eat until you feel quite seedy,  
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,  
Lots of beer and food and lollies,  
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la, la la,

In the morning you'll be sorry,  
 Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.  
 Christmas comes but once a year,  
 If that was me I'd turn quite queer,  
 Christmas is the time for fucking,  
 Give your end a fucking good ducking.  
 We always put up our Christmas stocking,  
 Santa might give us something to cock in,  
 Last year he said he wouldn't come round here,  
 Some bastard stuffed it up his reindeer.  
 Paint your balls with grease and lacquer,  
 What joy to have a slippery knacker,  
 My woman shouts in gay abandon,  
 "Cock's not enough so slip the lot in!"  
 Get the maid under the mistletoe,  
 If the wife sees, you'll soon know,  
 Is that what they mean by sticky pudd'n,  
 Serves you right if you get dripping,  
 Hoist her ass and wiggle your hips,  
 Bend your neck and nibble her tits [lips],  
 And when she writhes in fits of passion,  
 Ejaculate and slip her your ration.  
 When you're done roll over and snore,  
 But she ain't please 'cause she wants more,  
 You peer down at your old John Thomas,  
 The wrinkled old sod's had enough this Christmas.  
 So plug in your electric drill,  
 Guaranteed to give her a thrill,  
 And while she revels in self-abuse,  
 You wonder why your root hangs loose.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\dieharl3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶5B=L1C<

The Dying Harlot  
 A strapping young harlot lay dying,  
 A pisspot supporting her head,  
 And all the young blodgers were 'round her,  
 As she leaned on her left teat and said,  
 "I've been fucked by the Dutchies and Negroes,  
 I've been fucked by the Spaniards so tall,  
 I've been fucked by the English and Irish,  
 In fact, I've been fucked by them all."  
 "So wrap me in foreskins and Frenchies,  
 And bury me deep down below,  
 Where all those young blodgers can't catch me,  
 The place were all good harlots go."

"I've been fucked by the French and the English,  
The Germans, the Japs, and the Jews,  
And now I've come back to Australia,  
To be buggered by bastards like you."  
"So haul back your filthy old foreskins,  
And give me the pride of your nuts."  
So they hauled back their filthy old foreskins,  
And played Home Sweet Home on her guts.  
A dirty old harlot way dying,  
A cunt-rag supported her head,  
The blowflies around her were buzzing,  
As she turned on her left teat and said,  
"I've been fucked by the army and navy,  
By a bull-fighting toreador,  
By Abos and dingoes and dagos,  
But never by blowflies before."  
That dirty old harlot repented,  
She'd never have another bang.  
She wanted to go right to heaven,  
So she rolled on her left tit and sang.  
That dirty old harlot was buried;  
The town was much quieter than before.  
But one night at the local brothel,  
Her ghost it appeared at the door.  
I've been fucked by the French and the English,  
The Germans, the Japs and the Jews.  
And not I have come back to haunt you;  
I'd say that I'm fucked, wouldn't you.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\dildoe-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Using Your Vibrator

\*-----

\*Melody--Will You Kiss Me Tonight

\*

\*Chorus (continuously): Boom, oooh, yakatata

Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?

Go to bed with your see-through nightie on?

Will you reach for your small plastic friend,

Putting baby oil around it's throbbing end?

Will you spare a thought for me while I'm gone?

Will you laugh over which is so long?

Will you slide it up your thighs and your crack;

Smile to yourself, Thank God he's not back?

Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?

'Cause the batteries in your friend have 'most gone,

And you could not make the charger come on?  
So now you'll miss me tonight 'cause I'm gone, try a banana, 'Cause you'll miss me  
tonight 'cause I'm gone,  
Ya bitch.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\dimens-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ld&#12;SBBL1CA

Dimensions Of the Male and Female

Male:

One inch is just so tiny that it isn't there at all;  
You really cannot see see it, hidden down there by his balls.  
Two inches, that stays hidden in amongst his pubic hair,  
And he ain't got nothing there.  
chorus: Glory, glory what a penis.  
Glory, glory what a penis.  
Glory, glory what a penis.  
Just what I'm looking for.  
Three inches, that is better though admittedly not much;  
At least you can find it in the dark, locate the thing my touch.  
Three inches, it don't hit the end and it don't touch the sides,  
It's as long as it is wide!  
Not much better is the man who's just endowed with four.  
Four inches is quite modest and most women will want more.  
There's just enough there for a girl to have a grope or clutch,  
But not a bloody good fuck!  
Five inches is much better, if it stands up to attention.  
It's bigger than some paltry tools I rather would not mention.  
Most of us find six inches will give some satisfaction,  
And get a piece of action.  
Seven inches, fine and dandy, if it is built good and thick,  
And is sturdy, solid, wide of girth and if it stays erect.  
You know when seven inches is in, 'twill give some satisfaction,  
And get a piece of action.  
Eight inches is okay for me, but in doggy style you suffer.  
It goes in mighty deep and far and then you hit the buffers.  
I think it's okay face to face, but my cervix should be tougher,  
And it's far too big for sucking.  
Nine is really pushing it, though it sounds just like a dream;  
Though facing full nine inches, most girls still are keen.  
But ten inches or longer, stick it in and they will scream.  
And we all know what I mean.  
Fifteen inches had poor Johnny Holmes; it sadly he can keep.  
It's far too big for most women, use it to bugger sheep.  
It would be quite a struggle just to keep it all erect,

Without fainting during sex.  
Then of course there is the massive inches twenty prong.  
No wonder its proud owner is often called King Kong.  
It will never stay erect or to full potential grow;  
It should have a penile bone.

Male:

chorus: Glory, glory what a vulva,  
Glory, glory what a vulva,  
Glory, glory what a vulva,  
Just what I'm looking for.  
One inch is just so shallow that it hardly is a dimple;  
Okay for a man whose prick is smaller than a pimple.  
Two inches deep, stick in your dick and you will hit the womb,  
There isn't enough room.  
Three inches, it is deeper, but, alas, most of your tool,  
Is left out on the outside, and is left out in the cool.  
Four inches it is roomier, but won't accommodate you.  
So ask her to fellate you.  
Five inches, it will barely do but only in a pinch,  
And there is plenty stretch inside if you measure just five inch. But for pleasure  
which can be plumbed by and an average dick,  
The minimum is six.  
Seven inches and most dicks won't hit the cervix in the end.  
Eight inches and you will find you take the largest men.  
And for those lucky buggers who are bigger than nine inches,  
Even a cow's cunt pinches!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\dinkydo3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le|B=L1C<

The Hairs On Her Dinky-Do Hang Down To Her Knees  
The Mayor of Baywater,  
He has a lovely daughter  
chorus:  
And the hairs on her dinky-do  
Hang down to her knees.  
One black one, one white one,  
One with a bit of shite on,  
And the hairs on her dinky-do  
Hang down to her knees.  
If she were my daughter,  
I'd have them cut shorter  
My girls from the mountain,  
Pees like a bloody fountain.  
Her father he's Italian,  
With balls like a stallion.

When she rats her hair up,  
She can't pull her panty pair up.  
You can stroke them, you can stroke them,  
You can roll them up and smoke them.  
You need a Welsh coal miner  
To find her vagina.  
Her mom was from Glenmorgan  
With cunt like a barrel organ.  
She lived in a lighthouse,  
Which was more like a fucking shitehouse.  
She lived on a mountain  
And fucked like a bloody mountain.  
I've seen it, I've smelt it,  
It's just like a piece of velvet.  
I've smelt it, I've seen it,  
I've lain right down between it.  
She slept with a demon  
Who filler her with semen.  
It was always hit-or-miss,  
Whether you could find her clitoris.  
She went with a farrier  
Who fucked her but wouldn't marry her.  
I've licked it, I've kissed it,  
It tastes like a fishy biscuit  
Her cunt is so squishy,  
It smells a bit fishy.  
The aroma that lingers  
Smells just like fish fingers.  
She seduced the choirmaster  
He couldn't outlast her.  
The scrum-half she tried to lay  
Just came during the foreplay.  
A winger dove in to her muff;  
He found he'd not tongue enough.  
I could not believe my eyes,  
When I came between her thighs,  
She says she is not a whore,  
But she bangs like a shit-house door,  
The light is so glitterous,  
When it shines off her clitoris,  
She lives on malted milkshake,  
And roots like a bloody rattlesnake.  
The split of her beaver,  
Looks just like June Cleaver's.  
She sat on the waterfront,  
With the waves lapping up and down her cunt.  
You can drive a Morris Minor,  
Right up her vagina.  
She used a spade handle  
In place of a fucking candle.

Her love thought he had seduced her,  
But it turned out he'd only goosed her.  
One black one, one white one,  
The white one was semen.  
One green one, one red one,  
The red one she bled on.  
She went to Arabia,  
Where sheikhs nibbled her labia,  
She moved in Seattle,  
And went down on cattle,  
She stayed on a cattle ranch,  
And came like a bloody avalanche,  
On her first trip through Melbourne,  
She strangled her firstborn.  
The club gigolo gave her a go,  
And used an electric dildo.  
She wasn't sated still,  
So he had to use a power drill.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\direar-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ld&#12;

B=L1C<

The World's Falling Out Of My Bottom  
The world's falling out of my bottom --  
It comes out in gushes and squirts.  
The brown stream shoots backwards six inches,  
And comes out so fast that it hurts.  
I was so bunged up this morning,  
I took laxatives by the ton,  
And now I am learning my folly,  
With the world falling out of my bum.  
The world's exited through my anus,  
From my rectum right up to my tum.  
My whole damn intestine is empty,  
'Cause the world's falling out of my bum.  
My bowel is full up with methane,  
I give global-warming kick-starts,  
And pebble-dash half of the bathroom,  
Whenever I'm stricken by farts.  
Oh, why was I ever so foolish?  
A bowlfull of fruit would have done.  
I tried to quick-fix constipation,  
Now the world's falling out of my bum.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\dismal-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶xB=L1C<

The Dismal Picture

Life presents a dismal picture,

Dark and dreary as the tomb,

Father has an anal stricture,

Mother's got a fallen womb.

Auntie Kate has just aborted,

For the forty-second time.

Brother Bill has been deported,

For a homosexual crime.

Cousin George just sits and jerks off,

Never laughs and never smiles;

Leaves my total occupation,

Cracking ice for grandma's piles.

In a small brown paper parcel,

Wrapped in a mysterious way,

Is an imitation arse hole,

Grand-dad used twice a day.

Joe the postman called this morning,

Stuck his pecker through the door,

We could not despite endearment,

Get it out till half-past four.

Even now the baby's started,

Having epileptic fits.

Every time it coughed, it farted,

Every time it farts, it shits.

But we must not be down-hearted,

Nor must we be plagued with doubt.

Sister Jenny has just farted,

Blown her asshole inside out.

(Rugby Songs by Michael Green)

Jane the under-housemaid vomits,

Every morning just at eight,

To the horror of the butler,

Who's the author of her fate.

Auntie Kate has diarrhoea,

Shit ten time more than she ought;

Stand all day beside the toilet

Lest she should be taken short.

Grandpa, lurking in the woodshed,

Found a foetus in a case.

Father Pryke says its murder;

Of Sister Annie there's no trace.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre,

Caught from Uncle Henry's wife.



May's in bed with menstruation;  
Auntie's at the change of life.  
Mabel's husband's now in prison,  
For a childish prank of mine;  
Pinching things that wasn't his'n,  
Women's scanties off the line.  
Dad's a man who likes the beastial,  
Inces is my mother's fun.  
So the whole four sleep together,  
Father, Mother, horse and son.  
Anal-oral trends disgust me,  
Though pronounced by Tiny Tim;  
For I much prefer fellatio,  
He sucks me while I suck him.  
Life presents a dismal picture,  
Drear and gloomy as the tomb.  
Father lost his dental fixture;  
It was found in Aunt Jane's womb.  
The toddler's started wanking;  
Does it twenty times a day.  
Now he's also copulating  
With the cat and Cousin May.  
Sister's once again miscarried;  
She was pregnant by her friend,  
Age of nine -- he can't get married;  
The affair will have to end.  
Mother's drinking gin and tonic  
In a hot bath every night.  
But her belly swelling's chronic;  
Seems that something is not right.  
Sister's into prostitution;  
She is pimping Uncle Joe,  
From his mental institution,  
Only five shillings to go.  
Now the char is getting thinner,  
You can see her every day.  
Pukes up breakfast, lunch, and dinner;  
In a month she'll waste away.  
Uncle Tom's got AIDS and TB,  
But it doesn't slow him down;  
Has a fancy woman, Phoebe,  
A legless midget circus clown.  
The other day, dear Mother caught me  
In a clinch with father's sheep.  
I agree that it was naughty,  
And my father's losing sleep.  
Life's a long and tedious story,  
For a family such as we.  
Still the money from my whoring,  
Will pay for my trans-sex surgery.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\dogstyl3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;

-BGL1CF

Doggy Style

(llewtraH)

Little Yorkshire Terriers are scruffy, small and sweet;  
In proportion to their size, their cocks are not petite.  
They have to stand upon a box to carry out the feat,  
Unless you lie down on your back, in which case they can reach.  
I like to call it doggy-style, not beastiality.  
A Labradoris well-endowed, he's gentle and well-taught;  
His prick is thick and long and slick and his services are sought.  
Just go down on hands and knees and he'll do as he ought.  
Anal, oral, vaginal, his plug will fit the port!  
And I like to call it doggy-style, not beastiality.  
A Spaniel is a gun-dog and he's trained to ignore noise.  
He doesn't mind a big bang, he won't mind my screams of joy.  
He's always energetic and likes playing with his toys.  
And for enthusiasm, he just has to be first choice.  
When I want to do it doggy-style, this beastiality.  
If you like it quite extreme, a Great Dane does the job.  
Takes you standing, from behind; he's such a handy dog.  
He may look big and sometimes fierce, but loves to sink his log;  
The size and strength and girth and length give a satifying throb.  
And I love to do it doggy style, it is the way for me!  
Dobermans and Rottwilers are very well endowed;  
Though they're very dominant and they'll boss you around;  
If they get impatient they'll just pull you to the ground;  
If you're a submissive then these will do you proud.  
They will rape you doggy-style, such beastiality!  
A German Shepherd's faithful and responds to training well.  
He'll shag you senseless every night and never, never tell.  
When he has a climax, his penile shaft will swell.  
And as he withdraws his swollen shaft, in joy you'll hear me yell.  
I like to call it doggy-style, not beastiality!  
Bent over a chair seat or upon my hands and knees,  
Lick me sniff me, dearest dog, they doggy-fuck me please!  
I like your length, the feel of fur and never mind the fleas!  
Your faithful and obedient and have a pedigree.  
I love to do it doggy-style, this beastiality.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\dontsee3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣-B=L1C<

Things I Don't Like To See  
I'm a modest young man, I'll have you all know,  
And I can't bear to hear nor see anything low.  
Since childhood my friends never failed to detect,  
That my notions of morals were strictly correct.  
I don't like to watch, in a telephone booth,  
A girl drop her panties, I deem that uncouth,  
Even though the guy standing right next to her there,  
Has opened his fly, and has loosed his cock bare.  
I don't like to see women wearing old smocks,  
Nor two fairies at play with each other's cocks.  
And I don't like to see, if fact I abhor,  
A girl who's a virgin but talks like a whore.  
Now I don't like to see, no matter 'tis dark,  
A cleryman fucking a girl in the park.  
Nor I don't like to see, it's not quite elite.  
A cute little miss scratch her cunt on the street.  
I don't like to see, on a bright sunny morn,  
A girl with her outfit all crumpled and torn,  
Arm in arm with a guy who's had the mishap,  
To forget, in his haste, to button his flap.  
And I don't like to see, although you might scoff,  
An old woman trying to toss herself off.  
And while sitting in church, I deem it a shame,  
To see a chap's hand up the skirt of a dame.  
The fact is that while I sit there in my pew,  
There are many strange things that come into view.  
Just last Sunday morning, the white of an egg,  
Ran down the pants of a young curate's leg.  
I fear I'm encroaching too much on your time,  
And so I will end this confessional rhyme.  
Though my taste is quite strange, you'll often agree,  
I've told you the things that I don't like to see.  
(H. H. Hart)  
(H. H. Hart)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\downon-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c ␣B=L1C<

Down On Me  
(llewtraH)  
\*-----

Hey fellows, I didn't know,  
But If she's willing to go  
Down on me, I'll be all right;  
Down on me, and I will sleep well tonight.  
Hey darlin', it's hard don't you know;  
That's the reason I need you to go  
Down on me, and I'll be all right;  
Down on me, and I will sleep well tonight  
I can't help it honey,  
I laughed at your pussy fart sound;  
Remember that night in the stairwell  
When we thought there'd be no-one around.  
I hope you're enjoying the sucking;  
I swear I won't come in your mouth.  
I promise I'll look you up, darlin',  
Next time that I'm headed down south.  
Thank you m'am, what a pleasure it's been.  
Could you tell me your first name again?  
As you go down on me, I'll be all right;  
Down on me, and I will sleep well tonight.  
X  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\drinks-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Drinks All Around

Come on boys, drinks all around, we've had a real good supper.  
If a man goes out with another man's girl, he's a fool if he doesn't--  
Send his kids to college, send them to good schools,  
And before they learn their ABC's, they are playing with their--  
Tutor and his rabbits, which do what rabbits do,  
Why he'd sit and watch for hours and hours, just to see the buggers--  
Sit upon piano, feeding from the bowl,  
Crawling round the rabbit hutch, smelling each others--  
"O" stands for orange, "R" stands for rice,  
"F" stands for something else, it's naughty but it's nice.  
I took my girl to the baseball game, to see the batters hit.  
The first fly ball that came our way, it hit her in the--  
Teachers can be lovely, dancing on the grass,  
But when they kick their legs too high, you can see their lovely--  
Ask the dean for supper, with all his family.  
If he won't come, then tickle his bum with a stalk of celery.  
Frisco is the place for me, fishing in the pool,  
If I don't catch them with my line, I catch them with my--  
Dainty little finger, so slender and so slim,  
I can get all five of them at once inside my girlfriend's--

Pockets are so useful, when walking down the halls,  
 If you can have some holes in them, you can fumble with you--  
 Money, if you've got some; if not, then find some more.  
 And you can spend the rest of it on some pretty little--  
 Turkish Bath and manicure to make you feel so smart;  
 Remembering in the social world, it's rude to let a--  
 Swearword pass your lips, or walk in public humming;  
 For there are some in the social world that think it's worse than--  
 Biting your nails in public or even in your class.  
 Bear in mind that waitresses have a very lovely--  
 Titbits on their platters, so good you'll lick and scrape 'em.  
 And if they don't come willingly, don't hesitate to--  
 Come and have a drink with me.  
 We'll end this song of mine.  
 I had a date at half past eight, and now it's half past nine.  
 (Oscar Brand)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\drnksal3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c ],B=L1C<

What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor  
 (llewtraH)  
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
 Earlye in the morning?  
 Chorus: Way, hey, and up she rises,  
 Way, hey, and up she rises,  
 Way, hey, and up she rises,  
 Earlye in the morning.  
 Put him to bed with the captain's daughter  
 Bugger him with the ship's main cannon,  
 Tie him by the bollocks to the mainsail,  
 Hang him by the balls in a running bowline  
 Shave his crotch [pubes] with a rusty razor  
 Encourage him to shag a dead donkey,  
 Shove a hosepipe up his arsehole  
 Walk the plank being buggered by a bum-boy,  
 Tie his prick in a double half-hitch  
 That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor  
 Then we'll shave his ass with a rusty razor,  
 Shave his crotch with a new fangled laser,  
 Zap him in the ass with a copper's tazer,  
 Earlye in the morning.  
 Shove a bag of powder up his asshole,  
 Caulk it up with cotton and add a lighted coal,

Then stand back boys, he's gonna blow,  
Earlye in the morning.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\drseuss3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lcBBL1CA

Dr Seuss Writes Bawdy Verse

(llewtraH)

Whores In Drawers

Whores in drawers, drawers on floors,

Fools with tools, cocks got pox.

Choosy floozies.

Dozy doxies

Fool with tools and cocks get poxes.

Poxy doxies, foolish foxes!

Stunning cunts do cunning stunts,

On their backs and on their fronts.

Thatch round snatch, round rims of quims,

Round clits and slits and slots and twats,

Of juicy floozies, wet and hot.

Suck and fuck the cocks and dicks,

Beaux and bucks put pricks in chicks.

When a whore with a sore drops her drawers on the floor,

And lies flat on her back to show her warm wet twat,

With a cock like a rock, don't fuck -

you'll get bad luck.

Cause her box has the pox and will give it to your cock.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\dykeson3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

d&#12;

B=L1C<

Dyke's Anthem

(llewtraH)

We don't need no copulation;

We don't need no birth control;

We don't need men in the bedroom,

You just leave us girls alone.

We've got mutual masturbation;

All we need is female fun.

Nice vibrators, silky fingers,

Don't need pricks, we've got our tongues.

We don't need no penetration,  
We can see all men are fools.  
We've got tongues for cunnilingus,  
Hey guys!  
We don't need your tools.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\elctrlx3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶0B=L1C<

Nothing Sucks Like An Electrolux  
Dickie Jones was a man with unnatural alliances,  
With toaster and other domestic appliances,  
But for true satisfaction there's nothing that sucks,  
Nothing that sucks like an Electrolux.  
Dickie Jones indulges his strange risky urges,  
Without circuit-breakers to guard against surges  
Of current as it powers the various appliances,  
With which our poor Dickie holds dangerous alliances.  
Now one lonely evening Dickie played with his weiner,  
He had an odd liason with the new vacuum cleaner.  
First, using the brushes so they didn't gall,  
Then turning them so that they tickled his ball.  
Attaching the nozzle for maximum suck,  
Stuck his penis into his brand new 'Lectrolux.  
With the suction fantastic, he made pelvic thrusts,  
But in new technology, he put way too much trust.  
He entered too deeply, sticking fast to his balls,  
Into metal tubing his gonads were hauled.  
In agony he yelped out; the pain crossed his eyes,  
But from the nozzle, his gear could not be pried.  
He pulled out the main plug, by now feeling frantic;  
Cursing his vacuum cleaner and all of its antics.  
Compressed in the tubing, he couldn't get free,  
And to complicate matters, he now had to pee.  
Disconnecting the tubing, stuffing it in his pants,  
He limped along casually, accompanied by clanks.  
The girls cheered our Dickie, as he limped 'long the street; Guys envied his  
hard-on which reached to his feet.  
The doctors at hospital, with hacksaw and frown,  
Cut free his poor penis, and said "Don't fool around  
With electric appliances, vacuum and the like,  
Without circuit breakers to guard against spikes.  
Now he's started anew with a Black and Decker drill;  
He finds buffing pads that give him a thrill.  
But for true satisfaction, he knows nowt that sucks,  
As strongly and keenly as a new Electolux.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\eleanor3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Eleanor The Two-Bit Whore

Eleanor, Eleanor, the two-bit whore,  
Her snatch is as wide as a brothel door.  
With a cunt like hers she can't charge more;  
It's a two-bit fee for a chancre sore.  
In better days she could charge a buck;  
A modest fee for a fast, hard fuck.  
And she gave half price for a lick and a suck.  
Now she's got raging syph and she's down on her luck.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\eng-gar3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

English Country Garden (llewtraH)

What do you do, if you want to do a poo?  
In an English Country Garden.  
Pull down your pants and suffocate the ants,  
In an English Country Garden.  
Then get some grass and wipe it up your ass  
In an English Country Garden.  
Then get a leaf and wipe your underneath  
In an English Country Garden.  
Then get a spade and bury what you made  
In an English Country Garden.  
That's what you do if you want to do a poo  
In an English Country Garden.  
(1980s, London; some verses also 1970s London/Essex)  
In an English Country Garden.  
(1980s, London; some verses also 1970s London/Essex)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\engsmal3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Englebert Small Had Multiple Balls

Englebert Small had multiple balls  
That grew on the end of his chin.



The doctor arose with the sad diagnosis,  
 That Englebert's penis grew in.  
 "I saw him as a boy with an ingrowing toy;  
 His penis popped out when I pinched it.  
 But it didn't stay out, so I really doubt  
 That he'll ever have more than three inches."  
 "I'd rather not fool with his inverted too,  
 It's a very poor piece of design.  
 Because when he lets go, it pops back in its hole,  
 In fact, I thank God it's not mine."  
 "Oh what can I do," asked his wife in a stew,  
 And the doctor in solemn tones said,  
 "With any luck, it'll come out if you suck,  
 I advise that you always give head."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\erectio3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

l c BGL1CF

The Erection Factory  
 (llewtraH)

Chorus: Oh, it's Hi Hi Hee at the Erection Factory,  
 Shout out your orders loud and clear: HARD ON!

But it isn't too much fun when you know he just can't come,  
 As he tries for the (first, second, etc.) time around.  
 You can tell at a glance that he doesn't stand a chance  
 As he tries for the first time around.

You can tell by his look that he needs to read a book  
 As he tries for the first time around.

You can tell by the size that he'll never get a rise  
 As he tries for the second time around.

You can tell by the feel that he's not a man of steel  
 As he tries for the second time around.

You can tell by his shape that he's not a good bedmate  
 As he tries for the third time around.

You can tell by his pud that he's really just a dud  
 As he tries for the third time around.

You can tell by the meat that it's gonna be a feat  
 As he tries for the fourth time around.

You can tell by his prick that it's gonna be a trick  
 As he tries for the fourth time around.

You can huff, he can puff, but he'll never get it up  
 As he tries for the fifth time around.

You can tell by his cock that you'd rather use a sock  
 As he tries for the fifth time around.

You can tell by his mauls that he hasn't got the balls  
 As he tries for the sixth time around.

You can tell by the fuck that you're gonna have to suck  
As he tries for the sixth time around.  
You can tell by the hump that he takes it in the rump  
As he tries for the seventh time around.  
You can tell by the sag that he really is a fag  
As he tries for the seventh time around.  
You can tell by his face that he can't keep up the pace  
As he tries for the eighth time around.  
You can tell it's too late and he'll never penetrate  
As he tries for the eighth time around.  
You can tell by his face that he's really lost in space  
As he tries for the ninth time around.  
You can tell by the groan that you've worn him to the bone  
As he tries for the ninth time around.  
You can tell by the whine that he can't go one more time  
As he tries for the tenth time around.  
You can tell it's too late and you'll have to masturbate  
As he tries for the tenth time around.  
He can masturbate for months but he'll only cum just once  
As he tries for the eleventh time around.  
You can tell by the blast that this time will be the last  
As he tries for the eleventh time around.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\eskblor3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12; îB=L1C<

Freddie Bloor Meets Eskimo Nell  
This is the story of young Freddie Bloor,  
The man with the motorized prick,  
And Eskimo Nell, the Arctic-bred whore,  
Who defeated Yukon's Dead-Eye Dick.  
Now if you suppose when the Arctic gale blows,  
And the Northern Lights play in the sky,  
That Nell ventures forth from the wastes of the North,  
And Freddie Bloor gives her the eye.  
Nell's prowess in bed had been widely spread  
In tales that are told by the drunks.  
How the old harlot beat the curs, Dick and Pete,  
The pair of the bad Yukon punks.  
From the icy floes where the north wind blows,  
And the nights are six months long,  
That frigid hell spawned a whore called Nell,  
Who defeated many a dong.  
Now the price of sex began to vex,  
And the market had grown slack,  
So Nell moved down to a Southern town,

To earn money on her back.  
She fucked drunk fools, pigs, dogs and mules,  
Put on a one-whore show,  
But cunning stunts with her stunning cunt,  
Barely made Nell's savings grow.  
In the dark barroom of a sleazy saloon,  
With a crust of spent spunk on the floor,  
Freddie Bloor walked in, smelling whisky and sin,  
In search of a drink and a whore.  
Such was his luck, he'd had no fuck  
For nigh on half a month,  
Except for a moose and a Canada goose,  
And now he needed a cunt.  
Freddie Bloor strode in to that house of sin,  
And demanded a double whisky.  
He told the whores to drop their drawers,  
'Cause he was feeling frisky.  
"You think you're tough, a plumber of muff?"  
A voice came from the door,  
And a pair of tits, proud as sailing ships,  
Preceded and Eskimo whore.  
She dropped her dress and then the rest,  
Her panties and brassiere;  
Eyed him up and down, with a sneering frown,  
And not one hint of fear.  
Fred dropped his clothes and all eyes roved  
To the bionic strap-on tool.  
The other harlots turned bright scarlet,  
And tried to regain their cool.  
It was fair to state, the size wasn't great,  
And it seemed of average girth.  
But time on time, its tireless grind  
Had proved to Fred its worth.  
Below Fred's sex, hung a length of flex,  
And at that end, a plug.  
And two huge balls beneath his tool,  
Housed his batteries snug.  
Nell sat in a chair, started combing her hair,  
(But not the hair on her head).  
Fred knew her name; he'd heard of her fame,  
And to Eskimo Nell he said:  
"It's said you're the best; can you stand the test  
Of a man with a mains-powered tool?"  
Nell pulled a dry chunk of spunk from her cunt,  
And said, "You talking to me, poor fool?  
I've had Dead-Eye Dick, I wore him out quick,  
And left him for dead on the floor.  
And Mexican Pete was sad, sore, and beat,  
But Eskimo Nell can take more!"  
The harlot she sat with one hand on her twat,

And sneered at the pecker of Fred.  
"Are you sure it works, you poor Southern Jerk?"  
"Just find me a socket," he said.  
But that Eskimo maid, she was still not afraid,  
When Fred switched on and opened the throttle.  
She flexed her fine cunt in front of some drunk,  
And opened his Budweiser bottle.  
Nell spread her legs wide to invite him inside,  
To give her as good as he could.  
Fred held his knob 'gainst an oak table top,  
And splinters flew out of the wood.  
Like a drill or a saw, he vibrated some more,  
And sliced the thing right down the middle.  
Nell's eyes opened wide, before somebody cried,  
"But how does the bloody thing piddle?"  
The hood of her clit rose up to her tit,  
And her labia flowed over with juice.  
Her muscular hole could straighten the pole  
Of a stallion, mule, or a moose.  
Nell lay there, inviting, quim pink and enticing;  
Fred knew that to hurry's a crime.  
In a slow steady push, he was not in a rush,  
And decided that he'd take his time.  
Steady and slow, he approached the hole,  
With his bionic knob.  
He plugged in to both power and quim,  
At a steady, sturdy throb.  
A quarter inch in, to that fair harlot's quim,  
Fred's motor was ready to ride her.  
Nell smiled in glee, as he turned up the speed,  
And pushed it an inch more inside her.  
First gear, then second, still she beckoned;  
He increased up to third.  
Then up to fourth and the whore from the North,  
Still didn't say a word.  
Another half inch, she still didn't flinch,  
As he threw the thing into fifth gear.  
"Turn up the power or we'll be hear for hours,"  
Said Nell with her famous cold sneer.  
"Now look here, you whore, I've got plenty more,"  
And Fred turned up the notch on the dial.  
Nell lay back and shrugged.  
"Have you got the thing up?"  
And gave him a challenging smile.  
Now this was too much, so with dextrous touch,  
To full power, Fred's dial was turned.  
Nell started twitching, not climax but friction,  
From where her cunt-lining got burned.  
"That's what I need, so turn up the speed,"  
Said harlot Nell as she vibrated.

There were several cheers and a couple of jeers  
As spectators nearby masturbated.  
All Freddie's throbbing and fair Nell's wobbling  
Made the bar table shiver and shake.  
The whole barroom trembled, the people assembled  
All likened it to an earthquake.  
The table then cracked, its stout legs collapsed,  
And Nell, she fell to the floor.  
But Fred was plugged into her hot blistered quim,  
And landed on top of the whore.  
All around town, the main power went down  
To fuel Freddie Bloor's mighty ride.  
And the dusty barroom, was plunged deep in gloom,  
As electric lights grew dim and died.  
Then Nell gave a quiver, a sudden sharp shiver,  
"I think I have climaxed at last!"  
But with savage grin, Fred just rammed more in,  
Held tight and gave her full blast.  
Smoke grey and thick, flew from Fred's dick,  
And he noticed his mains lead melt.  
Clouds of steam rose from the blistered quim  
Of fearless Eskimo Nell.  
Eskimo Nell sensed an end was in sight.  
They'd fucked for less than an hour.  
Fred flicked a switch hid under his dick,  
And went over to battery power.  
Soon Freddie's tackle fizzled and crackled,  
And Nell's glowed dull pink.  
And smoldering spunk in the harlot's cunt  
Began to burn and stink.  
Smoke hung in the air from singed pubic hair,  
And Nell's cunt belched forth steam.  
Then flames licked out of her womanhood,  
And the whore began to scream.  
In savage lust, Fred gave a thrust,  
And felt his dick ignite.  
Men saw charring in sexual sparring,  
And many of them took flight.  
Full speed, reverse, the harlot cursed,  
At the motor's high-pitched whine.  
And Fred's prick slipped from her clenched cunt's grip  
In that sexual pantomime.  
Fred's melting dick glowed like lamp-wick;  
Nell's cunt was scorched and black,  
Then with a shout, he pulled right out  
As flames flew from her crack.  
Fred Bloor, poor fool, had a molten tool  
And Nell had a burning quim.  
As he pulled it out, he heard her shout,  
"Just stick that bugger back in!"

Now, my friends, came the tale's sad end,  
 Which left folks brokenhearted.  
 The pair in their lust, spontaneously combust  
 When the red-hot harlot farted.  
 An incendiary blast flew from Nell's ass  
 And fire spewed out of her cunt.  
 As the flames took hold, the harlot bold  
 Exploded with a grunt.  
 Down the tables and halls flew hot fireballs,  
 And there rose a nice mushroom cloud.  
 And of Nell and Bloor, just stains on the floor,  
 And ash and spunk on the ground.  
 A hot molten pool from Fred's metal tool  
 Smoked on the blasted floor.  
 Charred scraps of flesh was all that was left  
 Of the famous Arctic whore.  
 The epic match of Nell's famed snatch  
 And Fred's bionic dong,  
 The one-night stand told throughout the land,  
 The whole Arctic winter long.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\eskimo-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶D B=L1C<

Eskimo Nell  
 Don't look at me that way, stranger,  
 'Cause my pants ain't full of shit.  
 It's just this goddamned syphilis  
 That's eating me bit by bit  
 When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,  
 And the tip of his dick turns blue,  
 And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle,  
 He can tell you a tale or two.  
 When an old man ages and his syphilis rages,  
 And their chancre sores turn blue;  
 When he's tired of the strife of a well worn live,  
 He'll tell you a tale that's true.  
 So pull up a chair and stand me a drink,  
 And a tale to you I'll tell,  
 Of Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
 And a harlot called Eskimo Nell  
 I can tell you a tale of the Yukon, boys,  
 Where it's fifty degrees below,  
 And it's so bloody cold the rubbers are sold,  
 Wrapped up in a bundle of snow.  
 Where skeletons rattle in sexual battle,

'Neath the cold grey northern lights;  
Where it's one long screw from dusk to dew,  
And this goes on every night.  
Now away on that far distant ice cap,  
Lived a floozy of national fame;  
From the back or the front, she'd open her cunt,  
And Eskimo Nell was her name.  
In the mining slump of eighty-one,  
Wages dropped through the floor,  
And the price of a fuck was less than a buck,  
And this does not please a whore.  
When the slump hit Nell where it mattered,  
She decided to leave her stand.  
To go where the pay was fair for a lay,  
She went off to the Rio Grande.  
The scene now shifts to the Great Bear Lake,  
Where the cold would cut your knackers.  
In a lonely shack off the beaten track,  
Lived a couple of horny trackers.  
When Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
Go forth in search of fun,  
It's Dead-Eye Dick that slings the prick,  
And Mexican Pete the gun.  
When Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
Are sore, depressed and sad,  
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt,  
But the shooting ain't so bad.  
Now Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
Lived down on Dead Man's Creek,  
And such was their luck, they'd had no fuck,  
For nigh on half a week.  
Just a moose or two and a caribou,  
And a bison cow or so,  
And for Dead-Eye Dick with his kingly prick,  
This fucking was mightly slow.  
Both these lads were ready for love,  
After working Dead Man's Creek,  
For they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck  
For more than half a week.  
Dick pounds his cock with a huge piece of rock,  
And he said, "I want to play!  
It's been almost a week at this fucking creek,  
With no cunt coming my way!  
So do or dare for this horny pair,  
Set forth for the Rio Grande,  
Dead-Eye Dick and his mighty prick,  
And Pete with his gun in his hand.  
So Dead-Eye Dick with his mighty prick,  
And Pete with his gun in his hand,  
Left Dead Man's Creek for the rest of the week,

And made for a better land.  
Hot with lust and a month's trail dust,  
They set off for a drinking hole;  
Two shady pricks from the fork of a creek,  
With a three-week load in their poles.  
And as they blazed their noisy trail,  
No man their path withstood,  
And many a bride, her husband's pride,  
A pregnant widow stood.  
By road and rail, they blazed a trail,  
In search of fuck and fun.  
And Dead-Eye Dick swung a kingly prick,  
And Mexican Pete his gun.  
They blazed away on their horny way,  
No man their fire withstood.  
And many a bride who was hubby's pride  
Knew pregnant widowhood.  
There's no man stands in the whole land,  
Who in fucking or shooting competes,  
With the Kingly prick of Dead-Eye Dick  
Or the gun of Mexican Pete.  
They reached the strand of the Rio Grande,  
At the height of a blazing noon,  
And to slake their thirst and do their worst,  
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.  
A bunch of cowhands were whooping it up  
In this redneck hole in the wall;  
And a comely maid standing at the bar  
Was hoisting Mike's left ball.  
They kicked in the doors of the local bar;  
Their faces split into grins.  
Their only thought was to have some sport  
With a dozen warm wet quims.  
And crashing in with doors aswing,  
Both prick and gun flashed free.  
"According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,  
You drink or fuck with me."  
When the swinging doors crashed against the walls,  
Those Dagos cursed their luck.  
Depending on sex, those pox-ridden wrecks,  
Were condemned to drink or fuck.  
In through the doors to that den of whores,  
The pair came striding in.  
Their only thought was of the sport  
That they would have within.  
Down on the floor, on top of a whore,  
Lay horny Klondike Mick;  
Giving her one with the force of a gun,  
When in walked Dead-Eye Dick  
Now Dick would screw and bull caribou,



If he couldn't find a cunt,  
And if he got stuck with no whores to fuck,  
Some poor queer bore the brunt.  
Dick made a pass at Klondike's ass,  
But missed it just by a hair.  
Klondike scowled and Dead-Eye growled,  
In a voice like a grizzly bear.  
Mike's trousers split; there were chock full of shit,  
As he plopped his ass on a keg.  
His ball hung low and swung to and fro,  
Every time he moved his leg.  
Dick's face was red as blood rushed to his head;  
And the passion within him burned.  
He pulled out his cock and displayed it about,  
And everyone's asshole squirmed.  
Now they knew the fame of our hero's name,  
From the Horn to Panama.  
And with nothing worse that a muttered curse,  
Those cowhands sought the bar.  
For when Dick walked in to a house of sin,  
The whores all cursed their luck,  
So not even a tart dared let a fart,  
When he said, "I want to fuck!"  
They'd heard of the prick of Dead-Eye Dick,  
From the Maine to Panama,  
And with scarcely worse that a muttered curse,  
Those cowhands sought the bar.  
The women too, his habits knew,  
Down on the Rio Grande,  
And forty whores pulled down their drawers,  
At Dead-Eye Dick's command.  
They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete,  
Itch on the trigger grip,  
And they didn't wait.  
At a fearful rate,  
Those whores began to strip.  
Now Dead-Eye Dick was breathing quick,  
With lecherous snorts and grunts,  
So forty asses were bared to view,  
And likewise forty cunts.  
When Dick held sway, none would gainsay,  
So bared stood forty doxies.  
Forty bared rumps and forty cunts,  
And twice that many poxies.  
Now forty asses and forty cunts,  
If you can use your wits,  
And if you're slick at arithmetic,  
Makes exactly eighty teats.  
Now eighty teats are a gladsome sight,  
For a man with a raging stand.

It may be rare in Berkeley Square,  
But not on the Rio Grande.  
Now Dead-Eye Dick had fucked a few,  
On the last preceding night,  
This he had done just to show his fun,  
And to whet his appetite.  
His phallic limb was in fucking trim,  
As he backed and took a run.  
He made a dart at the nearest tart,  
And scored a hole in one.  
He bore the whore to the sandy floor,  
And there he fucked her fine.  
And though she grinned, it put the wind,  
Up the other thirty-nine.  
When Dead-Eye Dick lets loose his prick,  
He's got no time to spare,  
For speed and length combined with strength,  
He fairly singes hair.  
Dick backed to the door and the number one whore  
Could see in the chandeliers prism,  
As he sprung through the air, his bollocks all bare,  
And sprayed her with his gism.  
So Dead-Eye Dick he fucks them quick,  
And flinging the first aside,  
He was making a grin at the second quim,  
When the swinging doors opened wide.  
He made a dart at the next spare tart,  
When into that Harlot's Hell,  
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,  
And her name was Eskimo Nell.  
By this time Dick had got his prick,  
Well into number two,  
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,  
She bawled to him: "Hey You!"  
He gave a flick of his muscular prick,  
And the girl flew over his head,  
And he wheeled about with an angry shout;  
His face and his cock were red.  
With a lustful leer, he said, "Look here,  
Just get into the queue.  
I've got to mate with thirty-eight  
Before I get to you.  
Our Dead-Eye Dick, he fucks them quick,  
And as he humped another pair,  
He doubled his stroke and a tart's twat broke,  
While our Nell took a table and chair.  
Dick took a fifth and then a sixth,  
As quick as a coyote's wink,  
And fucked four more by the backroom door,  
While Nell got herself a drink.

She glanced at our hero, up and down,  
His looks she seemed to decry,  
With utter scorn, she glimpsed the horn,  
That rose from his hairy thigh.  
She blew the smoke from her cigarette,  
Over his steaming cod.  
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete,  
He failed to do his job.  
It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell,  
In accents clear and cool:  
"You cunt struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp.  
You call that thing a tool?"  
"If this here town can't take that down,"  
She sneered to those cowering whores,  
"There's one little cunt can do the stunt,  
It's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."  
Dead-Eye Dick was still breathing quick,  
With lecherous snort and grunt.  
He pawed like a mule and fingered his tool  
As he thought of Nellie's cunt.  
"I've heard of tarts who like to boast,  
But there's eighteen yet to be laid."  
Dick fucked them all from wall to wall,  
Then turned to our Eskimo maid.  
She stripped her garments one by one,  
With an air of conscious pride,  
And as she stood in her womanhood,  
They saw the great divide.  
'Tis fair to state, 'Twas not so great  
Though its strength lay well within,  
And a better word, that's often heard,  
Would not be cunt, but quim.  
No grizzly bear has so much cunt hair,  
Or dripped with so much grease,  
Or had the depth as well as breadth,  
To take his tool with ease.  
Yes, it's fair to state, it was not so great,  
But it had a solid rim'  
Viewed from without, it left no doubt  
Of the tensile strength within.  
She seated herself on a table top,  
Where someone had left his glass,  
With a twitch of her teats, she crushed it to bits,  
Between the cheeks of her ass.  
She flexed her knees with supple ease,  
And spread her legs apart,  
With a friendly nod to the mangy sod,  
She gave him the cue to start.  
But Dead-Eye Dick know a trick or two,  
He meant to take his time,

And a girl like this was fucking bliss,  
So he played the pantomime.  
He flexed his asshole to and fro,  
And made his balls inflate,  
Until they looked like granite knobs  
On top of a garden gate.  
He blew his asshole inside out,  
His balls increased in size,  
His mighty prick grew twice as thick,  
Till it almost reached his eyes.  
He polished it up with alcohol,  
And made it steaming hot.  
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob,  
With a cayenne pepperpot.  
Then neither did he take a run,  
Nor did he take a leap,  
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop,  
And a steady forward creep.  
Black Mike's grew chill and the crowd grew still,  
As Dick moved in for his plunder.  
And everyone knew that this was a screw  
To put Nell six feet under.  
With piercing eye, he took a sight  
Along his mighty tool,  
And the steady grin as he pushed it in,  
Was calculatedly cool.  
Have you seen the giant pistons  
On the mighty C. P. R.,  
With the driving force of a thousand horse,  
Well you know what pistons are.  
Or you think you do, but you've yet to view,  
The ins and outs of the trick.  
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run,  
By a guy like Dead-Eye Dick.  
None but a fool would challenge his tool;  
No thinking man would doubt;  
For his fame increased as the Great High Priest  
Of the ceaseless in-and-out.  
But Eskimo Nell was no infidel,  
As good as a whole harem,  
With the strength of ten in her abdomen,  
And the rock of ages between.  
Eskimo Nell could bear things well,  
With her really tough construction.  
She'd the strength of ten in her abdomen,  
And a paralyzing suction.  
With nary a scream, she could take the stream  
Like the flush of a watercloset,  
And she gripped his cock like a patent lock,  
On the National Safe Deposit.

But Dead-Eye Dick could not come quick,  
He meant to conserve his powers,  
If he'd a mind, he'd grind and grind,  
For a couple of solid hours.  
Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile,  
The grip of her cunt grew keener,  
With a squeeze of her thigh, she sucked him dry,  
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.  
She performed this trick in a way so slick,  
As to set in complete defiance,  
The basic cause and primary laws,  
That govern sexual science.  
She calmly rode through the phallic code,  
Which for years had stood the test,  
And the ancient rules of the Classic schools,  
In a second or two, went West.  
The harlot jeered, the whole room cheered,  
To see that harlot win.  
Their bets were laid on the fearless maid,  
And her Dick-defying quim.  
Now Eskimo Ness, that northern belle,  
Had action quite fantastic;  
Dick couldn't shout, his cock fell out;  
The effect on him was drastic.  
And so my friends, we come to the end  
Of copulation's classic.  
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick,  
And akin to an anaesthetic.  
He fell to the floor and knew no more,  
His passions extinct and dead,  
And he did not shout as his cock fell out,  
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread.  
That mighty dick looked like the wick  
Of a worn-out tallow candle.  
The insults and jeers and calls of "Queers!"  
Were more than Pete could handle.  
Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet,  
To avenge his pal's affront,  
With jarring jolt of his blue-nosed Colt,  
He rammed it up her cunt.  
He rammed it hard to the trigger guard,  
And fired twice times three,  
But to his surprise, she closed her eyes,  
And smiled in ecstasy.  
Said Eskimo Nell, "You've rung my bell;  
I'm ready to explode.  
Oh Pete, my sweet, can you repeat?"  
He said, "I've shot my load."  
With a smile of bliss, she blew him a kiss;  
In ecstasy she sighed.

"That pistol shot was the best of the lot;  
At last I'm satisfied.  
She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet,  
"Bully," she said, "for you.  
Though I might have guessed that this was the best,  
That you two poor pricks could do."  
With a gleam of her eyes and a flex of her thighs,  
And a twitch of her mighty hips,  
With barely a grunt, Nell's mighty cunt,  
Like a gun, shot back all bullets six.  
Mexican Pete stepped back a pace,  
Feeling a fucking fool,  
While a Creole maid offered up first aid  
To Dick's disjointed tool.  
Then someone coughed, all bets were off,  
And Nell reposed in bliss.  
She looked with scorn on Dick's limp horn,  
And blew Mexican Pete a kiss.  
She flexed her cunt and blew Dick's spunk  
Out onto the barroom floor;  
It fell in a pool like drunkard's drool,  
Beneath the doughty whore.  
She rose to her feet, with a smile so sweet,  
Then "Bully!" she said, "for you!  
Though I might have guessed that that was the best  
That you two poor pimps could do."  
"When next," my friend, "that you intend  
To sally forth for fun,  
Buy Dead-Eye Dick a sugar stick,  
And yourself an elephant gun."  
"I might have known," she tole the pair,  
"You don't fit where folks are nice,  
But before we end, lets part as friends;  
Let me give you some free advice."  
"So my friend, when you next intend  
To go forth in search of crumpet,  
Tell Dead-Eye Dick to dip his wick  
In the cunt of a local strumpet."  
I thought you jerks could give me the works,"  
She said with accents cool.  
"But I guess I must go to the land of snow,  
To find a man with a tool."  
"I'm going back to the frozen North,  
Where the pricks are hard and strong;  
Back to the land of the frozen stand,  
Where the nights are six months long."  
"You find more cream in a sled-dog team,  
Than in you Yankee fools.  
And an Eskimo prick won't break as quick  
As your shrunken Southern tools."

"I came forth fromt he frozen north,  
 Where the pricks are hard and strong.  
 Where they ram it in with a savage grin,  
 And grind for six months long."  
 "It's hard as tin when they put it in,  
 In the land where spunk is spunk,  
 Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,  
 But a solid frozen chunk."  
 "Yes, I'm going back tothe frozen North,  
 Where a whore can do no wrong;  
 Where the Arctic blizzard sticks in your gizzard,  
 Like fourteen inches of dong."  
 "Back to the land where they understand  
 What it means to fornicate,  
 Where even the dead sleep two in a bed,  
 And the babies masturbate."  
 "Back to the land of the grinding gland,  
 Where the walrus plays with his prong,  
 Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair,  
 That's where they'll sing this song.  
 "They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail,  
 Where the nights are sixty below,  
 Where it's so damn cold, that the johnnies are sold,  
 Wrapped up in a ball of snow."  
 "In the valley of death with baited breath,  
 That's where they'll sing it too,  
 Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,  
 And the rotting corpses screw."  
 Back to the land where men are men,  
 Terra Bellicum.  
 And there I'll spend my worthy end,  
 For the North is calling: 'Come'.  
 So Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
 Slunk out of the Rio Grande,  
 Dead-Eye Dick with his useless prick,  
 And Pete with no gun in his hand.  
 When a man grows old and his balls turn cold,  
 And the tip of his prick turns blue,  
 And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,  
 I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?  
 Michael Green with additions from llewtraH

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\exetprv3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Exeter Perverts Song  
 (llewtraH)

Lay me down on Mendips pastures,  
 Where nobody us can see;  
 Gently tie my hands behind me,  
 And then let your passions free.  
 Wank my penis, wank my penis,  
 Wank me 'til I come no more!  
 When we're down in Swildons caverns,  
 Where from sight we hidden be,  
 I'll remove my wetsuit trousers,  
 And I'll leave the rest to thee.  
 Shag my arsehole, shag my arsehole  
 Shag me 'til I want no more!  
 When at last we reach the Hunters,  
 Tie me to the sign outside;  
 There I'll hang in drunken stupor,  
 While you savagely tan my hide.  
 Whip my buttocks, whip my buttocks,  
 Whip me 'til I want no more!  
 \*7        whip me 'til I want no more.  
 When at last we go to bed,  
 In the caving hut that night,  
 Crawl into the sleeping bag,  
 And then squeeze my bollocks tight.  
 Squeeze my bollocks, squeeze my bollocks  
 Squeeze them 'til I scream no more!  
 \*

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\expects3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le&#11;B=L1C<

You Expect Me  
 (llewtraH)

FOR MEN TO SING:

You expect me to get down on my hands and knees,  
 And eat your pussy like a rat eats cheese.  
 Well, I like cheese but I ain't no rat.  
 And I like pussy but not like that.  
 Your drawers may be clean and trimmed in lace,  
 But you'll never sit your ass on this old face.  
 And I wouldn't lie to you,  
 Not one pound.

FOR WOMEN TO SING:

You expect me to get down on my hands and knees,  
 And lick your boner 'cause you want me to please.  
 Well, I like boners that are big and fat,  
 And I'd never eat a boner that looked like that.



Your prick may be slick and ready to cream,  
But the closest you'll get me is a good wet dream.  
And I wouldn't lie to you,  
Not one pound,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\faggot-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣␣B=L1C<

You're A Grand Old Fag  
(llewtraH)h  
tune: Grand Old Flag"  
You're a grand old fag,  
And your wrinkled balls sag,  
Your performance gets worse everyday.  
You're an argument,  
For abstinence;  
A broomstick's a much better lay.  
Every heart fears doom,  
When you walk in the room,  
'Cause we've heard of your infamous fame,  
Your limp old cock won't be forgot,  
'Cause we all know that you are lame.  
Well you have no lust,  
And your humps have no thrust;  
You're a sad, sad excuse for a stud.  
You should just give up,  
'Cause you can't get it up;  
I think I would rather eat mud.  
Well your body's rank,  
And the tiger in your tank,  
Is as dead as the rhythm you beat.  
'Cause we know the way that you perform,  
You remind us of a creampie in heat.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\falcon-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

<!-- #BeginEditable "Main\_Body" -->␣␣<BLL1CK

The Frigging Falcon  
(llewtraH)  
by Theodore R. Cogswell  
Tune: Ghost Riders In the Sky  
I was walkin' out one evening by the friggin' reservoir,  
A-wishing that I had a quid to pay my friggin' score.

My head it was a-achin' and my throat was parched and dry.  
 So I up and sent a little prayer wingin' to the sky.  
 Then there came a friggin' falcon and he walked upon the waves,  
 And I said "A friggin' miracle!" and sang a couple staves  
 Of a friggin' churchly ballad I learned at me mother's knee,  
 But when the friggin' bird took off he went and spattered me!  
 I dropped upon my friggin' knees and bowed my friggin' head,  
 And said three friggin' Aves for all the friggin' dead.  
 And then I rose up to my feet and said another ten;  
 The friggin' bird burst into flame and spattered me again!  
 The falcon blazed up in the sky just like a friggin' sun,  
 And seared my friggin' eyelids shut and when the job was done,  
 He whooshed across the friggin' sky just like a shooting star.  
 I went to see the friggin' priest; he bummed my last cigar!  
 I told him of the burning bird, he told me of the Rose;  
 I showed him guano in my hair, the bastard held his nose!  
 So I went to see the Bishop, but the friggin' Bishop said,  
 "Go home and sleep it off, you sod, and wash your friggin' head!"  
 Then I came upon a friggin' wake for a lousy friggin' swine,  
 By the name of Jock O'Leary and I touched his head with mine.  
 He sat up in his friggin' box, and he shook his friggin' head;  
 His wife pulled out a .44, and filled him full of lead!  
 Then I lost my friggin' temper and let out a friggin' yell;  
 "Blow one more hole in poor old Jock and I'll see you burn in Hell!"  
 And once again I raised him up and brought him back to life.  
 Jock whimpered as his head came off...this time she used a knife!  
 And then she flopped upon her knees and started in to pray,  
 "Please, Lord," she said, "It's thirty years I've waited for this day!"  
 Still I went about the friggin' town to heal the friggin' lame,  
 But every time I raised them up, they got knocked down again!  
 How the good Lord sends His blessings down in a friggin' curious way,  
 But when He's marked a man for Love, that Love is there to stay.  
 But the way you've got to use that Love is a friggin' queer affair;  
 There ain't no point to raisin' stiff; there ain't no point to prayer.  
 And this I know because I've got an ever-flowing sign;  
 For every time I wash my head, the water turns to wine!  
 And I give it free to working blokes to brighten their poor lives,  
 So they don't kick no dogs around, or beat up on their wives.  
 For there ain't no point to miracles like walking on the sea.  
 They crucified the sonofabitch, but they don't muck with me!  
 For I leave the friggin' blind alone and the dying and the dead,  
 But every day at four o'clock...I wash my friggin' head! <!-- #EndEditable -->

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fannyad3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶=B=L1C<

Sweet Fanny Adams  
(llewtraH)  
(Sweet Fanny Adams - euphemism for sweet fuck all)  
Me name, lads, is Christopher Dickens,  
And I come from the fair town of Crewe.  
On ship, I beats my meat for breakfast;  
Ashore I does fuck and I screw.  
I've fucked the fair ladies of Portsmouth --  
We say "Any port in a storm."  
And when I take my shore leave in Plymouth,  
They queue up to play with my horn.  
In Hull I met sweet Fanny Adams,  
The girl that the sailors adore.  
All dolled up in feathers and laces,  
And despite her maid's looks, a fine whore.  
She took me back to her boudoir,  
And relieved me of cap, shirt and trows.  
Sweet Fan was my ship of the ocean,  
And I was her single-man crew.  
All night long he rode on her swells and her billows,  
She was his tall-ship and he was her sailor.  
Instead of salt waves they have fine pillows,  
She was the whale, he the harpooning whaler,  
And whenever she bucked, he'd the nautical notion  
Of a windjammer riding the swells of the ocean.  
We set off to sea on the morrow,  
And no more did I think of sweet Fan.  
And it was more than a year and a day,  
Till I returned to my native England.  
There on the Hull quayside was Fanny,  
And no longer in feathers and lace.  
In her arm was a small swaddled bundle,  
For I'd fathered on Fanny a babe.  
Now sailor boys seeking your shore leave,  
There's plenty of girls in the harbor.  
But heed you my warning, you hearties,  
Afore you pursue them with ardor.  
'Tis nothing to me that sweet Fanny,  
Is a down-at-heels draggie-tailed whore.  
She plied her trade to the many  
Sailors who stopped at her shore.  
I gave it to sweet Fanny Adams,  
The girl that the sailors adored.  
For I'm just a fine fucking bastard,  
And she was a fine fancy whore.  
So all my fair lads, I'm back seabound;  
As to Fanny -- she's hard to forget.  
But mayhap if my babe is a boy-child,  
He'll make a fine sailorman yet.

\*X

\*X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\farting3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;

!B=L1C<

The Breaking Of The Wind

You think you own whatever air you breathe in,

Pollution is unknown to your name.

But I know every rock and tree and creature,

Everything that needs air, it screams in pain.

You think that it's not noticed by the people;

Other people look and think just like you do.

But the people walking footsteps there behind you,

They are gagging, they are choking on you pew.

Have you heard your dog howl at the blue corn moon?

Or asked your grinning housecat why he grinned?

Can you sing with other voices than your butt cheeks?

Can you please cut out the breaking of the wind.

We used to smell the pine-smell of the forest;

We used to smell the sweetness of the earth.

But now you're polluting all the air around you,

With the smell of every meal you've had since birth.

The rainstorm and the river are our brothers.

The heron and the otter are our friends.

But they, like us, are trying to recover

From the stinky, smelly poot that's from your end.

And we'll forever your dog cry to the blue moon.

He's sounding like he's tortured and he's skinned.

When you blast your stench-cloud to the mountains,

While you celebrate the breaking of the wind.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\favorit3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ¶gB=L1C<

A Few Of My Favorite Things

Male Version

Chorus: When the pox stings, and my balls ache,

And my cock is sore,

I cheer myself up with my favorite things,

And revive the old cock once more.

Middle and Pinky and Index and Ring,

Throw in the thumb and you've got the whole thing.  
It works just fine and it's also quite safe,  
These are a few of my favorite things.  
Penthouse and Playboy and something called Forum,  
They're what I use to help start something going.  
Centerfolds spread-eagled showing me pink,  
These are a few of my favorite things.  
Quims soft and puckered and fur short and curly,  
Tight little cunts fringed with spunk white and pearly,  
Red painted nipples, an ice cube blow job,  
These are the things that will make my cock throb.  
Limbs brown and supple, with buttocks gyrating,  
Positions amazing, damp cunt lips pulsating.  
Cheerful young bodies all eager to screw,  
Of my favorite things these are only a few.  
When I'm lonely,  
Really lonely,  
By myself again,  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
And that's when it feels so good.

#### Female Version

Chorus: Men are useless, I don't need them,  
I'm the best I've had,  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
That's when I don't feel so bad.  
Dildos and vibrators and vaseline jelly,  
That's what I use to set fires in my belly,  
In and out, up and down making me ping,  
These are a few of my favorite things.  
Tight buns, silk undies, and erotic books,  
Make me excited--I'm starting to cook,  
I stir me up and the honey will sing,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

#### Bondage Version

Chorus: When the whip cracks. When the straps snap.  
When I'm feeling glum.  
I think of the wonderful games that I've played -  
I let out a sigh and come.  
Fourteen inch dildos with straps of elastic,  
Form fitting underwear made of clear plastic,  
Five foot four women with haircuts like boys,  
These are a few of my favourite toys.  
Stiff straps of leather all studded with steel,  
Thigh boots or court shoes with stiletto heels,  
Spurs, whips and handcuffs and butt-plugs, what joy,  
These are just some of my favourite toys.  
Warm sticky substances smeared on my belly,  
Plastic containers of lubricant jelly,  
Women who can turn their tongues upside down,  
These are a few of the best things I've found.

Penile compressors and anal vibrators,  
 Double-end dildos for group masturbators,  
 Peephole brassieres and swishy school-canes,  
 These are the tools of some wonderful games.  
 A FEW OF MY FAVORITE DRUGS  
 Reefers and roach clips and papers and rollers,  
 Cocaine and procaine for twenty year molars,  
 Reds and peyote to work out your bugs,  
 These are a few of my favorite drugs.  
 Uppers and downers and methedrine freakout,  
 Take some amphetamines, watch your brains leak out,  
 Acid and mescaline pull out your plugs,  
 These are a few of my favorite drugs.  
 Backs that are perfect for carrying monkeys,  
 Users of heroin, often called junkies,  
 Methadone helps them to stop being thugs,  
 Takes them off one of my favorite drugs.  
 On a bad trip  
 When the cops come  
 When I lose my head  
 I simply take more of my favorite drugs  
 And then I'm not sad -- I'm dead!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fetisba3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶SB=L1C<

The Fetish And Discipline Ball  
 (llewtraH)  
 Welcome to the fetishist's party,  
 Downstairs -- there's the Discipline Ball.  
 Adult babies, French maids and submissives,  
 Madam Claudia welcomes you all.  
 It's all good clean fun in the dungeon,  
 At the fetish and discipline ball.  
 Madame Claudia jills off with a truncheon,  
 While her customers queue in the hall.  
 The drag queens are fixing their feathers,  
 And setting their false tits just right.  
 Diesel dykes in their butchest of leathers,  
 Have laughed themselves sick at the sight.  
 The transvestites are strutting in slingbacks,  
 Or depilitating with Nair,  
 Till somebody steals their leg-wax,  
 For removing a slave's scrotal hair.  
 Dominatrices' black masks are concealing;  
 Though their buttocks and boobies are bare,

While the chaps hung in chains from the ceiling,  
Gently rotate in mid-air.  
Nurse's out in the kitchen, preparing  
An enema for "bed number nine;"  
Other bottoms are there for the baring;  
Governess has a spanking good time.  
Adult babies are sprinkled with talcum,  
And put in their nappies by nanny,  
Whose name, incidently is Malcolm,  
The pre-operative lady-boy tranny.  
There are men who just love to be babies,  
And get spanked just for sucking their thumb.  
There are men at the mercy of Nurse,  
There are men who, in bondage, grow numb.  
In the corner is Kenneling Kenneth,  
Lady Claudia's pedigree chum,  
His joy will soon reach a zenith --  
Whipped with a dog chain 'til he comes.  
Brian is wearing his harness,  
Saddle and stirrups and all,  
But his stud-farm future is tarnished,  
When the crupper gets caught in his balls.  
Madame Vet gets her castrating irons,  
And threatens poor horsey to geld.  
But the pain penetrated poor Brian,  
All caused both his ballocks to swell.  
An 'extreme' is hanging by flesh-hooks,  
Pierced through the skin of his chest.  
He got the idea from a textbook,  
And now puts the idea to the test.  
Father Fetish is saying Hail Marys;  
His confession is heard by a nun,  
Who is really a masochist tranny,  
Who self-flagellates till he comes.  
Bobby and Johnny are bad boys;  
They both wet their pants once again.  
Now it's bed without supper and no toys.  
Nanny thought they were both toilet trained.  
Every hour, on that night, on the hour,  
Governess unrolls big rubber mat.  
It's time for Gordon's golden shower,  
And time for Cecil to eat skat.  
Welcome to the fetishist's party,  
To the fetish and discipline ball.  
Adult babies, French maids and submissives,  
Please join the queue out in the hall.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\finefam3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ld&#12;IBLL1CK

The Finest Fucking Family In The Land  
There's a dirty stinking shithouse to the north of Waterloo;  
There's another one for women further down.  
There's a girl named Sally Tucker; for a shilling you can fuck her;  
She'll suck you off for only half a crown.  
My sister's name is Lily; she's a whore in Piccadilly,  
And my brother runs a brothel on the strand.  
And my father sell his arsehole to the guards of Windsor Castle,  
We're the finest fucking family in the land.  
And my little sister Heather has a maidenhead of leather,  
And she's married to the leader of the band.  
On their wedding night, the sod, didn't know what to do, by God!  
She he just reached up and broke it with his hand.  
If you're ever down in London and you have no place to 'go,'  
And you cannot find a spot to sit you down,  
For a penny on deposit, you can hire a water closet,  
And a season ticket costs but half a crown.  
Please don't burn our shithouse down, Mother has promised to pay.  
Mother is drunk and father's in jail, and sister's in the family way.  
Brother dear is fucking queer; times is fucking hard.  
So please don't burn the shithouse down, or we'll have to shit in the yard.  
There's a gentleman's convenience in the back of Waterloo,  
And a ladies' one a little further down.  
If you're aching in hour heart, we need a penny for a fart;  
We own every public lavatory in town.  
At the slightest provocation, we indulge in masturbation.  
We are all ardent followers of Freud.  
For the price of copulation is the risk of population,  
And dependents are a thing we must avoid.  
Have you met my Uncle Hector; he's a cock and ball inspector,  
At a celebrated English public school.  
And my brother sell French letters and a patent cure for wetters.  
We're not the best of families; ain't it cruel.  
Sister Mary's fine with fingers, but she prefers cunnilingus,  
As it doesn't put a strain upon the hand.  
She'l cater to men with a hard-on in a lane near Covent Garden,  
When she's not a mother's brothe in the strand.  
Have you met my cousin Barton; he always has a hard-on,  
And he often has to take himself in hand.  
While his elder brother Hector is a prostitute inspector;  
We're the finest fucking family in the land.  
Have you seen my cousin Susie; she used to be a floozy;  
She's had the royal regimental band.  
She does privates by appointment and lieutenants with annointent.  
We're the finest fucking family in the land.  
My sister's name is Lily,; she's a whore in Piccadilly.



Her brother is a rent-boy at Kings Cross.  
She has the finest titty in the whole of London City,  
And for only two and six she'll toss you off.  
She used to rent out her vagina on a P&O cruise liner  
To any able seamen who were willing.  
For only half a crown, they cold lay our Lily down,  
And she'd do it doggy-fashion for a shilling.  
There's a little green urinal to the north of Waterloo,  
And another on a little further up.  
There's a member of our school playing tunes upon his tool,  
While the passers-by put pennies in his cup.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fitspat3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

l c B=L1C<

Michael Fits Patrick And Vice Versa

\*-----

A strumpet came down from Liverpool Town,  
Her cunt was well used and quite roomy,  
I didn't gripe that her twat stunk like tripe,  
But size of her cunt really threw me.  
Guys on the docks were rubbing their cocks,  
Going down on a hapless Hispanic,  
I counted a line of a hundred and nine,  
Fewer men went down on the Titanic.  
I walked down the street, saw some homos in heat,  
Fitz-Michael was hung double barrelled,  
Harry had two little holes in his rear,  
It's so neat how Fitz-Michael fits Harold.  
They fell on the floor and were joined by one more,  
Three fags - now that must be a hat trick,  
Patrick Fitz-Michael was a really an eyeful,  
But I love the way Michael fits Patrick  
X  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\flandrw3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

l c B=L1C<

Flannel Drawers

(llewtraH)

They were tattered, they were torn,

'Round the crotchpiece they were worn,  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.  
They were hemmed in, they were tucked in,  
They were the drawers that she was fucked in,  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.  
They were rotten down the front,  
With the drippings of her cunt,  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.  
She put them on the cat,  
The stink paralysed the rats,  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.  
She put them in the sink,  
My God there was a stink,  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.  
She hung them on the line,  
And the sun refused to shine,  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.  
She buried them in the ground,  
Killed the grass for miles around,  
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fondlme3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c []"B=L1C<

Fondle Me With Care  
(llewtraH)

I've been sucked off and I've been struck down,  
I've been pulled off and I've been pulled around,  
But you're the best fuck that I've ever found,  
Fondle me with care.

Chorus: I'm so tired of feeling horny,  
I still have some cum to give,  
Won't you show me all your pubic hairs,  
Everybody, wants somebody, to cream on,  
Put your body, next to mine, and dream on.  
I've had it thin and I've had it thick,  
Had my lumps and I've had my licks,  
But when you play with my prick,  
Fondle me with care.

I've got big red bloodshot eyes,  
We stayed up and drank all night,  
When I exposed myself to your wife,  
She fondled me with care.  
Well I flashed my dick and terrorized,  
Put my tongue between your thighs,  
Bend over baby and I'll sodomize,

Fondle me with care.  
Well, my balls are tight and I've made a mess,  
I'll have to clean up my act I guess,  
Let me put my hand up your dress and,  
Fondle you with care.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\foolish3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [[iB=L1C<

These Foolish Things  
(llewtraH)  
A pair of boobies in a loose brassiere,  
A cunt that twitches like a moose's ear,  
A dirty rubber in my glass of beer,  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
A naked photograph of Liberace,  
The smile you show when I say, "Suck a hotche,"  
Syphilitic scars that make your face so blotchy,  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
A running sore beside an open hole,  
A Kotex floating in the toilet bowl,  
A pubic hair on my breakfast roll,  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
Lipstick traces on an old French letter,  
A dose of "you-know-what" that won't get better,  
And when I piss it stings,  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
The dirty panties in the cracked washbasin,  
The broken jerry can I washed my face in,  
The bed with the creaking springs,  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
An unborn fetus on a marble slab  
Erected penis with a broken scab  
A sloppy blow job in a taxi cab  
These foolish things remind me of you, Dear.  
When I awoke upon the morning after,  
I saw your tits and pissed myself with laughter,  
Oh, how the left one swings!  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
The birth control book with its well-worn pages,  
The contraceptive which comes off in stages,  
Oh, how my foreskin stings!  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
A daisy chain upon a Harley chopper,  
Your little sister with two giant whoppers,  
You had no tampax, just a rubber stopper,

These foolish things remind me of you.  
The year we went to Edinburgh Zoo,  
You fucked a rhino and a kangaroo,  
Tossed off a bear, your hair was filled with goo.  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
Steaming semen on Lorna Doone,  
Your arsehole farted out a catchy tune,  
Cunnilingus, ate it with a spoon.  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
Head up my arsehole and you had to sneeze,  
Your mass of pubic hairs that harbour fleas,  
Your recipe for mellow foreskin cheese.  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
Steaming mucus from your bulbous beezers,  
Masturbation with a pair of tweezers,  
Afterbirth fresh frozen from the freezer.  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
The rugby party in the old hayloft,  
The team applauded as you sucked me off,  
The blast that made you cough.  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
Fucking rabbits in the forest grass,  
Psychotic blowjobs from a psychopath,  
A thousand crabs that drowned in your bath.  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
A rusty dildo that gave you a shock,  
We stopped the bleeding with an old sweat sock,  
Aborted foetus pickled in a crock.  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
The tasty orifices of your nose,  
The gooey breakfast from between your toes,  
The soiled crotch of your panty hose.  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
Infected pimple that looks like rosy rubies,  
Symmetric stretch marks around your sagging boobies,  
You picked your nose and then you ate your goobies.  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
Ovarian cysts for which they made incisions,  
Saturday nights of genital collisions,  
A vegemetic for my circumcision.  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
We like to butt-fuck underneath my car,  
You get excited with a chocolate bar,  
Diarrhoea preserved in a pickle jar.  
These foolish things remind me of you.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fragmnt3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

hN BGL1CF

Kisses

(3)

Heres to all the kisses we've snatched,  
And vice versa.

David And Uriah

(3)

David with a single stone,  
The giant Goliath slew.  
But when he fucked Uriah's wife,  
He found he needed two.

Cocks

(3)

My cock has been in many cunts,  
But never more than one at once.

Unafraid Girls (3)

Heres to the girl who isn't afraid,  
Of a good stiff prick to handle.  
But bugger the maid who lies in the shade,  
And diddles herself with a candle.

The Split

(3)

Here's to the split that never heals,  
The more you rub it, the better it feels,  
And all the soap this side of hell,  
Can't wash away that fishy smell.

Pretty Blue Eyes

(3)

Here's to the girl with the pretty blue eyes,  
Who wears red hose and has big thighs.  
She has no cock but that's no sin,  
She has a hole to put one in.

Mournful Dick

(3)

This is the story of mournful Dick,  
Who was blighted at birth with a corkscrew prick.  
He spent his life in endless hunt,  
In search of a girl with a corkscrew cunt.  
But when he found it, he dropped down dead,  
For the goddamned bitch had a left-hand thread.

Tom Tom The Pipers Son

(3)

Tom Tom the pipers son,  
Let loose a fart and away he run.  
But Tom fell in an old shit bin,  
And ever since then, Tom stinks like sin.

Epitaph

(3)

Here lies the amorous Fann Hicks,  
The scabbard of ten thousand pricks.  
And if you wish to do her honor,  
Pull out your cock, jackoff upon her.

Why Was He Born So Beautiful

(3)

Why was he born so beautiful?  
Why was he born so tall?  
He's no fucking use to anyone,  
He's no fucking use at all.  
He should be publicly pissed on.  
He should be publicly shot.  
He should be tied to a urinal,  
And left there to fester and rot.

Bucket Of Shit

(3)

She's a great big bucket of shit, twice the size of me,  
And her teats hang down around her knees.  
She's got hair upon her belly like the branches of a tree,  
Hoch, Nelly put your belly close to mine,  
And wiggle your bum.

(Pat Murdoch, Mt. Shasta, Calif, 1960)

The Walrus And The Carpenter

(3)

"If all the whores with dirty drawers  
Were lying in the strand,  
Do you suppose,"  
the Walrus said,  
"That we could raise a stand?"  
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,  
"But wouldn't it be grand?"  
And all the while the dirty sod  
Was coming in his hand.

(H. H. Hart)

Old Smokey

(3)

On top of old smokey, all covered with sweat,  
I've been fucking two hours and I haven't come yet.

(H. H. Hart)

Sweet Alice

(3)

Oh, do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,  
Sweet Alice with cunt soft and brown.  
How she'd grin with delight when you shoved in your dick.  
And quickly, she'd fetch your stiff prick down.  
The poor girl is now so much older, Ben Bolt,  
And that soft luscious pussy's now dry.  
You couldn't edge in with a crowbar, Ben Bolt  
The (w)hole thing could make you sit and cry.

(H. H. Hart)

Can You Walk A Little Way

(3)

Can you walk a little way, with it in, with it in?

Can you walk a little way, with it in?

She answered with a smile,

I can walk a fucking mile,

With it in, with it in, with it in.

Sweet Sixteen

(3)

When you were only sweet sixteen,

And had a little quim,

You stood before the looking-glass,

And put one finger in.

But now that you are old and grey,

And losing all your charm,

I can get five fingers in,

And half my fucking arm.

(Michael Green)

The Cuckoo

(3)

The cuckoo is a funny bird, who sits upon the grass,

With his wings neatly folded and his beak up his ass.

In this strange position, he can only say "Twit!"

'Cause it's hard to say "Cuckoo" with a beak full of shit.

Little Jack Horner

(3)

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,

Eating his girlfriend Mary.

He stuck in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,

And said "Hey Bitch!

Where's your cherry?"

Mystical Creature (3)

A cunt is a mystical creature,

All mangled and covered with hair.

It looks like the face of a preacher,

And smells like the ass of a bear.

The Cat and The Skunk (Lekoluke)

The old Tom crouched silent, he was on his guard;

His cathood had stiffened and was grown quite hard.

Then from out of the dark, he heard a clunk,

A shape there appeared that we know was a skunk.

But the old Tom was blind and eager in heat,

He jumped on her bones and pounded her meat.

The skunk was so ravaged and could only sigh;

Old Tom was embarrassed and made this reply:

"My love you're so lovely to fuck, fight and hunt,

But now that it's over, go home, wash your cunt!

Georgie Porgy

Georgie Porgy Puddin' and Pie

Jerked off in his girlfriend's eye.

When his girlfriend's eye dried shut,  
Georgie fucked the one-eyed slut.

Cunt Oh Cunt

Cunt Oh Cunt, thou slimy slit,  
All covered with hair and smeared with shit;  
Like a polecat's ass, thou smellest bad.  
But Cunt Oh Cunt, thou must be had.

Jack and Jill (Brendon C Gray)

Jack and Jill went to the diary.

Jack pulled out his long and hairy.

Jill said, "My, what a whopper!

Let's lie down and do it proper."

Three months later, all was well.

Five months later, began to swell.

Nine months later, out it popped,

A six-inch baby with a twelve-inch cock!

Stoners

Stoners live and stoners die,  
But in the end we all get high.  
If in life you don't succeed,  
Fuck it all and smoke some weed.

Fuck Her Standing

I fucked her standing; I fucked her lying;  
If she had wings, I'd fuck her flying.  
She's dead and gone but not forgotten,  
I dig her up and fuck her rotten.

Ashes To Ashes (Sarah Jones 1999)

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust;  
If it wasn't for cunts, your dick would rust.

Sugar is sweet and salt is salt;

If you don't get pussy, it's your own damn fault.

Frigid Bridget

This is the tale of frigid Bridget,  
Diddled herself with her middle digit.

Did it once, did it twice,  
Diddled herself and it felt quite nice.

Her snatch met its match in Christy Cratch,  
Who snuck his snake into her thatch.

Now all Bridget's girlfriends say,  
That Bridget fidgets twice a day.

Eleanor The Two-Bit Whore

(llewtraH)

Eleanor, the two-bit whore

Her snatch as wide as a brothel door.

With a cunt like hers, she can't charge more;

It's a two-bit fee for a chancre sore.

In better days she could charge a buck;

A modest fee for a fast hard fuck.

And she gave half price for a lick and a suck;

Now she's got raging syph and she'd down on her luck.



Cock-suck, Mother-Fuck

(llewtraH)

Cock suck, mother fuck, eat a bag of shit.

Asshole, douche bag, suck your mother's tit.

We're the best rugby team all the others suck.

(Insert your team name twice), yippee, yippee, fuck.

God Bless My Underpants

(llewtraH) Jim Blomquist

God bless my underpants,

Brand that I like,

Stand inside them,

And ride them,

Between my buns when I run or I bike.

From the waistband,

To the legholes,

To the fly flap,

Wet with piss,

God bless my underpants,

They look like this.

He's The Meanest

(llewtraH)

He's the meanest,

He sucks the horse's penis,

He's the meanest,

He's a horse's ass.

All he does is pound it,

Ever since he found it,

He's the meanest,

He's a horse's ass.

He's always pissing on us,

He's rotten and dishonest,

He's the meanest,

He's a horse's ass.

She's superior,

She's got class,

She's superior,

She's a horse's ass.

Copenhagen

Anthem

(llewtrah) Sodbuster

Come on, Viking Wankers,

Lift your beers and shout

We are Copenhashers

What we've got, we flaunt.

Close the narrow circle, gather round the beer.

Hashing, wanking, drinking,

That is why we're here,

Hashing, wanking, drinking

That is why we're here.

Toast To A Man

(llewtraH)

May the bleeding piles possess him and adorn his bloody feet  
May crabs the size of horseturds climb up his legs and eat;  
And when he's as old as I am and naught but a bloody wreck,  
May his head fall down through his asshole and break his fucking neck.

Toast To Women

(llewtraH)

Here's to the lady dressed in black,  
Once she walks by she never looks back,  
And when she kisses, oh, how sweet,  
She makes things stand that never had feet.

Toast To A Life Well-Lived

(llewtrah)

Here's to me in my sober mood,  
When I ramble, sit, and think.  
Here's to me in my drunken mood,  
When I gamble, sin, and drink.  
And when my days are over,  
And from this world I pass,  
I hope they bury me upside down,  
So the world can kiss my ass!  
Thank God She Finally Shut Up

(llewtraH)

Thank God she finally shut up,  
She's always fuckin' bitchin',  
Now drink your beer, get out of here,  
Get back into the kitchen!

By The Light Of the Flickering Match

(llewtraH)

By the light of the flickering match,  
I saw her snatch,  
In the watermelon patch.  
By the light of the flickering match,  
I saw her gleam, I heard her scream,  
You are burning my snatch with your God damned match.

SIT ON MY FACE

(VERSION # 2) (llewtraH)

Tune -- Red River Valley

Come and sit on my face if you love me,  
Come sit on my face if you care.  
Let me look into your Red River Valley,  
And stare into your pubic hair.

Nursery Rhymes

(llewtraH)

Goosey Goosey gander, where do you wander?  
Upstairs and downstairs, in my lady's chamber.  
There I saw an old man playing with his dick,  
So I took him by the left leg and gave his arse a kick.  
I'm a little tea-pot, short and silly;  
Here's my handle; here's my willy.

When the tea is ready, hear me hiss;  
Lift me up and see me piss.

(1960s, London)

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town  
With his knickers hanging down.

(1980s, northern Ireland)

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John

Went to bed with their trousers on,  
Luke woke up in the middle of the night,  
And said he had to do a shite.

Now a shite is a thing that must be done,  
So out of the window he popped his bum.

PC Parker on his midnight beat

Mistook his arse for a burglar's feet.

'Come down, you rascal,' the copper did cry,

Wallop, dollop, shit fell in his eye.

(1940s,

London)

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet

Her knickers all tattered and torn,

It wasn't a spider that sat down beside 'er

It was Little Boy Blue with the horn.

(1980s, London, but older and widespread)

Oh the grand Old Duke of York,

He had ten thousand men,

And his court case comes up tomorrow.

Hey fiddle fiddle, the cat done a piddle

All over the bathroom mat.

The little dog laughed to see such fun,  
So he peed all over the cat.

(1980s, London)

Hey fiddle fiddle, the dog done a piddle,  
All over the kitchen floor.

The little dog laughed to see such fun,  
So he done a little bit more.

(1980s, London)

\*

Half a pound of Mandy Rice

Half a pound of Keeler,

Neither girl is very nice,

Everybody feel her.

(1960s, after UK sex/politics scandal)

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick

Jack jump over the candlestick;

Silly boy, should have jumped higher

Goodness gracious!

Great balls of fire.

(1980s, Cairo, Egypt.

Well known in 1970s, UK trad)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul was he.

He called for a light in the middle of the night,  
To go to the lavatory.

The moon shone bright on the shit-house door;  
The candle had a fit.

Old King Cole fell down the hole,  
And came out covered in shit.

(1980s, London)

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,

How hairy is your canary?

Three or four inches long?

Or are you a toff and shave them off?

(1970s, London)

There was an old woman who lived in a bucket,  
I had a good rhyme but Mum made me chuck it.

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe,  
She had no children - she knew what to do.

Humpty Dumpty sat on the loo;

Humpty Dumpty did a great poo.

All the king's horse and all the king's men  
Couldn't flush Humpty's toilet again.

Missed a Saturday dance;

Shat all over the floor.

Cleaned it up with my toothbrush --

Don't brush my teeth much any more.

There Was A Little Bird

(llewtraH)

There was a little bird,

No bigger than a turd,

A-sittin' on a telephone pole.

He ruffled up his neck,

And shit about a peck,

He puckered up his little asshole.

Weiner

(llewtraH)

tune: Oscar Mayer jingle

My boyfriend has a first name,

It's P-E-T-E-R

My boyfriend has a second name,

It's P-E-N-I-S

I love to eat him every day,

And if you ask me why I'll say...

'Cause Peter Penis has a way with my V-A-G-I-N-A.

My girlfriend has a first name,

It's J-U-I-C-Y

My girlfriend has a second name,

It's P-U-S-S-Y

I love to eat her every day,

And if you ask me why I'll say...

'Cause Juicy Pussy has a way with my C-O-C-K today.

## Riddles

(llewtraH)

Does a lesbian nun prefer women with dirty habits?  
What do rabbits breed like if people breed like rabbits?  
A yankee fanny is a rump, a British fanny is a twat,  
And when a woman strokes her pussy, does she mean cunt or cat?  
Frigid Bridget

(llewtraH)

This is the tale of frigid Bridget,  
Diddled herself with her middle digit,  
Did it once, did it twice,  
Diddled herself and it felt quite nice.  
Her snatch met its match in Christy Cratch,  
Who snuck his snake into her thatch,  
Now all Bridget's girlfriends say,  
That Bridget fidgets twice a day.

## Born Dead

(llewtraH)

tune: Born Free

Born dead!  
Your baby was born dead;  
All torso and no head,  
Born dead to live in a jar.  
Stay dead!  
Don't come back to haunt me;  
You really don't want me,  
Born dead to live in a jar.  
Brain dead!  
Your husband is brain dead;  
A vein popped in his head,  
That sucker's a mort.

## Sweet Antoinette

(llewtraH)

Tune: Sweet Adeline  
Sweet Antoinette, your pants are wet,  
You say it's sweat, but it's piss I bet.  
In all my dreams, your bare ass gleams.  
You're the wrecker of my pecker,  
Antoinette.

## While Shepherds Washed

(llewtraH)

Tune: While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks at Night  
While shepherds washed their cocks at night,  
All seated on the grass,  
They swore they'd use its cunt next time,  
Not stick it up its ass.

Fuck A Duck

(llewtraH)

Tune: Do, Re, Mi

Fuck a duck, a female duck,

Screw a baby kangaroo,  
Finger bang an orangutan,  
Let an elephant eat you,  
Feel the penis of an eel,  
Whack the asshole of a yak,  
Masturbate with a gnu,  
That will bring us back to  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck . . .  
Hey Diddle Diddle  
(llewtraH)  
Hey diddle diddle,  
The cat did a piddle;  
The cow had a bad dose of clap;  
The little dog licked  
Its balls and its prick,  
And then had a bloody good crap.  
Let Me Blow  
(llewtraH)  
Well, the weather outside is frightful,  
But my dick is so delightful,  
If you really want to see it grow,  
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.  
Mary Box  
(llewtraH)  
This is the tale of Mary Box,  
Who gave a thousand men the pox,  
Soldiers and sailors and men of honor,  
Fought like fiends to climb upon her,  
And now that she's dead, she's not forgotten,  
They dig her up and fuck her rotten.  
Her heart was good but her cunt was rotten.  
No Fucking Way  
(llewtraH)  
Tune: God Save the Queen  
I think it's fallacy  
You're pregnant - not by me  
No fucking way.  
I dipped my wick it's true,  
Now there's a baby due,  
You never were that true.  
No fucking way.  
Wedding bells on your mind,  
I'm not the marrying kind,  
No fucking way.  
Send me some funds you say,  
Now it's my time to pay,  
That will be the fucking day,  
No fucking way.  
Peg O' My Heart  
Peg o' my heart, you vex me,

Peg o' my heart, you sex me,  
When we're alone, I raise a bone,  
So put your ass against the rafter,  
It's your hairy hole I'm after,  
Peg o' my heart.

#### Tool Of My Father

Tune: Faith of Our Fathers

Tool of my Fa-ther, liv-ing still,  
Tiny and use-less, be-quethed to me.  
Oh how my heart breaks each time that I peel  
Back shrivelled fore-skin, each time I pee.  
Tool of my Fa-ther, use-less dick,  
No woman wants this di-min-u-tive prick.

#### Tiny Bird Sang Lovely

I woke early one morning,  
The Earth lay cool and still.  
When suddenly a tiny bird,  
Perched on my window sill.  
He sang a song so lovely,  
So carefree and so gay,  
That slowly all my troubles  
Began to slip away.

He sang of far-off places,  
Of laughter and of fun;  
It seemed his very trilling  
Brought up the morning sun.  
I stirred beneath the covers;  
Crept slowly out of bed,  
Then gently lowered the window  
And crushed his fuckin' head.

#### Little Bo Bit

Little Bo Bit has lost her clit,  
She went and asked her Granny.  
"It's right down there amongst the hair,  
And just above your Fanny."

#### On The Toilet

If all you shithouse poets die,  
There'll be erected in the sky,  
A fitting tribute to your wit,  
A monument of solid shit.  
Here I sit among this bliss,  
Listening to the falling piss.  
Now and then a fart is heard,  
Followed by a rumbling turd.  
Judging by these walls of wit,  
Shakespeare came here just to shit.  
And judging by the awful smell,  
He brought his fucking horse, as well.  
Some come here to sit and think;  
Others come to shit and stink.

Some come here to play with balls;  
I come here to write on walls.  
For all the words that are writ here,  
You'd think that Shakespeare had once shit here.  
For what they say, it could be true,  
For Shakespeare had an asshole too.

Little Birdy  
Little birdy in the gutter;  
Cannot flutter; cannot flutter.  
Cannot fly and cannot sing;  
I think I'll kill the fucking thing.

Vespa Mary (John St Albans)  
Mary had a Vespa; she rode it back to front;  
Her feet upon the sidepods, the speedo up her cunt.  
She worked the gears and clutch and brake, all with her fanny lips,  
And steered the little scooter by swiveling her hips.  
While riding down to Brighton on the A-twenty-two,  
A police car followed her for miles to get a better view.  
The handlebars, when she arrived, smelled a little rum.  
And MPH and KPH were printed on her bum.  
Her clitoris was swollen to the size of a small peach,  
And she walked a little wonky, as she went down to the beach.  
When riding back from Brighton, she sat the right way 'round,  
And imagine her surprise and glee when you hear what she found.  
The gears and brakes and clutch and stuff all worked as God intended,  
And the saddle too, would feel quite good, as soon as her cunt mended. The moral is:  
You Vespa girls, to scoot around in style,  
Is park your ass upon the seat, and don't forget to smile.

Sing A Song Of Syphilis  
Sing a song of syphilis, a pocket full of crabs.  
Four and twenty blackheads, twice as many scabs.  
When the heads popped open, the crabs began to sing.  
Wasn't that a filthy cunt to put your penis in!  
Sing a song of bum sex, an asshole full of come.  
(Lucy Campbell)

Four and twenty big cocks forced up in your bum.  
When the orgy's over, and your ass begins to sting,  
Wasn't it a bad idea to take it up the ring.

Big Dick  
(Mel England)  
My dick is big; her ass was tight;  
I poked her anus with delight.  
But half-way there I hit a bump;  
The bitch forgot to take a dump.

Now I Lay Me  
(Anthony Adelaide)  
Now I lay me down to sleep;  
I pray for a woman who is very cheap.  
One who's sexy, blonde, and long,  
Who will admit she's mostly wrong.



One who sucks and doesn't speak,  
And one who'll do so once a week.  
I pray that she is very randy,  
'Cause one like that would come in handy.  
She'll open her legs and lie on the floor,  
And when I'm done, she'll beg for more.  
A gal who won't play with my mind,  
And what she wants is from behind.  
She'll make love 'til my body's twitchin',  
And bring beer when she's from the kitchen.  
I pray she'll last right to the end,  
And won't complain when I screw her friend.

Blue Sky

The sky is blue, the grass is green,  
The harder I fuck, the louder you scream.  
The louder you scream, the better I fuck,  
So give me a call, you might be in luck.

Mirror, Mirror

(Internet 2003)

Mirror Mirror on the wall,  
Who's the fairest one of all.  
The mirror sighed and with a grunt,  
Said, "It ain't you, you ugly cunt!"  
Letter From Duck And Chicken  
My dearest duck and darling chicken,  
I read you letter while I was shittin'.  
The ground was hard and wet the grass,  
So I used your letter to wipe my ass.

X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X  
X

And one who'll do so once a week.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fredblr3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

    XBBL1CA

## The Adventures Of Bionic Fred Bloor

(llewtraH)

This is the adventure of Bionic Fred Bloor,  
Who went of vacation to exotic shores.  
With rechargeable batteries stuck up his ass,  
He booked himself tickets on Concorde First Class.  
Security stopped him when he triggered alarms.  
"It's my bionic tool," said Fred, staying calm.  
"Well, it feels like a gun," said the guards as they groped  
At Fred's bionic pecker and his prosthetic scrote.  
Fred settled down in his seat by the aisle;  
His dick at attention when the stewardess smiled.  
"Are you passenger Bloor?  
With an adapter plug?  
I'm not in the bionic mile-high club.  
The plane touched down gently; Fred headed for sun,  
But customs soon stopped him, suspecting a gun.  
They made him strip naked, from head to his feet,  
And the sight of his prosthesis gave women a treat.  
Red-faced and bare-assed, Fred felt like a fool,  
Demonstrating his gun was a motorized tool;  
That his ball-bag was fake and contained his adapter,  
And a spring-loaded flex for recharging his battery.  
All Fred's bits were useful; the engine for his tool  
Could use unleaded petrol or a liquid gas fuel.  
Mains, battery or four-stroke, young Fred had the lot.  
It was serviced and waterproofed yearly, that bionic cock.  
While out in Bangkok-Phuket, bionic Freddy Bloor  
Paid twenty-five baht for a night with a nice whore.  
Expecting just an evening of motorizing joy,  
Fred found to his surprise that she was a lady-boy.  
So he switched on his dick, reached full speed with a groan,  
Rammed it in deep and the lady-boy moaned.  
He gave it full throttle; he opened the choke;  
The lady-boy's asshole just went up in smoke.  
Bionic Fred Bloor went backpacking in Crete;  
Picked up some Greek totty on Malia Beach.  
She fucked like a stoat for two nights and a day,  
And Fred fell asleep while his cock banged away.  
Fred, walking through Rome, met a horny Italian;  
Put her hands on his pants; said "You're hung like a stallion!"  
She grabbed Freddy's hands, put them onto her tits;  
So Fred first fucked her senseless then bonked her to bits.  
A Taiwanese whore had found none to satitate her,  
Until she met Fred Bloor with his built-in vibrator.  
He plugged into an outlet and ran from the main,  
Switched to full-speed and then shagged out her brain.  
While Fred was hitch-hiking his way 'round Australia,  
He fell in with a hippy who called herself Dahlia.  
He went to the outback and gave her his cock,

And the power and vibration put cracks in Ayers Rock.  
 Fred's tour of the globe took in Singapore City,  
 Where he met many women and fondled their titty.  
 All were turned on with his bionic prosthetic,  
 And he showed them for certain, 'twas more than cosmetic.  
 In the city of Hong Kong, Fred Bloor met a tart;  
 She agreed to a blow-job, she had a 'head start.'  
 Then he started his engine; it revved with a thrummm...  
 It shattered her teeth and she swallowed her tongue.  
 At last Fred grew tired; many miles had he roamed.  
 He grew quite nostalgic for his own cozy home.  
 So he packed his suitcase and turned off his dick,  
 And boarded the plane that would get hm\im there quick.  
 He arrived at the airport in his own land so fair,  
 And customs, with a grin, said "Anything to declare?"  
 "In Venezuela there's VD, and syph in Brazil;  
 Gonorrhea in Gambia, and AIDS there as well."  
 "Chlamydia in Crete, I saw Herpes and pox.  
 As for me, I blew fuses in my bionic cock.  
 My batterys expired and I felt just a jerk,  
 Till, and this is no wind-up, I got my clockwork."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\frigrig3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣B=L1C<

Frigging In The Rigging  
 chorus: Frigging in the rigging,  
 Frigging in the rigging,  
 Frigging in the Rigging,  
 When there's fuck all else to do.  
 'Twas back in sixty-nine,  
 We left the Blackball Line.  
 The crew did cry as we went by,  
 For we left our mates behind.  
 'Twas back in sixty-three,  
 The Captain went to sea.  
 Born of a whore who was cast ashore,  
 A son of a beach was he.  
 The cook whose name was Davy,  
 Was cashiered from the Navy.  
 He dipped his bread inside the head,  
 And served it up for gravy.  
 The boatswain's mate was Andy,  
 A Portsmouth man and dandy.  
 He use to cool his favorite tool,  
 In a glass of the Captain's brandy.

And never come out at all.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\frstdat3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [[9B=L1C<

Do You Fuck On First Dates

(llewtraH)

by Mike Featherston

I've blown too much of my time, buying dinner and wine,

And my money on flowers and lollys,

Only to find that what's on my mind,

Isn't on hers and she's sorry.

So I made up some lines to save wasting time,

And to keep me from spending my brass.

I'm ever so cool; I just prop on a stool

Right next to hers and I ask:

Chorus: "Do you fuck on first dates?

Does your Dad own a brewery?

Can I feel your tits?

Or will you show them to me?

'Cause you've got a nice head

And you look pretty honest.

This face'll be leaving in quarter of an hour,

And I'd like you to be on it."

Well you know how it is when you first meet a Sheila,

And the bullshit you gotta' go through;

Like callin' her up and sayin' you love her,

When all you want is just a screw.

And she wants to hold hands and you to meet her Old Man,

And sit 'round for hours and talk.

Well, my new method is, you just cut through the gizz,

And get down to the goodies straight off.

"Do you fuck on first dates?

Does your Dad own a brewery?

Can I feel your tits?

Or will you show them to me?

Do you sleep in the nude?

Do you give head very often?

If we can decide, your place or mine, we can fuck of then.

You know how it is when you see a good looking Sheila,

And you'd give a weeks pay just to hold her.

Don't sit acting dumb.

Just face her full on;

Remember the lines that I told ya'.

Now this method of mine might not work every time,

But then again no method will.

I've been spat at and slapped and kneed in the 'nads  
But I've had a few fucks as well.  
"Do you fuck on first dates?  
Does your Dad own a brewery?  
Can I feel your tits?  
Or will you show them to me?  
If the answer is no, to the questions above.  
Be a good sport and give me the name  
Of a girlfriend who does!  
Of a girlfriend who does!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fuckall3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c áB=L1C<

Fuck'em All  
They sent for the army to come to Tulagi,  
But General MacArthur said, "No."  
And this is the reason, it isn't the season,  
Besides, there is no U. S. O.  
Fuck'em all.  
Fuck'em all,  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Fuck all the admirals who give us the flak.  
They don't give a shit if we ever come back.  
So we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As over the gangplank we crawl.  
There'll be no promotion athis side of the ocean,  
So cheer up, my lads.  
Fuck'em all.  
Oh, they sent for the Navy to come to Tulagi,  
The gallant Navy agreed.  
With one thousand sections in different directions,  
My God, what a fucked-up stampede.  
They sent for the nurses to come overseas,  
The reason was perfectly clear.  
To make a good marriage and push a good carriage,  
While fucking all hands, my dear.  
There's many a troopship just leaving Bombay,  
Bound for old limey shores,  
Heavily laden with time-expired men,  
Bound for the land they adore.  
There's many a soldier just finished his time,  
And many a twerp signing on,  
They'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up, my lads.  
Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all, fuck'em all,  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Fuck all the captains and all the mates too.  
Fuck the engineers and the whole fucking crew.  
So we're saying goodbye to you all,  
As off of our rust-pots we crawl.  
We'll start a commotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up, my lads.  
Fuck'em all.

They say if you work hard, you'll get better pay,  
We've heard it all before.

Clean up your buttons and polish your boots,  
Scrub out the barrack-room floor.  
There's many a swabbie has taken it in,  
Hook, line and sinker and all.

You get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up, my lads.  
Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all, fuck'em all,  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Fuck all the blonde cunts and all the brunettes.  
Don't be too choosy, just fuck all you gets.  
'Cause we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As back to the barracks we crawl.  
You'll get no erection at short-arm inspection,  
So prick up, you men.  
Fuck'em all.

They say that the sergeant's a very nice bloke,  
Oh what a tale to tell.  
Ask him for leave on a Saturday night,  
He'll pay your fare home as well.  
There's many a swabbie has blighted his life,  
By writing rude words on the wall.  
You get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up, my lads.  
Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all,  
Fuck'em all,  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Fuck all the cunts till you break it in two,  
You'll get no loving where you're going to.  
And we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As back to the barracks we crawl.  
So get your big prick up and give it a stick up,  
The cunt or ass-hole.  
Fuck'em all.

Officers don't worry me worth a damn.  
I look the other way.  
Bell-bottomed trousers with stripes down the side,  
Loafing on combat pay.

So we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As back to their billets they crawl.  
You get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up, my lads.  
Fuck'em all.  
Fuck'em all.  
Fuck'em all,  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Fuck all the sergeants we have to obey,  
Fuck all the corporals who drill us all day,  
Cause we're saying goodbye to the all,  
As back to our barracks we crawl.  
No ice cream and cookies for flat-footed rookies,  
So cheer up my lads,  
Fuck'em all!  
Fuck'em all.  
Fuck'em all.  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Fuck the Commander whose deck we must scrub.  
Fuck the Chief Steward who hands out the grub,  
Though we'd rather be caught in a squall,  
Than dine on that wormwood and gall.  
Forget all those notions, you're sailing the oceans,  
So cheer up, my lads.  
Fuck'em all.  
Fuck'em all.  
Fuck'em all.  
These bloody corvettes are too small.  
In a rough sea they'll heave and they'll pitch;  
They'll make you as sick as a son-of-a-bitch,  
And it's up on the railing you'll sprawl,  
And spew up that good alcohol.  
You'll finish the war on this one-funneled whore,  
So cheer up, my lads.  
Fuck'em all.  
Fuck'em all.  
Fuck'em all.  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Fuck the instructors who teach us to dive,  
Fuck all our stars that we're still alive,  
For if ever the engine should stall,  
We're in for one hell of a fall.  
No champagne or vi'lets for dead fighter pilots,  
So cheer up, my lads.  
Fuck'em all.  
A crippled old Fortress was leaving the Ruhr,  
Bound for old Limey's shore.  
Holes in the fuselage, holes in the wings,  
Blood all over the floor.  
Many a Focke Wulf filled her with lead,

Many a Messerschmitt, too.

Shot off her ballocks, shot up her hydraulics,  
So cheer up, my lads.

Fuck'em all.

Thousands of gliders were leaving their base,  
Bound for a foreign shore;

Heavily laden with my pals and me,  
Going by air cause we can't go by sea,  
So we're waying goodbye to them all,  
As into our gliders we crawl.

We are lucky fellers.

We got no propellers,  
So cheer up, my lads.

Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all.

The long and the short and the tall.

Bless all the posters with beautiful scenes;

They swore we would see if we joined the Marines.

Cause we ain't seen no scenery at all,

Except what we scrawl on the wall.

So what if we suffer, Marines have it tougher,

So cheer up, my lads.

Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all.

The long and the short and the tall.

Fuck all the nurses when you're in dry dock.

You know that your temperature's firm as a rock,

But when one grabs your pulse, you feel small,

And you know that you've had a close call.

So don't lose your head, just be glad you're in bed,

And cheer up, my lads.

Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all.

The long and the short and the tall.

Fuck all the sergeants and WO/1s,

Full all the corporals and their bastard sons,

For we're saying goodbye to them all,

As back to the barracks we crawl.

You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,

So cheer up my lads.

Fuck'em all.

They say there's a convoy leaves New York tonight,

Bound for old England's shore,

Heavily laden with browned-off young men,

Bound for the land they adore.

Now they all know their Mustangs are keen as can be

To catch a Focke-Wulf in their sights.



They're experts at moaning and bitching and groaning,  
When everything's going just right.

Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all.

The needle, the airspeed, the ball.

They sent us to school just to teach us to fly.

They sent us to solo and left us to die,

And if ever your fighter should stall,

You're in for one hell of a fall.

No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots,

So cheer up my lads.

Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em all.

The needle, the airspeed, the ball.

Fuck all the harness that fastens us in.

Fuck all the radio's ear-splitting din.

So we'll loop and we'll roll and we'll dive.

Till we are more dead than alive;

No future in flying, unless you like dying,

So cheer up my lads.

Fuck'em all.

Fuck'em All

(llewtraH)

Fuck 'em all, Fuck'em all,

The long and the short and the tall,

Fuck all the sergeants and W.O. ones,

Fuck all the corporals and their bastard sons.

Chorus: For we're saying goodbye to them all,

As back to their billets they crawl,

You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,

So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

Fuck 'em all, Fuck 'em all,

The skipper, the jimmy and all,

Fuck all the yeomen and C.P.O. tels,

Fuck the chief sloshies and their bleeding smells.

Fuck 'em all, Fuck 'em all,

Fuck jaunty, the crusher and all,

Fuck all the shipwrights and C.P.O. cooks,

Fuck all the paybobs with their bleeding books.

Fuck 'em all, Fuck 'em all,

The admiral, the flag-jack and all,

Fuck all the O.A.s and E.A.s as well,

Fuck the chief stoker and send him to hell.

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fuckjok3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶B=L1C<

Fuck 'Em If They Can't Take A Joke  
Dinah's really not much of a singer,  
She tried for a high note and croaked.  
The critics just gave her the finger;  
Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.  
Dinah's act was obscene and offensive,  
She once make a publisher choke.  
They can't put her on the defensive;  
Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.  
Dinah once was a down-at-heels street whore,  
As an actress she wanted to work.  
With directors she hung 'round the stage door,  
And fucked them if they can't take a joke.  
Dinah once worked the sex-shops in Paris,  
Where she charged men ten francs for a poke.  
One wanted to fuck Dinah's bung-hole.  
And fuck him if he can't take a joke.  
Dinah noticed that people were staring.  
Her antics disgust decent folk.  
But her motto was always be daring --  
And fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fuckuk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c¶¶¶B=L1C<

Eat Bite Fuck Suck  
(llewtraH)  
Tune: Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star  
Chorus: Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew,  
Nipple, bosom, hair-pie, finger-fuck, screw.  
Moose piss, cat pud, orangutan tit,  
Sheep pussy, camel crack, pig lie in shit.  
Well, we went to a party and what did we do,  
We took off our socks and we took off our shoes,  
We took off our shirts and we took off our pants,  
I had a hunch we weren't gonna dance.  
Well, everybody everybody's ass was bare,  
No broads left just the queer over there,  
All of this didn't phase me a bit,  
I just jumped on the pile and grabbed me some tit.  
Well you know my girl's a sports fan,  
She plays with balls whenever she can,  
Because her favorite sport you see,

Is playing tonsil hockey.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fukenug3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [[EB=L1C<

Fucking Hell She's Ugerly

(llewtraH)

Tune: All I Want is a Room Somewhere

All I want is a whore somewhere,

Great big labia, no pubic hair,

Open mouth with no teeth there,

Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.

Great big tits that hang so slack,

One is yellow and the other black,

Oh boy, have you seen her crack?

Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.

She's got stretch marks on her guts,

Just like all the other sluts,

An abortion mark that opens and shuts,

Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.

Took her home to meet me mum,

Dad saw her and nearly come,

"Son," he said, "have you seen her bum?"

Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.

She's hunch backed with a broken nose,

One club foot with ingrown toes,

Her menstrual flow comes out of her nose,

Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.

She's got acne you won't believe,

Broken teeth and breath like cheese,

Her pubic hair is alive with fleas,

Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.

She wears a wig 'cause she's got no hair,

The shit do cling to her underwear,

I should know 'cause I've been there,

Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.

She buys her clothes in Pasar Baru,

To keep them on she uses glue,

When I take her out my mates all spew,

Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.

Her wooden leg is far too short,

Her one glass eye's got a list to port,

I've shagged her mum, she's such a sport,

Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.

I met her when she was thirty-five,

I looked into those criss-crossed eyes,

'Twas hard to tell she was dead or alive,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.  
She said, "Grab me by my private parts,"  
As I did she blew out a fart,  
Followed with a grunt from within her cunt,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.  
She said, "Grab me again while the feelin' lasts,  
Then you can poke me up the ass."  
I said, "No, I think I'll pass."  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.  
Now she's dead and there ain't no more,  
I fucked to death that rotten whore,  
My balls are red and my dick's so sore,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fukmach3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The Fucking Machine

A sailor once told me before he died,  
I know not whether the bastard lied,  
He told of a maiden with twat so wide,  
That she could never be satisfied.  
chorus: Kar-runch chi-chug, Kar-runch chi-chug,  
Kar-runch chi-chug, Kar-runch chi-chug.  
So he built for her a big fucking wheel,  
Mounted upon it a prick of steel,  
Two balls of brass were filled with cream,  
The whole fucking outfit was run by steam.  
Around and around went the big fucking wheel,  
In and out went that prick of steel,  
Until at last the maiden cried,  
"Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied!"  
But there was one thing wrong with all of this shit,  
There was no way of stopping it.  
It split that maiden from twat to teat,  
The whole fucking issue went up in shit.  
(Stanford Univ 1950)  
It's Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\funfeml3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣e␣␣B=L1C<

Fun To Be Female  
Laid up, laid down, laid all round,  
There's nothing as fine it's true,  
As getting laid both up and down,  
And getting it through and through.  
Around the world, spin and twirl,  
Taking it back and front.  
Oh, it's so fine to be a girl  
Who's randy in ass and cunt.  
And don't forget, you cock-sure tease,  
The nails imbedded in hips,  
While on the knees attempting to please  
The instinct of suckling lips.  
Oh, all the joys of boys and toys,  
And fingers and oil and luck,  
It's fun to be female, fun to rejoice,  
It's fun to be female and fuck.

X

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\fusiler3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Fucking Fusileers  
Eyes right! Foreskins Tight!  
Assholes to the front!  
We're the boys who make no noise,  
We're always out for cunt.  
We're the heroes of the night,  
We'd rather fuck that fight!  
We're the members of the Fucking Fusileers.  
Right face! Cocks in place!  
March to the latrine.  
Ready, aim, play the game,  
Keep your barracks clean.  
Keep you peckers pointing high,  
As the Looey passes by,  
We're the members of the Fucking Fusileers.  
(Woodland Calif 1948)  
But there was one thing wrong with all of this shit,  
There was no way of stopping it.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\gaffer-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶P¶1BLL1CK

Gaffer Heppelthwait  
Far inland from the lighthouse, where the angry tempests rage,  
Resides old Gaffer Heppelthwait, who drives the Essex stage.  
A man of many winters and so vigorous withal,  
That coy spermatazoa still inhabit his left ball.  
Alas for Gaffer Heppelthwait, so virile was his stroke,  
So stern and stiff his penis like a mighty English oak,  
That never yet a maiden did confront his aged e'en,  
Whose legs he did not yearn to part and place his prong between.  
One day the Mayor of Essex Town upon his good roan mare,  
Came riding down the turnpike to enjoy the autumn air,  
And with this great official rode his winsome daughter Bess,  
Whose passion for fall atmosphere was but a trifle less.  
Trot, Trot, along they cantered, quoth the Mayor, "By God, my lass,  
They tell me Gaffer Heppelthwait can still enjoy his ass."  
"Oh Pish!", exclaimed the damosel, and lustily laughed she.  
"No fond octagenarian could ever diddle me."  
A rattle interrupted her, a clatter as of feet;  
The Essex Stage swept into view, the Gaffer in his seat.  
"What ho!", the Mayor shouted, "Pause in your headlong flight.  
For here's a petty argument which you can set aright."  
They made him explanation, and without the least ado,  
The aged snowy-headed man his prick brought into view.  
The damosel dismounted and the Gaffer climbed on top,  
And proved the mayor's contention, till that worthy ordered stop.  
"Stop, did you say, your worship", said the Gaffer between his strokes,  
Administering to Bessie five final lusty pokes.  
"I pray you, noble gentleman, this order to rescind,  
For I find I'm just arriving at my famous second wind."  
'Twas then that Gaffer Heppelthwait, his penis in the air,  
Committed violent outrage on the gentle young roan mare.  
And finding that she wearied, next proceeded to engage,  
The splendid span of animals connected with the stage.  
'Twas twilight over Essex Town, the damsel and her sire,  
In the Mayor's habitation were preparing to retire.  
"What cheer, my lass?", the father quoth.  
"Cheer enough", quoth she.  
For I shall ride the Essex Stage as long a stage there be."  
(Immortalia)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\genbend3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ¶BLL1CK

The Gender Bender Song  
Tune: I will Survive, by Gloria Gaynor)  
I used to be a man, now I'm sterilized.  
Thinking why do I need a woman, always by my side?  
So now I spend so much time, simply playin' with myself,  
You know I cum so well alone, I don't need nobody else.  
Oh no not I, I will survive,  
I've had my HIV tested, and I think I'll stay alive.  
Maybe I gotta a month, or perhaps even two,  
Who gives a shit anyway if I didn't fuck you.  
So turn your back, grease out your rear.  
Stick out your arse now, and I'll fuck you right here.  
It don't really matter, if you're a guy or a girl;  
I am a Gender Bender, I make the meek and humble hurl.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\gerbil-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶B=L1C<

The Sexual Life Of The Gerbil  
(llewtraH)  
The sexual life of the gerbil  
Is stranger than anyone knows.  
He's hardly got home from the pet shop,  
When into the rectum he goes.  
He scabbles about in the colon;  
For an hour he causes delight,  
Till a bloody great brown stinking monster,  
Shoves him back into the daylight.  
If you're planning to bugger your gerbil,  
Wrap him firmly from asshole to nose,  
In Scotchtape, duct tape and bandage,  
Else when you come, he will explode.  
Sadly the poor little gerbil  
Rarely survives all your fun,  
But while heis struggling, enjoy him,  
Then just fart the poor sod out your bum.  
If your gerbil succumbs to explosion,  
Or shoots bullet-like from your ass,  
Propelled by a great gout of methane,  
Evicted by a bloody great blast.  
You can always return to the pet shop,  
Where gerbils are common and cheap,  
And a ready supply of small rodents  
Into you rectum will creep.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\germwar3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ¶B=L1C<

Germ Warfare Song Iraq

(llewtraH)

He was afraid to come out of his foxhole,  
So right in there he pissed and plopped.

He was afraid to come out of his foxhole;  
Wiped his arse on the leaflets they dropped.

He had an itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny

Camel shit encrusted weenie;

He hadn't washed it in 42 days.

They had lice infested, all well molested,

Arseholes that were napalm tested,

Plus some flea colonies for their hair.

They all had zitty faces, infected places

Things a buzzard never chases

I guess that's what Iraq meant by germ warfare!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\getfuck3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ,BLL1CK

Get Fucked

(llewtraH)

By Bollox

When I was just a young boy, I had to go to school;

I didn't like the teachers and I couldn't stand their rules.

My mother said "Speak nicely, son, then you won't get whacked,"

But every time the teacher spoke, I would answer back --

Chorus: Get fucked, get fucked, you can go get fucked;

And if you think I give a shit, then you are out of luck.

I could search for big long words; for ages I could hunt;

But I'd rather be done with it; get fucked you silly cunt!

Then along came a war and to the army I did go.

I was called to the office just to see the new C.O.

He said, "The mission's dangerous, but we need the very best

And if you should come back alive, a medal for your chest!"

I said...

Then I had to go to work and by Christ it was hard;

Twelve hours a day pushing broom around a lorry yard.

The boss said, "We're in a mess there's only one way I can see;

You'll have to do some overtime -- an hour a day for free."

I said...



Well I was sick of my wife so I asked her for divorce;  
 She must have been sick of me, because she said "Why of course!"  
 She said "I'll keep the TV, the house, the kids, the car --  
 And I'll hold your money so you do not spend it in the bar."  
 I said...  
 Now I'm here in Houston, running with the hash.  
 I've come a long way and I've paid my registration cash.  
 If you think you can abuse me because of my silly face,  
 Then I have two words to say and this is the time and place --  
 You can...  
 They say, it comes to us all, so one day I must die;  
 Then I will have to stand before the GM in the sky.  
 He'll say "You're a worthless hasher you sinned every Saturday.  
 Before you get the big down-down, is there anything you want to say?"  
 I'll say...

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\getitup3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ¶B=L1C<

Get It Up, Get It In  
 (llewtraH)  
 Tune: Bonanza Theme  
 Chorus: Get it up, get it in, get it out,  
 Don't mess up my hair do.  
 You've got a dick but you should lick,  
 Move that tongue around.  
 Hit the spot, make me hot,  
 I will scream out loud.  
 Suck my toes, insert your hose,  
 Make my juices flow.  
 When I am done and I have come,  
 We'll start another round.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\ghrider3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶e¶BBL1CA

The Municipal Sewerageman  
 Tune: Ghostriders in the Sky  
 The municipal sewerageman stood out upon the rim;  
 The municipal sewerageman fell in and couldn't swim.  
 He sank down to the bottom,  
 He sank down like a stone,

You could hear the maggots cryin' out,  
"You're on your fuckin' own."  
Chorus: Shitty-i-ayyy, Shitty-i-ohhh,  
Ghost maggots in the overflow  
For six long days and weary nights he tried to stay afloat,  
But every time he cried for help, a turd caught in his throat.  
He sank down to the bottom,  
He sank down like a rock,  
You could hear the maggots,  
Munchin' on his cock.  
The moral of this story is: if you should shovel shit,  
Be careful of your footing or you might end up in it.  
You'll sink down to the bottom,  
You'll sink down like a stone,  
You'll hear the maggots cryin' out,  
"You're on your fuckin' own."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\gigolo-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[e] fB=L1C<  
Just A Gibolo  
\*-----  
(To: tune of same)  
CHORUS:  
Just a Gigolo,  
Everywhere I go,  
People know the part I'm playing.  
Paid for every dance,  
Selling each romance,  
Ev'ry night some heart betraying.  
There will come a day,  
Youth will pass away,  
Then what will they say about me.  
When the end comes I know,  
They'll say "Just a Gigolo",  
As life goes on without me.  
(Young Woman)  
He's just a Gigolo,  
But his balls hang down low,  
His cock is fine for playing.  
With a little luck,  
I can get a fuck,  
Without even paying.  
If I give him a lick,  
Or suck his big dick,  
He will cum without me.

But he's up very fast,  
And willing to last,  
As I cli-max without fee.

(Old Woman)

He's just a Gigolo,  
He fucks much too slow,  
He's not much good for staying.  
He won't even fuck,  
'Til I show him a buck,  
Then his dick begins a swaying.  
He's a drunken old sot,  
When he licks my twat,  
Why does he always throw up?  
Why does he turn green,  
And make a big scene,  
Every-time I show up?

(A Gay)

He's just a Gigolo,  
He likes a good blow,  
He'll plug your bum for fifty.  
If you bend over quick,  
He'll give you his dick,  
His technique is quite nifty.  
He's not really gay,  
But if you will pay,  
He'll satisfy your aching.  
He'll take a good suck,  
For only a buck,  
It's money he's a making.

(A Husband)

He's just a Gigolo,  
If anybody knows,  
Where I can find the bastard.  
He messed up my life,  
By spoiling my wife,  
Now I can't satisfy her.  
If I find him around,  
His balls I will pound,  
And serve them to my woman.  
I will cut off his dick,  
And serve it on a stick,  
He'll never more be cummin'

(His Mother)

He's just a Gigolo,  
But I trained him so,  
Since he was on my tittie.  
He had a great tongue,  
For one so young,  
Still in diapers shitty.  
My twat he would lick,

As he grew a dick,  
He learned his trade from Mommy.  
I helped him everyday,  
To train in every way,  
Now he makes a lot of money.

(His Father)

He's just a Gigolo,  
I'm proud of him so,  
I envy his vocation,  
Gets laid everyday,  
And even gets pay,  
Along with paid vacation.  
With a different life,  
A nagging wife,  
He'd never had such pleasure.  
He's the son I adore,  
A lovable whore,  
Valued beyond any measure.

(His Priest)

He's just a Gigolo,  
A bastard you know,  
His sin is beyond measure.  
He's never in mass,  
He's with every lass,  
He only lives for pleasure.  
He's done every sin,  
More than most men,  
He needs a real confession.  
His life is that way,  
As long as they pay,  
On Sunday he's in session.

(His Doctor)

He's just a Gigolo,  
But everybody knows,  
He's dying any day now.  
He fucks all night long,  
He's worn out his dong,  
His balls sag all the way now.  
He bleeds when he pees,  
His liver's Swiss cheese,  
He shits into his britches.  
From licking the tits,  
And drunken clits,  
Of pus infested bitches.

windirSCSIMGR\$Mÿ ÿ^ððð\*ÿ JUST A GIGOLO

-----

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\glorfuk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c¶ YBLL1CK

Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory Of The Whore  
(llewtraH)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the whore,  
Who fucked her way around the globe, but had not come before.  
She'd fuck and suck most anything; she had a running sore;  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Chorus: Glory, glory, give it to her;  
Glory, glory, give it to her;  
Glory, glory, give it to her;  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The whore had gone around the world, in and out of every bed,  
But though she tried with all her might, her cunt felt almost dead.  
And with all the fucking that she'd done, she'd never come, she said.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
She'd never reached a climax though she'd fucked from pole to pole;  
She'd lost count of the horny sods who'd shoved it in her hole.  
She once fucked an entire football team, but they never scored a goal.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She'd been fucked by every man whose cock was hard and rigid.  
She'd had the long and short of them with giants, dwarves and midgets.  
Even though she'd never come, she claimed she wasn't frigid,  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She'd been fucked by presidents, princes, sheiks and lords;  
She'd gone in search of orgasms, but all she got were warts.  
She'd been fucked by royalty and by the common horde,  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Her cunt was always ready; she was like Eskimo Nell.  
And Dead-Eye dick had fucked her but he didn't ring her bell.  
She'd fucked an Ayatollah and she'd fucked the Pope as well.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She'd fucked her way 'round Texas but it only made her weep.  
The Aussie guys, they fucked her as a change from shagging sheep.  
She told some missionaries their position they could keep.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She'd fucked a famous porn star with a twenty-four inch knob.  
He couldn't make her come though he was worn down to a stob.  
Then she heard there was a stag night bash in a seedy English pub.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She almost quit then in despair, but then she had a flash.  
She said, "I've tried most everything, but not a stag night bash!  
And all these jerks are so horny, they'll never see the rash."  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And so one steamy Monday night, she found the Dog and Duck;  
She saw by crazed looks in their eyes that she would have some luck.  
So she strolled into the circle; challenged anyone to fuck.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Best Man he was in control and so he stepped up first.  
But sadly he hadd drunk too much and over-quenched his thirst.  
When he pulled his flaccid penis out, she laughed like she would burst.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
The Ushers then they took their turn; they stepped up one by one.  
But with each prick she gave a sigh, for still she hadn't come.  
She said, "You're no good at fucking, you had better go and run!"  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
The groom's best mates both tried their hands But couldn't do a thing.  
One was so tired from dancing, that all he'd do was sing.  
The other tried a short cut, got his prick lost in her ring.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
The groom's father then he volunteered to shag her hard and quick.  
He was renowned among the crowd; his prick was long and thick.  
But for all the good it did her, could have been a dried up stick.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
The bride's father stepped into the fray, and tried to fill the breach.  
But when he put it up inside, she said it wouldn't reach.  
So she pulled the Bridegroom forward and she sucked him like a leech.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
The Registrar stepped up and cried, "Pen is mightier than the sword."  
But when he jumped upon her, she just lay there looking bored.  
She said, "You're really nothing when you've whored like I have whored."  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
The organist stepped forward and the guys let out a cheer.  
They said if he couyld make her come, they'd all buy him a beer.  
He fucked her up the arsehole and said, "Sorry, chaps, I'm queer."  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
Then the Verger tried his luck and fucked her with his fists.  
One up the cunt, one up the arse; she barely gave a twitch.  
He tried so hard to make her come, he broke both of his wrists.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
The altar-boy was just sixteen; his voice was barely broke.  
And when he dropped his trousers, she called his prick a joke.  
So he used an altar candlestick and gave that whore a poke.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
The Vicar then he said a prayer and called upon the Gods.  
The only way to make her come was with his divine rod.  
But even with celestial help, he was like the other sods.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
All in that tavern took their turns, the Germans and the Frogs;  
The Aussies, Yanks, and Pommies; the Japs and Chinks and Wogs.  
The Dutchmen were the first in line to shed their pants and clogs.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
When they all had finished, they she shouted 'round the room,  
"I've fucked the wedding party but I haven't fucked the Groom.  
He's going to need some practice 'fore he goes on honeymoon."  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.  
When the Groom had fucked her, she said "There's something I must tell.  
I've laid here in the circle and watched all your pricks to swell.

But for all the good you've done for me, you all go straight to hell."  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

They each had tried her one by one, a-laying on the grass.  
They'd jammed it up her cunt and mouth and some had tried her ass.  
The one thing that they hadn't tried was doing it 'en masse'.

And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

What alone, they didn't do, they accomplished it in sum;  
With three pricks between each finger, and eighteen up her bum.  
And sixteen each in cunt and mouth, she said, "I think I've come!"  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

By then they'd got into their stride, and weren't about to stop.  
Encouraged by her writhing, a few more climbed on top.  
They swore they'd keep on fucking her till she had copped the lot.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no moree.

The city bells began to peal, her body began to shake.  
Exploding rockets lit the sky, the Earth began to quake.  
That one mightly orgasm was all that she could take.

And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And when they climbed down off of her and looked upon the ground,  
Nothing of her could be seen, though they looked out all around.  
She said she was a damn good fuck but nothing could be found,  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She'd fucked her way around the world and had never come, she said.  
But with all the fucking that we'd done, she must have come, we said.  
And at the stag night party, she'd come so hard that she was dead.  
And she ain't gonna fuck no more.

That fucking whore had the last laugh, we all came down with clap,  
Syphilis and gonorrhea made all our pricks turn black.  
Thrush, chlamydia, herpes and bug in the uninary tract.  
And we ain't gonna fuck no more.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\gonor--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Gonorrhea  
(l1ewtraH)

\*-----

Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike

When I left old Phuket, 'twas just yesterday,  
I was given these words by the dear old R.A.,  
"Be careful young Hashman, I want you to hear,  
Don't go and get pissed up and catch gonorrhea."

\*CHORUS:

Chorus: Piss off with your troubles, I don't want to know;  
I don't get embarrassed wherever I go.  
I like to go whoring and drink lots of beer,  
And I never worry about gonorrhea.

I went down to the river and there on the bank,  
 I saw an old man who was having a wank.  
 Disgusted, I told him it'll make him go blind.  
 He said, "Son, it's so good I really don't mind."  
 I went round to a friend's house making some calls.  
 His old dog was sitting there licking its balls.  
 I said, "That looks nice, I'd like to try that."  
 "Well, okay, but first give old Fido a pat."  
 Into the Rock Hard I happened to stroll,  
 To sit and perv on some lovely young moll,  
 One sat down beside me, 'twas when I awoke,  
 For the last twenty minutes, I'd been ogling a bloke.  
 While out in the jungle and running with Hash,  
 I felt like a blow job; I had some spare cash.  
 I offered a young lady the sum of ten bucks.  
 She said, "Wait for the G.M., they say that he sucks."  
 Well I finally caught it, and I'll tell you this:  
 You cannot drink beer, and it hurts you to piss.  
 I've a little red sore that looks just like a chancre,  
 But I'd rather be poxed up than like you, you wanker.  
 X  
 X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\gosbill3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣␣␣BBL1CA

Goosey Bill  
 We buried our old friend Bill today.  
 A companion of pipe and bowl,  
 We've been on so many a drunk together,  
 Damn his good old soul.  
 I always had Bill bested,  
 When it came to drinking booze,  
 But the man who could beat Bill fucking,  
 Never walked in a pair of shoes.  
 He was always there with a bone on,  
 And ready to spill a lump.  
 Said he'd give his place in heaven,  
 For a first class piece of cunt.  
 It wasn't the booze that killed old Bill,  
 Nor cunt that took away his breath,  
 But a fly crawled up his asshole,  
 And tickled poor old Bill to death.  
 (Immortalia)



C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\gravgal3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lg

B=L1C<

GRAVEYARD GAL

(Fred)

The old gal I fucked in a graveyard;  
God damn her old soul; she was dead.  
Maggots crawled out of her asshole;  
And the hair, it slipped off of her head.  
And when I had finished my job there,  
I saw I'd committed a sin.  
So out of my pocket, I drew me a straw,  
And sucked out the load I shot in.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\grender3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lc" BBL1CA

The British Grenadier  
Some die of constipation and some of diarrhea;  
And some of malnutrition, and some of diptheria.  
But of all the worst diseases, there's none that can compare,  
With the drip, drip, drip of a septic prick,  
Of a British Grenadier.  
When he goes forth in battle, his weapon in his hand,  
The lasses fall like cattle, there's none can make a stand.  
But when the campaign's over, it's then he feels so queer,  
With the drip, drip, drip of a septic prick,  
Of a British Grenadier.  
And when he does retire, to take his well-earned rest,  
There burns that ancient fire, to do what he does best.  
And yet, the truth is bitter, there's one thing he does fear:  
It's the drip, drip, drip of a septic prick,  
Of a British Grenadier.  
(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)  
I like the girls who say they will;  
I like the girls who don't.  
I hate the girls who say they will,  
And then they say they won't.  
But of all the girls I like the best;  
I may be wrong or right;  
Are the girls who say they never will  
But look as though they might.

(llewtraH)

She sic on me de dog;  
She say, "You no sleep here tonight,  
Go out an' sleep with hog."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\grengro3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

llc 0B=L1C<

Green Grow The Rashes O  
(llewtraH)  
Green grow the rashes, O  
Green grow the rashes, O  
The lasses they have wimble bores  
The widows they have gashes, O.  
Green grow the rashes, O  
Green grow the rashes, O  
The sweetest bed that ever I got  
Was the bellies o' the lasses, O!  
In sober hours I am a priest,  
A hero when I'm tipsy-O;  
But I'm a king and evrry thing  
When with a wanton gypsy, O.  
'Twas late yester even I met with one,  
An' wow, but she was gentle, O  
One hand she put round my cravat  
The tether to my pintle, O.  
I dought not speak -- yet was not fley'd  
My heart played duntie, duntie, O  
And ceremony laid aside  
I fairly fun' her cuntie, O.  
We're all full from eating it,  
We're all dry from drinking it,  
The parson kissed the fiddler's wife,  
And couldn't preach for thinking of it.  
There's a pious lass in town  
Godly Lizzy Lundy O,  
She mounts the peak throughout the week,  
But fingers it on Sunday O.  
Lizzie is of large dimension,  
There is not a doubt of it,  
The soccer team went in last night,  
And none has yet come out of it.  
Jockie's wife she thought she'd shave it,  
Threw him in a pretty passion,  
Shouting he'd not have a wife,

Whose private parts were out of fashion.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\grenoin3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶B=L1C<

All 'Round My Twat Green Ointment  
My love he was fair and my love he was kind;  
And cruel was the syphilis diagnosed today.  
For bedding was a thing he was always inclined,  
And I found red spots on my cunny today.  
chorus: All 'round my twat I will smear the green ointment;  
All 'round my twat for three months and a day.  
If anyone asks me the reason I use it,  
It's all for the red spots I found there today.  
He gave me a disease that I wear on my cunny,  
A token of wandering, he gave it to me.  
When my pox is cured and the red spots have gone again,  
I'll find me a lover who does not have disease.  
Scratching the rashes, my love made me suffer,  
Scratching the rashes which're not bites from fleas.  
He had the chancre though he did not tell me;  
Long months will I suffer the damn French disease.  
Some young men there are who're enfectet diseseaful,  
And coaxing fair maids, they pass on pox that way.  
They soon infect them and then they reject them,  
To leave scars forever, though their love goes away.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\grksail3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c¶!B=L1C<

BEND OVER GREEK SAILOR  
(llewtraH)  
Oh, I'm a Greek sailor, I sail o'er the world,  
I go many a month without seeing a girl.  
It don't bother me, so don't give me no lip,  
For I am good "friends" with the men on my ship.  
Chorus: Bend over Greek sailor, bend over for me,  
I need satisfaction so get on your knees,  
Bend over Greek sailor, bend over for me,  
For I get so lonely when I go to sea.  
We have a bos'n and his name is Bork;  
When he's in the water, he bobs like a cork.

He is our example of the "perfect" Norse,  
 'Cause from the waist down he looks just like a horse.  
 Our cox'n is Tommy, he's mad as a loon;  
 He keeps in time but he sings out of tune.  
 And when he is off-watch, we won't get no sleep,  
 'Cause raving mad Thomas has got all our sheep.  
 We have a sailor, and his name is Hrolf;  
 While we're playing Viking, he plays with himself.  
 He still picks up girls in the town, sad but true,  
 But it's been so long, he's forgot what to do.  
 The bos'n and yeoman are good, it is true;  
 They bugger each other and each of the crew.  
 The captain has talent which can't be surpassed,  
 For when the wind blows, we use him as the mast.  
 X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\guest--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]bB=L1C<

Be My Guest  
 tune: Be Our Guest (from "Beauty and the Beast")  
 Be my guest,  
 Be my guest;  
 Put my service to the test.  
 Wrap your legs around my waist, cherie  
 And I will do the rest.  
 Menage a trois, 69,  
 Without your clothes you look just fine.  
 Try the white stuff, it's delicious.  
 Don't believe me?  
 Ask da bitches.  
 They can scream, they can moan,  
 When I give them all the bone.  
 'Cause a screwing here is never second best!  
 Come on unzip my pants  
 Then take a look, a glance;  
 Be my guest!  
 I'm the best!  
 Be my guest!  
 Be my love,  
 Be my slave.  
 Let's kick back and watch some Dave.  
 I'll prepare  
 Extraordinaire,  
 And then I'll spelunk in your cave.  
 We're alone and you're scared,

But the bedroom's all prepared.  
No one's ever been complaining  
'Cause I'm always entertaining.  
I sell smokes; you turn tricks.  
I'm the dick to end all Dicks!  
Lick me, bite me, suck me, blow me, give me head.  
You're such a nice young lass,  
Come on and shake your ass.  
Be my guest  
If you're stressed;  
It's my love spear I suggest.  
Be my guest,  
I'm the best,  
Be my guest!  
Life is disconcerting  
To a flirter who's not flirting.  
He's not whole without a soul  
To jump upon.  
Ah those good old days when I was fruitful,  
Tonight we'll get a snootful.  
Three weeks it's been missing,  
Needing so much more than kissing.  
Needing exercise, a chance to use its skill  
Most days I just jerk off in the bathroom.  
Flabby, fat and lazy,  
You walk in and I go crazy  
It's a guest!  
It's a guest!  
Sakes alive she's got a chest!  
Wine's been poured  
And I've been bored.  
Gosh I'd love to stroke her breast.  
With dessert she'll want me;  
With some luck we'll make it three.  
While the bed starts in a-squeaking,  
I'll be coming, I'll be peaking.  
You'll get warm, piping hot;  
Heaven's sakes, is that a spot?  
Clean it up, we want the company impressed.  
I've got you to do;  
Was that one fuck or two?  
For you my guest,  
She's my guest  
My command is your request  
It's been three weeks since  
I've seen anybody's peaks  
And I'm obsessed.  
You're a treat, you're a tease;  
Yes indeed I aim to please.  
Through the night we'll keep a-going,

Pretty soon you'll be a glowing.  
Thrust by thrust,  
One by one,  
Till you shout "Enough, I've come!"  
Then I'll whisk you off to bed for oral sex.  
Tonight you'll prop your feet up,  
And I'll start to eat up.  
Be my guest,  
I'm the best!  
BE MY GUEST!  
I'm the dick to end all Dicks!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\hambzoo3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]oBBL1CA

The Hamburg Zoo  
chorus: For we're going to the Hamburg Zoo,  
See the monkey and the wild kangaroo,  
And we'll all slick together in all sorts of weather,  
For we're gonna see the whole show through.  
And in the next cage, we have the South American Llama,  
Who roams the wild mountain ranges  
Of the Andes, leaping from precipice  
To precipice, and back to piss again.  
And in the next cage, we have the Javanese Baboon,  
Who is so fat that every time he winks his eye,  
He skins his prick.  
The ladies delight in throwing  
Sand in his eyes to watch him masturbate.  
And in the next cage, we have the Australian Ostrich  
Who, when frightened, sticks his head  
Deep down into the desert sand and farts;  
Hence the antipodal trade winds.  
And in the next cage, we have the spotted leopard,  
Who has a spot for each day of the year.  
You ask, lady, what he does in leap year?  
Lift his tail, madam, and you will find the extra spot.  
And in the next cage, we have the hippopotamus,  
Who has a square asshole and eats mud.  
Every time he shits, he shits bricks,  
Hence the pyramids and Stanford University.  
And in the next cage, we have the elephant,  
Who, strangely enough, holds intercourse  
But once each hundred years; but when he do,  
HE DO!  
And how he does enjoy it!

And in the next cage, we have the rhinoceros,  
The wealthiest animal alive.

His name comes from

Rhino meaning money, and Sore Ass meaning piles,  
Hence piles of money.

See his ass in the bank.

(Immortalia)

And in the next cage, we have the laughing hyena,  
who comes down from the mountains every year to eat,  
Once every two years to drink, and once every three  
years to mate.

What he has to laugh at, I don't fucking know.

And in the next cage we have the giraffe, a very popular  
animal.

Every time he goes into a bar, he says "The high  
balls are on me!"

And in the next cage we have the Bengal Tiger, the only  
200 pound pussy in the world that eats YOU!

And in the next cage we have the rock star Prince, who is  
living proof little Richard and Liberace had sex.

And in the next cage we have the Orangutan; his scrotal sac is  
very pliable and as he proceeds from branch to branch, swinging  
through the forest, his balls go ORANG-A-TANG, ORANG-A-TANG!

And over there, we have an example of a mathematical  
impossibility, a girl who was eight before fourteen.

And in the next cage, we have the elephant, who has an enormous  
appetite.

In one day he eats two tons of hay, one dozen bunches  
of bananas, and twenty buckets of rice.

"Madam, please don't

stand too near the elephant's backside...madam...MADAM!

Too

late.

George, dig her out.

And in the next cage we have the gazelle, which has the  
peculiarity that every time it leaps from rock to rock, it farts  
And scientists are still trying to discover whether it farts  
because it leaps or whether it leaps because it farts.

And in the next cage we have the OO-me-goolie bird which has  
no legs.

When the male of the species comes in to land, you  
can hear him cry out, "Oo-me-goolies!"

And in the next cage we have the plumb-line bird, which soars  
high in the sky over the ocean until it sees what it wants,  
then it dives toward the sea in ever-increasing momentum until  
it hits the water, and with the right timing, comes to a stop  
behind a sardine which has just farted, whereupon it grabs the  
bubble for use in spirit levels.

And in the next cage, we have the homosexual sparrow, because  
sometimes it flies backward just for a lark.

And in the next cage we have the Wild Man From Borneo, the only  
man in the world without a fundamental orifice.

What's that? --

How does he shit?

He doesn't shit.

That's what makes him so  
fucking wild.

And in the next cage we have the porcupine whose quills are so  
razor sharp that no living creature dares approach him.

How does he fuck?

Very carefully.

Very carefully.

And over there we have the French Pervertable.

This fine

automobile is no longer made anywhere in the world. Notice the  
convertible top, 5-speed manual transmission and dual headlights. It seats two in  
the front seat and accomodates 69 in thtte back.

And in this cage we have the Crash-bam-bam-bam bird (related  
to the Oh-me-goolies bird) who only nests on corrugates tin  
roofs.

Since its balls are longer than its legs, when it lands,  
it goes Crash-bam-bam-bam.

balls are on me!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\hardon-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

!B=L1C<

If I Had A Hard-On

If I had a hard-on,

A hard-on in the morning,

A hard-on in the evening,

An all-night stand.

I'd screw without danger,

I'd screw without a warning,

I'd screw you, and you,

Your mother and your sister,

Ah-ah, all night long.

But I don't have a hard-on,

No hard-on in the morning,

No hard-on in the evening,

No hard-on at all.

So there is no danger,

You don't need a warning,

I won't screw you, and you,

Your mother nor your sister

Oh-no, I want to die.



I bought myself a dildo,  
A dildo for the morning,  
A dildo for the evening,  
To screw around all night.  
I screw without danger,  
Now I screw without a warning,  
But I won't screw you, or you,  
Your mother nor your sister,  
Oh-no, I sodomize myself.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\hardons3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣␣ÆBGL1CF

Bawdy Steinman Trilogy  
Holding Out For A Hardon  
(Words by Steinman, Bawdy Version Arr Llewtrah)

Girl:

Where have all your hard-ons gone,  
And where is all your wood?  
Where's the ramrod erection,  
That always felt so good?  
Isn't there a hard man to ride me like a steed?  
Late at night I toss and turn and dream of what I need.

Boy:

Where have all my hard-ons gone,  
My trusty polestaff prick,  
My former manly pride and joy,  
Looks so limp and sick,  
I used to be a stallion, I used to be a stag,  
Late at night I pull and rub but all it does is sag.

Girl/Ensemble:

I need a hard-on,  
I'm holding on for a hard-on 'til the end of the night,  
It's got to be stiff  
And it's got to be straight,  
Like a piston to pump me at night.  
I need a hard-on,  
I'm holding out for a hard-on 'til the morning light,  
It's got to be sure,  
And it's got to be strong,  
And it's got to be larger than life.

Boy/Ensemble:

I need a hard-on,  
I'm holding out for a hard-on till the end of the night,  
I can't get it stiff,  
And i can't make it stand,

And I can't make my passion take flight.

I need a hard-on .....

Girl:

Somewhere round 'bout midnight,

In my wildest fantasy,

Somewhere beyond your impotence,

There's someone pumping inside of me,

Throbbing just like thunder and straighter than a die,

It's gonna take a superman to make my satisfied.

Boy/Ensemble:

I need a hard-on,

I'm holding out for a hard-on till the end of the night,

I can't get it stiff,

And i can't make it stand,

And I can't make my passion take flight.

I need a hard-on .....

Girl/Ensemble:

Up like a staff to meet the heavens above,

And like lightning splitting me wide,

I swear that I need a good hard-on,

Deep inside.

Girl:

Through the heat of my heart and the night,

I need a lusty stud,

Feel the fire of his rod,

Like the fire in my blood.

Girl/Boy/Ensemble (repeat to fade):

I need a hard-on, / I need a hard-on,

I'm holding on for a hard-on 'til the end of the night, / I'm holding

It's got to be stiff, / I can't get it stiff,

And it's got to be straight, / And I can't make it stand,

Like a piston to pump me at night. / And I can't make my passion take

I need a hard-on, / I need a hard-on .....

Coming No Time Soon

(Steinman, arr-Llewtrah)

Not getting stiff, not getting hard,

My dick feels limper every day.

Now it's lyin' so limp it's feelin'

Just like soggy clay.

And it's been wiltin' now

So long that I've forgotten that it's there.

Won't turn into a pole, standing straight into the air,

Straight into the air

My cock is tryin' to rise, but it can barely rise at all.

My dick is tryin' to rise but all my foreskin does is crawl.

I don't need any foreplay, it don't need any porn;

Nothing's gonna make it rise if she pours on her scorn.

I wanna turn into a piston and pump into her cylinder,

And open up the valves in my engine with a full-throated roar;

I wanna give it full throttle and give it full bore.

I wanna give it full bore,  
And I want my drive-shaft running.  
I wanna get up a full head of steam and be ready to rip.  
And I want my drive-shaft running,  
And I wanna get up a full head of steam.  
She'll go down on my drive-shaft and I'm ready to blow,  
But my prick won't do the trick at all, you know it won't even rise.  
My penis's going nowhere and I know it will not last,  
There's somethin' wrong with nowhere, goddam,  
When it should be rock-hard fast.  
Everybody's goin' rock-hard but me,  
And now I'm fighting to get hard.  
There's somethin' wrong with nowhere, goddam,  
When I should be rock-hard fast

Chorus:

My penis is not gettin' harder; I want to shoot my seed at her womb.  
There's somethin' wrong; it's gettin' softer,  
And I know I'm coming no time soon.  
I'm praying for a rock-hard ramrod,  
And I want to shoot seed at her womb.  
There's somethin' wrong; it's gettin' softer,  
And I know I'm comin' no time soon  
It's so much better goin' rock-hard, blast!  
I used to get it up so quickly;  
I used to get it up so well,  
And all it's doin' is hangin' around.  
And comin' any time has gotta be heaven,  
'Cause coming no time's gonna be hell.  
And comin' any time has gotta be heaven,  
'Cause coming no time's gonna be hell.  
I'm getting soft, I'm getting limp,  
I'm getting frustration each day.  
It's dyin' in my hand until I finally,  
'Til I finally give it up.  
The boundaries of pleasure are limited to self-abuse;  
My cock is gonna rust if I don't put it to some use.

\*

Tonight Is What It Means To Be Fucked  
(Steinman, arr Llewtrah, 2000)  
I gotta a dream about an angel on my bed,  
And her perfect pubes are delicate curls.  
Her hair is lying out like ribbons of gold  
And my touch has got such power she'll come.  
I gotta a dream about an angel in my bedroom,  
Enchanted by the rise of my cock.  
Her body's glowing with arousal  
And the earth below us starting to rock,  
But I don't see any angels in the city;  
I don't hear any harlot choir sing.  
And if I can't get an angel, I can still get a boy

And a boy will be the next best thing.  
The next best thing to an angel,  
A boy will be the next best thing.

(Section 2)

I got a dream about a boy's nice tight asshole,  
And he's writhing like a bitch on my cock.

He's got the fire of my prick in his butt,  
And the thunder of his blood in his ears.

I got a dream about a boy in my bed,  
Treat his ass like the quim of a girl.

He's there all alone until there's someone like me;  
He's not an angel and he isn't a girl.

I gotta dream when the fucking is over,  
I'll be licking 'tween the cheeks of his bum.  
It was only a dream, but tonight it's for real

You've never known what it means,  
Now you know how it feels.

It's gonna be in you,  
Before you know I've begun.

Oh, you're all I've got tonight

Stop your crying alone tonight

Before you know it you'll come, tonight

Tonight is what it means to be fucked

Tonight is what it means to be fucked

Let the foreplay begin

Let the fire be started

I'm fucking with

the restless and the broken hearted

Let the foreplay begin

Let the fire be started

I'm fucking with

the desperate and the broken hearted

Let the foreplay begin

Let the fire be started

I'm fucking with

the restless and the broken hearted

Tonight is what it means to be fucked

Before you know I've begun . . .

Say a prayer for your arsehole and the shagging to come

No matter 'bout HIV

Tonight is what it means to be fucked

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\hatfuck3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣=B=L1C<

The Man Who Fucked His Hat

On the Street of a Million Assholes,  
By the sign of the swinging teat,  
There dwelt a slant-eyed Chinese maid,  
By the name of Hu Flung Shit.  
Oh, there she sat in the moonlight,  
With a look of eternal bliss.  
Oh, her teats were like two mountains,  
And her eyes were pools of piss.  
Oh, she thought of her loves on the Bond Street,  
And she thought of her loves long ago,  
And she thought of the score she had laid on the floor,  
When in walked Wun Hung Lo.  
"Oh, fly to my arms my bag of shit,"  
He cried with dork in hand.  
"My love for thee will last as long  
As snow on the desert sand."  
Oh, gently she lowered her starboard teat,  
And scratched her itchy prat.  
Then looked at him with a half-assed grin,  
And said, "Go fuck your hat!"  
He clutched his cock with calloused hand,  
And beat it on the walls,  
Removed his hat and trampled that,  
Then danced upon his balls.  
At length with anger screaming out,  
He pissed himself with spleen.  
He went and shit and stamped in it,  
His scrotum turned quite green.  
His anger quickly mastered him,  
He fell with fury black,  
She stood on him and bared her quim,  
And pissed on the bugger's back.  
Oh, his anger overcame him,  
And he pissed upon the wall.  
And he grabbed his hat and he fucked it,  
And he trod on his one good ball.  
On the Street of a Million Sorrows,  
By the sigh of the Pregnant Cat,  
They bore him away in splendor,  
As the man who had fucked his hat.  
The Chinese maiden now is gone.  
No longer does she sit,  
In the Street of a Thousand Assholes,  
By the sign of the swinging teat.  
(Jerry Silverman)  
Fifteen cents is the reegular price,  
Give her a quarter, she'll do it twice.  
Mÿ  
(Jerry Silverman)  
As the man who had fucked his hat.

They bore him away in splendor,  
By the sigh of the Pregnant Cat,  
On the Street of a Million Sorrows,  
And he trod on his one good ball.  
And he grabbed his hat and he fucked it,  
And he pissed upon the wall.  
Oh, his anger overcame him,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\hes cunt3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [(B=L1C<

He's A Cunt

(llewtraH)

All mouth, no brains, this guy's a pain;  
You can scream and cuss;  
He stuck his boot up your dog's arse,  
And licked your daughter's puss.  
He nicked your fags, drank your booze,  
Tied fireworks to the cat.  
Then he told the dole you were working,  
Who is this fuckin twat?

\*CHORUS:

Chorus: He's a cunt, he's a cunt,  
He's a C-U-N-T cunt,

With his broken teeth and his ugly face,  
He's a mental riddle that's out of place,  
He'll sleep with your granny, bite her fanny,  
Wears his trousers back to front,  
And he farts, sucks cock, and he's riddled with pox,  
'Cause basically he's a cunt.

He dyes his hair to match his clothes,  
He smells like shit, he'd fill your nose.  
With a small tattoo to prove he's tough,  
And an earring 'cause he's a fuckin poof.  
You've never heard of this human turd.

He'd be a pig if he could grunt,  
And what's more he talks bullshit,  
'Cause basically he's a cunt.  
He's got spots and warts and blackheads too,  
He knows no joke unless it's blue.  
The vicar's daughter swears and cries,  
He fucked her with a pack of lies.  
You say you've never heard of this man,  
Well you don't have to hunt,  
'Cause it's me, it's me, you bastards,  
'Cause basically I'm a cunt.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\heyboba3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

llc @B=L1C<

Hey Bob A Re Bob  
Momma's on the bottom,  
Poppa's on the top,  
Baby's in the crib shoutin',  
"Pour it to her Pop"

Chorus: Hey Bob a Re Bob

Hey Bob a Re Bob  
Hey Bob a Re Bob  
Yes my baby knows.

Well, sea is sea,  
And land is land,  
If I can't get my boogie,  
I can get it by hand.  
Boogied in the kitchen,  
Boogied in the hall,  
Boogied in my hand  
And I flung it on the wall.  
A nickel for some butter and  
A nickel for some lard;

Rub it on my boogie  
Till my boogie got hard.  
Said the big red rooster  
To the little red hen,  
Ruffle up your feathers,  
Let Poppa stick it in.  
Grandpa's on the crapper  
Sittin so bold.

Gonna get him some  
Of the old knot-hole.

\*Yes my baby knows.  
Now roses are red,  
Ready for pluckin'.

I got a girl  
(OH NO YOU AIN'T!)

Now belly to belly and  
Chin to chin;  
Got TWO big things  
Goin' out and in.  
Now my Poppa is a pimp,  
Momma is a slut,  
My cock-suckin' brother  
Got my sister knocked up.

The cattle's in the pasture;  
The horse is in the corn;  
Grandma's in the crapper  
Blowin' Grandpa's horn  
I got a brand new Chevy  
With a tank fulla gas,  
Mouth fulla titty,  
And a hand fulla ass.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\hnkdink3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c 5B=L1C<

Mademoiselle from Armentiers  
(llewtraH)  
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,  
Parlez-vous.  
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,  
Parlez-vous.  
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,  
They fucked the women and drank the wine,  
Inky dinky, parlez-vous.  
They came upon a wayside inn,  
Shat on the mat and walked right in,  
Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,  
With lily-white tits and golden hair?  
Oh yes I do but she's too young,  
To sleep with a stinking German hun.  
At last they got her on a bed,  
Shagged her till her cheeks were red.  
And then they took her to a shed,  
Shagged her till she was nearly dead.  
They took her down a shady lane,  
Shagged her back to life again.  
They shagged her up, they shagged her down,  
They shagged her right around the town.  
They shagged her in, they shagged her out,  
They shagged her up her waterspout.  
They took her up in an aeroplane,  
Squeezed her tits and made it rain.  
Now she lives in our town,  
Sells her cunt for half a crown.  
Seven months and all was well,  
Eight months went and she began to swell.  
Nine months went, she gave a grunt,  
And a little Kraut bastard popped out of her cunt.  
The little Kraut bugger he grew and grew,



He shagged his mother and sister too.  
The little Kraut bugger he went to hell,  
He shagged the Devil and his wife as well.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\hookshp3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣fBBL1CA

Hookshop Kate  
Did you ever hear of the grewsome fate  
That befell the heroine, Hookshop Kate?  
Though now she has passed to the Great Beyond,  
She was once queen of the demi-monde.  
She was not so handsome as looks go,  
But when it came to jazzing, that gal could go.  
And the one pet brag of Hookshop Kate,  
Was that she'd never met her mate.  
When the gold stampede caused a restless crush,  
Hookshop Kate got in the rush.  
She cast all civilized tools adrift,  
For she heard that cocks in the north froze stiff,  
And figured that guys with frozen pep,  
Would never have to watch their step.  
For conventional methods were out of date  
In a frigging match with Hookshop Kate.  
She landed in Fairbanks one winter's night,  
And issued her challenge to all in sight.  
And all the miners who tested her power  
Were frigged to a whisper inside of an hour.  
And the records show, before spring came,  
That every man in town was lame.  
For not one could travel with the gait  
That was set by amorous Hookshop Kate.  
With an air of contempt she sallied forth  
And bade farewell to the frozen north.  
She headed straight for Hawaii's Isles,  
Where men were decked in nature's smiles;  
Hoping in vain that the naked truth  
Would show her a man with pep and youth.  
But alas!  
She was doomed to the same sad fate,  
For none was the equal of Hookshop Kate.  
Then the Hawaiians placed her on the throne,  
And crowned her queen of the Frigging Zone,  
Where she reigned supreme for two short years,  
But one morning her subjects found her in tears.  
When they asked the cause, she only sighed,

And they knew she longed to be satisfied;  
So they resolved right then to find a mate,  
Who could crimp the back of Hookshop Kate.  
They inserted a luring, sensuous ad  
In the Woman's Monthly, and it had  
A very wondrous quick effect  
In bringing news of things erect.  
A bookseller came upon the scene  
And asked to be ushered to the queen;  
For he claimed he knew of a potentate,  
Who could outfrig great Hookshop Kate.  
'Twas a sheepherder from a distant Isle,  
Who had never been tempted by a woman's wile;  
But had spent his life with his wandering flock,  
Developing by hand his phenomenal cock.  
'Twas a daily thing for him, they said,  
To frig sixty sheep ere he went to bed.  
When this happy data reached Hookshop Kate,  
She sent for this sheepish potentate.  
The bookseller found him flat on a rock,  
Breaking cocoanuts with his muscular cock,  
And he laughed up his sleeve as he placed a bet  
On the frigging that Hookshop Kate would get.  
He convinced the herder that friggin sheep  
Was an action base, profane and cheap.  
As a bookseller will, he proved that fate  
Had called him to satisfy Hookshop Kate.  
When they arrived on Hawaii's shore,  
The town was bedecked as never before;  
And the band was playing to welcome them in,  
And all was in readiness to begin.  
The herder and bookseller lead the parade,  
Followed by virgins and Redlight Jade,  
And the whole procession marched in state  
To the very door of Hookshop Kate.  
The fray was scheduled for ten o'clock.  
Meanwhile the sheepherder tuned up his jock  
By trying it out on a dozen of dames,  
Who acknowledged that he was a bundle of flames.  
As the hour drew near, the betting was great;  
The number of times would be marked on a slate.  
'Twas a frig to the finish without a wait,  
Much to the delight of Hookshop Kate.  
When the clock struck ten, came a breathless pause;  
The sheepherder entered 'mid great applause.  
In front, his pants stuck out two feet  
In anticipation of one real treat.  
While in the chamber with curtains drawn,  
Was Hookshop Kate just egging him on.  
Outside, the crowd decided to wait

And see what would happen to Hookshop Kate.  
 Outside, that night, the vigil was kept,  
 And not a single eye had slept;  
 And the moans and groans and grunts inside  
 Swayed the throng like an ebbing tide.  
 They all left marks of their butts behind,  
 And not one dry spot could you find,  
 But all sat tight to learn the fate  
 Of Her Friggin Highness, Hookshop Kate  
 Next morning the bookseller came with the key  
 To decide what the herder's fate should be.  
 He found the slate, as he felt in the dark,  
 Passed it out to the crowd to examine the mark,  
 They counted a hundred and sixty or more.  
 Then the bookseller threw wide open the door,  
 When the lights came on, to their surprise,  
 This is the sight that met their eyes:  
 With a happy smile, propped up in bed,  
 The famous Hookshop Kate was dead.  
 While under the bed, the shepherd guy,  
 Jacked off at the post without batting an eye.  
 And he murmured, at each violent jerk,  
 And in intervals between each squirt,  
 "All your Hookshop cunt you can keep,  
 If you hurry me back to my lovely sheep."  
 (Immortalia)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\hortcak3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12; !B=L1C<  
 Cactus For A Prick  
 Prickly Dick's got a cactus for a prick;  
 Goes in fine but then it tends to stick;  
 Shaves the prickles but they grow back very quick,  
 On his horticultural hard-on.  
 Sex-mad Sean has a horn full of thorns,  
 Fell into a briar patch when he was born.  
 Prunes them at night but they've grown back by morn,  
 On his horticultural hard-on.  
 My mate Mack has a cock like a cactus,  
 Covered in spines and fills girls full of scratches.  
 His sex life is fraught with lots of snags and catches,  
 From his horticultural hard-on.  
 Mine is smooth and long and mine is narrow;  
 Straight and strong with a tip like an arrow.  
 More like zucchini than like a marrow,

It's a horticultural hard-on.  
Big Mike's has spikes and feeels like barb wire;  
When he sticks it up, the boys sing higher.  
He's in demand with a church school  
choir,  
With his horticultural hard-on.  
Jerk-off Jock has a cactus for a cock;  
One way to handle it is wrapped up in a sock.  
Whores won't have it; he'll never get the pox,  
With his horticultural hard-on.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\hotvagi3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

llc (B=L1C<  
Hot Vagina  
(llewtraH)  
Tune: Yellow Rose of Texas  
Hot vagina for your breakfast,  
Hot vagina for your lunch,  
Hot vagina for your dinner,  
Just munch, munch, munch, munch, munch.  
It's so speedy and nutritious,  
Bite-size and ready to eat,  
So take a tip, go eat your mom;  
Hot vagina can't be beat.  
Hot vagina in the morning,  
Hot vagina all the time,  
Just take out your pecker,  
And insert it into the foaming brine,  
Shove it in and blow your load,  
Get ready for a tasty treat,  
Do a 69 and start to dine,  
Hot vagina can't be beat  
Hot vagina in the morning,  
Hot vagina all day long,  
What a glorious feeling,  
To have it warning up your schlong,  
Don't be shy, just stick it in,  
Get ready for a tasty treat,  
Hot vagina for men and women too,  
Hot vagina can't be beat  
Hot vagina for a noon-time snack,  
Hot vagina for a feast,  
Hot vagina for a midnight snack,  
Oh how we all love that yeast.  
You don't need to be a man to have

Such fun eating trim,  
Whether you're a dyke or man,  
Just go on and dive right in!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\howtohan.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

How To Handle A Date (Duet)  
Tune: Que Sera Sera

Him: Take her hand, her hand, her hand,  
It's time to stand, to stand,  
You're the king of the land,  
So take her hand.  
Her: He's squeezing my hand, my hand, my hand,  
I wish he'd take a stand, a stand,  
This wimp of the land,  
Quit squeezing my hand.

Him: Fondle her breast, her breast, her breast,  
You know they're the best, the best,  
They've passed all the tests,  
So fondle her breasts.  
Her: He's fondling my breast, my breast, my breast,  
I know they're the best, the best,  
They can pass any test,  
So fondle my breast.

Him: Finger her twat, her twat, her twat,  
Now you've hit the spot, the spot,  
It gets her real hot,  
When you finger her twat.  
Her: He's poking my twat, my twat, my twat,  
I bet he thinks he's hit the spot, the spot,  
That makes me real hot,  
Oh, quit poking my twat.

Him: So lay that pipe, that pipe, that pipe,  
We know she's the type, the type,  
She thinks she's real tight,  
So lay that pipe.  
Her: But what a small cock, small cock, small cock,  
He thinks it's a lot, a lot,  
Is that all he's got?  
Oh, what a small cock.

Him: Roll over and sleep, and sleep, and sleep,

I gave her the meat, the meat,  
It wasn't too deep,  
But I got it real cheap.  
Her: Wasn't it quick, so quick, so quick,  
Just like a prick, a prick,  
To give me a stick,  
That's just too quick.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\hymenbk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c ]?BLL1CK

#### The Hymen Regained

There was an old widow lived round about, she had no daughter but one,  
And she has prayed both night and day she would keep her maidenhead long.  
She warned her daughter of the ills of indiscriminate bedding,  
And prayed she'd keep her maidenhead until the night of her wedding.  
"Oh don't be daft," the girl she said, "and say no more to me;  
To those fine young men in the Rugby Club I lost my virginity.  
I've fucked them and I've sucked them, and they've rolled me in the grass;  
Sometimes I've had them up the cunt and sometimes up the ass."  
"You saucy wench, you impudent wench, and cursed may you be,  
If those perverts in the Rugby Club have had your virginity.  
I wanted to see you married in white, as pure as the day I bore you,  
And you would be a virgin still if you'd stuck to doing it oral."  
So the girl ran off to the Rugby Club as fast as she could go,  
Saying, "Give me back my maidenhead; my mother she nags me so.  
She knows I've screwed all of the Rugby Club and she hardly is elated.  
She wouldn't be so cross with me if I had just fellated."  
Said a full-back from the Rugby team, a gentleman was he,  
"I'll give you back your maidenhead if you will come with me."  
She thought she'd go to Harley street, there for an operation;  
Knowing there were doctors there for hymen restoration.  
"I'll kiss you and undress you and I'll lay you on my bed,  
I'll just reverse your feet and head, fuck back your maidenhead."  
"You can't fuck back my maidenhead when with one fuck, it's gone?"  
"There are wonderful tricks I can do, and do them with my tongue."  
So he kissed her and undressed her and he laid her on his bed,  
And then reversed her head and feet, and fucked back her maidenhead.  
She gave a moan as he laid her down, put his head between her thighs,  
And nibbled her cunt till the juices ran and tears rolled from her eyes.  
Then he kissed her and he dressed her with a rose in either hand,  
Invited her round to the local church to see his fine wedding.  
The girl ran back to her mother's house as fast as go can she,  
"I'm as much a maiden, mother dear, as the day that you first bore me."  
"He kissed me and undressed me and he laid me on the bed,  
Put my head where my feet were and fucked back my maidenhead.

Then he kissed me and he dressed me, put a rose in either hand,  
 And invited me round to the local church to see his white wedding."  
 "Oh never on foot," her mother said, "in a Mercedes you'll ride,  
 And four and twenty fine young girls will go with you beside."  
 "Oh who is this?" the bride she asked, "driving in a fine Mercedes,  
 Dressed up in her best, escorted by four and twenty ladies?"  
 "I see it is the widow's daughter who told her mother 'bout me,  
 She came one night to the Rugby Club and there I popped her cherry,  
 We fucked her and we sucked her, we all took her to bed,  
 She came and asked me this very day to fuck her maidenhead.  
 The four and twenty lasses who come with her beside,  
 None are wed, they play three in a bed though I prefer six-a-side,"  
 "How could you do it? How could you do it? How could you do it, for shame!  
 The last two years I've been screwing your dog and I never told anyone."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\icesue-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[d&#12;]-B=L1C<

The Untold Tale Of Icicle Sue  
 (llewtraH)  
 No man alive knew why Icicle Sue,  
 Eskimo Nell's own twin,  
 Was so damn frigid, that only her digit,  
 Could arouse her virgin quim.  
 The same frozen hell that spawned our Nell,  
 Had spawned this icy maid;  
 But some attribute of a man's stiff root,  
 Made her frigid and afraid.  
 With a native guide, many men had tried  
 To find Sue's hidden charms.  
 But despite proud boasts, each wager was lost,  
 When she stiffened in their arms.  
 A fierce wind blows across Arctic snows,  
 In that icy twelve-month cold;  
 She rebuked advances with frosty glances,  
 If a man should make so bold.  
 An icicle makes a damn fine vibrator,  
 In a hand that shivers with cold,  
 And the babes all knew the trick of the screw,  
 At barely six months old.  
 In the freezing gales of the snowy vales,  
 Where even dead men swive,  
 And skeletons rattle in carnal battle,  
 As though they were lusty and alive.  
 The great white bear whacks off in his lair,  
 And the walrus plays with her box,

While a randy sled-dog with a bone-hard log,  
Ruts with the Arctic Fox.  
No woman scorns the narwhal's horn,  
As a source of sexual pleasure,  
And Eskimo Nell considered herself  
A fucking national treasure.  
But Icicle Sue in her small igloo  
Was frigid as polar ice.  
Outcast from the land, she just used her hand  
And proclaimed the effect 'quite nice'.  
That neurotic elf liked to finger herself  
With a manicured fingertip;  
Preferring to massage her moist hot passage,  
And play pat-a-cake on her clit.  
Her randy sister had left, and she missed her,  
So she left the Arctic waste.  
Out of her vally of ice did she sally,  
That younger twin, still chaste.  
She ventured forth from the frozen North,  
From the land where men had spunk,  
And came in rods of frozen white clods,  
Not lukewarm trickling junk.  
Now men laid bets, who'd screw her yet;  
Find the secret of polar entrance,  
Of the Arctic maid who would be well laid,  
When they fucked her with a vengeance.  
She'd melt in their arms, succumb to their charms,  
Be wooed by words and wit.  
And they'd plumb the hole from the frozen pole,  
Till her sexual fires were lit.  
So they wooed at leisure, promising pleasure,  
But all she did was mock.  
Though Sue could make men's bollocks ache,  
She never gave in to cock.  
Then one day, from a land far away,  
From a land of scorching sun,  
There came a man with a throbbing gland  
And a hypnotising tongue.  
He gave her whisky to make her frisky  
And rum to make her thaw;  
And now the maid would for sure be laid  
Like any common whore.  
He plied her with brandy to make her randy,  
And gin to get her drunk.  
A dozen beers to drown her fears,  
And swore to give her spunk.  
Australia Pete had three foot of meat,  
Where most men have inches but six;  
But he promised her head, laid her out on the bed,  
And gave her clit ten licks.



Now Pete had scored, for she asked for more,  
So with hands upon her hips,  
Thrust his tongue deep in her woke-up quim,  
And kissed her full on the lips.  
She gave out a scream, her cunt-hair steamed,  
The waiting it was torture.  
She didn't know yet, it all was a bet,  
That would bring Pete fame and fortune.  
The going got tough, Pete's face in her muff;  
He licked and teased and nibbled,  
Till his three foot knob began to throb,  
A-begging him to diddle.  
Her knees 'round his ears, face streaming with tears,  
The maiden couldn't wait.  
That tormented wench her thighs did clench,  
Pete began to suffocate.  
He tickled her clit, she relaxed a bit,  
So he eased one finger in.  
His knob took up position, it knew its mission,  
To penetrate that polar quim.  
It went in an inch and she barely flinched,  
So he slid it in two more.  
She succumbed to lust and her hymen bust,  
Showering them both with gore.  
Pete knew tricks, he'd get his kicks  
And have a bit of fun.  
The tip of his dick hit Sue's cervix,  
And he felt her quiver and come.  
It was such a shame that the frigid dame  
Had given her virtue so cheap.  
But he wasn't dismayed, for he'd laid the maid,  
Who'd defied all men except Pete.  
The next thing she knew, was that Pete withdrew  
And was fastening up his britches.  
He looked at the mess and said, "At a guess,  
You'll need about a dozen stitches."  
You came too fast, you didn't last,  
And your cherry was a chore.  
If it wasn't for that, I'd've said that your twat,  
Had hundreds of men before.  
But I've won mega-bucks for that tedious fuck,  
So it wasn't a total waste.  
Now I need a drink to get rid of the stink  
And your cunny's dreadful taste.  
Then she said, "Fuck you!  
I should've knew  
That you did the deed for money."  
And her maidenhead, all the long while bled,  
And blood dripped from her cunny.  
Pete sheathed his staff and began to laugh.

He said, "Go fuck yourself,  
Like you did before, you ice-cold whore,  
You cold neurotic elf."  
"It was always a riddle why you'd never been diddled,  
Now it's plain for all to see,  
That your cunt's well-oiled and yor virtue's spoiled,  
And you've been well-diddled by me."  
Back to the land of the frozen North,  
Back to the Arctic pole,  
Sue sits a-ruined by Aussie Pete's doin',  
And an icicle up her hole.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\incest-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ld&#12;[]BBL1CA

Incestuous Family

(llewtraH)

My mother has my father and my father has my mother;  
He also has my sister but she much prefers my brother.  
When he can't have my sister, my father then has me;  
We're very close knit and we keep it in the family.  
My mother has my brother when my father isn't game.  
I sometimes get my sister if my mother isn't home.  
If my mother and my sister aren't there my brother gets me,  
Though I much prefer my mother 'cause I don't like buggery.  
My auntie likes my granddad and my father likes my aunt,  
But he only goes with auntie if my mum and sister can't.  
I don't much like my granddad, he's a dirty old man,  
But when he's with my auntie, then I can have my nan.  
My uncle likes my mother and my brother and my sister;  
He prefers his middle daughter and has me if he has missed her.  
I like the family dog but it's got me in bad habits;  
For when I visit grandpa, then I bugger his pet rabbits.  
My autie breeds racehorses, but I haven't had one yet.  
It gives a whole new meaning to the concept "heavy pet".  
I often get my auntie in the stables on the hay;  
Though I never bet on horses, I can bet on a good lay.  
The doc say we're dysfunctional, amoral and bestial.  
He treats us for diseases that in origin are sexual.  
I have lots of relatives and relations are incestual.  
We keep it in the family; we've decided it is best for all.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\irianji3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le B=L1C<

Irian Jire

Far have I traveled and much have I seen,  
Had blow jobs from Bancis and fucked things obscene,  
Been crippled by herpes and things far more dire,  
But if you want a blow job go to Irian Jire.

Chorus: Irian Jire,

To be gobbled by natives is what I desire,  
They practice on blowpipes in Irian Jaya.

Been rogered in Rio and poked in Peru,  
Been massaged in Manila and then had a screw,  
Been fucked in Llanelli by a Welsh boys' choir,  
But for the height of perversion go to Irian Jire.

Met a girl in the jungle with a bone through her nose,  
Cunt like a mantrap and strong I suppose.

Bush like a yardbroom that's made out of wire,  
So be careful of pussy in Irian Jire.

The skirt she was wearing was made out of grass,  
It only just covered her sweet little ass.

I felt an erection getting higher and higher,  
As I followed that lady from Irian Jire.

She put down her basket, took hold of my tool,  
Pulled back the foreskin and started to drool.

Curled her lips round it, and sir I'm no liar,  
They still have headhunters in Irian Jire.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\jabberw3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

<!-- #BeginEditable "Main\_Body" -->le&#11;<BBL1CA

JABBERWOCKY - VD

by llewtraH

"The time has come," the doctor said,

"To talk of many things;

Of syphilis and chancre sores

And why your asshole stings;

And if it's Herpes that you're got

A-waiting in the wings."

Then very glum he turned to me,

And told me what I'd caught.

He said "You've put your rancid dick

To places you'd not ought."

"That's why your pissing blood," he said,

"And it feels like broken glass.

While your foreskin's full of shit and crud

From some poor buggered ass."

I confessed that I had tried it once,

And found it not for me.  
 But now I saw the consequence  
 Of unsafe buggery.  
 "This rash of spots upon your balls,  
 Is something dire, I fear;  
 Though it could be just a side effect  
 Of your raging gonorrhea."  
 "The tickling that you feel inside  
 Is rampant trichomonas,  
 A nasty little parasite  
 You picked up as a bonus."  
 "And that's not all," the doctor said,  
 "You've green and oozing sores.  
 They are the sort you only get  
 From fucking clapped-out whores.  
 "And here," (he pointed to a scab)  
 "This one is very odd.  
 I've only seen one other case,  
 And it was on a dog."  
 "The time has come," the patient said,  
 "To eat your words obscene;  
 My mother is no clapped out whore,  
 Despite her oozing green."  
 "I've only done our family dog,  
 (It's favored by our mother.)  
 And the only asshole I have filled  
 Belongs to my small brother."  
 And so the patient upped and slew  
 Doc for his diagnoses,  
 Then home to find that mommy dear  
 Had died of zoonoses. <!-- #EndEditable -->

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\jingleb3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

 c EBGL1CF

Jingle Balls

(llewtraH)

Dashing through the snow, almost in the nude,  
 Santa's bollocks grow, how nice to be so rude,  
 The bell at the whorehouse rings, he's reserved a cracking tart,  
 She always wears his foreskin down, and at sixty-nine don't fart.  
 Chorus: Jingle balls, jingle balls, shag 'em all the way,  
 Oh what fun it is to ride on the eve of Christmas Day - hey!  
 Jingle balls, jingle balls, none of us are gay,  
 Oh what fun it is to shag on a one horse open sleigh.  
 Santa's on the way, his tunic's round his knees,

He's got his end away and Rudolph ain't too pleased.  
Up on the rooftop stood, his balls begin to swell,  
Starts playing with his pud, and some semen will soon spill.  
The whore had squeezed him dry, Santa's got to go,  
His foreskin she did fry, so he drags it in the snow.  
Limps up top his sleigh, slips on some frozen cum,  
His legs are pulled away, he lands upon his bum.  
To North Pole he must go, to rest his mighty arse,  
Kiddies must forgo, the toys for which they've asked.  
The moral is quite clear, while Santa's getting drunk,  
To stop bruises on your rear, don't tread in reindeer spunk.

#### ALTERNATIVE VERSION

Dashing through the snow, almost in the nude,  
Santa's bollocks glow, how nice to be so rude.  
The bell at the whorehouse rings, he's reserved a cracking tart,  
She always wears his pecker out and climaxes with a fart.  
Chorus: Jingle Balls, Jingle Balls, shag 'em all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to fuck on the eve of Christmas Day,  
Jingle Balls, Jingle Balls, Santa isn't gay,  
Oh what fun it is to shag on a one-horse open sleigh.  
Santa's on his way, his pants are round his knees,  
He's got his end away, and Rudolph isn't pleased.  
Up on the whorehouse tiles, his cock begins to swell,  
The whore plays with his piles, and jerks him off as well.

#### HASHERS' VERSION

Chorus: Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to run round naked in this way,  
Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to run round naked Christmas Day.  
Dashing round the block, not wearing any slacks,  
One hand on your cock, to give your balls more slack,  
Bouncing up and down as we run to and fro,  
We'll jingle with our genitals wherever we may go.  
Flashing through the snow, in an open beige trench coat.  
Through the town we go, horny as a goat. Hee, hee, hee.  
Bells on my balls ring, making me excite.  
Oh what fun it is to flash the grade school girls tonight.  
Oh jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way.  
Oh what fun it is to flash, so horny for a lay.  
Oh jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way.  
Oh what fun it is to flash, so horny for a lay.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\juanita3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶XB=L1C<

Juanita The Mexican Whore

(llewtraH)

She was the best whore Mexico ever produced,  
Was famed throughout country and town.  
She was wild and willing, fast and loose,  
No man alive could peg her down.  
Tales were told of one-eyed Juanita,  
There were stories quietly spoke,  
Of how that cunning senorita  
Was a whore that couldn't be broke.  
When Juanita screwed, she screwed for keeps,  
Few cowpunchers ever survived.  
They were buried in pits and piled in heaps,  
And the rest were crippled for life.  
Down from Texas came Bullyboy Bob,  
That crab-ridden raper of cattle.  
With his sixteen pounds of aching knob,  
And an appetite for battle.  
Up to her shoulders she hitched her skirt,  
And showed him her pubic-lice crawling.  
She diddled herself with a leather quirt,  
Asking, "Who do you think you're fooling?"  
Bullyboy laughed and flexed his tool,  
Like an actor taking his cue.  
"I've had wild bulls and an unbroke mule;  
I've screwed much worse than you."  
Well, all the cowhands fond a seat,  
And the rest, cursing their luck,  
Stood by the whorehouse beating their meat,  
Just to watch Juaniata fuck.  
Bullyboy Bob got himself stuck in  
To Juanita's hairy snatch,  
And though she flexed her practiced quim,  
The whore had met her match.  
She tried the twist and double bunt,  
But the cowhand rode her still.  
She tried all tricks what's known to cunt,  
And set him a pace that would kill.  
She screeched like a wildcat in heat,  
Bucked like a rodeo steer.  
The boys were sat on the edge of their seat,  
'Cause at last the whore showed fear.  
At first it looked to be a dead heat;  
It looked an even match;  
Bullyboy with his sixteen pounds of meat,  
And Juanita with her snatch.  
But Bob was with her every twist;  
Like a half-broke horse she bucked.  
She fought damn hard, but he never missed,  
Till at last that whore was fucked.  
At last Juanita had to stop;

Her cunt was sore and tattered.  
 For Bob had nailed her to the spot,  
 And left his jism scattered.  
 Then Juanita gave a sigh,  
 As Billyboy withdrew.  
 She breathed her last and closed her eye,  
 And that was the last she knew.  
 In memory of that lice-bit whore,  
 And Bullyboy's epic ride,  
 They nailed her drawers to the shit house door,  
 To scare away the flies.  
 But Juanita had the final say,  
 Bullyboy died of syph.  
 They writ upon that cowpoke's grave:  
 "Bullyboy Bob -- forever stiff."  
 Every once in a while, the desert shakes,  
 Tremors ring the whorehouse bells.  
 They say Bob and Juanita cause the quakes,  
 As the pair of them fuck in Hell!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\kamasut3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

ld&#12;+BGL1CF

The Hooker Of Bombay

(llewtraH)

Chorus:

She can do the Kama Sutra!

She can do the Kama Sutra!

She can do the Kama Sutra!

The Hooker of Bombay.

Have you ever been to Bombay in the dives and stews, you'll see

That there you'll meet a hooker, who is supple as can be.

She'll do it standing on her hands, her head between her knees.

The Hooker of Bombay.

Some guys go to Goa or to Bengal or to Delhi;

There they look for red-lights and do it belly-to-belly.

But if you go to Bombay, she will turn you into jelly.

The Hooker of Bombay.

She's got rings upon her fingers and a sapphire in her nose;

A ruby in her navel and more rings upon her toes.

Another through her clitoris that chimes in passion's throes.

The Hooker of Bombay.

She has got a sexual menu just to help you to decide;

The positions are all numbered; there are more than sixty-nine.

You can have three courses if you've stamina and time.

The Hooker of Bombay.

The options are all rated according to the degree  
 Of suppleness required and their technicality.  
 Some are easy to get into if you've double-jointed knees.  
 The Hooker of Bombay.  
 Book her for a whole night if you feel experimental,  
 And you can do contortions or positions detrimental.  
 Some aren't recommended if you spine is tempermental.  
 The Hooker of Bombay.  
 Most men find just one or two are styles that will suffice.  
 But if you wish she'll let you plumb her every orifice.  
 Beware you penis rings don't lock with her pierced clitoris.  
 The Hooker of Bombay.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\kangaro3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le""B=L1C<  
 Bestiality's Best  
 (llewtraH)  
 Melody--Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys  
 CHORUS  
 Bestiality's best, boys,  
 Bestiality's best--FUCK A WALLABY!  
 Bestiality's best, boys,  
 Bestiality's best.  
 ALTERNATIVE CHORUS:  
 Bestiality's best, boys,  
 Bestiality's best--FUCK YOUR WALLABY!  
 Give hetero sex a rest, boys,  
 Bestiality's best  
 Verse form 1  
 Tie me wallaby down, boys, tie me wallaby down.  
 You can't fuck him when he's jumping around, boys,  
 So tie me wallaby down.  
 Verse form 2 (all 4 lines identical):  
 Make a llama a mama, boys,  
 Make a llama a mama--BESTIALITY!  
 Make a llama a mama, boys,  
 Make a llama a mama, 'cause . . .  
 Change your luck with a duck, Chuck,  
 A duck's a marvellous fuck, Chuck,  
 A drake's the best all around, mate,  
 It's entry's surrounded by down, mate,  
 A camel's a hell of a lay, Kay,  
 Humping the hump, as they say, Kay,  
 A moose is no bloody use, Bruce,  
 She's big, she's mean, and she's loose, Bruce,



You can shoot your load in a toad, dude,  
If there's nothing else to be rode, dude,  
Me wife was raped by an ape, Nate,  
She's in marvellous sexual shape, Nate,  
A rhino's a hell of a treat, Pete,  
The horniest thing on four feet, Pete,  
A mongoose is no piece of cake, Jake,  
He'll attack your one-eyed snake, Jake,  
You can come again in a hen, men,  
When you've had everything else in the pen, men,  
I tried to roger a badger, boys,  
A badger's a hell of a dodger, boys,  
You can go the course on a horse, Morris,  
There's lots of animals worse, Morris,  
You can try your log in a frog, boys,  
If it's the only thing in the bog, boys,  
You can stick your pole in a mole, Cole,  
If you can find a big enough hole, Cole,  
You can try to screw a red 'roo, Lou,  
Be careful it doesn't screw you, Lou,  
An ostrich can give you a ride, Clyde,  
When you get your weapon inside, Clyde,  
You can try getting bare with a bear, Clare,  
But he's attached to his hair, Clare,  
Screwing a turtle's a lark, Mark,  
If you've got foreskin like bark, Mark,  
A gator is tricky to boff, Toff,  
Wrong end and you'll get it bit off, Toff,  
Any old beast for a fuck, Chuck,  
Even an Irishman's luck, Chuck,  
You can get it on with an iguana, Donna,  
But only if you really wanna, Donna,  
Put your log up a dog, Claude,  
Don't you fancy a dog, Claude,  
Stick your lug in a slug, Doug  
Aren't you not for a slug, Doug?  
Slip your slew to a ewe, Lou  
Don't you dream of a ewe, Lou?  
Get turned on by a duck, Chuck  
Doesn't that make you go cluck, Churck?  
Tickle the clit of a gnat, Matt  
Isn't that just where it's at, Matt?  
Rough love with a horse, Boris (You gotta use force with a h You gotta use force  
with a horse, Boris.  
Stick your dork in a stork  
Make an eel squeal  
Rub your beaver on a retriever  
Rub your box on a fox  
Rub your clitoris on a hippopotamus  
Rub your clitty on a kitty

Rub your cunt on an elephunt  
Rub your twat on an ocelot  
Grind your mound on a hound  
Drip your juice on a moose  
Give your milk to an elk  
Drip your yeast on a wildebeest  
Cunnilingo with a dingo  
Fool with the tool of a mule  
A dirty weekend in Wirral with a squirrel  
Any which way with a jay  
Anyway you can with a pelican  
Be a queer with a deer  
Be a rotter with an otter  
Be very pleasant to a pheasant  
Bring a flea to her knees  
Chuck your sperm in a worm  
Come from behind with a hind  
Do an illegal with an eagle  
Do it funky with a monkey  
Down the throat of a goat  
Drink the pee of a bee  
Drop some goo in a shrew  
Ejaculate in a snake  
Get a suck from a duck  
Get in deep with a sheep  
Get it out for a trout  
Get the pox off a fox  
Get under the tail of a snail  
Sow oats with some stoats  
Get your release in a fleece  
Give a half to a giraffe  
Give a lickin' to a chicken  
Give some cock to a croc  
Give your gerbil some verbal  
Give your milk to an elk  
Go a rounder with a flounder  
Go and defile a crocodile  
Go the whole way with a moray  
Be a pimp for a chimp  
Have a cracker with a quacker  
Have a deer from the rear  
Have a filler with a gorilla  
Have a frig with a pig  
Have a fuck with a duck  
Have a goose with a moose  
Have a hug with a bug  
Have a lark with an aardvark  
Have a rape with an ape  
Have a screw with a shrew  
Have a shag with a stag

Have a shaggin' with a dragon  
Have a squirm with a worm  
Have a toss with a hoss  
Help old Watson with a dachshund  
In a heap with a sheep  
In the Bahamas with some llamas  
In the dark with a shark  
In the ear of a deer  
In the esophagus of an octopus  
In the lake with a drake  
In the lug of a slug  
In the sack with yak.  
Have intercourse with a horse  
Lick the clit of a nit  
Make it coarse with a horse  
Make it limp in a chimp  
Make it twirl in a squirrel  
Make it wonky with a donkey  
Make love with a dove  
Make some porn with a unicorn  
Mate a 'gator then fellate her  
In a bag with a stag  
In the bog with a dog  
On a honeymoon with a raccoon  
On a train with a crane  
On the lawn with a prawn  
On top of the easel with a weasel  
Part the hare of a mare  
Put it in the mid of a squid  
Put it in the mouth of a sloth  
Put it through a gnu  
Put your cock in a peacock  
Put your noodle to a poodle  
Put your thang in an orangutan  
Rub the thigh of a fly  
Shoot your load in a toad  
Shove your log in a dog  
Shove your willy up a filly  
Sixty-nine with a swine  
Skull fuck a duck  
Stick you rod up a cod  
Stick your dork in a stork  
Stick your needle in a beetle  
The best course is a horse  
Up the ass of a bass  
Up the back of a yak  
Up the box of a fox  
Up the fanny of a nanny  
Up the flue of a shrew  
Up the hole of a mole

Up the rear of a deer  
Up the spout of a trout  
Up the tail of a whale  
Vegetables Are The Best  
Chorus: Vegetables are the best, girls,  
Vegetables are the best,  
Vegetables are the best, girls,  
Vegetables are the best.  
Do the deed with a weed, girls,  
Do the deed with a weed--VEGETABLES!  
Do the deed with a weed, girls,  
Do the deed with a weed, 'cause . . .  
Other verses:  
Fellatio with a potato, girls  
Take a dyke on with a daikan, boys  
Slip a rubba on a rutabaga, girls  
Be a fairy with a strawberry, boys  
Try humpin' a pumpkin, lads  
Tickle your root with a shoot, boys  
Tickle your clit with a pickle, girls  
No need for the pill with a dill, girls  
Stick a cuke up your chute, girls  
Fill your chute with a root, girls  
Squeeze a kumquat in your twat, girls  
Give a wedgie to a veggie, boys  
A gourd will always stay hard, girls  
Elope with a cantaloupe, girls  
Go goose a spruce, lads  
Wine and dine a fine pine, men  
Stuff some grass up your ass, boys  
Rub your tube with a tuber, boys  
Wheat germ makes your squirm, girls  
Rub your slit hard with rhubarb, girls  
Get frisky with some kim chee, girls  
Give him a horn with some corn, girls  
Make him green with a bean, girls  
Get defrocked by a stalk, father  
Venial sins with the California Raisins, girls  
Stiffen your root with a Kiwi fruit, boys  
Aussie Serenade  
Pull me dungarees down, sport,  
Pull me dungarees down.  
I'm that sort of gal, sport,  
So pull me dungarees down.  
Put away that prick, Mick,  
The sight of it makes me sick, Mick,  
You up and gave me the jack, Mac,  
So I'll just give it back, Mac,  
Oh, fuck me hard till I'm red, Fred,  
On the floor or in bed, Fred,

Why are you all up in smiles, Giles,  
Just got rid of your piles, Giles?  
Go back and wait for your turn, Vern,  
You've got a lot to learn, Vern,  
Let's have one on the grass, Darce,  
You can root me up the arse, Darce,  
For my sake undo your fly, Guy,  
Do you wanna wait till its dry, Guy?  
Well, you sure took more than you gave, Dave,  
Do you think I'm your slave, Dave?  
You know I just can't say no, Joe,  
So stick it in and I'll blow, Joe,  
Incest Is Best

(llewtraH)

Chorus: Incest is best, boys,  
Incest is best--FUCK A RELATIVE!  
Incest is best, boys,  
Incenst is best.

Other verses:

Put your knob in Uncle Bob, boys  
Give a blow to your Bro, girls  
Shower your Sis with some piss, boys  
My significant other's my Brother, girls  
Shoot some goo on Aunt Sue, boys  
Do the bum of your Mum, boys  
Give a kiss to your Sis, boys  
Make love to your Coz, boys  
I've just had my Dad, girls  
Put your Sis in bliss, boys  
Let's fuck Uncle Buck, girls  
Rub your palm on your Mom, boys  
Hide the salami in your Mommie, boys  
Give a piece to your niece, boys  
Incontinence Is The Shits  
Chorus: Incontinence is the shits, mates,  
Incontinence is the shits--OOPS, TOO LATE!  
Incontinence is the shits, mates,  
Incontinence is the shits.

Other verses:

Move your bowel on her towel, boys  
Drop a load on the road, boys  
Take a whiz in your sleep, girls  
Spend a penny in your teddie, girls  
Go wee wee in the laundry, girls  
Wet your panties at Auntie's, girls  
Piddle right down your middle, boys  
Crap right in your wrap, girls  
Relieve yourself in a crowd, mates  
Make poo poo in your shoe, boys  
Smell like piss at the Ritz, girls

Smell like stool at your school, boys  
Wear Depends on your ends, mates  
Put a catheter up your peter, boys  
Wear rubber undies on Sundays, girls  
Be all a-drip on a ship, mates  
Make a piddle while you diddle, boys  
Public diarrhea in the cafeteria, boys  
Make a stink at the skating rink, girls  
Soil your pants at the dance, boys  
Narcolepsy's Best  
(llewtraH)

Chorus: Narcolepsy is best, boys,  
Narcolepsy is best--LIGHTS OUT!  
Narcolepsy is best, boys,  
Narcolepsy is best.

Fall to the floor with a snore, boys,  
Fall to the floor with a snore,  
You'll friends'll never find you a bore, boys,  
Fall to the floor with a snore, 'cause . . .  
Slump down in a heap on the street, boys,  
Slump down in a heap on the street,  
The street's a great place for some sleep, boys,  
Slump down in a heap on the street, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Nod off while he's on top, girls  
Don't worry, he won't stop, girls  
Blank right out at the bank, boys  
Wake up in the drunk tank, boys  
Fall asleep at the wheel, boys  
Don't worry, it's no big deal, boys  
Catch 40 winks at the sink, girls  
40 winks will keep your cheeks pink, girls  
Catch some Z's at your desk, girls  
Why not?--you need a rest, girls  
Roll up your eyes with a sigh, guys  
You don't need a reason why, guys  
Pass out at the job interview, girls  
They'll be so embarrassed they'll hire you, girls  
Time for a brief intermission, boys  
You don't need anyone's permission, boys  
Necrophilia's Best

(llewtraH)

Chorus: Necrophilia's best, boys,  
Necrophilia's best,  
Necrophilia's best, boys,  
Necrophilia's best.

Give head to the dead, girls  
Give head to the dead,!  
Give head to the dead, girls,  
Give head to the dead, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Do it lots 'fore she rots, boys  
Fuck her defunct cunt, boys  
Get down and dirty with Jackie, OH!, boys  
Do your boffin' in a coffin, mates  
Plant your pelvis on Elvis, girls  
Rub your slit on Sonny Stitt, girls  
Suck the dong of Mao Tse-Tung, girls  
Sink your cable in Betty Grable, boys  
Go to bed with the dead, Fred  
Use the staff of a stiff, girls  
Grunt and strain with Kurt Cobain, girls  
The best of course is a corpse, boys  
Can Nixon still get his Dick in, girls?  
Suck some decomposed toes, girls  
Stroke her hips in a crypt, boys  
Get some authentic skull, mates  
Jack off on old Jackie, boys  
Shoo the flies off her thighs, guys  
Shoot some cream in a mausoleum, boys  
Pinch your nipples hard in the graveyard, girls  
That Kim Il Sung is sure hung, girls

X  
X  
X  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\kingkon3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Old King Kong

(llewtraH)

Old King Kong had a hell of a dong,  
And a hell of dong had he.  
Twelve inches long and incredibly strong,  
And it's fucked everybody but me.  
The great prick's two inches thick,  
And a marvelous sight to see.  
It can take the strain as he goes like a train,  
And he's fucked everybody but me.  
That mighty knob looks like a log,  
Sawn from a great oak tree.  
And he plants that pole in every hole,  
In every hole but me.  
His wife gives head as he lies in his bed,  
Says he hung like a great donkey.

But she won't fuck and he's out of luck,  
'Cause he sure as hell won't fuck me.  
He's fucked his serfs, the salt of the earth,  
And he's fucked his fiddlers three.  
He don't fuck his wife, the bane of his life.  
And he sure as hell won't fuck me.  
He's fucked his knaves, he came in waves,  
Fucked the aristocracy.  
He's done the lords and the common hordes,  
But I won't let him fuck me.  
Old King Cole had a great long pole,  
But he stayed in his own country.  
And good King Dick had a two foot prick,  
And both these kings fucked me.  
Old King Kong had a foot long prong,  
And balls down to his knees.  
You could use his prick as a walking stick,  
And it's fucked everyone but me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\kiwis--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ¶B=L1C<

While The Kiwis Shagged

\*-----

Tune: While Shepherds Watched

While the Kiwis shagged their flocks by night,  
All laying on the ground,  
Up jumped the Aussie doctor and said,  
"Stop that!  
I'll buy a round!"

"Fear not," said they, for fear of AIDS  
Had seized the doctor's mind.

"Before we Kiwis take a bride,  
We clean out her behind."

So you girls waiting for the question,  
You won't get very far.

If you want to take a Kiwi mate,  
You'll have to answer, "Baaaaaa."

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\kngcast3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



02/15/2003

# The Night Of The King's Castration

'Twas the night of the king's castration,  
And all the counts and no-accounts were there.  
When the ladies went arear for libation  
And there tossed they huge gobs of manure.  
Then there came to the court one hight Daniel.  
"You're a son of a bitch," said the king.  
"You're a son of a bitch," Said Daniel.  
Calling kings sons of bitches was common then.  
But the king was mightily wrought,  
And his snot flung into the soup.  
Then ordering his minions brought,  
He had Daniel cast unto the lions.  
Any man would have died fo fright,  
But not Daniel, who boldly strode forth,  
Grabbed a lion's left nut very tight,  
And mightily squeezed it for all he was worth.  
The the lion cried, "Ouch, it tickles!"  
"May I ask you what tickles," said Daniel.  
Said the lion, "My dear boy, testicles,"  
And he laughed 'til he was dead.  
And the king laughed because he had two,  
And the Queen laughed because she wanted two,  
And all the court ladies pulled out their teats and tittered  
As was the custom in those days.  
On the next day the court assembled  
In the great ampitheatre,  
And the king and his court had gambled  
Many rupees of the realm.  
Then the king missed his fair queen,  
And he called for the Lord Chancellor.  
"Pray where is the queen, thou old bean?  
She should be at our party today."  
Then the Lord High Chancellor responded,  
"She beshiteth herself in the crapper."  
"Is there plenty of bungwad suspended  
On the royal nail for her ass?"  
"She hath four and twenty ream  
Of the finest tissue made."  
"'Tis well Sir, let none e'er dream  
Royal ass ever touched a corncob."  
And the king went to the locker  
Where his private crapper stood,  
And he shit three pounds of butter,  
And earned the name of King Dairy-ass.  
At the end of his mighty crapping,  
On his way to his dignified court,  
He looked down where the lions were scrapping

And espied our Daniel alive.  
 "How's tricks in the hole?", said the king.  
 "What hole," said Daniel.  
 "Asshole," said the king.  
 "Suck it," said Daniel.  
 And the judge decalared  
 The drinks were on the king.  
 "Where's the queen?" said the King.  
 "In bed with laryngitus", said the knave.  
 "Is that Greek still in town?"  
 Said the king.  
 Once more the king asked for the queen  
 And a smart young prick spoke up,  
 "She lies with the jester, Sire," he said,  
 "And the biggest liar's a slut!"  
 "Shit!" cried the King,  
 And fifty thousand loyal subjects  
 Lowered their pants to half-mast  
 And strained to their utmost.  
 "Fuck the queen!", said the King,  
 And fourteen brave knights  
 Were killed in the stampede,  
 For in those days, the King's word was law.  
 The king called for Daniel  
 To come forth,  
 But Daniel slipped on a wet lion turd,  
 And came fifth, this disqualifying Daniel.

(Immortalia)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\kngcast3-other.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[]^        []\_BBL1CA  
 The Night Of The King's Castration  
 'Twas the night of the king's castration,  
 And all the counts and no-accounts were there.  
 When the ladies went arear for libation  
 And there tossed they huge gobs of manure.  
 Then there came to the court one hight Daniel.  
 "You're a son of a bitch," said the king.  
 "You're a son of a bitch," Said Daniel.  
 Calling kings sons of bitches was common then.  
 But the king was mightily wrought,  
 And his snot flung into the soup.  
 Then ordering his minions brought,  
 He had Daniel cast unto the lions.

Any man would have died fo fright,  
But not Daniel, who boldly strode forth,  
Grabbed a lion's left nut very tight,  
And mightily squeezed it for all he was worth.  
The the lion cried, "Ouch, it tickles!"  
"May I ask you what tickles," said Daniel.  
Said the lion, "My dear boy, testicles,"  
And he laughed 'til he was dead.  
And the king laughed because he had two,  
And the Queen laughed because she wanted two,  
And all the court ladies pulled out their teats and tittered  
As was the custom in those days.  
On the next day the court assembled  
In the great ampitheatre,  
And the king and his court had gambled  
Many rupees of the realm.  
Then the king missed his fair queen,  
And he called for the Lord Chancellor.  
"Pray where is the queen, thou old bean?  
She should be at our party today."  
Then the Lord High Chancellor responded,  
"She beshiteth herself in the crapper."  
"Is there plenty of bungwad suspended  
On the royal nail for her ass?"  
"She hath four and twenty ream  
Of the finest tissue made."  
"'Tis well Sir, let none e'er dream  
Royal ass ever touched a corncob."  
And the king went to the locker  
Where his private crapper stood,  
And he shit three pounds of butter,  
And earned the name of King Dairy-ass.  
At the end of his mighty crapping,  
On his way to his dignified court,  
He looked down where the lions were scrapping  
And espied our Daniel alive.  
"How's tricks in the hole?", said the king.  
"What hole," said Daniel.  
"Asshole," said the king.  
"Suck it," said Daniel.  
And the judge decalared  
The drinks were on the king.  
"Where's the queen?" said the King.  
"In bed with laryngitus", said the knave.  
"Is that Greek still in town?"  
Said the king.  
Once more the king asked for the queen  
And a smart young prick spoke up,  
"She lies with the jester, Sire," he said,  
"And the biggest liar's a slut!"

"Shit!" cried the King,  
 And fifty thousand loyal subjects  
 Lowered their pants to half-mast  
 And strained to their utmost.  
 "Fuck the queen!", said the King,  
 And fourteen brave knights  
 Were killed in the stampede,  
 For in those days, the King's word was law.  
 The king called for Daniel  
 To come forth,  
 But Daniel slipped on a wet lion turd,  
 And came fifth, this disqualifying Daniel.  
 (Immortalia)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\knicker3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c[[[B=L1C<

Rip My Knickers Away  
 (llewtraH)  
 CHORUS: Rip my knickers away,  
 Rip my knickers away,  
 I don't care what becomes of me,  
 As long as you finger my C-U-N-T.  
 Rip my knickers away, away,  
 Rip my knickers away,  
 Down the front, down the back,  
 Round the cunt, round the crack,  
 Rip my knickers away.  
 Be I Berkshire, be I buggery,  
 I comes up from Sarum.  
 I knows a gal with calico drawers,  
 And I knows how to tear 'em.  
 Walkin' by the field one day  
 I heard a maiden crying,  
 "Oh, please don't rip me knickers off, Jack,  
 You'll get there by and byin'."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\knights3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[d&#12;[[5B=L1C<

When Knights Were Bold  
 The knight sits on his charger trusty,

With shining sword and armour musty;  
 The metal makes his balls go rusty,  
 In the age of chivalry.  
 When he takes his armour off to pee,  
 He'll find his cock is turning green.  
 It's not syphilis, it's verdigris,  
 All in the age of chivalry.  
 In days of old, when knights were bold,  
 And chastity belts invented,  
 The locks got picked, they were fucked quick,  
 And left the maids contented.  
 On his cock were painful sores,  
 But not from screwing unclean whores,  
 Jerking off with gauntlets rubs him raw,  
 All in the age of chivalry.  
 He goes to joust at tournaments,  
 Maids try to lure him behind tents,  
 But iron pants cause impotence,  
 All in the age of chivalry.  
 As he rides by, he rarely smiles;  
 His face is grim, his eyes are wild;  
 The leather saddle gives him piles,  
 All in the age of chivalry.  
 When courtly knights besiege a castle,  
 They can't sit down, the sorry rascals;  
 The armoured gussets bruise their assholes,  
 All in the age of chivalry.  
 In days of old, when knights were bold,  
 And chastity belts invented,  
 Knights kept spare keys the maids to please,  
 And contraptions circumvented.  
 Knights were born in chivalros ages,  
 To chastely worship noble ladies,  
 So they had to make do with bugging pages,  
 All in the days of chivalry.  
 In days of old when knights were bold  
 And armour wasn't vented,  
 A bee inside steel hosiery  
 Could drive a man demented.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\kuspdor3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣:BBL1CA

The Khan Of Kuspidor  
 In India, in royal state,  
 Dwelt an illustrious potentate.

When he would pass, the throngs would roar,  
"Behold the Khan of Kuspidor!"  
With mighty chest and skin of yellow,  
He was a most imposing fellow.  
And when, in his regalia dressed,  
Diamonds and rubies spanned his chest.  
To care for his domestic duties,  
He kept a thousand brunette beauties,  
Who swarmed around his royal knees,  
Living a life of royal ease.  
It kept his massive bollocks busy,  
Running the gamut from Maud to Lizzie,  
And when he took his royal pleasure,  
The juice would fill a gallon measure.  
The mass of hard-on that he carried,  
He'd plunge in every puss he married,  
Or, to the horror of his harem,  
He'd wave it at 'em just to scare 'em.  
Though strong and valorous in his might,  
The Khan would rather fuck than fight.  
His dames acclaimed with one accord,  
"The prick is mightier than the sword!"  
Each night the Khan would hit his bed,  
He'd have a fresh-trapped maidenhead,  
Which after fondling with his finger,  
He'd finish with his hairy stinger.  
No dusky damsel dodged his wiles;  
He could smell cunt a thousand miles.  
Sometimes the Khan would play the fool,  
And let a lady lip his tool.  
But, "After all," he used to say,  
"I like the good old fashioned way."  
But time went on, the story said,  
And rebellion reared its horrid head.  
And all the people to a man,  
Went out one night and rushed the Khan.  
And now those people bow no more  
Unto the Khan of Kuspidor.  
'Tis said he's way down deep in Hades,  
Running his red-hot tool in ladies!  
(Immortalia)  
Were killed in the stampede,  
For in those days, the King's word was law.  
Z],

¶d&#12;5B=L1C<

Kuwait Katy  
(llewtraH)  
Kuwaiti Katy, matchless whore,  
Catered to the Camel Corp;  
Active in the great Gulf War;  
Shagged Mad Dog and made him sore.  
The randiest whore t'was ever born,  
Soldiers nicknamed her Desert Storm.  
At night she kept the army warm,  
And gave the troops the raging horn.  
Screwed with soldiers, shagged a sheikh;  
Fucked until their collumns ached;  
Balled by shiftless and by rakes;  
All her orgasms were fakes.  
Katy liked it hard and fast;  
Three orifices for your tarse;  
In the mouth or in the ass  
Or capacious quim quite unsurpassed.  
Kuwaiti Kate was in fine fettle;  
The British Army tried her mettle.  
Caught the clap which stung like nettles.  
Treated it with rum and Dettol.  
Screwed a camel for a change;  
Caught the demodectic mange.  
The crawling lice felt mighty strange,  
And ointment dyed her pubes or-ange.  
She shagged troops in Kuwait's oil fields,  
And called her condoms 'Desert Shields'.  
Katey's stamina and zeal  
Could make a whole army yield.  
All the soldiers had their share;  
Some fucked her just on a dare.  
At two quid she was worth the fare,  
But her infections were germ warefare.  
Kuwaiti Katy, sad old soak,  
The downfall of the honest bloke.  
The whole damn army had a poke,  
Then went home syph-bit, sore, and broke.  
The British forces up and went;  
Sang songs about their Arab bint.  
Kuwaiti Katy left them skint,  
To count the cost of war and sin.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\lackwit3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;?BGL1CF

Lackwit Lou And The Trouser Snake

There's a one-eyed trouser serpent in the pants of Jack Mandoo,  
And two ample bollocks also dangle down;

There's a broken-cunted woman had her cervix split in two,  
And the yellow pus forever trickling down.

She was known as Lackwit Lou to the captains and their crew,  
She was hotter than they felt inclined to tell;  
And when they were sick of wanks, she was worshipped in the ranks,  
And she nearly choked the squadron with her smell.

Jack had fucked her all night long with a passion hot and strong.  
The fact that she's half-witted, plain to all.

She was chock-full of his come, he's been going like a gun,  
But Lackwit Lou, she hadn't come at all.

He spoke to ask what action she would like from Jack Mandoo;  
And thrust away with his impressive rod.

And jestingly she told him then that anything would do  
As the one eye of his serpent shot its wad.

'Twas a horizontal dance; Lackwit Lou seem in a trance,  
And she quaffed come as she sucked his pink cigar;

Then she gave a little smile as they rested up awhile,  
Then went out to fuck like rabbits 'neath the stars.

She returned before the dawn, with her clit all bruised and torn,  
And a gash between her labia dripping red;

She was patched up right away, and she slept through all the day,  
But that night she slept alone within her bed.

She woke at last and asked if they could send in Jack Mandoo;  
He went in and Lou smiled and gave a nod;

She bade him satisfy her with a great almighty screw,  
Would he give her full twelve inches of his rod.

His fly was open wide, his trouser snake was poking through;  
Her place was wet and slippery at the sight;

His pecker soon was buried in the cunt of Lackwit Lou,  
'Twas the vengeance of the trouser snake that night.

So she lay with Jack Mandoo in the way that women do,  
And her eyes and slit were salty, wet, and hot.

But she didn't writhe or moan and so he climaxed alone.  
Left his deposit steaming in her twat.

When the fuck was at its height, on that sultry tropic night,  
And his snake bunged up the passage to her womb,

As he fucked without a care, she could feel her cervix tear,  
And the blood so slowly seeping from her wound.

Mandoo fucked her all night long, with his pecker hard and strong;  
The fact that she was broken, hid from him.

She was split from cunt to bum, but still she hadn't come,  
So he left her lying there with ruptured quim.

There's a one-eyed trouser serpent in the pants of Jack Mandoo  
And two ample bollocks also dangle down;

There's a broken-cunted woman had her cervix split in two,



And the yellow pus forever trickling down.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\ladylil3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

PP/BBL1CA

Lady Lil

Lil was the best our camp produced;  
And of all the gents that Lillian goosed,  
None had no such goosin', nor never will,  
Since the Lord raked in poor Lady Lil.  
We had a bet in our town,  
Thar warn't no geezer that could brown  
Lil to a finish, any style--  
And no bloke ever made the trial.  
'Cept Short Pete, the halfbreed galoot,  
Who wandered in from Scruggins' Chute.  
His takin' it surprised us all,  
For Pete he warn't so big nor tall,  
But when he yanked his tool out thar,  
And laid it out across the bar,  
We 'lowed our Lil had met her fate,  
But thar warn't no backin' out that late.  
And so we 'ranged to have the mill  
Behind the whorehouse on the hill,  
Where all the boys could get a seat,  
And watch that halfbreed brown his meat.  
Lil's start was like the gentle breeze  
That swayed the noddin' cypress trees,  
But when het up, she screwed for keeps  
And laid her victims out in heaps.  
She tried her twists and double biffs,  
And all such m'neuvres known to quiffs.  
But Pete war thar with every tack,  
And kept a-letting out more jack.  
It made us cocksmen fairly sick  
To see that half-breed shove his prick.  
She gave Short Pete a lively mill,  
And wore the grass half off the hill.  
'Til finally, she missed her shot,  
And Short Pete had her on the pot,  
But she died game, just let me tell,  
And had her boots on when whe fell.  
So what the hell!  
Bill!  
What the hell!  
(Eugene Field)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\ladymar3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

l1cB=L1C<

The Woman Marine Hymn

(l1ewtraH)

tune: "Davey Crockett"

CHORUS: Rosey, Rosey Rottencrotch,

Pride of the Women Marines.

Born in a whorehouse, in Oceanside,

So fucking ugly, her mother cried.

Lived in a shack, on old North Hill;

Before the age of five, they had her on the pill.

At age seventeen, she joined the Corps,

Became like the rest, a duty whore.

Thought she was better, a superior lass,

I jumped up and told her, kiss my ass.

We sent her to school, they didn't teach her shit;

When she got out, she thought she was it.

Became the Gunner's favorite, his number one runt,

But we all know, she's just a slimy cunt.

Because her cheeks, were a little pink,

She was convinced, her shit didn't stink.

They made her a corporal, an NCO,

But all she did right, was give a good blow.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\landlrd3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

l1e;B=L1C<

The Landlord's Daughter

(l1ewtraH)

He came upon a wayside inn,

Shat on the mat and walked right in.

Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,

Lily-white tits and golden hair?

At last he got her on a bed,

Shagged her till her cheeks were red,

And then he took her to the shed,

Shagged till she was nearly dead.

He took her down a shady lane,

Shagged her back to life again,

He shagged her up, he shagged her down,

He shagged her right around the town.  
He shagged her in, he shagged her out,  
He shagged her up the waterspout,  
Seven months went and all was well,  
Eight months went and she started to swell.  
Nine months went, she gave a grunt,  
And a little white bastard popped out of her cunt,  
The little white bugger he grew and grew,  
He shagged his mother and his sister too.  
The little white bugger he went to hell,  
He shagged the Devil and his wife as well.  
The Landlord's Daughter

(llewtraH)

Fragment picked up from "The Wicker Man".

Much has been said of the strumpets of yore  
Of wenches and bawdy house queens by the score,  
But I sing of a baggage that we all adore  
The landlord's daughter  
You'll never love another,  
Although she's not the kind of girl  
To take home -- to your mother  
Her elixir is lively and strong to the taste,  
It is brewed with discretion, never with haste,  
You can have all you like if you swear not to waste  
The landlord's daughter  
And when her name is mentioned,  
The puds of every gentleman  
Will stand up -- at attention  
Now the shame of the blossom and all of the country  
She takes off the garter and knickers in town,  
The dolly who keeps her cunt in renown/  
While I'll take the landlord's daughter  
There's nothing so delightful,  
As the part that lies between  
The left toe -- and the right toe.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\lastabo3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le9B=L1C<

The Last Taboo  
I used to be such a fair maid,  
I used to be carefree and gay,  
Cared not what I screwed,  
Or by whom I was laid,  
But I've broken the final taboo.  
Life once was uncomplicated --

With animal, veggie or mankind,  
And inanimate too;  
In mouth, cunt or behind,  
But now I've broken that last taboo.  
Oh what can I do?  
I've really been screwed,  
I really have fucked up my life!  
My promiscuity,  
Will be recalled in perpetuity,  
For breaking that final taboo.  
Perhaps I was too indiscriminate,  
Perhaps I was just seeking thrills,  
So now it is true,  
Though it gives me the chills,  
That I've broken the last taboo.  
They say that a dog is man's best friend,  
Who cares I got rogered by Lassie?  
And everyone knew,  
That necrophilia was passe',  
But I've broken the final taboo.  
I've inserted all kinds of veggie,  
Gerbils and goldfish and mice,  
And the heel of shoe.  
A mains-power vibo was nice,  
But I've broken, Oh God! the last taboo.  
I've done it with all kinds of people,  
With gay, bi and straight, did not hesitate,  
Have I done it with you?  
And alone (a rare thing), masturbate  
But I've now broken that one last taboo.  
It's hard to say which I enjoyed most,  
It's hard to say which act was best,  
(And I've done quite a few!)  
And once or twice I tried incest,  
But now I've broken that last big taboo!  
I need not describe that taboo act,  
Won't pollute your mind with its name,  
Lest I pervert you too.  
So, stained, I'll just curl up in shame,  
Shame at breaking the last taboo.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\lbs-18-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Eighteen Pounder  
Up she came and down she got,  
Then she showed me her you-know-what,

Asked my if I'd like a shot,  
 with my eighteen pounder.  
 chorus: Heave her up and bang away,  
 Heave her up and bang away,  
 Heave her up and bang away,  
 With my eighteen pounder.  
 I tried her box and found it locked,  
 I tried her ass and found it blocked,  
 I just went off half cocked,  
 With my eighteen pounder.  
 Then I took her to a shady dell,  
 Released my safety and banged like hell,  
 I missed the bullseye and drilled a well,  
 With my eighteen pounder.  
 So I laid her down beside the rocks,  
 I sighted at her pretty box,  
 I missed her box but crushed the rocks,  
 With my eighteen pounder.  
 Two hot barrels in the bed,  
 I missed her snatch and hit her head,  
 Ricocheted and killed her dead,  
 With my eighteen pounder.  
 Then I took her to the burial ground,  
 Dug a hole and laid her down,  
 And just for practice, one more round,  
 With my eighteen pounder.  
 (Oscar Brand)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\ldyples3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le.BBL1CA

Lady Of Pleasure

(llewtraH)

\*-----

I'm a lady of pleasure, I'm a lady of joy;  
 I'm a lady of leisure for the docked sailor-boy;  
 And the welcome I'll give you is warm.  
 You can get what you want when your money's up front  
 You can get what you want if what you want's cunt,  
 I'm a sailor-lad's port in a storm.  
 To some I'm a sweetheart, to some I'm a whore  
 I'm the fine fancy lady the sailors adore,  
 To some I'm a girl of uncertain virtue  
 Well, I know the score 'cause I'm done it before,  
 And if you pay well, I will do it some more.  
 Just knock and I'll open the door.

To some I'm a strumpet, to some I'm a doxy,  
 To the young sailor lad I'm fine and I'm foxy,  
 And I'm yours if you'll give me the price.  
 I know many secrets, I knows many tricks,  
 I know how to handle the sailor-lads pricks.  
 Call on me whene'er you're in dock.  
 "Where are you going, my young sailor dandy?  
 You've been six months at sea and feeling quite randy --  
 Have you someone to sleep with tonight?  
 If you're willing to pay, you'll have somewhere to stay.  
 I'm a lady of pleasure, I'm carefree and gay,  
 And I haven't the Spanish disease.  
 There's some from the New World, there's some stopped by chance;  
 There's some who've come in from the spice-lands afar,  
 And there's some who've just broken their journeys.  
 But I'm there with the tide, I can sell you a ride.  
 For a cut of your wages you can sleep by my side,  
 For twice that you can stay there till morning.  
 'Cause I'm a lady of pleasure, I'm a lady of joy;  
 I'm a lady of leisure for the docked sailor-boy  
 And the welcome I'll give you is warm.  
 You can get what you want when your money's up front  
 You can get what you want if what you want's cunt,  
 I'm a sailor-lad's port in a storm.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\lehighv3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leB=L1C<

The Lehigh Valley  
 Don't look at me that way, stranger,  
 I didn't shit in your seat.  
 I just come down from the mountains  
 With my balls all covered with sleet.  
 I've been up in the Lehigh Valley,  
 Me and my old pal, Lou,  
 A-pimpin' for a whorehouse  
 And a God damned good one too.  
 It was there that I first fucked Nellie;  
 She was the village belle.  
 I was only a lowdown panderer  
 But I loved that girl like hell.  
 But along came a city slicker,  
 All handsome, gay and rich,  
 And he stole away my Nellie,  
 That stinking son-of-a-bitch.  
 I'm just restin' my ass a moment,

And then I'm on my way.  
I'll hunt the runt that swiped my cunt  
If it takes till Judgement Day.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\likecok3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leB=L1C<

I Like Cock  
Tune: Three Blind Mice  
I like cock,  
I like cock,  
See how they rise,  
See how they rise,  
They fit so nicely and feel so grand,  
They come in all sizes, all shapes and brands,  
There's nothing finer than making them stand,  
'Cause I like cock,  
I like cock.  
I Like Cunt  
I like cunt,  
I like cunt,  
Ain't it cute,  
Ain't it cute?  
Up against railings I've often stood,  
Fucking young ladies and doing them good,  
It's so much better than pulling your pud,  
'Cause I like cunt,  
I like cunt.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\limousi3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Fair Limousin

Since Butler sang of dildoes, and Villon loved to treat,  
Of certain cross-grained margots whom he'd rodgered on the street,  
Since Rabelais and Rochester and Chaucer chose to sing,  
Of that which gave them subtle joy, that is to say the 'thing',  
Why should not I, a humble bard, be pardoned if I write,  
Of a certain strange occurence which has lately come to light.  
On evening in December on the Boulevard de Prix,  
While the sombre bells of Notre Dame announced the hour of six,  
A dapper wight named Edward, met trippingly on her way,  
A madam with a character and gown quite decollte.

A babbling buxom blooming billowy boobied dame,  
Camille Maria Jesus Hector Limousin was her name.  
Though fair she was of countenance, she was lewd as any bitch,  
As ever wallowed in a bed, or mouzled in a ditch.  
And meagre wealth or family, she was a foul a minx,  
As ever fondled scabby cods, or nursed gangrescent dinks.  
She tumbled one American and with his drooling yard,  
The august house of Greycy fell, and fell almighty hard.  
She toyed with Simon's senile tape, and burned Clemenceau's tail,  
With howling Rochefort had she drunk of Mother Watkin's Ale.  
With Perier and with Carnot, she had wrestled for a fall;  
She had drained old Goulet till he lay, no good against the wall.  
She did not swive for sustenance, she rather lived to swive.  
And at the two-backed beast, she beat the veriest whore alive.  
No prurient dame of high degree, no wench of tarnished fame,  
Could be compared with Limousin at this close-balloked game.  
The Greeks had sixteen postures, and the Hindu's sixty-four.  
And Cleopatra's aggregate was seventy-five or more.  
What were a hundred postures to this fantastic queen;  
She had at least a thousand, and each of them tres bien.  
On top the pumping method, or lying on the side,  
Or spread upon her billowy bum, a la the blushing bride.  
Or standing up or sitting down or resting on all four,  
Whereby the visitor could take his choice of either door.  
Or dressed or naked every way her genius could invent,  
To catch the silvery substance that tickles when 'tis spent.  
She'd nig-nog, duffle, snuggle, concomitate and quag;  
She'd dance, "The Shaking Of The Sheets", fadoodle, wap, and shag;  
She'd "Come The Caster", niggle, jerk, and "Hear The Nightingale";  
She'd nest-hide, dance "St. Leger's Round", and do it with her tail;  
She'd break her leg above the knee, pound, click, and tread as well,  
And with a Holy Father, put the Devil into Hell.  
She wrestle, bang, cohabit, futuore, cram, and jig,  
Jumme, copulate, accompany, swive, fornicate, and frig;  
Go goosing or grousing, and if needs be cooning go,  
Rasp, roger, diddle, bugger, screw, canoodle, kife, and mow.  
There was no form of harlotry, nor any size of tarse,  
That had not run the gauntlet 'twixt her nostrils and her arse.  
What shall I term that slimy pit-like orifice of sin,  
That let her liquefactions out, and other factions in?  
A tuppence, twitchet, coney, commodity or nock,  
Pudendum, titmouse, dummel-herd, quaint merkin, naf, or jock?  
Call it whatever please you, there's nothing in a name,  
And though it had been dubbed a rose, it would have smelt the same.  
And he?  
He was as fine a buck as ever topped a ewe,  
Or with his facile penis clave a virgin's clam in two.  
The flush of lusty manhood lent its beauty to his face,  
And the outlines of his sturdy frame were full of virile grace.  
But what seemed fairer far than these, to Limousin's fair eyes,



Was the ne plus ultra velper that swung between his thighs.  
To this illustrious pego and its adjacent flop,  
Let other kingoes, lobs, and yards, in adoration drop;  
These other virgas, placket-rackets, pintles, stunts, and jocks,  
And all the brood of priapismic candidates for pox;  
Fie, on the mewing mentulae, for what, oh, what were these,  
Beside that phallic glory that hung below his knees?  
Your pillycocks are competent for tickling mouses' ears,  
And tools hight lobs are brute enough to bring forth bridal tears,  
But the velper that's ambitious to enact heroic roles,  
Must be of such proportions as to stretch the roomiest holes;  
With dornicks so proficient that when they cease to spout,  
The lady cannot pee the dose but has to cough it out.  
This tool of his was one foot long, and had three corners to it;  
Its beveled velvet head stood up, when in the mood to do it,  
And as it stood, and breathed and purred, and murmured sort of sadly;  
What woman, if she felt at all, but hankered for it madly?  
And they, those cods, when dainty hands in amorous dalliance squeezed them, They'd  
throw a stream, which ladies say, beyond all telling pleased 'em.  
This monumental penis had frigged through all creation,  
The jibby, bouser, beagle, bawd of every nation;  
The courtesan, the concubine, the siren, and the harlot,  
The widow in her grassy weeds, the splatter-dash in scarlet;  
The madam in her drawing-room, with social homage honored,  
The washee-washee almond eye, whose quim is cat-a-cornered.  
From Colorado in the West, to Mannheim in the East,  
(And that's a goodly distance--six thousand miles at least)  
This prick had mown a swath of twats of every size and age,  
So numerous I could not write their number on this page.  
Where'er he went, he left behind a gory, gummy trail,  
Of lacerated, satiated, ripped-up female tail.  
'Twas to the bearer of this tool that Limousin applied  
For the pleasant little service that he'd never yet denied,  
And when she asked him, "Voulez?", he was fly enough to see,  
He would have to meet a crisis, so he bravely answered, "Oui!"  
A crisis is a crisis, but a French one, we've heard tell,  
Out-crises all crises, and that is simply Hell.  
He modestly unfolded his brobdingnagian prick,  
And hit that foreign madam's thing just one god-awful lick;  
She gave a grewsome tremor, and shrieked aloud, "Mon Dieu!"  
Her eyeballs rolled up in her head, her lips turned black and blue;  
But there she lay and sozzled 'till he pumped her full, and then,  
He went and hired a doctor to sew her up again.  
(Written by Eugene Fields)

leB=L1C<

Little Penis

Tune: I'm a Little Teapot

By John Valby

I'm a little penis short and stout;  
I'm a little handle and here is my spout;  
When I get a hard-on, I will shout  
Contract little vulva and let the semen out!  
I'm a little pussy moist and split;  
Here is my labia and here is my clit;  
When I get all horny I will shout  
Get me up the ass and eat me out!  
I'm a little pubic hair soft and curly  
I get sticky when they shoot too early  
When you rub against me I will shout  
Ouch you fuckin' bastard you just pulled me out!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\lobster3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leQBGL1CF

The Lobster Song

Oh Mister Fisherman, back from the sea,  
Have you a Lobster you can sell to me?  
Chorus: Singing aye-tiddley-aye, shit or bust!  
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust.  
"Why yes sir, yes sir, I have two,  
The biggest of the bastards I will sell to you."  
Well I took the Lobster home, but I didn't have a dish,  
So I put it in the place where the Missus has a piss.  
In the middle of the night, the Missus arose,  
Sat on the piss-pot and curled up her toes.  
In the middle of the night, as you well know,  
The missus got up to let the water flow.  
In the middle of the night the wife got out of bed.  
She piddled in the pot on the lobster's head.  
Up jumped the Lobster with a smile on his kisser,  
Reached out a claw and grabbed her on the pisser.  
Well, first there came a groan, and then there came a grunt,  
And the bloody lobster grabbed her by the cunt.  
The missus gave a giggle then she gave a grunt,  
A dirty big lobster hanging from her cunt.  
The Missus gave a shriek, I said "What?"  
She said "There's a Lobster hanging from my twat!"  
So she grabbed the poker and I grabbed the broom,  
We chased the fucking Lobster round and round the room.

We hit it on the head and we hit it on the side,  
 We hit the fucking Lobster till the bastard died.  
 There's a moral to the story, the moral is this  
 Always have a look-see before you have a piss.  
 There's an end to my story, there isn't any more  
 There's an apple up my asshole, you can have the core.  
 Another end to my story, I don't give a fuck,  
 There's an orange up my asshole, you can have a suck.  
 Down in Nagasaki the monkey fucked the cat,  
 And all the cat could do was fuck the monkey back.  
 The Crayfish  
 Fisherman, fisherman, standing by the sea  
 Have you got a crayfish that you can sell to me  
 Yes sir, yes sir, that indeed I do  
 I have got a crayfish that I can sell to you  
 Well, I took the crayfish home, and I thought he'd like a swim,  
 So I filled up the chamber pot, and I threw the buggin' in  
 In the middle of the night, I thought I'd have a fit  
 When my old lady got up to a-have a shit  
 Husband, husband, she cried out to me  
 The devil's in the chamber pot, and he's got hold of me  
 Children, children, bring the looking glass  
 Come and see the crayfish that bit your mother's arse  
 Children, children, did you hear the grunt  
 Come and see the crayfish that bit your mother's cunt  
 It's the ending of me story; I don't have any more  
 I've an apple in me pocket, and you can have the core

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\lochlom3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lell, BGL1CF

I'll Take The Left Leg

Tune: Loch Lomond

Chorus: I'll take the left leg and you take the right leg,  
 It's my turn to give her the caber.  
 'Cause me and my true love have never been the same,  
 Since I shared her with the next door neighbor.  
 When the Lord and his band were shaping up this land,  
 They found that they had left over  
 A pile of useless crap on the left side of the map,  
 That they'd hacked out of the White Cliffs of Dover.  
 Angel Gabriel scratched his head and asked the Lord instead,  
 "What can we name this wretched land so mean, Sire?"  
 "Ooch, Gabe, call it what ye will, maybe Largs or Motherwell;  
 No, on second thought we'll call it Aberdeenshire."  
 Now there was me and Auntie Annie, Cousin Jock and dear old Granny,

And we'd all had a roll in the heather,  
'Cause we come from Braemar, and we'll not forget that our,  
Family motto is, "We're all queers together."  
Now the old goat died around Eastertide,  
So Jock rammed the bloody coal scuttle up her.  
He threw her on to boil, then he topped her off with soil,  
And served her up as haggis supper.  
A visiting rugby team took a whore from Aberdeen;  
To agree on a price took an eternity;  
But she took them without a fuss and had triplets on the bus,  
And sued them for collective paternity.  
Now wee Ronnie teaches pipes to girls of all types,  
His methods are revelation,  
Just cut your bloody banter, get your mouth 'round my chanter,  
And I'll complete your education.  
Now in Burn's magic prose, a Scottish girl is like a rose,  
My lass was like Ben Nevis when I found her.  
Her southern slopes were gray, half the nation knew the way,  
And the Hash had run up and down her.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\lordfuk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

□c□□&B=L1C<

# Lord Of The Fuck

I fucked in the morning when the day was begun;  
I fucked 'neath the moon and the stars and the sun.  
And I came and I came, again and again,  
And in all the brothels I made my name.

Chorus:

"Fuck then, oh come and fuck with me.  
"I am the Lord of the Fuck," said he.  
"I'll fuck all the women where e'er they may be.

I am a one man sex orgy!"

I bugged the scribe and the pharisee.  
They didn't like it and won't bugar me.

I buggered ten fishermen in just one day;  
They all came because they like it that way.  
I'll shag on the sabbath and the rest of the week,  
Bugger the cripples and screw all the meek.  
They stripped me, whipped me, and then got me high;  
Such lovely ecstasy I though I would die.

I fucked on a Friday with a high-class whore; Saturday night, she then came back for more.

Sunday morning and my balls turned black;  
It's either gangrene or a case of the clap.  
I will take you from the back or the front.

I will use an asshole if not finding a cunt.  
Fucked all the women till they're bleeding and split;  
Bugged their brothers till they could not shit.  
They call me a stallion; they call me a stag.  
King of the hard-on and Lord of the shag.  
I'll fuck with you if you will fuck with me;  
For I am the lord of the great fuck, said he.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\lotsfuk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leBLL1CK

Lotsa Fucking  
(llewtraH)

Tune:

Little Boxes

Lotsa fucking, lotsa fucking, lotsa shafting, lotsa screwing, shagging,  
Lotsa fucking, lotsa fucking, lotsa fucking, all the same,  
There's a blonde one, and a brown one and brunette and a redhead one,  
But they all get lotsa fucking, lotsa fucking all the same.  
And the people I've been fucking, they all go to the university,  
Where they all get lots more fucking, lots more fucking all the same,  
I've had doctors, I've had lawyers and business executives,  
And they all get lotsa fucking and I fucked them all the same.  
And the girls grow into housewives and I fuck them till they're sore & dry, And they  
all have pretty children and the children go to school,  
And the children go to summer camp and then to the university,  
Where they all get lotsa fucking, lotsa fucking all the same.  
And the boys go into business, pimps, rent boys, male prostitutes,  
So they all get lots of fucking, even if they're fucking gay,  
There's a blonde one, and a brown one and brunette and a redhead one,  
But they all get lotsa fucking, lotsa fucking all the same.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\lulu--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le}BHL1CG

BANGING AWAY ON LULU

Rich girls ride in Cadillacs, poor girls ride in Fords  
Lulu rides a feather bed with fifteen other whores.  
A rich girl has a limousine, a poor girl has a truck,  
But the only time that Lulu rides is when she has a fuck.  
chorus: Banging away on Lulu, banging away all day,  
Who we gonna bang on, when Lulu's gone away.

Rich girls they use vaseline, poor girls they use lard,  
Lulu uses axle grease and makes it twice as hard.  
I wish I was the chamber pot beneath my lulu's bed,  
And every time she took a piss, I'd see her maidenhead.  
Lulu had a baby, it was her pride and joy,  
She would have named it Lulu, but the bastard was a boy.  
Some girls work in offices, some girls work in stores,  
Lulu works in a hotel with forty other whores.  
Lulu had a baby, she named it Sunny Jim,  
She dropped it in the piss pot, to see if it could swim.  
First it went to the bottom, then it came to the top,  
Lulu got excited and she grabbed it by the cock.  
I wish I was a candle, in my Lulu's room,  
And every night at nine o'clock, I'd penterate her womb.  
My Lulu's tall and sprightly, my Lulu's tall and thin.  
I caught her by the railroad track, jacking off with a coupling pin.  
My Lulu was arrested, ten dollars was the fine,  
She said to the judge, "Take it out of this ass of mine."  
Sometimes I get a nickel, sometimes I get a dime,  
But when I got a quarter, Lulu lays it on the line.  
Pappy loved mammy, mammy loved the men,  
Now mammy's full of buckshot, and pappy's in the pen.  
Lulu got religion, she had it once before,  
She prayed with the minister, doing it on the floor.  
My Lulu had a sister, who lived up on a hill,  
If she hadn't died of syphilis, we'd be banging still.  
Lulu had a baby, it was an awful shock,  
She couldn't call it Lulu cause, the bastard had a cock.  
I took her to the pictures, we sat down in the stalls,  
And every time the lights went out, she grabbed me by the balls.  
She and I went fishing, in a dainty punt,  
And every time I hooked a sprat, she shoved it up her cunt.  
I wish I was a silver ring, upon my Lulu's hand,  
And every time she scratched her ass, I'd see the promised land.  
A rich girl has a brassiere, a poor girl uses string,  
Lulu uses nothing, she lets the bastards swing.  
A rich girl has a ring of gold, a poor girl has one of brass,  
The only ring that Lulu has, is the one around her ass.  
A rich girl uses a sanitary towel, a poor girl uses a sheet,  
Lulu uses nothing, leaves a trail along the street  
She took me to the mountain top, and fucked me on the hill,  
For every time I said I won't, my echo said I will.  
I asked her for to marry me, she said that's very nice,  
But I'll give you a better deal, I'll let you fuck half price.  
(The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman)  
(Bawdy Ballads by Oscar Brand)  
(Rugby Songs by Michael Green)  
(llewtraH)  
Lulu had a boyfriend, his name was Diamond Dick,  
She never got his diamond, but always got his dick.

Lulu had a boy-friend, a funny little chap,  
 Every time they had a bit, she got a dose of clap.  
 Lulu was a pretty girl, she had a lot of class,  
 Mini-skirts she'd wear a lot, to let her show her arse.  
 Lulu and a boy-friend, a stunted little runt,  
 One day they went to have a bit and he vanished up her cunt.  
 Lulu had a little lamb, she kept it in a bucket,  
 Every time the lamb jumped out, the sheepdog used to fuck it  
 Lulu made some porridge, it was very thick,  
 Lulu wouldn't eat it, but she'd smear it on my dick.  
 Lulu had a bicycle, the seat was very blunt,  
 Every time she jumps on it, it sticks her in the cunt.  
 Lulu has a bicycle, the seat was made of glass,  
 And every time she hit a bump, a piece went up her arse.  
 Lulu had a boyfriend, his name was Michael Hunt,  
 She like him above the rest, because he'd eat her cunt.  
 Lulu had a job, but then she had to quit,  
 'Cause every time she turned around, the boss would grab her  
 A rich girl has a bra, a poor girl uses string,  
 Lulu met a fisherman, fishing for some bass,  
 Lulu met a scrum half, sat down in his lap,  
 Lulu got the scrum half, the scrum half got the clap.  
 Lulu met a rugby team, she liked the way they played,  
 The team liked Lulu, they liked the way she laid.  
 A rich girl uses tampons, a poor girl uses rags,  
 Lulu uses nothing at all, or shoves up burlap bags.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\marines3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣␣␣B=L1C<

The Marines Hymn  
 From the halls of Montezuma  
 To the shores of Tripoli,  
 We have fucked the whores on foreign shores,  
 To prove our virility.  
 We have used pro kits and rubber tips,  
 Just to keep our peckers clean.  
 Still we have the highest V. D. rate:  
 We're United States Marines.  
 (Jerry Silverman)

"Oh, fly to my arms my bag of shit,"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\marriag3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leBGL1CF

Marriage A La Mode

My husband's a butcher, a butcher, a butcher,  
A very fine butcher is he.

All day he stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage,  
At night he comes home and stuffs me.

Other verses:

Jockey/rides thoroughbreds/rides me  
Carpenter/whacks nails/whacks me  
Sergeant/chews ass/chews me  
Airline pilot/bores holes/bores me  
Private/eats shit/eats me  
Postman/licks stamps/licks me  
Bus Driver/drives buses/drives me  
Lion Tamer/tames lions/tames me  
Plumber/reams pipes/reams me  
Pervert/molests children/molests me  
Pianist/tickles ivory/tickles me  
Psychoanalyst/analyzes patients/anal-izes me  
Pimp/beats whores/beats me  
Stool Pigeon/fingers crooks/fingers me  
Policeman/cuffs crooks/cuffs me  
Ropemaker/ties knots/ties me  
Baker/kneads dough/needs me  
Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks me  
Student/fucks off/fucks me  
Lawyer/screws clients/screws me  
Chimney Sweep/pokes smokestacks/pokes me  
Guitarist/plays licks/licks me  
Hasher/runs trail/snores

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\maryanb3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Mary Anne Burns

Mary Anne Burns is the queen of all the acrobats,  
She can do tricks that'll give a guy the shits.  
She can shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice,  
Do a somersault and catch'em on her tits.  
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch,  
Twice as big as me,  
Got hair on her ass like the  
branches on a tree,  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,



Fly an airplane, drive a truck,  
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for me.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\maryann3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

!P!B=L1C<

Mary Ann

Oh, Mary Ann had a leg like a man,  
And a great big hole in her stocking,  
A chest like a drum and a big fat bum,  
And a hole to shove your cock in.  
And when you shove it into her,  
She cannot keep from laughing,  
So, what do you say, lets go and play,  
And let me put my staff in.  
Oh, she jumped into bed and covered up her head,  
And swore I could not find her.  
But I knew damn well she lied like hell,  
So I jumped right in behind her.  
She shoved her feet right through the sheet,  
And showed her sausage grinder;  
So I rubbed my nuts against her guts,  
And shoved it in behind her.  
Well, the wind it flew and the gism flew,  
It flew right up her nightie.  
And then I bit the nipple of her teat,  
Oh, Jesus Christ Almighty!  
Well, I pumped her once and I pumped her twice,  
And I pumped her once too often,  
I broke a spring or some damn thing,  
And now she's in her coffin.  
(Jerry Silverman)  
They bore him away in splendor,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\marykin3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

!e!BGL1CF

If I Were The Marrying Kind  
Chorus: If I were the marrying kind,  
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir,  
The kind of man  
that

I  
would  
be...

WOULD BE A RUGBY FULLBACK.

I'd find touch, she'd find touch,  
We'd both find touch together,  
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,  
Finding touch together.

SUBSTITUTIONS:

WOULD BE A RUGBY HOOKER.

I'd strike hard, she'd strike hard,  
WOULD BE AN INSIDE CENTER.

I'd pass it out, she'd pass it out,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY REFEREE.

I'd fuck up, she'd fuck up,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY PROP.

I'd support a hooker, she'd support a hooker,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY FLY-HALF.

I'd whip it out, she'd whip it out,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY SCRUM-HALF.

I'd put it in, she'd put it in,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY HALF-TIME ORANGE.

I'd get sucked, she'd get sucked,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR.

I'd come again, she'd come again,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY SECOND ROW.

I'd push hard, she'd push hard,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY GROUNDSKEEPER.

I'd trim bush, she'd trim bush,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY TICKET TAKER.

I'd punch holes, she'd punch holds,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR IN THE RAIN.

I'd wear rubbers, she'd wear rubbers,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY NUMBER EIGHT MAN.

I'd sniff ass, she'd sniff ass,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY GOAL POST.

I'd stand erect, she'd stand erect,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY ASSISTANT GROUNDSKEEPER.

I'd fill holes, she'd fill holes,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY REFEREE'S WHISTLE.

I'd get blown, she'd get blown,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY TOUCH LINE.

I'd get laid, she'd get laid,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY PARTIER.

I'd keep it up, she'd keep it up,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY WING-FORWARD.

I'd come early, she'd come early,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY WING.

I'd go hard, she'd go hard,  
WOULD BE ANOTHER RUGBY WING.

I'd never get it, she'd never get it,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY SECOND ASSISTANT GROUNDSKEEPER.  
I'd sow seeds, she'd sow seeds,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR FROM 100 MILES AWAY.

I'd eat out, she'd eat out,  
BE A RUGBY BOOT.  
I'd come in a box, she'd come in a box,  
WOULD BE A RUGBY FULLBACK NUMBER TWO.  
I'd kick balls, she'd kick balls,  
MORE COMBINATIONS:  
Lock/I'd sniff butt  
Number 8/I'd split cheeks  
Flanker/I'd hold it in  
Stand-off #1/I'd whip it out  
Stand-off #2/I'd pass it on  
Center/I'd put it out, you'd put out  
Winger/I'd get none  
Fullback/I'd kick balls  
Referee/I'd fuck her, he'd fuck me/We'd all get fucked together  
Groundskeeper/I'd trim bush  
Referee's Whistle/I'd get blown  
Water Bottle/I'd get sucked  
Rugby Boot/I'd get smelly  
Cleat/I'd get screwed  
Weather Spectator #1/I'd get wet  
Wet Weather Spectator #2/I'd come in rubbers  
Fair Weather Spectator/I'd come again  
Shorts/go up your butt  
Any Forward/get stripped  
Halftime Orange/get sucked  
Mouthguard/get licked  
Goal Posts/get split  
Ball/get touched  
Pitch/grow weed  
Team from far away/come for hours  
Team on a bus/get off  
Drunk Team/get fucked up  
Rule Book/get violated  
Wing three-quarter/go hard.  
Centre three-quarter/pass it out.  
Rugby fly-half/whip it out.  
Rugby scrum-half/put it in.  
Rugby hooker/strike hard.  
Big pop-forward/bind tight.  
Rugby referee/blow hard.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\marylam3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

h&#12;#B=L1C<

Mary's Little Lamb

(3)

Mary had a little lamb,  
She tied it to the heater.  
And every time it turned around,  
It burned its little seater.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
The doctor almost fainted.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow.  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.  
It followed her to the barn one day,  
For eggs she was to hunt;  
It stuck its nose beneath her clothes,  
To get a whiff of cunt.  
Now, Mary was a naughty girl,  
And didn't give a damn.  
She let him have another whiff,  
And killed the goddamned lamb.  
Mary had a little sheep,  
And with that sheep she did sleep.  
The sheep turned out to be a ram,  
Mary had a little lamb.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
Her father shot it dead.  
Now Mary takes the Lamb to school  
Between two hunks of bread.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was black as soot.  
And everywhere that Mary went  
His sooty foot he put.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
A pizza and some prunes,  
A piece of pie, a glass of milk,  
And then some maccaroons.  
It made the waiters happy  
To see her order so,  
And when they carried Mary out,  
Her face was white as snow.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.  
Now Mary found the price of meat too high,  
Which really didn't please her.

Tonight she's having leg of lamb,  
The rest is in the freezer.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
She tied it to a pylon.  
Ten thousand volts went up its ass  
And turned it's wool to nylon.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
She kept it in her yard.  
Every time she took her panties off,  
His wooly dick got hard.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was black as charcoal.  
And every time it jumped the fence,  
You could see its little arsehole.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
The doctors were astounded.  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
Gynecologists surrounded.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
Its wool was soft and pink.  
A big bad wolf came by one day,  
Now Mary has a mink.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
She fed it castor oil.  
And every time it jumped the fence,  
It fertilized the soil.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was slightly grey.  
It didn't have a father,  
Just some borrowed DNA.  
It had a sort of mother,  
Though the ovum was on loan.  
It was not so much a lambkin  
As a little lamby clone.  
And soon it had a fellow clone,  
And soon it had some more.  
They followed her to school one day  
All cramming through the door.  
It made the children laugh and sing;  
The teachers found it droll.  
There were too many lamby clones  
For Mary to control.  
No other could control the sheep,  
Since their progress didn't vary.  
So the scientists resolved it all  
By simply cloning Mary.  
But now they feel quite sheepish,  
Those scientists, unwary.  
One problem solved, but what to do  
With Mary, Mary, Mary.

Mary had a little bike,  
She rode it with her toes.  
One day Mary's pedal slipped,  
And rammed her up the nose.  
Mary had a little bike,  
She rode it back to front.  
One day Mary's pedal slipped  
And rammed her up the cunt.  
Mary had a little lamb;  
It had a dose of colic.  
She gave it brandy twice a day;  
Now it's an alcoholic.  
Mary had a little pig;  
She couldn't stop its gruntin'.  
So she took it down the garden path,  
And kicked its little cunt in.  
Mary had a little lamb;  
She also had a bear.  
I've often seen her little lamb;  
I've never seen her bare.  
Mary had a little lamb  
She fed it just on crackers,  
Every time it jumped the fence  
It landed on its knackers.  
Mary had a little lamb  
She got two years for  
Perverting a minor  
And 10 for bestiality.  
Mary had a little skirt  
Split right up the side  
And every time that Mary moved  
You saw right up her thighs.  
Mary had another skirt  
Split right up the front  
And every time that Mary moved  
You saw right up her cunt.  
Mary had a little lamb  
The doctor was surprised  
But when MacDonald had a farm  
He couldn't believe his eyes.  
Mary had a little Lamb,  
She took it to the zoo,  
It got raped by an elephant  
And had a kangaroo.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
She couldn't stop it crying;  
So she kicked it in the ass one day,  
And sent it fucking flying.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
Forever it was gluing.

Making models of its friends,  
In strange positions, screwing.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
It didn't have a willy.  
Mary made a big mistake,  
In calling this lamb Billy.  
When Mary had a little lamb,  
It created some division;  
It was not what she'd expected,  
And shocked the obstetrician.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
A giraffe and zebra too,  
By the time she'd finished,  
She'd fucked the whole damn zoo.  
Mary had a little lamb  
And now I've had enough  
Of this stupid girl called Mary  
And her woolly bit of muff.  
Mary had a little lamb;  
She fed it kerosene.  
The little lamb sat near the fire;  
Since then, it's not been seen.  
(benzine)  
Mary had a little lamb;  
Its fleece was black as coal.  
Mary's not too very bright;  
She really had a mole.  
Mary had a soccer lamb,  
Who played goalie a lot.  
It let the ball get through its legs  
And now it's in the pot.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
It leapt around in  
hops.  
It gamboled on the road one day,  
And ended up as chops.  
Mary had a little lamb;  
She also had a tranny. (transvestite)  
And when she turned the music on,  
The lamb would lick her fanny.  
Mary had a little lamb;  
It had a touch of colic.  
She gave it brandy twice a day  
And now it's alcoholic.  
Mary had a little lamb;  
Its fleece was scarlet red.  
The reason for this color  
Was the pickaxe in his head.  
Mary had a little lamb;  
Its feet were black as ink,





u□

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\masturb3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leBGL1CF

# Pecker Pulling Blues

(llewtraH)

Papa caught me in the loft, I'd just finished jacking off,

And he grabbed me by my leg and pulled me down.

Papa said, "You goddamn fool, stop this playing with your tool,

And I'll take you to the whorehouse up in town.

Chorus: If you're playing with your prick, you'd better stop it quick,

It will soon hang down and watch you shine your shoes.

I have fucked my final cow, and I'm in the asylum now;

That's why I've got the pecker pulling blues.

Papa said, "Now just how long have you jerked your fucking dong?"

It has made a lot of fellows climb the walls;

Son, this damned jack-offing bull, it has the asylums full.

They'll put acid on your cock, cut out your balls."

Papa scared me half to death, he was cursing every breath,

And I never had fucked nothing but a cow;

But that practice I had quit 'cause a heifer took a shit

On my prick, and that is why I'm jacking now.

Papa had me running scared; said my palms would grow some hair,

And that all my jacking off would send me mad.

Maybe I should use my tool for target practice on a mule,

If my pecker pulling riled by good old dad.

Then he said, "Now son, don't cry.

Listen up, I'll tell you why,

I'll take you to the best red-light house around.

There's a lady, Annabelle, she will make your pecker swell;

Get your had and coat, we're going into town."

We knocked at the whorehouse door, greeted by the madam whore;

She was drinking, I guess whiskey from a glass.

Papa said, "This is my son, and the bastard's twenty-one."

Annabelle, it's time he had a piece of ass."

As she led me to a room, I could smell her cheap perfume,

And she said, "Sweetheart, you must take off your pants."  
When she grabbed me by the cock, it got harder than a rock,  
'Cause to fuck a girl at last I had a chance.  
Then she led me to a stand, an eye-dropper in her hand,  
And she squirted something red into my prick;  
Well, it hurt so goddamn bad that the hardon that I had,  
It was gone and I was stranded up shit creek.  
So she skinned my pecker back, and that bitch began to jack.  
She said, "Honey, you have got a pretty rod;  
Let me get it hard again, then sweetheart, I'll put it in.  
It will feel good when you're shooting off your wad."  
But she couldn't get it hard, though she rubbed the head with lard,  
The bell rang, and she said, "I have to go!  
Babe, your goddamn jacking off, it has made your pecker soft.  
Pay your bill and then you motherfucker, blow!"  
Left the whorehouse in a daze, been pecker-pulling since them days,  
First I got hairy palms and then went blind.  
I'm in the asylum now, can't get sheep and can't get cow.  
I'm just pecker-pulling just until I lose my mind.

Masturbation

(llewtraH)

Tune: Funiculi, Funicula

His:

Last night I laid awake and masturbated,  
It felt so good, I knew it would.  
Last night I laid awake and masturbated,  
It felt so nice, I did it twice.  
You should have seen me on the short strokes,  
It felt so grand, I used my hand.  
You should have seen me on the long strokes,  
It felt so neat, I used my feet.  
Slam it, ram it, throw it on the floor,  
Wrap it around the bed post, slam it in the door.  
Some people think that fornication is so neat,  
But I would rather stay at home, and calmly beat my meat.

Hers:

Last night, I laid and masturbated,  
It did me good, I knew it would.  
All night, the bed springs they vibrated,  
I thinks it's canny, to rub my fanny.  
You should have seen me on the short strokes,  
It felt so grand, I used my hand.  
You should have seen me on the long strokes,  
Around and round, and up and down.  
Eased it, teased it, slid along the floor,  
Rubbed it, scrubbed it, tickled it to the core.  
Some people say that being fucked is very grand,  
But for personal enjoyment, I would rather use her hand.

Masturbata

(llewtraH)

Tune: The Macarena

Sitting in my house, and I know that I'm alona,  
Feeling kinda horny, got a jingle in my bona.  
Go and grab a Penthouse it's the one with Sharon Stona.  
Hey Masturbata!  
I go a little faster and its feeling kind of nicea,  
Once ain't enough so I have to do it twicea.  
If you wanna spank the monkey I can give you good advicea.  
Hey Masturbata!  
I use some baby oil or a little Vaseline,  
Laying down a towel so I keep my carpet cleana.  
Never shake my hand cause you don't know where its beena  
Hey Masturbata!  
I do it in the car when I'm driving down the streeta,  
One hand on the wheel and the others on my meata.  
I can't get out the car cause I'm sticking to the seata.  
Hey Masturbata!  
Since I was a kid I have been a Masturbata,  
Choke the chicken, hum the knob, squeezing the tomata.  
I've looked at Ms. November now I'm gonna decorate her.  
Hey Masturbata!  
Buffing the banana, Mr. Lizard shaking bacon,  
Pounding on the flounder and its mayonnaise I'm makinga.  
Spank the frank, wax the carrot, god my hand is achinga.  
Hey Masturbata!  
Hey, Masturbator!  
(llewtraH)

Tune: The Macarena

If you're feeling kinda horny, want to set your semen free,  
Stop spankin' on your monkey, babe, and let me climb your tr  
Why come inside your hand when you can come inside of me?  
Hey, Masturbator!  
I'm moister than your Vaseline, I'm smoother than your hand,  
I'll lick and suck and swallow for as long as you can stand.  
I'll ride your rod straight up to Mars and cry out when we l  
Hey, Masturbator!  
For quick, dependable relief, my hand is always there;  
I'll love myself for hours, fondling tits and cunt with flai  
But when I really want some fun, it's better as a pair!  
Hey, Masturbator!

Masturbation Song

(llewtraH)  
You don't need to use a condom;  
You don't need a dental dam.  
You don't need to say "I Love You",  
Or "Here's fifty dollars, Ma'am."  
Don't need to spring for dinner,  
Or wear all that sexy stuff.  
All you need's a set of fingers  
And a wanker or a muff.

'Cause everybody's doin' it,  
All across the land.  
Masturbators Of America,  
Give yourselves a gentle hand.  
It's natural, and organic;  
It's easy and it's fun.  
If you don't know how to do it,  
Ask your parents how it's done.  
You don't need a special licence;  
You don't need a special skill.  
Just unzip and slip your grip  
Between your hips and get a thrill  
'Cause everybody's doin' it,  
And it feels so very grand.  
Masturbators of America,  
Give yourselves a gentle hand.  
You can do it in the bathroom  
You can do it in your bed  
You can do it at a concert  
While you watch the Grateful Dead.  
You can rub it with some lotion  
You can stroke it with a cloth  
Arnold Shwartzenegger pounds it,  
Michael Jackson jacks it off.  
Your attitude will soften,  
Your hirizons will expand.  
Masturbators of America,  
Give yourself a gentle hand.  
Masturbation (Fornication)  
(llewtraH)  
Tune: Alouette  
By Danny Ross Taylor,  
Chorus: Masturbation, I love masturbation,  
Masturbation, I love to masturbate.  
Leader:  
How I like to choke my chicken,  
Pack:  
Yes, he likes to choke his chicken,  
Leader:  
Choke my chicken,  
Pack:  
Choke his chicken,  
Leader:  
Masturbate,  
Pack:  
Masturbate,  
Leader:  
How I like to spank my monkey,  
Pack:  
How he likes to spank his monkey,

Leader:  
Spank my monkey,  
Pack:  
Spank his monkey,  
Leader:  
Choke my chicken,  
Pack:  
Choke his chicken,  
Leader:  
Masturbate,  
Pack:  
Masturbate,  
Other verses:  
Lope my mule  
Rub my nub  
Whip my lizard  
Swat my twat  
Spank my pony  
Tease the beaver  
Flog my log  
Stroke my snatch  
Clutch my crotch  
Tap my gap  
Beat my meat  
Pull my pony  
Yank my chain  
Use three fingers  
Moan and jerk  
Change Chorus & Verses To:  
Fornication, I love fornication,  
Fornication, I love to fornicate.  
Leader:  
How I like to be on top,  
Pack:  
Yes, she likes to be on top  
Leader:  
Be on top,  
Pack:  
Be on top,  
Leader:  
Fornicate,  
Pack:  
Fornicate,  
Other verses:  
Do it standing up  
Hide the salami  
Drive it deep  
Bark like a dog  
Bump and grind  
Pump and hump

Grind her mound  
Give jungle love  
Do it in the dirt

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\mathus-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c ␣M␣B=L1C<

Methusalem The Harlot of Jerusalem  
chorus: Hi ho Methusalem, the harlot of Jerusalem,  
Hi ho Methusalem, the daughter of the rabbi.  
In Jerusalem there lived a maid,  
Who often plied a whorey trade,  
A prostitute of ill repute,  
The daughter of the rabbi.  
When the army marched through Palestine,  
They carried her along as a concubine,  
Outside her tent was a hell of a line,  
Of the horny sons of Jerusalem.  
When the Jewish Army came to town,  
The price went up, and she went down.  
She spent the furlough on the ground,  
The Harlot of Jerusalem.  
She had a crack that would contract,  
To fit the tool of any fool.  
She never failed to make them drool,  
The Harlot of Jerusalem.  
Methusalem's cunt was rough and red,  
For forty years it had not bled,  
And it smelled as though it had been dead,  
Since the founding of Jerusalem.  
Methusalem was a sly old bitch,  
A dirty whore, a fucking bitch,  
Who maketh all the pricks to twitch,  
In the city of Jerusalem.  
She fucked the he's, she fucked the she's,  
She fucked the birds, she fucked the bee's,  
She even fucked a cedar tree,  
The Harlot of Jerusalem.  
There stood a giant nine feet tall,  
Who with his prick could break a wall,  
He knew because he tried on all,  
The whores in old Jerusalem.  
One day while coming from a spree,  
Hardon customarily,  
He chanced to spy beneath a tree,  
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

With beckoning eye and beckoning look,  
She led him to a shady nook,  
And there from out his pants she took,  
The pride of all Jerusalem.  
He laid her down upon the grass,  
Aimed his pecker at her ass,  
And tremblingly he made a pass,  
At the twat of old Methusalem.  
But the bastard, he was underslung,  
He missed her hole and hit her bung,  
And he didn't stop till he felt the dung,  
In the asshole of Methusalem.  
But Methusalem well she knew her art,  
She held her breath and blew a fart,  
And blew him like a bloody dart,  
Over the walls of old Jerusalem.  
And when the moon is bright and red,  
A tattered form sailed overhead,  
And rained curses down upon the bed,  
Of the brazen bitch, Mathusalem.  
Now the bastard's down in hell,  
They say he's doing rather well,  
And you can tell him by the smell,  
Of the asshole of Methusalem.  
In later years she bore a brat,  
A dirty filthy fucking rat,  
Who masturbated with a cat,  
The Harlot of Jerusalem.  
(From Squaw Valley, 1954)  
And though she fucked for many a year,  
Of pregnancy she had no fear,  
She washed her passage out with beer,  
The Harlot of Jerusalem.  
Now in a hovel by the wall,  
A student lived with but one ball,  
Who'd been through all, or nearly all  
The harlots in Jerusalem.  
His phallic art was lean and tall,  
His phallic art caused all to fall,  
And victims lined the wailing wall,  
That goes around Jerusalem.  
It was for her no fortune good,  
That he should need to root his pud,  
And choose her out of all the brood,  
Of harlots in Jerusalem.  
For though he paid his women well,  
This syphilitic spawn of hell,  
Struck down each year and tolled the bell  
For ten harlots of Jerusalem.  
Forth from the town he took the slut,

For 'twas his whim always to rut,  
By the Salvation Army Hut,  
Outside of Old Jerusalem.

With artful eye and leering look,  
He took out from its filthy nook,  
His penis twisted like a crook  
The Pride of Old Jerusalem.

He leaned the whore against the slum,  
And tied her at the knee and bum,  
Knowing where the strain would come,  
Upon the fair Mathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bum,  
And rattling like a Lewis Gun,  
He sowed the seed of many a son,  
Into the fair Mathusalem.

It was a sight to make you sick,  
To hear him grunt so fast and quick,  
While grinding with his crooked prick,  
The womb of fair Mathusalem.

Then up there came an Onanite,  
With warty prick besmeared with shite,  
He'd sworn that he would goal that night,  
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

He loathed the art of copulation,  
For his delight was masturbation,  
And with a spurt of cruel elation,  
He saw the whore Mathusalem.

So when he saw the grunting pair,  
With roars of rage he rent the air,  
And vowed that he would soon take care,  
Of the Harlot of Jerusalem.

Upon the earth he found a stick,  
To which he fastened half a brick.  
And took a swipe at the mighty prick  
Of the student of Jerusalem.

He seized the bastard by his crook,  
With a single furious look,  
And flung him over Kedrun's brook,  
That babbles past Jerusalem.

The student gave a furious roar,  
And rucked to even up the score,  
And with his swollen prick did bore,  
The cunt of fair Mathusalem.

And reeling full of rage and fight,  
He pushed the bastard Onanite,  
And rubbed his face the awful shite,  
The foulest in all Jerusalem.

Mathusalem well she knew her art,  
She held her breath and blew a fart,  
That sent him flying like a dart,



High above Old Jerusalem.  
And buzzing like a bumblebee,  
He flew straight out towards the sea,  
But caught his arsehole in a tree,  
That grows in Old Jerusalem  
And to this day you still can see,  
His arsehole hanging from that tree,  
Let that to you a warning be,  
When passing through Jerusalem.  
And when the moon is bright and red,  
A castrated form sails overhead,  
Still raining curses on the head,  
Of the Harlot of Jerusalem.  
As for the student and his lass,  
Many a playful night did pass,  
Until she joined a V.D. class,  
For harlots of Jerusalem.  
She lived beneath the palace walls,  
And 'round the wall were hung with balls  
Of every cock who'd tried to root  
The harlot of Jerusalem.  
There came a man from Palestine,  
My God! He was a Frankenstein,  
He thought he'd have himself a time  
With the harlot of Jerusalem.  
It was a fact she had a crack  
With hair so thick it could contract  
To fit the tool of any fool,  
Who fucked in old Jerusalem.  
The boys would come for miles around,  
Just to ride her up and down;  
She only charged them half a crown,  
The harlot of Jerusalem.  
Away he flew across the sea,  
Across the sea of Galilee,  
And caught his bollocks in a tree,  
Three leagues beyond Jerusalem.  
And there he hang unto this day,  
And seen by all who pass this way.  
The silly ape who tried to rape  
The harlot of Jerusalem.  
Our hero rising from his plight,  
Got the Onanite, the bloody shite,  
And stuffed him up with all his might  
The harlot of Jerusalem  
It was a sight to make you sick,  
To hear him grunt so fast and quick,  
Ass he tore with his crooked dick,  
The womb of fair Mathusalem  
And buzzing like a bumblebee,

He flew straight out towards the sea,  
But caught his arsehole in a tree,  
That grows in old Jerusalem.  
As he flew on and out of sight,  
He did find that to his delight.  
The legs still wrapped around him tight,  
The harlot of Jerusalem.  
And as he flew so fancy free,  
His balls did catch upon a tree,  
And there they hang for all to see,  
The shame of all Jeruslaem  
As for the student and his lass,  
Many a playful night did pass,  
Until she joined a VD class,  
For harlots in Jerusalem.  
She gave birth to illigits,  
Little shits with swinging tits,  
Who sold their slits for thrupence bits,  
The harlots of Jerusalem.

Kafoozelum

(llewtraH)

Oscar Brand (c)

This is a sanitised version.  
In ancient days there lived a Turk,  
A horrid beast within the East,  
He did the prophet's holy work,  
As Baba of Jerusalem.  
He had a daughter sweet and fair,  
Complexion clear with dark blue hair,  
Not a daughter like the Turk  
Except her name, Kafoozelum.  
Chorus: Hi ho Kafoozelum  
Fairest of Jerusalem  
Hi ho Kafoozelum  
Daughter of the Baba.  
A youth resided near to she,  
His name was Sam, a perfect lamb.  
He came of Ancient pedigree,  
Descended of Methusalum  
He has a trade and prospered well  
In skins of cats and ancient hats  
And ringing of the Baba's bell;  
He saw and loved Kafoozelum,  
If Sam had been a Mussulman,  
He might've sold the Baba old,  
And with a verse of Al Koran  
Have managed to bamboozle him;  
But he was forced to lie and scheme,  
And one night late he climbed the gate  
To steal into the Turks hareem,

And carry off Kafoozelum.  
 The Baba had laid down to smoke,  
 His slaves rushed in with fearful din,  
 "Marsh Allah dogs your house have broke  
 Come my lord and toozle them"  
 The Baba murmured softly, "Mice?"  
 He climbed the stair and witnessed there,  
 A gentleman behatted thrice  
 A-sitting with Kafoozelum.  
 The pious Baba said no more,  
 Than twenty prayers and went upstairs;  
 He took a bowstring from his drawer,  
 Returning to Kafoozelum.  
 The maiden and the youth he took  
 Choked them both and nothing loath  
 He threw the two inside the brook  
 Of Kedron near Jerusalem.  
 And still the ancient legend goes,  
 When day is gone from Lebanon,  
 When the eastern moonlight throws  
 A shadow on Jerusalem...  
 Between the wailing of the cats,  
 A sound there falls from ruined Walls.  
 A ghost is seen in three old hats  
 Kissing his Kafoozelum.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\mcgrew-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;  
 2B=L1C<  
 Cornholed Dan McGrew  
 A bunch of the boys were whooping it up,  
 In one of the Yukon halls,  
 And the man who was cranking the music box,  
 Was warily scratching his balls.  
 The Faro Kid had his hand on the teats  
 Of the lady known as Lou,  
 And there on the floor, on top of a whore,  
 Lay Dangerous Dan McGrew.  
 And out of the night that was black as a bitch,  
 And into the din and the smoke,  
 Strode a rusty old prick with a crick in his dick,  
 And a rusty old load in his poke.  
 His pants were all slit and covered with shit,  
 That looked like the white of an egg.  
 His balls hung low and swung to and fro,

Every time he moved his leg.  
In his rugged old clothes he stood ready to hose  
Any bitch who wandered his way.  
He beat on his meat, a most talented feat,  
And shouted he wanted to play.  
His face was as red as a baboon's ass,  
And the passion within it burned.  
He pulled out his cock and displayed it about,  
And everyone's asshole squirmed.  
As he shouldered his way through the fleabitten crowd,  
He clutched the crotch of his pants.  
He looked like a man with a dose of the clap,  
And the last stage of St. Vitus dance.  
The lights went out, I dropped to the floor,  
As the stranger sprang in the dark.  
With sighs and moans and farts and groans,  
His donknicker found its mark.  
The wind it blew and the shit it flew,  
As I looked 'bout the darkened room,  
There on the floor, on top of the whore,  
Three forms were stacked in the gloom.  
The lights came on, the stranger rose,  
His cock hung limber and blue,  
And there on the floor, on top of the whore,  
Lay cornholed Dan McGrew.  
(Woodland 1948)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\mechdog3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶IB=L1C<

Freddie Bloor's Mechanical Dog  
This is the sad tale of Freddie Bloor's mutt;  
It had silicon balls and a bionic butt.  
One day the poor creature sat down on a drain;  
Its balls fell through the slots, it could not rise again.  
Fred pulled at its lead, but its rump was stuck fast,  
And he could not remove the grate from its ass.  
So with grate attached, they limped off to the vet,  
And gave him a sight he would never forget.  
By now the dog's balls were swollen and sore,  
Its tail had gangrene, its dick was rubbed raw,  
But from Freddie the vet took his inspiration,  
And treated the mutt to the same operation.  
First two silicon balls, though that was aesthitic,  
The other attachments were more than cosmetic.  
First a bionic dick, with batteries fitted,

Then with bionic tail was Freddie's dog knitted.  
The dog was content with its prosthetic balls,  
Though the bionic tale knocked great holes in the walls.  
Each time it was wagged, it was just like a knife,  
Cutting through trees like a powerful scythe.  
And the bionic dick turned into a beast,  
As it shagged to exhaustion each bitch in heat.  
With Great Dane or Chihuahua his dog tried it's luck,  
Left them prostrated from its motorized fuck.  
And when in the street, this motorised mutt  
Got annoyed when a dog came to sniff at its butt;  
It lopped off their nose with a flick of its tail,  
And gave them twelve volts, they backed off without fail.  
The dog was most pleased with its motorised stuff;  
The tail, balls and pecker appeared quite enough.  
And whenever it cocked its leg up for a pee,  
The jet drilled a hole in a lamp-post or tree.  
One day, with leg cocked, he started to piss.  
The jet hit the lamp-post which started to hiss.  
A great surge of current shot straight up the stream,  
Turning it into a cloud of gold steam.  
The lamp-post was faulty with wiring laid bare,  
Smoke and steam rose in clouds into the air.  
The stream of piss conducted electricity,  
Which shorted the bionic dicks complex circuitry.  
It stood on three legs, its bladder relieving,  
The current it took was quite past believing.  
Until it stopped pissing, it got shock after shock,  
As the surges of power sizzled its cock.  
The curcuits burned out, the tail started to thrash;  
Back and forth like a whip that appendage thrashed.  
A passing pedestrian took several blows,  
Chopped off at the knees as it thrashed to and fro.  
Electricity crackled and the silicon balls  
Exploded like bombs and demolished two walls.  
By the time it quit pissing, the dog's dick was fried;  
The current stopped flowing but the dog was cross-eyed.  
The vet fixed it back up, made it dog-like again,  
But when it sees lamp-posts, it cowers in shame.  
And whenever Fred's dog has to stop for a piss,  
It won't cock it's leg up, but squats like a bitch.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\mg-song3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The MG Song  
(llewtraH)

Away in an MG, no room for my legs;  
My lips are all swollen from giving her head;  
I've cramps in both kneecaps, the stick shift obstructs;  
If I had a big car, I might get a fuck.  
We can't go to her place, her husband objects;  
My wife she would kill me for illicit sex;  
So it's here in my MG, the windows steamed up;  
If it had a back seat, I might get a fuck.  
There isn't a back seat; it's cramped in the front.  
The stick shift prevenets me, I can'tget in her cunt.  
She can't go down on me, the wheel it obstructs;  
If it weren't for the stick shift, I might get a fuck.  
I asked for a blow job, but the car's steering wheel,  
Means she gets cunnilingus, all I get's a feel.  
The MG is flashy, but I'm down in my luck.  
If it was more roomy, I might get a fuck.  
She does not fancy sex with the gear-stick.  
But it's all I can offer 'cause she can't reach my dick.  
She can give me a hand job, but the bloody thing sucks;  
When you have a two-seater, you can't get a fuck.  
I need an estate car with fold-down back seats;  
I wouldn't get back-ache and she'd get my meat.  
But it's here in my MG with windows steamed up;  
If I had a big car, I might get a fuck.  
But I wanted a sports car, as flashy as hell --  
Fast and exciting to attract all the girls.  
Now I want a Ford Transit, as common as muck,  
'Cause there's room in the back for a bloody good fuck!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\minedik3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Alleluia, Mine the Penis  
Alleluia, mine the penis  
Mine the scrotum, mine the balls;  
Alleluia, mine the ramrod,  
Mine the mighty reaming tool.  
Hark!  
The sound of semen coming,  
Thunders like a mighty flood,  
Penis quivers in a mighty spasm,  
Shoot my load in a great flood.  
Alleluia, not as eunuch,  
As I left in sorrow now,  
Alleluia, he is still stiff,  
Just take him, don't question how.  
Though a cunt from sight it hides him,

'Til my five minutes are o'er.  
 My lover they know his promise,  
 To be ready in five more.  
 Alleluia, mine the penis,  
 Rises full nine inches high,  
 Alleluia, watch him squirting,  
 Till he grows quite limp and dies.  
 Oh, what joy to have a penis,  
 Fount of love and sex and joy.  
 Oh, what fun to have a pecker,  
 Every woman's favorite toy!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\mistres3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

["BGL1CF

Character Of A Mistress

(llewtraH)

\*-----

My mistress is a shuttlecock composed of cork and feathers;  
 Each battledore sits on her deck and bumps her on the leather,  
 But cast her off which way you will, she recoils to another.  
 Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.  
 My mistress is a tennis ball composed of cotton fine;  
 She's often struck against the wall and banded underline,  
 But if you would her wish fulfil You'd pop her in the hazard still.  
 Fa la la etc.  
 My mistress is a virginal, and little cost will string her.  
 She's often reared against the wall for any man to finger,  
 But if you would my mistress please you'd run division on her knees.  
 Fa la la etc.  
 My mistress is a cunny fine and of the finest skin  
 And if you'd care to open her, the best part lies within.  
 Yet in her cunny burrow may, two tumblers and a ferret play.  
 Fa la la etc.  
 My mistress is a tinder box, would I had such a one.  
 Her steel endureth many a knock both by the flint and stone.  
 And if you stir the tinder much the match will fire at the touch.  
 Fa la la etc.  
 But why should I my mistress call a shuttlecock or bauble,  
 A virginal, or tennis ball?  
 Which things are variable,  
 But to commend I'll say no more: my mistress is an arrant whore.  
 Fa la la etc.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\model-t3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

In The Shade Of The Old Model T  
In the shade of the old Model T,  
'Twas there she first showed it to me.  
If was hairy and black,  
And she called it her crack,  
But it looked like a manhole to me.  
So I pulled out my telephone pole,  
And shoved it into her manhole.  
She let out a scream,  
When I gave her the cream,  
In the shade of the old Model T.  
(Squaw Valley 1960)  
(learned from Rich Dewitt Berkeley 1960)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\monicas3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶B=L1C<

Monica Lewinsky's Song  
I've been licking all night and he's ready to come;  
My tongue's getting tired and my lips are all numb.  
The President's yelling and comes on my dress;  
No drycleaner's going to clean up that mess.  
When he gets lovey and the pressure's too much,  
I kneel before him; for I like to suck.  
We are not needing Hillary at all;  
Oral sex isn't so much sex at all.  
Ken Starr is just playing some other nice game;  
For Tripp told him stories, and now that's a shame.  
President Clinton has me hypnotised,  
He spoke so in court; did he tell any lies?  
Then things went flakey, "Impeach" was the cry!  
Was it real sex, or was it perjury.  
We are not needing Hillary at all;  
Oral sex isn't so much sex at all.  
In the Oval Office, I am much impressed  
With Presidential seed all over my dress.  
It's down in my closet and hidden away;  
But the lab took it to look for DNA.  
Then Linda Tripp sang a very loud song;  
And will the court say that Clinton was wrong.  
We are not needing Hillary at all;  
For oral sex isn't so much sex at all.



C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\monkren3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le"B=L1C<

Monk Of Great Renown

(llewtrah)

There was a monk of great renown,  
There was a monk of great renown,  
There was a monk of great renown,  
Who shagged an innocent maid from town.

Chorus: The old sod, the sod,  
The bugger deserved to die.  
His brother monks they cried in shame,  
So he turned her over and fucked her again.

He met another by the mill,  
And fucked and fucked her up the hill.  
He met another in the hay,  
And put her in the family way.  
He took her to the Abbot's bed,  
And fucked and fucked till she was dead.  
But when the Abbot cried, "Amen,"  
He fucked her back to life again.

His brother monks to stop his frolics,  
Put a nail through his cock and cut off his bollocks.  
And now the moral I will tell,  
And now the moral I will tell,  
When all the world just feels like hell,  
Just fuck and fuck till all is well.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\moonbri3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Moon Shone Bright

The moon shone bright on the nipple of her teat,  
As the old man screwed her, with a brace and bit.  
Oh, she wriggled her ass, and she shit on the floor,  
And the wind from her ass blew the cat out the door.  
(UC @ Davis 1950 from Clayton Finch)  
Fucked ninety-eight and his balls turned blue,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\morgcol3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;ä¶B=L1C<

The Downfall Of Morgan Coltrane  
(llewtraH)

From the howling storm and into the warm,  
Out of the driving rain,  
Into the single barroom of the town's saloon,  
Strode lusty Morgan Coltrane.

The noise was loud from the motley crowd,  
Who loitered near the bar.

Aand a dozen whores walked the sawdust floor,  
Plying their dubious charms.  
In the wake Morgan left, there were women bereft,  
Of husband and honor, both.  
He'd taken his fun at the point of a gun,  
And sowed his very wild oats.

The women knew Morgan's pendulous organ,  
Was plied with vigor and vim;  
His fucking tool spelled the bloody downfall  
Of many a virgin quim.

He needed no urgin' to deflower a virgin,  
'Twas barely a challenge, he knew.

And he didn't feel shame in not knowing the names  
Of women he pierced with that tool.

There's no doubting the power of that fleshy tower,  
That sprang like a tree from his thighs.

Unequaled in length, in circumference, strength,  
And bloody indecent in size.  
His prehensile length boasted great tensisle strength;  
Like tempered steel was that cock.

It hung to his knees; he could flex it with ease;  
And when it was hard, it was rock.

In haybarns or beds, he took maidenheads,  
Impaled on the point of that mast.

And no one could thwart his fuckin blood-sport;  
The hymens they fell thick and fast.  
That bloody great tool was the shameful downfall  
Of many an unsullied maid.

As he rammed in his cock into each unplumbed quim,  
He proclaimed it a virgin well laid.  
With no flicker of guilt, it was rammed to the hilt,  
Wham-bam, thank you ma'am, he was gone.

But he hadn't yet laid this tavern's barmaid,  
And for Mona his lusting was strong.

In all of the land, no good man could stand,  
No husband or father protect;  
The maids he had shamed and men cursed his name,  
Throughout the wide lawless West.

Morgan would even shaft a cow, heifer or calf,  
A mustang, an elk, or a steer.  
Methodically working his way through the herd,  
If there were no women near.  
On the cattle trail, the cows kept their tails  
Clamped very tight against their butts.  
And even the steers had a great mortal fear  
Of Morgan's desire to fuck.  
He was feeling down when he rode into town;  
Luckless, fuckless and sad.  
And when he felt this grim, the prospect of quim  
Made Morgan's black heart grow glad.  
Into dry creek he rode, dismounted and strode  
Through the tavern's swinging doors;  
Into the saloon with its single barroom,  
In search of a drink and a whore.  
Covered in dust, his mind full of lust,  
His boots all covered with shite.  
He was saddle-sore and he needed a whore  
To ride him all through the night.  
Morgan winked at Joanna, playing piano,  
In the corner of that dingy bar,  
Then his eyes came to rest on the milky-white breasts  
Of that goodd-time girl, Mona.  
He walked with a swagger, determined to shag her;  
His eyes were smoldering coals;  
His lips set in a sneer that men learned to fear,  
But this time her snatch was his goal.  
His hair was swept back, though a forelock hung slack,  
Down to his bushy dark brows.  
Between hollowed cheeks, his sharp nose was a beak,  
That made him resemble a crow.  
His eyes were ashine, but were cruel, not kind,  
And his fingers they twitched at his belt;  
As he longed to release his great one-eyed beast,  
That inside his dusty pants dwelt.  
Despite sexual antics, his ways were pedantic;  
He liked to split hairs and find fault.  
But Mona's perfection gave him an erection,  
By her his attention was caught.  
Now Mona was famed as a girl on the game,  
Though no cowhand could tell you why.  
And thus Morgan planned to sink his throbbing gland,  
In the place between Mona's thighs.  
Morgan began to itch for the scent of that bitch,  
And his tool began to swell.  
The tip went scarlet and he thought of that harlot,  
And how she'd be fucked to Hell.  
In his rugged old clothes, he was ready to hose  
That bitch if she walked his way.

Her ass looked so neat and it stiffened his meat,  
A sure sign that it needed to play.  
It would fit in that whore like a key in a door,  
So with a sly smile on his face,  
He walked to the bar, his pole already hard,  
Anticipating the chase.  
He reached the counter and wanted to mount her;  
He could smell her musky odor.  
He got a big throb in his swelling knob,  
And his ballocks came close to exploding.  
Morgan licked his chops and leaned on the top  
Of the bar, aswill with whisky.  
Mona's hips swayed, her sweet smile was gay;  
Morgan was feeling quite frisky.  
Mona was fair, except for facial hair,  
Which Morgan saw as he leered;  
And above her top lip was a hairy strip,  
And on her cheeks was a beard.  
Mona's hairy ears nearly moved him to tears,  
And the hairy nasal tufts  
Looked so appealing, coquettishly teasing,  
As Morgan stroked his bulging crotch.  
At five feet tall, she was kind of small,  
And at the waist quite stout.  
Her tits were flat; her ass was fat;  
Her expression was a sullen pout.  
Above her breasts, he could see her chest  
Was covered in stubbly prickles.  
And here and there, little sprigs of chest hair,  
Looked like a wild hog's bristles.  
She had pits and pocks around her chops,  
And unconsciously she picked  
At scab-crusts spots (like rampant smallpox),  
And squeezed the pus from her zits.  
He almost went pale, when with her fingernail,  
Something globby and green  
From her nose she plucked -- and then she sucked  
Her nose-picking finger quite clean.  
After sucking that snot, she spat, and it shot  
Into some cowhand's beer filled glass.  
The man didn't notice the booger that floated,  
And drank the lot down in one draught.  
Thus captivated, Morgan wouldn't be sated  
The he'd torn away her frock,  
Thrown her down on the floor and ripped off her drawers,  
And ravished her with his hungry cock.  
In a trance, he gazed at her sallow face,  
With a beauty all fo its own.  
Her lips, thin and pink a peculiar stick,  
Made his prong as rigid as bone.

When she touseled her mane, Morgan Coltrane  
Saw the steady fall of dandruff,  
But his only thought was of sinking his pork  
In Mona's hot hairy muff.  
In her satin thrills, Mona sent thrills  
Through Morgan's aching heart;  
Her corset creaked and from beneath  
Came a resounding fart.  
Her squinting eyes brought breathless sighs  
To the lips of a hot-blooded male,  
Who'd spent five or six weeks out in the skicks,  
Riding a dusty trail.  
Through Injun Pass, staring at the ass  
Of a bunch of longhorn steers,  
A long hot ride, and no company aside  
From a group of cowboy queers.  
Compared to the rear of a longhorn steer,  
Mona really looked a treat,  
From her greasy locks to her facial spots,  
To the hobnailed shoes on her feet.  
Morgan needed a lay or a roll in the hay,  
With a barmaid or painted whore.  
His dick was firm; it began to squirm,  
Because Mona looked like she would score.  
She coyly smiled; Morgan was beguiled;  
She poured a glass of brandy.  
He downed it in one; his thoughts turned to fun;  
He began to feel very randy.  
"Mona, my dear, what are you doing here --  
A girl of so much fine finesse,  
In a sordid saloon, an attractive woman,  
In such a poor shabby dress?"  
In tones husky, like hinges gone rusty,  
And a gleam in her bloodshot eyes,  
"I'm working here, serving whisky and beer,  
Till I get me a man," she replied.  
"Just take a seat and rest your feet;  
Watch Mandy mincing by;  
With ash-pale tresses and low-cut dresses,  
She's a sight for any guy.  
Mandy minced passed the bar, stubbed out her cigar,  
Breathed out a cloud of blue smoke.  
"Well, Hi there stranger, if you're looking for danger,  
Why don't you give me a poke?"  
Morgan avidly stared, but then Mona glared;  
The attraction was mutual, he knew.  
And while he felt randy, it wasn't for Mandy,  
But for Mona, his intended screw.  
He sat down on a barrel, and with a voice like gravel,  
His throat dry as the local creek,

He said that, quite blunt, he desired a cunt,  
'Cause he hadn't fucked for over six weeks.  
She served him a drink, and her cheeks blushed pink;  
Her smile was coy and shy.  
The cowboys all told how she couldn't be rolled,  
And Morgan was wondering why.  
He made them a bet that he'd make her wet,  
And then spear her with his horn --  
Even is she was tight or she put up a fight;  
On his honor this oath he'd sworn.  
He'd fuck her sore till she was bleeding and raw,  
And her cunt was two inches wider.  
And she would be porked until she couldn't walk,  
When he rammed that prick inside her.  
His sex-starved knob began to throb,  
At the sight of Mona's bare arm.  
He needed to tussle with a girl with muscles,  
So he turned on all of his charm.  
The hair on her arm had its own sweet charm;  
It curled from her hands and her fingers.  
His cock continued to swell at her sweaty smell,  
And the way her B.O. lingered.  
When he'd first seen Mona, he wanted to roll her,  
So he slapped his dough on the bar.  
"How about a private room, above this cheap saloon,  
Somewhere we can go, dear Mona?"  
She tossed her greasy hair, pointing at the stairs;  
In excitement Morgan swallowed.  
Then that ccoy vixen led, Morgan Coltrane up to bed,  
And in indecent haste did he follow.  
The barroom whore bolted the bedroom door,  
And Morgan stared at her chest.  
And then hands he placed right on the lace  
That was holding up all of her dress.  
Eager to please, she sank to her knees,  
And unlaced Morgan's trews.  
She sucked on the cock that was hard as a rock,  
Untill all of his face turned blue.  
Her tongue was skilled and Morgan thrilled  
To the expert blow job she gave.  
But though she sucked, he still wanted to fuck,  
That kneeling tavern maid.  
Her mobile tongue flicked, caressed and licked;  
It nearly wrought destruction.  
It was an act of will to avoid the thrill  
Of submitting to that suction.  
With calm practiced ease, the saloon girl teased;  
Brought him right to the brink and then stopped.  
She caressed his bollocks throughout these frolics,  
And ran her lips over his cock.

His dick sank deep between her teeth,  
And halfway down her throat,  
Before he pulled back, before he blew his stack,  
Or before she began to choke.  
Then she kneaded his glans with practiced hands,  
Rolling it like a cigar.  
"You've given me head, now lie on the bed,  
And I'll show you what it really is for.  
Though I like your sucking, I'd rather be fucking;  
I want to sink my prong,  
In the hole of my choice, so deep and so moist,  
And screw you all the night long.  
He felt for her nipples and excited ripples  
Ran from his loins to his heart,  
As he pushed her flat on the bed, on her back,  
And pulled her two knees apart.  
Mona complied and spread her legs wide,  
To give him better access.  
Morgan sought the hole that would swallow his pole,  
Lifting the folds of her dress.  
As she lay on the quilt, Morgan's finger felt  
His way into the fraying frock  
His dreams unravelled as his hot hands traveled,  
And found that Mona had a cock!  
By then Morgan was hot and seeking her twat,  
But somehow it evaded detection.  
For despite frock and curls, Mona was no girl,  
In fact Mona got an erection!  
Morgan's fingers stopped at the stocking tops,  
An inch above her garters.  
For he had found two balls hot and round,  
Which wasn't what he was after.  
What lay in his hand belonged on a man,  
And not to a tavern whore.  
"What's wrong?" Mona asked, her breath coming fast.  
"Haven't you fucked a boy before?"  
But Morgan just screamed, Mona was not what she seemed,  
To his horror and surprise,  
She had a hairy bum, and two hairy plums,  
And no cleft between her thighs.  
The 'maid' from the tavern had no female cavern,  
In which his lust would be slaked.  
Morgan had been tricked by a cross-dressing prick,  
And flushed red from his mistake.  
The painted face and flounced satin and lace,  
Belonged to a transvestite.  
Morgan grabbed his shoes and buttoned up his trews,  
To run back into the night.  
Morgan felt uneasy; he felt ill and queasy;  
He was certain he'd be sick.

He'd been fellated and almost sated,  
When this she-male had sucked his dick.  
"Come back, dear heart, we've hardly started,"  
That she-male did implore.  
I may not have a crack, but come on 'round the back,  
With your tasty double-bore.  
Don't play me for a fool, I've felt you grope my balls,  
Let me fondle your throbbing love-toy,  
So hard as it pressed through the skirt on my dress,  
You know where to put it, big boy!  
I'm a cock in a frock, but there's no need to mock,  
Just because I'm a short fag in drag.  
You think me a runt 'cause I don't have a cunt;  
I've a nice tight hot asshole to shag.  
You'll get to the age when the syphilis rages,  
And the tip of your prick will turn blue;  
When you're tired of life and can't find a wife,  
That's when any boy's ass will do.  
I'm a mixed-up boy want a night of joy,  
I haven't a stunning cunt.  
But sink that hole in my rectal hole,  
And I'll show you some cunning stunts.  
He took one look at the brown-rimmed nook,  
As Mona spread her buttocks wide;  
It was quivering already as she stood rock-steady,  
Inviting Morgan inside.  
"I'd rather fuck a steer than a cross-dressing queer,"  
Said Morgan as Mona grabbed his wrist.  
Said Mona, "We've got this far, it'll fit up my ass.  
If you won't use your cock, use your fist."  
Now a cow was fine, and the thought of a swine  
Or an accomodating mule --  
They were fine for a shag, but no dressed up fag,  
Was getting the length of his tool.  
With his sinking stand and his shoes in his hand,  
He reached for the bold on the door.  
Then Mona's hands grasped at his cheek-clenched ass,  
And they both fell to the floor.  
She pulled as his belt, and in horror he felt  
His pants slip down to his knees.  
"Now, relax, open wide and let me inside,"  
Mona said with evil glee.  
Morgan had ridden for week and his tender cheeks  
Were sore from so long astride.  
He just hadn't the might to clench his butt tight,  
So it was Mona who got the ride.  
His ass felt the spasms of Mona's orgasms;  
The thought that his rectum would split.  
It was sore and abraded from being ram-raided;  
Used for entrance instead of exit.



Like a pipe, he was reamed by the bar's drag-queen,  
 Her hands clamped tight at his waist.  
 Morgan's cock was well used to giving sexual abuse,  
 But till now, his ass had been chaste.  
 Mona's ecstatic moans drowned out his groans,  
 Till somehow he pulled free.  
 The door crashed open, its hinges broken,  
 As Morgan tried to flee.  
 With a lusty holler, Mona swiftly followed;  
 He hitched up her skirt and ran.  
 "Come here my dear, for it is clear,  
 You're just what I want in a man!"  
 "Your hole's nice and snug, just right to be plugged,  
 And I have only just begun.  
 Your virgin bum has depths to be plumbed;  
 Come back and have some fun.  
 Morgan crashed out the door, and he leapt on his horse;  
 He galloped out into the night.  
 Mona picked a nag and jumped onto its back,  
 Chasing Morgan as he took flight.  
 "Now he knows what it's like to be struck by a spike,  
 Just like all the women he shafts.  
 Be unwillingly laid like a ravished young maid,"  
 Said Mandy with venomous laughs.  
 A ginger cat walked uner Mona's horse,  
 And Mona cursed her luck.  
 Mandy looked at the cat, trampled and flat,  
 And said, "Only pussy she's never fucked!"  
 The cuts and abrasions from the recent invasions,  
 Means Morgan sits in the saddle with care.  
 And the cuts and contusions and multiple bruising  
 Make it tough to sit down in a chair.  
 If you see a cowhand, who must ride at the stand,  
 Straight-kneed in the stirrups, cross-eyed --  
 Since Morgan was tugged, he must ride standing up,  
 And not on his aching backside.  
 Now a man will screw with a cow or two,  
 If he cannot find a cunt;  
 When a cowhand's stuck with no whores to fuck,  
 Mona's pleased to bear the brunt.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\mrsmurf3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[e]/B=L1C<  
 Mrs. Murphy  
 (llewtraH)

Give a cheer, give a cheer,  
For the men who drink the beer  
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.  
They are brave, they are bold,  
For the liquor they can hold  
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.  
For it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle  
As they pour it down their muzzle,  
And shout out their orders loud and clear:  
"More beer."  
For it's more, more, more  
As the cops break down the door  
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.  
Won't you put it in your mouth Mrs. Murphy,  
For it only weighs a quarter of a pound.  
It's got hair on its neck like a turkey,  
And it spits when you rub it up and down.  
If I had the wings of an eagle  
And the balls of a hairy baboon,  
I'd fly up to the top of the mountain  
And jack off on the man in the moon.  
Now you say you're still a virgin  
But your cherry's not there anymore.  
So why don't you quit trying to be perfect,  
And do the thing that you're best known for.  
For you've got a throat like Linda Lovelace,  
And a cunt like the great cathouse whore.  
So why not do my pecker a favor,  
And deep throat me on the barroom floor.  
Now we've got a team called (  
) ,  
With peckers as long as a broom.  
So won't you please do your pussy a favor  
And keep us mother fuckers out of your womb.  
We'll eat you, beat you, and mistreat you,  
While we're singing our dirtiest verse.  
Then we'll stick it in your ear and dick you from the rear,  
For that's how we build up our thirst.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\mylovis3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ¶'B=L1C<

My Love Is A Butcher  
(llewtraH)

Chorus: Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig, follow the band,  
Follow the band with my gland in your hand,

Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig, follow the band,  
Follow the band all the way.  
My lover's a butcher, a butcher, a butcher,  
A very fine butcher is he.  
All day he stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage,  
At night he comes home and stuffs me.  
Jockey/rides thoroughbreds/rides me  
Carpenter/whacks nails/whacks me  
Sergeant/chews ass/chews me  
Airline pilot/bores holes/bores me  
Private/eats shit/eats me  
Postman/licks stamps/licks me  
Bus Driver/drives buses/drives me  
Lion Tamer/tames lions/tames me  
Plumber/reams pipes/reams me  
Pianist/tickles ivory/tickles me  
Pimp/beats whores/beats me  
Stool Pigeon/fingers crooks/fingers me  
Policeman/cuffs crooks/cuffs me  
Ropemaker/ties knots/ties me  
Baker/kneads dough/needs me  
Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks me  
Student/fucks off/fucks me  
Lawyer/screws clients/screws me  
Chimney Sweep/pokes smokestacks/pokes me  
Guitarist/plays licks/licks me  
Carpenter/pounds nails/pounds me  
Skier/jumps humps/humps me  
Swimmer/swims laps/laps me  
Plumber/sucks pipes/sucks me  
piano player/fingers keys/fingers me

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\my-way-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ¶-B=L1C<

I Diddle My Way  
Tune: My Way (Frank Sinatra)  
And now, I'm sitting here.  
I've poured my drink, I've drawn my curtain.  
I've spread my legs apart.  
If they spread more they would be hurtin'.  
I turn the vibe on high,  
My breath grows short. It's in a \*sigh\* way.  
I diddle long, I diddle strong  
I diddle my way.  
Men's dicks.

I've had a few,  
Had five at once at a convention.  
And lips I've had them too,  
Both sexes licked, without exemption.  
But on the road of sex,  
My favored steps along the highway  
Are with my finger walk  
I diddle my way.  
From time to time I've tried something new.  
Sure, I got off a time or two.  
But after all what makes me shout:  
Fingers on clit!  
Thrust in and out!  
Slide dildo in!  
Make my head spin!  
I diddle my way!  
I've spanked.  
Been whipped and cried.  
My rectum filled, my share of bruising.  
All kinds of kinks I've tried.  
I've found a few amusing.  
To think I've fucked like that,  
And may I say, not in a shy way.  
They must defer. I much prefer  
To diddle my way.  
For no one else can find that right spot!  
I can myself, deep in the slot!  
Slide in my toy! Vibe on my clit!  
Lubed up with oil, nature and spit!  
Pussy and bum!  
Oh, how I come  
When I diddle my way!  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\nellsim3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶B=L1C<

Nillie Simmons  
(llewtraH)

Nellie Simmons sells her meat,  
To the sailors, very cheap.  
You'll find her at the London docks,  
Sucking able seamen's cocks.  
chorus: Nellie Simmons died of pox,  
They put her body in a box,  
They buried Nellie near the docks.

Poor old Nellie Simmons.  
The navy came to Nellie's door,  
The sailor screwed her by the score,  
They had the clap, they had the syph,  
Two months later, Nell was stiff.  
Now Nellie's dead and buried deep,  
Her body lies in Regent street.  
Her tits hang on the city wall,  
Her pussy's kept in alcohol.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\nelydar3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

!BGL1CF

Nellie Darling  
(llewtraH)  
Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nellie darling,  
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.  
There's a thousand flies buzzing 'round your pussy,  
You're the dirtiest, ugliest, fucking bitch I've seen.  
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel;  
When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass,  
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle,  
So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your ass.  
Your breath could knock a buzzard off a shit wagon,  
And your ingrown toenails exude a pus-y cream.  
Your nose hair's long enough to braid or curl,  
Your every Ft. Eustis hasher's fuckin' dream.  
Sucking on your toes would gag Jeff Dahmer,  
After sex with you my balls begin to itch.  
You need a chainsaw to trim out your armpits,  
Your a regular Tidewater Hash House BITCH.  
Your butt's about as wide as a Buick,  
And the cellulite hangs off your thighs in chunks.  
When your swimming at the beach in the summer,  
You look like a Battleship that's sunk.  
Well it's told you've been turned down by Hashers,  
That crotch rot your sportin's, gettin' red;  
Could also be the sagging of your titties,  
Or the spotty patches of baldness on your head.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\neworln3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[e]]

CB=L1C<

There Is A House In New Orleans  
(llewtraH)

Tune: The House of the Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans,  
They throw a great party each year,  
With strays and gays in wild parades,  
And Po' Boys with Dixie beer.  
Grand Masters, tell your people,  
Take your whistles and go,  
'Cause Cajuns there, are rednecks and queers,  
They take you on blow for blow.  
The only thing a person needs,  
Is a butt plug and a mug.  
One to keep queers out of their rears,  
The other so they can chug.  
The virgins show up early,  
They drink, pass out, and are through.  
The experienced people cum later,  
And cover the virgins in goo.  
As people get up in the morning,  
Most of them wish they were dead;  
There's a little man with a hammer,  
Banging inside of their heads.  
Now the moral of our story,  
Mardi Gras is a blast,  
From the Emerald Coast, we propose a toast,  
Merci, with our tits and ass.  
There Is A House In Nittany Valley  
There is a house in Nittany Valley,  
They call the Harriers,  
And it's been the salvation of many a poor boy,  
And God, I know, I'm there.  
My Mother was Inferior,  
An Ann Arbor harriette,  
My father was the Reverend Poon Tang,  
A Chemical Waste hasher yet.  
Now the only thing a hasher needs,  
Is a shag bag and a beer,  
The only time that he is satisfied,  
Is when the beer is near.  
Oh Mother, tell your children,  
To do what I did dare,  
To live their lives in sin and ecstasy,  
As a Hash House Harrier.  
With one foot on the beer check,  
The other foot on the trail,  
I'm going back to the apres,  
To chase after bimbo tail.

Well, there is a house in Nittany Valley,  
They call the Harriers,  
And it's been the salvation of many a poor boy,  
And God, I know, I'm there.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\nohash-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[le]

EB=L1C<

There Are No Serious Hashers  
(llewtraH)  
There are no serious Hashers by the Bay,  
There are no serious Hashers by the Bay,  
'Cause they're all a bunch of queers  
Who get drunk on half a beer  
There are no serious Hashers by the Bay!  
There are no serious Hashers in L.A.,  
There are no serious Hashers in L.A.,  
Because the smog blocks out the sun  
And they don't know how to run  
There are no serious Hashers in L.A.!  
There are no serious Hashers in New York,  
There are no serious Hashers in New York,  
'Cause they talk like Donald Duck  
And they don't know how to fuck  
There are no serious Hashers in New York!  
There are no serious Hashers in FLA.,  
There are no serious Hashers in FLA.,  
Because they all wear string bikinis  
And the guys have little wienies  
There are no serious Hashers in FLA.!  
Oh there are no female Hashers in the Rockies,  
Oh there are no female Hashers in the Rockies,  
Cause when they're running through the trees  
Their tits are at their knees  
Oh there are no Female hashers in the Rockies!  
There are no serious Hashers in the Navy,  
There are no serious Hashers in the Navy,  
Because they're all on little boats  
Making love to sheep and goats  
There are no serious Hashers in the Navy!  
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D.C.,  
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D.C.,  
Cause they're taking all our money  
While they're fucking our sweet honies  
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D.C.!

There are no serious Hashers in KY.,  
There are no serious Hashers in KY.,  
'Cause they're all a bunch of hicks  
Who are playing with their pricks  
There are no serious Hashers in KY.!  
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary,  
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary,  
'Cause they'll wade through waist deep snow  
Just to give a cow a blow  
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary!  
There are no serious Hashers from the South,  
There are no serious Hashers from the South,  
With their necks of crimson red  
And their cousins they will wed  
It's a sure sign that they are all inbred!  
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee,  
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee,  
'Cause the men all ride on Hogs  
And the women howl like dogs  
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee!  
'Cause they're all a bunch of queers

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\nomoblu3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

I Ain't Gonna Say Ain't No More Blues  
I ain't gonna say ain't no more.  
I'm tired talking like a Hollywood whore.  
Ain't ain't a word I ain't never gonna use.  
I got the ain't gonna say ain't nor more blues.  
I ain't gonna say shit never again.  
Ain't gonna talk like a fulla shit barnyard hen.  
Saying shit's fulla shit, there ain't no excuse.  
I got the ain't gonna say shit no more blues.  
I ain't gonna say mothafucker no more, no how.  
No mothafucker gonna hear me say muthafucker now.  
Mothafucker a word I ain't gonna use!  
I got the ain't gonna say mothafucker blues.  
I ain't gonna say cocksucker no more either.  
No mothafucker cocksucker gonna hear it, neither.  
Cocksucker's a word that I'm gonna lose.  
I got the gain't gonna say cocksucker blues.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\noratln3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



The North Atlantic Squadron  
chorus: Away, away with fife and drum,  
For here we come, full of rum,  
Looking for girls who peddle their bum,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
We were seven days at sea,  
The Captain took to buggery.  
His only joy was the cabin boy,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
A-sailing up and down the coast,  
Now, here's the thing we love the most:  
To fuck the girls and drink a toast  
To the North Atlantic Squadron.  
Well off the coast of Labrador,  
We took on board a floating whore.  
We fucked her forty times or more,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
A-sailing up to Newfoundland,  
Each sailor had his prick in his hand.  
Oh say, my boys, can you make it stand?  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
When our ship is in drydock,  
The whores around us all do flock.  
It's every man unfurl your cock,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
(Pat Murdock 1959, Mt. Shasta, Calif)  
The firefighters have lots of fire,  
They never never seem to tire,  
Of pulling their hose, and pulling their wire,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The service police are a bunch of sluts,  
They should be hung up by their nuts,  
A bunch of hicks from out in the sticks,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
Into the mess we go to sup,  
A dirty plate, a dirty cup,  
The cooks should fucking well smarten up,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The wireless boys they fly so high,  
I wish to hell that they would die,  
Their da da dits give us the shits,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
When we were ten miles out to sea,  
The pilot started buggery.  
His only joy was the wireless boy,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The one-six-one crew number four,  
Went out one night to find a whore.

Their only hope was a nanny goat,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
When in Vera Cruz we touched,  
We found that Kingston whores were such,  
That when open wide, you could put inside  
The North Atlantic Squadron.  
In Newfoundland when it got hot,  
We used to fornicate a lot.  
Only the fools were pulling their tools,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The native girls are all misfits,  
They have no teeth, they have no teats,  
No wonder they give us the shits,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
In Gaspe it rained all the time,  
The sun was never known to shine.  
The fog was so thick, you could set it in bricks,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The civvies in the Ferry Command,  
Are always jerking off by hand.  
They're the fucking scourge of this fair land,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The officers they know fuck all,  
As up the CO's ass they crawl.  
What do they get but sweet fuck all,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The Ferry Command from Montreal,  
What do they bring but sweet fuck all.  
Whatever the date, they're always late,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The American boys we do admire,  
They fly through shit and snow and fire,  
They never never seem to tire,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
By Ottawa we're really stumped,  
You know they are a bunch of cunts.  
Their nuts should be nailed to the nearest stump,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
If I'd a girl and she were mine,  
Upon her arse I'd paint a sign,  
"Try this for size, it's really fine!"  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The works and bricks are a bunch of pricks, (maintainence)  
They feed the fire with wood and sticks;  
They leave us all in a hell of a fix,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The Northern Electric puts up the poles,  
They should be shove up their arseholes.  
They stay inside when it is cold,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The Medical Corps are a bunch of whores,  
They should be hung up by their drawers.  
They give you pills and you shit for hours,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The fucking disips give us the pips, (drill instructors)  
All of them are full of shit.  
From arsehole to breakfast they should be slit,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The dear old WAAFs, I hope they'll come,  
And then we'll pat them on the bum.  
And in the bushes, our work will be done,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
There was a girl from Montreal,  
She spread her legs from wall to wall,  
With every hump, I made her call  
For the North Atlantic Squadron.  
In Labrador we used to sit,  
In the mess and shoot the shit.  
With fuckall to do but swallow it  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
Those MT men are reckless birds, (Motor Transport)  
They roar around like crazy turds,  
They smash up the trucks with very few words  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
A lazy crowd are the bastard clerks,  
They piss around like a bunch of jerks.  
They fuck around but they never work,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The aircrew boys, they had the chills,  
They took some green artillery pills (cathartics pills)  
They shit from Yarmouth to Gander Hills,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
Probably the 10th Bomber Reconnaissance Squadron, RCAF,  
which patrolled convoy routes in the North Atlantic.  
The night we came to Montreal,  
We screwed those Frenchies, one and all,  
And pickled their cherries in alcohol,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The night we came to Singapore,  
We couldn't find a single whore;  
We screwed the knotholes in the floor,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
When we found a whore in Singapore,  
Hung upside down, inside a door,  
And she was left split, worn and sore,  
By the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The night we went to Newfoundland,  
We came ashore with tools in hand;  
Fucked each slut in the caribou hut  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The Newfie girls are hard to screw,  
They jump around like a kangaroo,  
But even a kangaroo will do  
For the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The girls of Gaspé town are bags;  
They always seem to wear their rags;  
And if they don't, their pussy sags  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The RAF on on the bit,  
Giving Hitler lots of shit,  
And after the war, they'll talk of it  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The boys from stores went out to piss,  
Their streams and spray they went amiss.  
They said that they could drown in this,  
The North Atlantic Squadron.  
Every night at half-past eight,  
The captain and the gunner's mate,  
Lay on the deck to masturbate,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
They smuggled aboard a helluva whore,  
She's even taking it on the floor,  
And when your done, she'll ask for more  
Of the North Atlantic Squadron.  
The Skipper said the women were clean,  
But I got one he couldn't've seen'  
My cock has turned a rusty green  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.  
We met some girls from gay Paree,  
We tickled them above the knee.  
They spread their legs so we could see  
The North Atlanatic Squadron.

y  
y  
y  
y  
y  
y  
y  
y  
y  
y

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\notoral3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]B=L1C<

You Want Oral

FOR MEN TO SING:  
 You expect me to get down on my hands and knees,  
 And eat your pussy like a rat eats cheese.  
 Well, I like cheese but I ain't no rat;  
 And I like pussy but not like that.  
 Your drawers may be clean and trimmed in lace  
 But you'll never sit your white ass on this face.  
 And I wouldn't lie to you,  
 Not one pound  
 FOR WOMEN TO SING:  
 You expect me to get down on my hands and knees,  
 And lick your boner 'cause you want me to please.  
 Well, I like boners that are big and fat,  
 And I'd never eat a boner that looked like that.  
 Your prick may be slick and ready to cream  
 But the closest you'll get is a good wet dream.  
 And I wouldn't lie to you,  
 Not one pound.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\nzsheep3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lel B=L1C<

New Zealand Sheep Song  
 (llewtraH)

\*-----

Oh, to be just like the men of New Zea,  
 If they can't find a girl, with a sheep they'll make free.  
 Sheep are fleecy and fluffy, they're really not baaad,  
 And they're easy to find when the going gets hard.  
 Now there are plenty of men who will swear by a moose,  
 But in too many places they're found just in zoos.  
 For something more common and easy to keep,  
 You really can't beat the ubiquitous sheep.  
 You can feed them on grass, on pellets or hay,  
 You can have a whole harem to keep boredom at bay.  
 They're not hard to handle, they're usually quite cheap;  
 You can enjoy many pleasures with your own flock of sheep.  
 They never get jealous, or bored on dull days;  
 When you're not in the mood, they just quietly graze.  
 Pick a ram or a lamb or an attractive ewe,  
 Whiche'er you choose it will satisfy you.  
 X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\odefuck3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

# Ode To A Four Letter Word

(llewtraH)

\*-----

In everyday life, this word does exist,  
But it appears in no book, no record or list.  
It expresses love, hate, disgust or bad luck;  
It's a four letter word, yes, you've guessed it - 'Fuck'.  
As a verb it is transitive, active or passive;  
The range of its use is, quite simply, massive.  
'To fuck, I'm Fucked, Fuck you!' Oh I say!  
The number of times it is used every day!  
As a noble word it is in no way respected,  
But through every day use it is now quite accepted,  
And in historic events both important and trivial,  
It's use has been angry, sad or convivial!  
In the Garden of Eden, in the very beginning,  
It was the same word that invented sinning.  
If Adam hadn't said 'Let's fuck' to his mate,  
The world wouldn't be in this terrible state!  
Then Jesus himself, as he hung on his cross,  
The stories do say, was at a real loss.  
"Oh dad, tell me, what the fuck have I done,  
That you let this happen to your very own son?"  
More recently, Napoleon, Hitler and Hess  
All got themselves into a hell of a mess.  
And as they tried vainly passing the buck,  
Each spoke the immortal words 'Oh fuck!'  
Then in '69, the first man on the moon,  
Neil Armstrong by name, a veritable goon,  
He said "Wow, I've come over all queer.  
You know, there's no Fucking gravity here!"  
Then in the '80s, Maggie came to power;  
Friend and foe alike were all made to cower.  
And when the Argies the Falklands raided,  
'Fuck them', she said and reinvaded!  
So you can see now that this word is still here;  
It's used by the famous, the rich and the peer.  
It's considered to be low, 'working class' rude,  
Unsociable, unspeakable, derogatory and crude  
But listen to me, and hear what I say;  
It's been here for years, and it's here to stay.  
And if anyone complains or moans when you use it,  
Tell them 'Fuck off and die, you great fucking loser!'

X  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\oldsmok3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leB=L1C<

On Top Of Old Sophie  
(llewtraH)  
Tune: On Top of Old Smokie  
On top of Old Sophie,  
All covered with sweat.  
I've used fourteen rubbers,  
But she hasn't come yet.  
For fucking's a pleasure,  
and farting's relief.  
But a long-winded lover,  
Will bring nothing but grief.  
She'll kiss you and hug you,  
Say it won't take long.  
But two hours later,  
You're still going strong.  
So come all you lovers,  
And listen to me.  
Don't waste your erection,  
On a long winded she.  
For your root will just wither,  
And your passion will die.  
And she will forsake you,  
And you'll never know why.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\oldsold3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Old Soldiers Never Die  
Then up then spoke a sailor's wife,  
And she was dressed in green.  
And in one corner of her pretty little thing,  
She had a submarine.  
She had a submarine, boys,  
With the conning tower complete,  
And in the other corner,  
She had half the fucking fleet.  
Old soldiers never die,  
But their privates do.  
Then up then spoke a gunner's wife,  
And she was full of fun.  
And in one corner of her pretty little thing,

She had a six-inch gun.  
 She had a six-inch gun, boys,  
 The breech-block and the sear,  
 And in the other corner, ammunition for a year.  
 Then up then spoke the skippers wife,  
 And she was dressed in black.  
 And in one corner of her pretty little thing,  
 She had a fishing smack.  
 She had a fishing smack, boys,  
 The mainmast and the sails,  
 And in the other corner  
 Swam a frigging school of whales.  
 Then up then spoke the jockey's wife,  
 And she was dressed in red.  
 And in one corner of her pretty little thing,  
 She had a horse's head.  
 She had a horse's head, boys,  
 The bridle and the tack,  
 And in the other corner,  
 Stood a footman on a hack.  
 Then up then spoke the brewer's wife,  
 And she was dressed in grey.  
 And in one corner of her pretty little thing,  
 She had a brewer's dray.  
 She had a brewer's dray, boys,  
 The barrels and the beer,  
 And in the other corner,  
 She had syph and gonorrhea.  
 er,  
 It must b

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\old-vd-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]],B=L1C<

Coming Down With Old VD  
 (llewtrah) by Mark Cohen  
 The single live's full of toil and strife,  
 And it's lonely all the time;  
 You hit the bars on Friday night,  
 Looking for a thrill sublime.  
 A one night stand can be something grand,  
 But approach it carefully;  
 It's not much fun to be the one  
 Coming down with old VD.  
 Coming down with old VD, me boys,  
 Coming down with old VD.



Don't get too close or you might get a dose,  
 Coming down with old VD.  
 Now who'd have thought that you'd get caught.  
 Sometimes life's just not fair.  
 You took a chance; you asked her to dance.  
 Pretty soon you're floating on air.  
 But in a week you take a peek  
 Even though you'd rather not see;  
 Now she's to blame, but what was her name  
 You've come down with the old VD.  
 My friend Pauline is upright and clean,  
 And she never plays around.  
 And her boyfriend Ted was true, she said,  
 Even when he's out of town.  
 One day Pauline didn't feel too keen,  
 So she went to Doctor Lee.  
 Now she's kicked Ted out, 'cause she found out  
 She'd come down with old VD.  
 Now times weren't bad when all we had  
 Was Syph, or Gonoree;  
 If you got caught, you'd be cured with a shot  
 At your local clinic for free.  
 But those times, my friend, are at an end,  
 There is Herpes and AIDS, you see.  
 So there ain't no shot for what you've got,  
 And you're stuck with your VD.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\onetwat3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leB=L1C<

One Twat  
 (llewtraH)

Tune: Guantanamera

One twat'll nail ya, we tell ya one twat'll nail ya,  
 The other twats'll jail ya,  
 Again we have to explain ya,  
 We don' wan' your old nachos,  
 Just give us cock, muchas gracias,  
 We wan' your hot jalapeno,  
 Don' wan' your thoughts from the beano,  
 Just wan' your hot jalapeno.  
 One twat'll nail ya, we tell ya one twat'll nail ya,  
 The other twats'll jail ya,  
 We tell ya one twat won' fail ya,  
 One twat won' fail ya,  
 One twat won' fail ya.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\oralov-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

l#B=L1C<

Oral Love

(llewtraH)

Anon

I've been fucking all night, patches wet on the bed,  
She wants cunnilingus and she's giving me head,  
My baby is gasping, "I just wanna suck",  
And it's four a.m.; we're too tired to fuck.  
But she's still horny and the longing's too much;  
My cock is tired and I swear that I can't fuck.  
Don't need to screw her at all,  
We've got a thing that's called: oral love,  
We've got that thing:  
soixante-neuf,  
Oral love  
My girl is horny and coming on strong,  
God she wants it all night long,  
Got my face between her thighs,  
And I'm giving her a tongue-surprise.  
When she's still horny, but I'm just too tired to fuck,  
Can't get a hard-on, so I just give her my tongue,  
Don't need no rubbers at all  
We've got a thing that's called: Oral love  
We do it with our mouths.  
Picking up speed I'm almost there,  
Hardly breathing, so gotta take care.  
Sucks like a Hoover and sits upon my face;  
She loves to give head and knows I love her taste.  
Almost climaxed now the urging's so strong,  
Gotta sleep soon, can't take no more,  
But my woman sings that blow job song,  
"Give me oral love, once more!".

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\oralsex3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le#B=L1C<

Oral Sex

(llewtraH)

Tune:

Oklahoma!  
O.....ral sex is every Hasher's dream come true!  
With my lips so sweet  
Upon his meat  
In a moment he'll begin to spew!  
O.....ral sex, every night my Honey-Lamb and I  
Practice 69  
And it's so fine  
That it brings a tear to my eye.  
Oral sex with a Hasher is grand  
'Cause a tongue is more fun than a hand!  
So when I say.....  
Yippee Yippee Oh I A!  
That means I'm having  
Oral Sex with a Hasher  
Oral sex is.....OK!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\orileys3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leB=L1C<

One-Ball Reilly  
Sitting in O'Reilly's Bar,  
Thinking thoughts of blood and slaughter,  
Suddenly there came to mind,  
Why not fuck O'Reilly's daughter,  
chorus: Tiddly-i-yee, tiddly-i-o,  
Tiddly-i-yee for the One-ball Reilly.  
Rub-a-dub-dub, balls and all,  
Rub-a-dub-dub, fuck all.  
Her hair was black, her eyes were blue,  
The colonel and the major and the captain sought her.  
The regimental goat and the drummer boy, too,  
But they never had a go at O'Reilly's daughter.  
Jack O'Flannagan is my name,  
I'm the king of copulation,  
Drinking beer my claim to fame,  
Shagging women is my occupation.  
Walking through the town one day,  
Who should I meet but O'Reilly's daughter,  
Not a word to her did I say,  
But don't you think we really ought'er.  
Quickly up the stairs to bed,  
Shagged and shagged until I stove her,  
Having lost her maidenhead,  
She laughed like hell when the fun was over.  
I fucked her till her teats were flat,

Filled her up with soapy water,  
She won't get away with that,  
If she doesn't have twins, she really oughter.  
Came a knock upon the door,  
Who could it be but her god damned father,  
Two horse pistols by his side,  
Looking for the guy that fucked his daughter.  
I grabbed that bastard by the balls,  
Rammed his head in a pail of water,  
Rammed those pistols up his ass,  
A damn site further than I fucked his daughter.  
Come you virgins, maidens fair,  
Answer quick and don't speak shyly.  
Would you have it straight and true,  
Or the way I give it to the One-Ball Reilly.

O'Reilly's Daughter  
(llewtraH)

Standing down in O'Reilly's bar  
Drinking O'Reillys rum and water  
Suddenly a thought came to my head  
What say I fuck O'Reilly's daughter?  
Sitting in O'Reilly's bar  
Drinking rum and coca cola  
Suddenly there came to mind  
I'd like to fuck O'Reilly's daughter.  
Sitting in O'Reilly's bar that day,  
Telling yarns of blood and slaughter,  
Suddenly a thought came into my head,  
Why not fuck O'Reilly's daughter?  
Her hair was black, her eyes were blue,  
The Colonel and the major and the captain sought her,  
The regimental goat and the drummer boy too,  
But they never had a thump with O'Reilly's daughter.  
O'Flanagan is my name,  
I'm the king of copulation,  
Drinking beer's my claim to fame,  
Shagging women is my occupation.  
Walking through the town one day,  
Who should I meet but O'Reilly's daughter,  
Not a word to her did say,  
But "Don't you think we really oughter?"  
Quickly up the stairs to bed,  
Shagged and shagged until I stove her,  
Having lost her maidenhead,  
Laughed like hell when the fun was over.  
I took the fair girl by the hand,  
Gently swung my left leg over,  
Never a word the sweet child said,  
Laughed like hell till the fun was over.  
Yes up them stairs and into bed

Into bed with O'Reilly's daughter  
Not a word the maiden said  
Laughed like shit when the deed was over.  
I fucked her till her tits were flat  
Filled her up with soapy water  
She won't get away with that  
If she doesn't have twins then she bloody well oughta.  
I heard a footstep on the stairs  
Old Man Reilly bent on slaughter,  
Two horse pistols in his hand  
Looking for the bugger who fucked his daughter.  
I grabbed O'Reilly by the balls.  
Shoved his head in a bucket of water,  
Rammed those pistols up his arse,  
A damn sight harder than I'd fucked his daughter.  
I took O'Reilly by the hair,  
Shoved his head in a tub of water,  
Stuffed them pistols up his arse,  
Bloody sight quicker than I stuffed his daughter!  
As I go walking down the street,  
People flock from every quarter,  
Just to catch a glimpse of me,  
The man who fucked O'Reilly's daughter.  
Old man O'Riley's dead and gone,  
Shall we bury him?  
Not fucking likely,  
We'll nail him to the shithouse door,  
And there we'll bugger him twice nightly.  
Come you virgin maidens fair,  
Answer me quick and true not slyly,  
Do you want it fair and and straight and square,  
Or the way I gave to the one-eyed Reilly?  
One-Ball Riley  
As I was sittin by the fire  
Talking to O'Riley's daughter  
Suddenly a thought came into my head:  
I'd like to shag O'Riley's daughter  
(Chorus):  
Giddy aye ay, giddy aye ay,  
Giddy aye ay for the one-ball Riley  
Giddy aye ay:  
(three claps or stomps)  
Try it on yer own big drum!  
Riley played on the big bass drum;  
Riley had a mind for murder and slaughter  
Riley had a bright red glitterin eye  
And he kept that eye on his lovely daughter  
Got me a bottle and a condom too,  
Got me hands on Riley's daughter  
Settled me down for a good old time

Doin things we shouldn't oughter  
Suddenly a footstep on the stair  
Who should it be but Riley out for slaughter  
With two pistols in his hands  
Lookin for the man that shagged his daughter  
Grabbed Old Riley by the ball,  
Rammed his head in a pail of water  
Shoved them pistols up his ass  
A damn sight quicker than I shagged his daughter!  
As I go walkin' down the street  
People shout from every corner  
There's the randy sonofabitch  
That finally shagged Old Riley's daughter!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\parties3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Parties Make The World Go Round  
(llewtraH)  
Parties make the world go around,  
The world go around, the world go around,  
Parties make the world go around,  
Let's have a party!  
We're gonna tear down the bar!  
BOO!  
We're gonna build a new bar!  
RAY!  
One inch deep!  
BOO!  
Two miles long!  
RAY!  
Soda's goinna be five dollars a glass!  
BOO!  
Whiskey's gonna be free!  
RAY!  
We're gonna dump the beer in the pool!  
BOO!  
Then we're all going swimming!  
RAY!  
There'll be no bartenders at our bar!  
BOO!  
Only barmaids!  
RAY!  
In long dresses!  
BOO!  
Made of cellophane!  
RAY!

You can't take our girls to your rooms!  
BOO!  
Our girls'll take you to their rooms!  
RAY!  
But you can't sleep with our girls!  
BOO!  
Our girls won't let you sleep!  
RAY!  
No fuckin' on the dancin' floor!  
BOO!  
And no dancin' on the fuckin' floor! RAY!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\patpong3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le[]zB=L1C<  
Patpong Road  
(llewtraH)  
Tune: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah  
(Patpong Road is Bangkok's red light district)  
Chorus: Glory, glory come to Patpong,  
Glory, glory come to Patpong,  
Glory, glory come to Patpong,  
The jewel of all Bangkok.  
Have you ever been to Patpong Road,  
The jewel of all Bangkok --  
Dancing girls and sex shows --  
Patpong has the bloody lot,  
The women there look fourteen and  
They make the punters hot,  
And you'll find it in Patpong.  
There's a girl called Amy who  
Will copulate with dogs,  
She does a stunning stage show with  
Live fishes, snakes and frogs,  
She likes to feel them wriggling till  
They finally pop their clogs,  
And you'll find her in Patpong.  
There's a girl in Patpong and she  
Has a stunning cunt,  
She has got a stage show and  
Performs a cunning stunt,  
Landing on a bottle when she  
Takes a running jump,  
And you'll find her in Patpong.  
In the Red Dragon Thigh Bar there's  
A girl that has no fear;

She has trained her dainty cunt  
To drink a pint of beer,  
Then she does gymnastics and  
She doesn't spill or leak,  
And you'll find her in Patpong.  
A girl there, name of Susie, has  
A show brings down the house,  
Her act involves a funnel,  
Her vagina and a mouse,  
Susie sticks the mouse in and  
She lets its tail hang out,  
And you'll find her in Patpong.  
There's a lass in Patpong Road who  
Does strange things with eels.  
She will sit upon your lap and  
Let you have a feel,  
She sticks bananas up herself,  
They come out chopped and peeled,  
And you'll find her in Patpong.  
There's a stunning lass called Lucy,  
And her show always enthrals,  
She shoots from her capacious cunt,  
A stream of ping-pong balls,  
She can hit a target, she can  
Bounce them off the walls,  
And you'll find her in Patpong.  
Watch them dance round steel poles and  
Shake their tits and bums,  
They all look like they're fourteen though  
They're nearly twenty-one,  
Guys are wriggling on their barstools  
Till they bloody nearly come,  
And you'll find them in Patpong.  
Lizzie has a neat act with a  
String of razor blades,  
She pulls them from her orifice,  
She calls it 'The Close Shave'.  
It's not for the faint-hearted,  
It is only for the brave,  
And you'll find her in Patpong.  
If you don't desire a girl,  
You'd rather have a boy,  
You can hire one for ten baht,  
And play with his toy,  
You can ring the changes  
And there's no need to be coy,  
'Cause you'll find one in Patpong.  
Patpong boys are small and sweet,  
Their assholes always tight,  
For another twenty you can hire



Him for the night,  
 The boys are specially chosen,  
 They can keep it up all night,  
 And you'll find one in Patpong.  
 If you come to Patpong,  
 There are sights you mustn't miss.  
 You can pay a few baht  
 Just to watch the ladies piss,,  
 If you want to buy one  
 You will have to watch for syph,  
 'Cause you'll find it in Patpong.  
 There's an old guy on the corner,  
 He has worn his pecker blue.  
 He came for the red lights and  
 Found far too much to do,  
 His dick is green from ill's obscene,  
 He's really in a stew,  
 And you'll find him in Patpong.  
 Mrs Jones has found a boy,  
 He's only seventeen,  
 Mrs Jones is sixty-six,  
 Her friends think she's obscene,  
 She likes to hire him by the week,  
 He treats her like the Queen,  
 And you'll find them in Patpong.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\penebig3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Is My Penis Big Enough

Is My Penis Big Enough  
 (Sarah Hartwell)

Is my penis big enough; will it do the job,  
 Or will the ladies sneer at my twitchy little knob?  
 Will it be stiff and horny; will it fit her tight,  
 Giving satisfaction like my dreams do in the night.  
 Dreams in which I'm putting one between a woman's thighs.  
 Then I wake and worry about my willies size.  
 While my dream is gripping me, everything is okay;  
 She is moaning with delight as I have my wicked way.  
 But when I wake next morning with my little tiney wick,  
 I fret and I wonder if it's going to do the trick.  
 When it's erect and ready, will it fill a cunt?  
 Enough of it to give a girl the pleasure of the hunt.  
 Every night when I massage it, hoping to see it grow,  
 Until it is big enough to give a girl a blow.  
 I am very keen to try it on the girl that lives next door,

But all the lads that are in school assure me she's a whore.  
 They tell me she's admitted almost every man in town,  
 To the inner sanctum of her Aphrodites crown.  
 That very fact excites me, so might I be in luck,  
 Is she the very sort of girl who'll teach me how to fuck.  
 And if she'd let me fuck her, just what would be the chance  
 Of picking up a dose of clap or pox, upon my lance.  
 I'll wear a rubber bonnet, tight upon my willie's head;  
 Wrap him up in Durex just before we go to bed.  
 But will a Durex fit me when it grips my willie tight,  
 So it will not slip off my cock when passion's at its height I slipped into the  
 toilets down at the "Dog and Duck,"  
 And buy a pack of condoms, just to try them out for luck.  
 I put one on for wanking, and it pulled away like zip.  
 I filled it up with semen and I found it did not slip.  
 My willie filled it tightly as it swelled up with lust,  
 Now I had to fuck her rightly, the girl next door or bust.  
 I knew that I could fuck her,  
 when I had on "Rubber John,"  
 And thrash around inside her, while I kept the bugger on.  
 And if I fill a Durex, there can be little doubt,  
 My cock is fully big enough for filling up her spout.  
 Now at last I'm confident, that with my little knob,  
 When he has got a hard on, he'll do the fucking job.  
 He will do it I am sure, with the sexy girl next door,  
 Even if her fanny is going to need a good re-bore.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\penes--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Penes (John Atkins)

There is a thing which in the light  
 Is seldom used, but in the night,  
 It serves the female maiden crew,  
 The ladies and the good wives too.  
 They use it to take in their hand,  
 And then it will uprightly stand;  
 And to a hole they will apply,  
 Whereby its goodwill, it would die.  
 It spends, goes out, and still within,  
 It leaves its moisture, thick and thin.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\penesik3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶5BBL1CA

John Brown's Penis

(llewtraH)

John Brown's penis is a bloody awful sight.

Mucked about with gonorrhea and buggered up with shite.

The agonies of syphilis keep him awake at night,

But he still goes rogering along.

chorus: Oh, the hoary old seducer,

Oh, the hoary old seducer,

Oh, the hoary old seducer,

He still goes rogering along.

John Brown's plonker it is turning puce and green.

It might just be infected or it could be the gangrene.

The tip is sprouting mushrooms such as you have rarely seen,

But he still goes rogering along.

It's drooping and it's dripping and it hangs down to his knees;

It's suffering from the effects of unremitting sleaze.

The smell is quite revolting, like a rotten Stilton cheese,

But he still goes rogering along.

The color of his water is a sort of amber ale.

Little gonorrhoea germs within his scrotum play.

Despite these inconveniences, he goes on, undismayed,

But he still goes rogering along.

The docs all flock to see it and they can't believe the sight;

He's got a dozen poxes and its crusted up with shite.

The funguses are pretty and glow yellow in the night,

But he still goes rogering along.

John Brown's penis, it would make a stallion proud;

Eleven inches long in length and a good five inches 'round.

All the ladies love it and they come from miles around,

And he still goes rogering along.

Bits are falling off of it; the end's gone blue and black,

With gonorrhoea and syphilis, chlamydia and clap.

And thrush, cystitis, herpes, but it didn't hold him back.

And he still goes rogering along

They were a splendid vision, his great dipstick and his balls,

But the red marks are just crab lice as they run around the halls One rotting

ballock fell off and the other's shrunk and small,

But he still goes rogering along.

Girls would come from miles around to see his Baronial Hall;

To see his giant penis and his one remaining ball.

And see the rows of maidenheads all hung around the wall,

But he still goes rogering along.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\pioneer3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

   fB=L1C<

### The Pioneers

The pioneers have hairy ears,  
They piss through leather britches.  
They wipe their ass on broken glass,  
Those hardy sons of bitches.  
When cunt is rare, they'll fuck a bear,  
And beat him if he snitches.  
They knock their cocks against the rocks,  
Those hardy sons of bitches.  
They take their ass upon the grass,  
From fairies or from witches.  
Their two pound dinks are full of kinks,  
Those hardy sons of bitches.  
Without remorse, they'll fuck a horse,  
And beat him if he twitches.  
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,  
Those hardy sons of bitches.  
To make a mule stand for the tool,  
He's beat with hickory switches.  
They use their pricks for walking sticks,  
Those hardy sons of bitches.  
Great joy they reap from bugging sheep,  
In sundry bogs and ditches.  
Nor give a damn if it be a ram,  
Those hardy sons of bitches.  
When booze is rare, they do not care,  
They take a shot of Fitches.  
(Fitches - hair tonic)  
They fuck their wives with butcher knives,  
Those hardy sons of bitches.  
(Immortalia)  
Us pirates ply the seven seas,  
Our weapons hanging to our knees,  
We take our pleasure where we please,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.  
With buxom wenches we make bold,  
We kill the men and take their gold,  
We bugger every whores-son's hole,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.  
We have the pox, we have the syph,  
We always keep our bowsprits stiff,  
We never settle for just a kiss,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.  
We're scrofulous and full of boils,  
But keep our weapons cocked and oiled,  
Our boarding parties can't be foiled,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.

We screw young boys and tavern wenches,  
On the tables, floors, and benches,  
Wearing sailcloth canvas Frenchies,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.  
We're horny and hairy and full of fleas,  
Our cutlasses hang to our knees,  
Us pirates do as we damn well please,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.  
(llewtraH)  
We wipe our ass upon the grass,  
in bushes or in ditches,  
Our two pound cocks are full of knots,  
us hardy sons of bitches.  
We walk around, prick to the ground,  
and kick it if it itches,  
And if it throbs, we scratch with cobs,  
us hardy sons of bitches.  
We masturbate from morn to late,  
Till our bloody foreskin twitches,  
Next morning at ten we begin again,  
Us horny sons of bitches.  
Us country boys, we got no fears,  
We do not stop at trifles,  
We hang our balls upon the walls,  
And shoot at them with rifles.  
We scrounge a cow and care not how,  
The shit sticks to our britches,  
And fetch a bull and fill him full,  
Us horny sons of bitches.  
We fuck our wives with butcher knives,  
And keep their cunts in stitches,  
But VD makes it hurt to pee,  
Us horny sons of bitches.  
(Immortalia)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\pisspot3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lcBs=L1C<

Piss Pot Pete

(llewtraH)

Now gather 'round children, and I'll tell a story of old,  
When men were brave and women were bold.

It all started out way out West  
To settle the bet as to who was best.

Old Lou was a schoolmarm who wandered out West  
And decided that she did like fucking the best.

Now Old Lou fucked everything that crawled or creaped,  
And piled her victims in a great big heap.  
There wasn't a man for miles around  
With a big enough rod to fuck her down.  
Now news of this boast traveled far and wide;  
Thousands of rod-toters came and died.  
When down from the hills came Piss Pot Pete  
With fifteen pounds of swinging meat.  
Fifteen pounds of meat and thirty pounds of cod;  
He wasn't a boy -- he was a man, by God!  
Pete laid it out upon the Blue Balls Bar,  
I'll swear it stretched from thar...  
...to thar.  
Stunk like shit, I thought I'd die,  
But he just laughed and let it lie.  
Gentlemen, countrymen, boys in blue,  
Came to witness the terrible screw.  
People came from miles afar,  
To place their bets at the Blue Balls Bar.  
They met the next morning in the middle of the street;  
The mangey whore and Piss Pot Pete.  
Pete greased his dick with a tub of lard,  
And killed a mule trying to work up a hard!  
Old Lou warmed up on an old cross-tie;  
Oh my God! How the splinters did fly!  
Pete came down main like a south-bound freight,  
And Old Lou knew she had met her fate.  
All she could do was to take a seat,  
And let old Pete just sink his meat.  
With a sstretching of flesh and tearing of skin,  
Old Pete drove the first two feet in.  
Old Lou screamed and clawed the grass,  
And yelled like a panther with a turpented ass!  
Lou let out a scream, "I can't take anymore!"  
But Pete pounded away on the smelly old whore.  
The Earth shook, and dark came to the sun;  
Pete's eyes rolled back, and he fired off his gun.  
When the battle was over, and the dust had cleared,  
Over forty acres, Lou's ass was smeared.  
Gallons of love were spilled out in the street.  
It was so damn sticky, you couldn't pick up your feet.  
Land was torn up for miles around,  
Where Old Pete's balls had drug the ground.  
Pete reeled in his dick and pounded his chest;  
Got on two horses, and rode off West.  
As a lasting memory to the great old whore,  
They hung her drawers on the bar room door.  
And all this soap this side of hell,  
Can't wash away that fishy smell.  
Now old Pete died and he went to hell;

Fucked the Devil and his wife as well!

Alternate version: -----

Up in the hills of old Arkansas,  
Where whores and whore mongers were seldom saw,  
There lived an old whore and her name was Lou,  
And those that live to tell were seldom few.  
But out of the hills came Piss Pot Pete,  
With fifteen pounds of swinging meat.  
'Twas a sad sad day for poor old Pete  
When he saw Old Lou out in the street.  
He followed her in to the Blue Balls Inn,  
Where they agreed on fucking to the end!  
Well, first Old Lou threw him a turkey-flop,  
And after twenty-four hours, Pete came out on top.  
Before you know it, they were fucking to kill;  
They rubbed all the grass off the side of the hill.  
Then Old Lou threw him a Bore-Hog-Grind,  
And left Old Pete fifteen miles behind.  
They buried poor Pete in the old church yard;  
Balls all rotten, cock still hard.  
And on his tombstone was a sight to be seen:  
"Here lies  
the remains off a Fucking Machine."

Alternate version: -----

There was a girl named Sadie Brown,  
Who said no man could put her down.  
When over the hills came Piss Pot Pete,  
With a hundred pounds of swinging meat.  
She made the play; he made the pass:  
And a hundred pounds right up the ass.  
Then all of a sudden, she blew a fart,  
And blew old Piss Pot Pete apart.  
So back to the hills went Piss Pot Pete,  
With a hundred pounds of shredded meat.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\plenipo3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣•B=L1C<

The Plenipotentiary  
(Captain Morris, 1790)  
The Bey of Algiers, when afraid of his ears,  
A messenger sent to our court, sir,  
As he knew in our state, the women had weight,  
He chose one well hung for the sport, sir.  
He searched the Divan till he found out a man,  
Whose ballocks were heavy and hairy,

And he lately come o'er from the Barbary shore,  
As the great Plenipotentiary.  
When to England he came, with his prick in a flame,  
He showed it to his hostess on landing,  
Who spread its renown through all parts of the town,  
As a pintle past all understanding.  
So much there was said of its snout and its head,  
That they called it the great Janissary;  
Not a lady could sleep till she got a sly peep  
At the great Plenipotentiary.  
As he rode in his coach, how the whores did approach,  
And stared, as if stretched on a tenter;  
He drew every eye of the dames that passed by,  
Like the sun to its wonderful center.  
As he passed through the town, not a window was down,  
And the maids hurried out to the area.  
The children cried, "Look, there's the man with the crook,  
That's the great Plenipotentiary."  
When he came to the Court, oh what giggle and sport,  
Such squinting and squeezing to view him,  
What envy and spleen in the women were seen,  
All happy and pleased to get to him.  
They vowed from their hearts, if men of such parts  
Were found on the coast of Barbary,  
'Tis a shame not to bring a whole guard for the King,  
Like the great Plenipotentiary.  
The dames of intrigue formed their cunts in a league,  
To take him in turns like good folk, sir;  
The young misses' plan was to catch as catch can,  
And all were resolved on a stroke, sir.  
The cards to invite flew by thousands each night,  
With bribes to the old secretary,  
And the famous Eclipse was not let for more leaps,  
Than the great Plenipotentiary.  
When his names was announced, how the women all bounced,  
And their blood hurried up to their faces;  
He made them all itch from navel to breech,  
And their bobbies burst out of their laces;  
There was such damned work to be fucked by the Turk,  
That nothing their passion could vary;  
All the matrons fell sick for the Barbary prick  
Of the great Plenipotentiary.  
A Duchess whose Duke made her ready to puke,  
With funbling and fucking all night, sir,  
Being first for the prize, was so pleased with its size,  
That she begged for to stroke its big snout, sir.  
"My Stars!", cried her Grace, "Its head's like a mace,  
'Tis as high as the Corsican Fairy;  
I'll make up, please the pits, for dry boobs and frigs,  
With the great Plenipotentiary."



And now to be bored by this Ottoman Lord  
Came a virgin far gone in the wane, sir.  
She resolved to try, though her cunt was so dry,  
That she knew it must split like a cane, sir.  
True, it was as she spoke, it gave way at each stroke,  
But, Oh!, What a woeful quandary!  
With one terrible thrust, her old piss-bladder burst,  
On the great Plenipotentiary.  
The next to be tried was an Alderman's Bride,  
With a cunt that would swallow a turtle,  
She had horned the dull brows, of her worshipful spouse,  
Till they sprouted like Venus's myrtle.  
Through thick and through thin, bowel deep he dashed in,  
Till her cunt frothed like cream in a diary,  
And expressed by loud farts, she was strained in all parts,  
By the great Plenipotentiary.  
The next to be kissed, on the Plenipo's list,  
Was a delicate Maiden of Honor.  
She screamed at the sight of his prick, in a fright  
Through she'd had the whole palace upon her.  
"Oh Lord!," she said, "What a prick for a maid!  
"Do, pray, come look at it Cary!  
But I will have one drive, if I'm ripped up alive,  
By the great Plenipotentiary."  
Two sisters next came, Peg and Molly by name,  
Two ladies of very high breeding,  
Resolved one should try, while the other stood by,  
And watch the amusing proceeding.  
Peg swore by the gods that the Mussulman's cods  
Were as big as both buttocks of Mary;  
Molly cried with a grunt, he has ruined my cunt  
With his great Plenipotentiary.  
The next for this plan was an old Haridan,  
Who had swallowed huge pricks from each nation,  
With over much use, she had broken the sluice,  
'Twixt her cunt and its lower relation.  
But he stuck her so full that she roared like a bull,  
Crying out she was bursting and weary,  
So tight was she stuck by this wonderful fuck,  
Of the great Plenipotentiary.  
The next for a shag came the new Yankee flag;  
Though lanky and scraggy in figure.  
She was fond of the quid, for she had been well rid,  
From Washington down to a chigger.  
"Oh My! Such a size! I guess it's first prize,  
It's a wonder, quite next to Niagary;  
Well, now I'm in luck.  
Stranger, let's fuck!  
Bully for the great Plenipotentiary."  
All heads were bewitched and longed to be stitched,

Even babies would languish and linger,  
And the boarding-school Miss, as she sat down to piss,  
Drew a Turk on the floor with her finger.  
For fancied delight, they all clubbed for a shite,  
To frig in the school necessary,  
And the Teachers from France fucked 'a la distance'  
With the great Plenipotentiary.  
Each sluice-cunted bawd, who'd been screwed abroad,  
Till her premises gaped like a grave, sir,  
Found luck was so thick, she could feel the Turk's prick,  
Though all others were lost in her cave, sir.  
The nymphs of the stage did his ramrod engage,  
Made him free of their gay seminary;  
And the Italian Signors opened all their back doors  
To the great Plenipotentiary.  
Then of love's sweet reward, measured out by the yard,  
The Turk was most blest of mankind, sir,  
For his powerful dart went right home to the heart,  
Whether stuck in before or behind, sir.  
But no pencil can draw the great-pintled Bashaw,  
Then each cunt-loving contemporary,  
As cocks of the game, let's drink to the name,  
Of the great Plenipotentiary.  
(Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\pnbreth3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Penis Breath

(llewtraH)

Penis breath, a lover's dread,  
Is what you get when you give head.  
Unpleasant as it tends to be,  
Be grateful that he doesn't pee.  
It's times like this, you wonder why,  
You bothered reaching for his fly.  
But it's too late, can't be a tease,  
Accept the facts, get on your knees.  
You know you've got a job to do,  
So open wide and shove it through,  
Lick the tip then take it all.  
Don't drag your teeth or he might bawl,  
Slide up and down, use your tongue.  
And feel the pre-cum start to run.  
Your jaw it aches, your neck is numb,  
So when the fuck's he gonna cum.

Just, when you can't take anymore,  
You hear your lover's mighty roar.  
And when he hits that real high note,  
You feel it oozing down your throat.  
Salty, fishy, sticky stuff,  
Okay already, that's enough.  
Let's switch you say, before you gag,  
And what revenge, you're on the rag.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\priest-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣␣␣B=L1C<

There Was A Priest, The Dirty Beast  
There was a priest, the dirty beast,  
Whose name was Alexander.  
His mighty prick was inches thick,  
He called it Salamander.  
One night he slept with the Gypsy Queen,  
Whose face was black as charcoal,  
But in the dark he missed his mark,  
And sparks flew out her arsehole.  
A brat was born one rainy morn,  
With a face as black as charcoal.  
It had a prick ten inches thick,  
But it didn't have an arsehole.  
(Michael Green)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\primins3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c ␣BQL1CP

When I'm Prime Minister  
(llewtraH)  
by Richard Thompson  
Mister, mister, mister, I'm just an urchin lad;  
Me sentiments are noble, it's me manners that are bad.  
When I tried to do you favours and your shover runs me down,  
Don't expect me to forget you when my turn it comes around.  
Chorus: When I'm Prime Minister and official duty calls,  
I'll have me heavy shoes on when I kick you in the balls.  
I'll screw your daughter, fuck your wife, and when I'm through with her,  
You'll wish you'd never tangled with the next Prime Minister.  
Mister, mister, mister, I'm a reasonable lout;

Don't push me out the window when you want me to get out.  
I'm a simple-minded fellow, so don't hand me rubber checks,  
Or I'll become a politician just to break your fucking neck.  
Mister, mister, mister, you're treading on thin ice;  
Upset me and the consequences will not be very nice.  
You think you're such a big man but you'll feel very small,  
When I have sixty million people at my back and call.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\pufpeen3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lc BGL1CF

Fuck The Giant Penis  
Tune: Puff the Magic Dragon  
Once a pure white virgin lived by the sea;  
She frolicked o'er pastoral fields, her name Virginity.  
A sweet young lass of just sixteen, a rosebud ripe and firm,  
She wandered o'er the verdant hills, not knowing of the sperm.  
Well, Fuck the giant penis lived not far away;  
His cock was damn near two feet long; he poked girls twice a day.  
He was an Ivy Leaguer with vest and pinstriped suit;  
He drove a roadster XKE, the sexed-up extrovert.  
One day while he was reaming around the rural strips,  
He spied her picking flowers there, that lass with swinging hips.  
He jumped out of the driver's seat and grabbed her by the ass,  
He tore off all her clothing, and laid her in the grass.  
Her maidenhead was busted; the ground ran bloody red.  
He poked her till the twilight came, then took her home to bed.  
He poked her till the sun rose, she begged for more and more,  
He turned that pure virginity into a God damned whore.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\queeber3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lc B=L1C<

QUEEN BERETS  
(llewtraH)  
Falling fairies from the sky,  
I broke a nail, Oh I could cry.  
Don't you like how my tush sways?  
We are the fags of the Queen Berets.  
Bill Clinton's words upon my ears,  
"You gays have rights, be proud my dears."  
I once was scared, now I'm okay,

Cause I'm a fag in the Queen Berets.  
Put silver ear clips on my nuts,  
I love pain, now spank my butt.  
The way you walk is awfully cute,  
I sure would like to pack your chute!  
This Army stuff is really slick,  
Free meals and clothes and lots of dicks.  
When I retire, I still get paid,  
We thank you, Bill, from the Queen Berets.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\rajastr3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

    LBLL1CK

The Rajah Of Astrakhan  
There was a Rajah of Astrakhan,  
A most licentious lout of a man,  
Of wives he had a hundred and nine,  
Including his favourite concubine.  
One day when there was no-one at hand,  
He called his warrior, one of his band,  
"Go down to my harem, you lazy swine,  
And fetch my favourite concubine."  
The warrior fetched the concubine,  
A figure like Venus, a face divine.  
The Rajah gave a significant grunt,  
And placed his prick inside her cunt.  
The Rajah bellowed loud and long,  
The maiden answered sure and strong,  
But just when all had come to a head,  
They both fell through the rickety bed.  
They hit the floor with a hell of a crack,  
Which nearly busted the poor girl's back.  
As for the Rajah's magnificent end,  
It split down the middle and started to bend.  
They hit the floor and rolled onto the mat,  
Which completely ruined the poor girl's twat;  
And as for the Rajah's magnificent cock,  
It split right in two because of the shock.  
There is a moral to this tale,  
There is a moral to this tale,  
If you would try a girl at all,  
Stick her right up against the wall.  
The Rajah Of Astrakhan  
There once was a Rajah of Astrakhan, yo-ho, yo-ho,  
There once was a Rajah of Astrakhan, yo-ho, yo-ho,  
He had more than one hundred wives, and twice as many concubines.



I'm waiting for the first year's ride.

\*CHORUS

Chorus: Pull 'em down, get 'em off,  
Get 'em off, pull 'em down,  
Pull 'em down, get 'em off, Rawhide.  
Stick it in, pull it out,  
Pull it out, stick it in,  
Stick it in, pull it out, Rawhide.  
She's movin', movin', movin',  
Stops my manhood groovin'  
This doggie won't stop movin', Rawhide.  
It's gonna be sore later,  
But I've been a masturbator,  
All those years that I've spent inside,  
My balls they are aching,  
From ages wanking, waiting,  
Waiting to get this thing inside.  
Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
I'm rootin' her assholin',  
We're mounted doggy style, Rawhide.  
I don't try to understand her,  
Just catch and grope and bang her,  
Now her twat is gettin' wet and wide,  
My foreskin's torn and tattered,  
Her pussy's worn and battered,  
At last I'll drop my load inside.  
My foreskin's torn and tattered,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\redflag3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣.B=L1C<

The Red Flag  
While walking across the rocks so bare,  
I saw a maiden lying there.  
And as she lay in sweet repose,  
A breath of wind blew up her clothes.  
A sailor who was passing by  
Lifted his hat and winked his eye.  
And then he saw to his despair,  
She had the red blag flying there.  
chorus: The working class can kiss my ass,  
I've got the foreman's job at last,  
I off the job, I'm on the dole,  
You can shove the Red Flag up your hole.  
The sailor would not be denied,  
He said, "By God, I'll slip inside!"

He stripped down to his underwear,  
 And soon his ass was shining bare.  
 The maiden she was not perturbed,  
 Not in the slightest bit disturbed,  
 For come what may, full well she knew,  
 The brave red flag would see her through.  
 The sailor he was shivering,  
 His mighty prick was quivering,  
 But soon he knew he'd met his match,  
 He could not penetrate her snatch.  
 Try as he might, his path was blocked.  
 All he could do was fire half-cocked.  
 To quit the fray he did prepare,  
 And leave the fucking red flag there.  
 The moral of this tale is plain,  
 But pardon me if I explain:  
 In love or war, it matters not,  
 You never, never waste a shot.  
 The sailor's judgement was at fault.  
 To penetrate the maiden's vault  
 With red flag flying, let it pass,  
 Just shove it up the maiden's ass.  
 (Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\redhead3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]`B=L1C<

That Red-Headed New Lunden Gal  
 see Robert Heinlein --The Green Hills of Earth  
 tune - verses "The Bowery,"  
 chorus - "Popeye the Sailor"  
 Oh, one night I sailed into New Lunden town,  
 I lit out as soon as the gangplank touched down,  
 With money to spend and with troubles to drown,  
 And a red-headed New Lunden gal.  
 Oh, that red-headed New Lunden gal,  
 To every sailor a pal,  
 In New Lunden city, the welcome committee's  
 That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
 She was a dolly with hair red as flame,  
 She did me over in ways I can't name,  
 With oodles of talent and no shred of shame,  
 That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
 Oh, that red-headed New Lunden gal,  
 To every sailor a pal,  
 She's limber and slinky, and ever so kinky,



That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
She spread her legs at the edge of the dock,  
We did it doggie-style on the oar-lock,  
Her socket's as hot as a lightening shock,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
Oh, that red-headed New Lunden gal,  
To every sailor a pal,  
Once she whittles your dowel, you'll throw in the towel,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
Her manners were sultry, both coy and demure,  
If I had the fever, then she had the cure,  
Yes, she put the sex in my sextant, for sure,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
Oh, that red-headed New Lunden gal,  
To every sailor a pal,  
Her preference erotic is highly exotic,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
She showed me some tricks that would make a man wheeze,  
She fondled my mast with her elbows and knees,  
Then brought in her sister to help, if you please,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
Oh, that red-headed New Lunden gal,  
To every sailor a pal,  
If you don't want a ride, then she'll swallow your pride,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
She gave me her tits and her tongue and her tush,  
If I gave her a poke then she gave back a push,  
My bird in her hand led to two in her bush,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal!  
Oh, that red-headed New Lunden gal,  
To every sailor a pal,  
For she is so generous with her mons veneris,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal!  
She hoisted my topsail with grace and with finesse  
Her spanker it, billowed with no trace of thinness,  
Yes, she surely knew how to sail on a pinnacle,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
Oh, that red-headed New Lunden gal,  
To every sailor a pal,  
For a coin she'll get clingy and keel-haul your dinghy,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
And so if you're booked for a New Lunden ride,  
Just look up this gal and you'll know I ain't lied,  
In her lap is more action than any riptide,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
Oh, that red-headed New Lunden gal,  
To every sailor a pal,  
She'll curl up your hawser and then call for more, sir,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
I've known lots of girls and I've kissed 'em, you bet;

I've loved 'em and left 'em with not one regret;  
But she hauled my anchor like no one I've met,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal.  
Oh, that red-headed New Lunden gal,  
To every sailor a pal,  
She'll grant you no quarter, and won't repel boarders,  
That red-headed New Lunden gal!  
To every sailor a pal,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\redrivr3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c[]&B=L1C<

Come And Sit On My Face If You Love Me  
(llewtraH)  
Come and sit on my face, if you love me;  
Come and sit on my face, if you care.  
And I'll drink from your Red River Valley,  
And munch on your curly pubic hairs.  
Oh, if I had the wings of an eagle,  
And the balls of a hairy baboon,  
I would fly to the ends of creation,  
And I'd butt-fuck the Man in the Moon.  
Oh, take it in the hand, Mrs Murphy;  
It feels just like a rolling pin.  
But if you roll it between your hands,  
It'll take some time to be useful again.  
Oh, take it in the mouth, Mrs Murphy;  
It only weighs a quarter of a pound.  
It's got hairs round its neck like a turkey,  
And it spits when you shake it up and down.  
Oh, take it between the breasts, Mrs Murphy;  
And look it straight in its one eye.  
It will lie at peace between your bosom,  
Until finally milk-tears you will cry.  
Oh, place it between your legs, Mrs Murphy;  
It is just aching to crawl inside.  
It has a helmet on its head like a soldier,  
And it will shoot all its ammo, then die.  
Oh, but never touch <insert name>Mrs Murphy,  
It seems his is covered with scabs.  
His has warts all over like a horny toad,  
And is protected by an army of crabs.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\redrose3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leB=L1C<

My Little Pink Panties

(llewtraH)

Tune: When You Wore a Tulip

(sometimes known as "My Little Red Rose")

I wore my panties,

My little pink panties,

And he wore his G.I. shorts.

He began to caress me,

And then he undressed me,

What a thrill we had in store.

He played with my titties,

My little pink titties,

And down where the short hairs grow.

His kisses grew sweeter,

He pulled out his peter,

And whitewashed my little red rose.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\redwing3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Redwing

There once was an Indian maid,

Who said she was afraid,

To lie on her back in a little old shack,

And let the cowboys shove it up her crack.

She had an idea grand,

She'd fill it full of sand,

To keep the boys from hidden joys,

And the Indians Promised Land.

The moon shines bright on pretty Redwing,

As she lay sleeping, this buck came creeping,

With his one good eye he was a-peeping,

He hoped to reach her promised land.

He made some indian slips,

He reached for Redwing's teats.

He puffed and wheezed and shit and sneezed,

He made poor Redwing open up her knees.

But when she came to life,

She grabbed her Bowie knife.

She was too soon, it flashed in the moon,

And shortened his harpoon.

The moon shines down on pretty Redwing,

In bed she's lying, alone she's crying,

For no longer do the braves come prying;  
 They won't pay such a price for the promised land.  
 So girls, if you want to be wise,  
 Just put away those knives.  
 Men like to pay for a roll in the hay,  
 But they don't want to pay for the rest of their lives.  
 So mind what mamma said,  
 If you're lying in your bed,  
 And you can't obey, don't reach for the blade,  
 Relax yourself instead.  
 The clouds are floating over Redwing,  
 As she lies thinking, her love life sinking.  
 Now she'd welcome any man'd come slinking,  
 Into the treasure of the promised land.  
 (Four Sergeants)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\retort-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣Z&#12;B=L1C<

Retort  
 She lay stark naked between the sheets,  
 So nice and fat and chubby,  
 And I myself beside her lay,  
 My hand upon her bubbly.  
 I kissed her lips in crazy glee,  
 Her ass had great allure.  
 Our thighs did intermingle,  
 And I began to screw her.  
 "Pull out!", she cried, "Pull out! Pull out!  
 Or I'll get into trouble."  
 I did and on her snow white breast,  
 A stream did squirt and bubble.  
 I looked upon the gluey flow,  
 And with a wisecrack burst:  
 "You know that is the youngest child,  
 That you have ever nursed."  
 She scooped the goo with one fair hand,  
 And with a scornful "Ha!",  
 She threw the load into my face,  
 And said, "Go kiss you Pa!".  
 Ricocheted and killed her dead,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\rib-reb3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

\_

B=L1C<

The Ribald Bebel's Song (Fight For Liberation)  
In the draft board, here we sit,  
Covered o'er with Nixon's shit,  
While our sweat is turning Agnew's filthy mill.  
And the people as they pass,  
They jam Melvin up our ass,  
Well I guess we've had our goddamn fucking fill.  
Fight, fight, fight for liberation,  
Break, break, break the social scheme.  
We will drag the bastards down,  
And we'll grind them in the ground,  
And replace them with a working-class regime.  
Then we'll send a firing squad  
After Cardinal Spellman's God.  
Henry Kissinger will be the next in line.  
Then we'll pump some LSD  
Into Jackie Kennedy,  
And we'll make her fuck the workers overtime.  
Then we'll get a bloody rope,  
And we'll hang the fucking pope.  
And we'll burn the Sistine Chapel to the ground.  
Then we'll turn our tommy-guns  
On the screaming, ravished nuns,  
And the people's voice will be the only sound.  
Oh the Sherrif he came too, he came too.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\ride-on3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Ride On

There once was a shiek of Araby  
Ride on, Ride on,  
There once was a shiek of Araby,  
A buggering, fuckering bastard, he,  
With a swaggering tool hung down to his knee,  
Ride on, you buggers, ride on.  
He yelled for his eunuch at half past nine,  
Ride on, Ride on,  
He yelled for his eunuch at half past nine,  
"Get down to my harem, you lazy swine,  
And bring me my favorite concubine!"  
Ride on, you buggers, ride on.  
He was back in a flash with a lady gay,

Ride on, ride on,  
He was back in a flash with a lady gay,  
She made for the bed and on it lay,  
He was on her, and in her, and banging away,  
Ride on, you buggers, ride on.  
He was over and under and come some more,  
Ride on, ride on,  
He was over and under and come some more,  
The blanket was shredded and wet with gore,  
The springs gave way and they hit the floor,  
Ride on, you buggers, ride on.  
They hit the floor with a terrible crack,  
Ride on, ride on,  
They hit the floor with a terrible crack,  
It split the lady from front to back,  
And the shiek's proud horn was forever slack,  
Ride on, you bugger, ride on.  
So here's the moral for one and all,  
Ride on, ride on,  
So here's the moral for one and all,  
If you want to screw but you're afraid to fall,  
Fuck her standing against the wall,  
Ride on, you bugger, ride on.  
the head."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\ringo--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

    2B=L1C<

RINGO

(llewtraH)

He lay face down in the desert sand,  
Clutching his pecker in his hand,  
With an old whore who gave him head,  
I came from behind and thought he was dead.  
But a spark still burned, so I used my knife,  
And cut her teeth and saved the life of Ringo!  
Well, I nursed him 'till the danger passed  
And he smiled when he learned his prick would last.  
Through rain and snow, and hail and sleet,  
He practiced for hours beating his meat.  
Hour by hour I watched in awe,  
For I knew no man could match the draw of Ringo!  
One day we rode a rocky course,  
As I rode off, he fucked his horse.  
I took to law and wore a star,  
While he spread babies near and far.

With that meat and cum, he gained such fame,  
That every virgin feared the name of Ringo!  
I knew one day our paths would meet  
To see who had the fastest meat.  
But then one day word came around,  
He'd been blowing his meat all over town.  
So I dropped my pants and walked into the street,  
I left the saloon, dragging my meat, for Ringo!  
They say my draw was next to none,  
But my lightning stroke had just begun,  
When I felt a spurt that wet my wrist,  
My prick went flying from my fist,  
And I was looking down the penile pore,  
Of the prick that had ruined many a whore, of Ringo!  
I blocked the path of his retreat,  
By kicking his balls across the street.  
A dozen guns spit fire and lead  
And finally did cut off the head of Ringo!  
Well, the story spread throughout the land,  
That I had beaten Ringo's hand.  
And it was just the years they say  
That made me put my dick away.  
But on his grave, they can't explain  
That spot of cum above the name, of Ringo!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\riorio-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Rio Rio Bully Oh Rio  
chorus: Rio rio, bully oh rio,  
Jesus Christ how bully I feel,  
Straight from the whorehouse, pecker like steel  
My little organ grinder.  
Took my girl to City Hall,  
Spread her legs from wall to wall,  
Fucked her 'til I made her bawl,  
With my little organ grinder.  
Took her to the city dump,  
Laid her rump upon a stump,  
Missed her rump and split the stump,  
With my little organ grinder.  
Laid her down upon the grass,  
Aimed my pecker at her ass,  
Missed her ass and mowed the grass,  
With my little organ grinder.  
Laid her on her mother's bed,  
Rubbed her tits until they bled,

Busted up her maidenhead,  
 With my little organ grinder.  
 Met a girl upon the street,  
 Shoved my pecker up her seat,  
 Stood there while she beat my meat,  
 With my little organ grinder.  
 Now she's dead and in her tomb,  
 Worms crawl in and out her womb,  
 I don't care 'cause there's still room,  
 For my little organ grinder.  
 Some folks say that I'm a knave,  
 Others say that I'm depraved,  
 Cause I jackoff on her grave,  
 With my little organ grinder.  
 (Jim Soper at Stanford Univ 1949)  
 To sit and sing them seems such a crime,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\rndycro3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]+BLL1CK

The Randy Crow  
 Once a randy crow flew out of his favourite tree,  
 But not a lady crow could he see,  
 So he flew far and wide and he flew round the whole county,  
 Singing "Who can I find who will screw with me?"  
 Chorus: Who'll screw with me-ee, who'll screw with me-ee,  
 Who can I find who will screw with me?  
 So he flew far and wide and he flew round the whole county,  
 Singing "Who can I find who will screw with me?"  
 The crow spied a blue tit, sitting on a pile of bricks,  
 Landed beside her and gave her his dick.  
 Sang the blue tit, "I'm a tit, a blue tit who has just done 'it',  
 With a randy crow and I liked it."  
 The crow spied a turtle dove, sitting by a pigeon-cote,  
 Landed beside her and gave her his cock.  
 Sang the dove, "I'm a turtle dove, and I've just made love,  
 With a randy crow and I liked it."  
 The crow spied a rook a-nesting in a rookery,  
 Landed beside her for some fucky-fucky.  
 Cawed the rook, "I'm a rook and I've had a little nookie,  
 With a randy crow and I liked it."  
 The crow spied a robin who was sitting in a tree,  
 Landed there for some hanky-panky.  
 Said the robin "I'm a robin, Cock Robin, now they all call me,  
 Had a randy crow and I liked it."  
 On the village pond, the crow spied a paddling duck,



Landed beside her for a fuck.

Said the duck, "I'm a duck and I've had a little fuck,  
With a randy crow and I liked it."

The crow spied a duck, sitting on the local lake,  
Landed beside it, the duck got raped.

Said the duck "I'm a drake and there's been a great mistake,  
Had a randy crow but I liked it!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\robnhod3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

h &#11;+B=L1C<

Robin Hood -- Colin from Montmorency, Australia

This is the tale of Robin Hood,  
And how he did the people good.

Bbut there is more to this famous story  
Of Sherwood Forest's pride and glory.

At night when all the robbing was done,  
The merry men would have some fun.

In fact, it would be fair to say,  
The Merry Men were rather gay.

As Little John starts to unwind,

Robing takes him from behind,  
And so they frolic in the grass,  
While Robing rams it up his ass.

One night when they were all at play,  
A gorgeous maiden came their way,  
She sauntered up to old Friar Tuck,  
And said, "I'm Marion.

Want to fuck?"

The friar could not believe his ears;  
She's offering sex to all us queers.

While he recovered from the shock,  
Robin presented her with his cock.  
Marion's clothes were off in a flash;  
The Merry Men all had a bash.

For Marion this was just sheer bliss,  
As they filled every orifice.

When all was done, she gave a whine,  
"Thank you, boys, for a lovely tie.  
But for your pleasure, you must pay.

I've got the pox. Have a nice day!"

"Now listen here," said old Friar Tuck,  
"We don't really give a fuck.

The laugh's on you, you silly cow.

We've all got AIDS, so who's fucked now!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\rollmeo3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [[1B=L1C<

Roll Me Over In The Clover

Chorus: Roll me over in the clover,

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Oh, this is number one, and the fun is just begun,

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Oh this is number two and my hand is on her shoe ...

Oh this is number three and my hand is on her knee ...

Oh this is number four and we're rolling on the floor ...

Oh this is number five and the bee is in the hive ...

Oh this is number six and she said she liked my tricks,

Oh this is number seven and we're in our seventh heaven ...

Oh this is number eight and the nurse is at the gate ...

Oh this is number nine and the twins are doing fine ...

Oh this is number ten and we're at it once again ...

Oh this is number eleven and we start again at seven ...

Oh this is number twenty and she said that that was plenty . Oh this is number

thirty and she said that that was dirty .. Oh this is number forty and she said "you are naughty" ...

Oh this is number fifty and she really found it nifty ...

Drive It On

(llewtraH)

I gave her inches one and drove it on,

I gave it inches one and drove it on,

I gave it inches one, she said "Honey this is fun,

Put your belly close to mine and drive it on."

I gave her inches two and drove it on,

I gave it inches two and drove it on,

I gave it inches two, she said "Honey I love you,

Put your belly close to mine and drive it on."

And in same style:

I gave her inches three, she said "Honey please fuck me."

I gave her inches four, she said "Honey give me more."

I gave her inches five, she said "Honey I'm alive."

I gave her inches six, she said "Honey this is kicks."

I gave her inches seven, she said "Honey this is heaven."

I gave her inches eight, she said "Honey this is great."

I gave her inches nine, she said "Honey this is fine."

I gave her inches ten, she said "Honey come again."

(I gave her inches ten, she said "Honey do it again.")

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\rubduck3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ¶/B=L1C<

Rubber Dickie

Tune:

Rubber Ducky [Muppets]

Rubber dickie, you're the one,  
You make bedtime so much fun,  
Rubber dickie, I'm awfully fond of you.  
Rubber dickie, toy of toys,  
When you're in me I make noise,  
Rubber dickie, you're my best friend, it's true.  
Every day when I make my way to my beddie,  
I find my rubber dickie is always charged up and ready,  
I like to wear my teddy.  
Rubber dickie, you're so fine,  
And I'm happy that you are mine,  
Rubber dickie, I'm awfully fond of...  
Rubber dickie, you're the magical wand of...  
Rubber dickie, you're the one that I love in me.  
RUBBER DILDO  
Rubber dildo, you're the one;  
You make showers lots of fun;  
Rubber dildo, I'm awfully fond of you.  
Boop boop e doo  
Rubber dildo, shaft of joy,  
You're a woman's favorite toy;  
Rubber dildo, you're my very best friend, it's true.  
Ooh ooh ah ooh  
Every night when I start  
To play with my buddy,  
I am so dog-gone happy  
I'm not stuck with a hubby.  
Rub a dub dubby  
Rubber dildo, you're so fine;  
I'm so thankful that you're mine.  
Rubber dildo, I think I'm in love with...  
Rubber dildo, I'd like a whole drawer of...  
Rubber dildo, I think I'm in love with you.  
Rubber dildo I'd like a whole drawer of

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\rugbyfk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ¶¶B=L1C<

Fuck, Fuck, Wherever You May Be

Tune: Lord of the Dance

Chorus: Fuck, fuck, wherever you may be  
Us boys of the <name>, great boys are we,  
And we'll lead you down into debauchery  
'Cause us boys of the <name>, great boys are we,  
We shag in the summer when the grass is green;  
The meanest fuckin' pack you have ever seen.  
We wank in the winter when the grass is gone;  
We are <name>and the fuck goes on.  
Here's to the women that we hold dear,  
Why they stay with us it isn't really clear.  
We love and cherish them every one,  
But they'll always come second to a choirboy's bum.  
Under our foreskins everything is well;  
We chip out the knob-cheese so it won't smell.  
We bugger hard and we run so fast,  
And in the sack we last and last.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\s&mblue3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

d&#12;B=L1C<

S & M Blues

(llewtraH)

Come along and listen to  
The sado-masochistic blues.  
Walk over me in spike-heeled shoes,  
And whip me 'til I'm black and blue.  
chorus: Tie me up, tie me down,  
Peg me helpless on the ground.  
Use a blindfold, use a gag,  
I find straight sex to be a drag.  
Tie me up in straps of leather,  
Tickle me with ostrich feathers,  
Whip me with strands of barbed wire,  
Set my pubic hair on fire.  
Nothing beats that wild sensation,  
Give me S & M domination,  
Steel handcuffs and manacles,  
Needles in my testicles.  
String me helpless from the ceiling,  
Give me that masochistic feeling,  
Pour hot wax upon my dick,  
Then light it like a candle wick.  
I love bondage, I love fetters,  
Walk on balls with your stilettos,  
Give me nipple clamps and enemas,

A heated poker up the ass.  
Tie me down upon your bed,  
Whip me till I start to beg,  
Thrash my butt until it bleeds,  
S & M is what I need.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\s&m-dom3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

llc[];B=L1C<

The Cunt Of The Crimson Queen  
by Llewtrah, 2000  
The trusted chains of Crimson Queen,  
Are tethered to the walls,  
She wields a whip, horizons change,  
In ecstasy he falls,  
The dominatrix plays her tune,  
Her nine tails softly sing,  
Their melodies in an obscene tongue,  
From the cat of the Crimson Queen.  
The keeper of his fantasies,  
Puts whips into his dreams,  
He waits outside her dungeon door,  
To taste her carnal cream,  
The Red Queen chants, her slave must march,  
His fantasies obscene,  
He worships the heady musk of sex,  
At the cunt of the Crimson Queen.  
The mistress plants stiletto heels,  
Goes trampling on his balls,  
He sniffs her wind and tastes her shit,  
And the golden shower falls,  
The dominatrix lifts her hand,  
Her minions will begin,  
To slowly turn the ratchet wheels  
On the rack of the Crimson Queen.  
On soft gray evenings strong men bleed,  
In ecstasy they sigh,  
They bow beneath the Crimson whip,  
Their needs are satisfied,  
The dominatrix does not play,  
Ungentle, draws forth screams,  
And smiles as submissives lick,  
At the cunt of the Crimson Queen.

II

The walls on which the slaves are chained  
Are cracking at the seams,

Upon the instruments of death,  
The red-light brightly gleams,  
When every slave is torn apart,  
By masochistic dreams,  
Will no-one still the flying quirt  
In the hands of the Crimson Queen?  
Between the fleshy lips of fate,  
The musky scent of quim,  
It's watered by the tongues of those,  
Who seek the jewel within,  
S and M's a deadly friend  
When no-one sets the rules,  
The Crimson Queen enthrones herself,  
Upon the face of fools.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\s&mfair3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶!B=L1C<

S & M Faire

(llewtraH)

Are you going to S & M Faire?  
Bondage chains and cat-of-tails nine.  
Should you see a boy who once worked there.  
He was a submissive of mine.  
Tell him to eat a big plate of shit.  
Whips and straps and dog-collar fine.  
Wash it down with a cocktail of piss.  
He was a submissive of mine.  
Tell him I'll give him a warm enema.  
Tawses, paddles, make buttocks shine.  
Dress him in panties and black lacy bra.  
He was once a submissive of mine.  
I'd make him serve me however I'd please.  
Drinking cocktails of menses and wine.  
His face in my muff and him on his knees.  
He was once a submissive of mine.  
He shall wear cock-rings and do things obscene.  
Bondage chains and tortures refined.  
His face is my throne and I shall be queen.  
He was once a submissive of mine.  
Are you going to S & M Faire?  
Blindfolds and butt-plugs of fiendish design.  
Should you see a boy who once worked there.  
Ask him to grovel, and he will be thine.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\s&m-man3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

llc üB=L1C<

The S&M Man

Tune: The Candy Man"

Chorus: The S&M man, the S&M man.

The S&M man, 'cause he does it with love,  
Makes the hurt feel good (The hurt feel good.)

Who will run through jagers,  
Ripping up his flesh,  
And turn right around,

And repeat the bloody mess?

It's the S&M man.

Who can take two icepicks,  
And stick them in her ears?

Rev her up like a Harley  
And drive her in the rear.

Who can take a little boy,  
And entice him into his car?

Fill'm full of 'ludes  
And let him loose in a gay bar.

Who can take some thumbtacks,  
And spread them on the floor?

Make'm dance barefoot  
'Till their feet are bloody and sore.

Who can take a butcher knife,  
And wave it to and fro?

Cut off a little finger  
And see if it will grow.

Who can take a chicken,  
And spread its little legs?

Reach up inside  
And pull out a dozen eggs.

Who can take a slingshot,  
And two coconuts?

Then bend you over  
And shoot 'em up your butt.

Who wears pants with zippers,  
And no underwear,

Then pulls them up and down,  
And rips out his pubic hair?

It's the S&M man.

Who can take a razor,  
And no shaving cream,  
Scrape her pussy bald,  
While he listens to her scream?

It's the S&M man.

Who can take an old saw,  
Rusty but still cuts,  
Pull it back and forth,  
Until he rips off his own nuts?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take a bottle,  
Shove it up your ass,  
Hit it with a hammer,  
And line your ass with glass?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take your scrotum,  
Stick it with a pin,  
Hang on a bunch of weights,  
Till it drags down to your shins?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take your penis,  
Slam it in a door,  
Take out the bruised stump,  
So you can't fuck anymore?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take a sander,  
Make sure it's Black and Decker,  
Rub it up and down,  
Until you've got a bleeding pecker?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who would take a condom,  
Put pepper in the ring,  
Use it on the wife,  
'Cause she twitches when it stings?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take a mallet,  
Claim that he's a stud,  
Smash it on his pecker,  
Till it starts to ooze blood?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take your penis,  
Tie it in a knot,  
Tie it in a knot,  
Until the sucker rots?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take sandpaper,  
Rough like fifty grit,  
Rub it on her pussy,  
Until she has no clit?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take two ice picks,  
Stick one in each ear,  
And ride her like a Harley,  
While he roots her up the rear?  
It's the S&M man.



Who takes jumper cables,  
Clamps one on each tit,  
Starts up the car,  
And electrocutes the bitch?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take a young girl,  
Turn the lights down low,  
Flip on the video camera,  
And make like Rob Lowe?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take a vagina,  
Suck out all the yeast,  
Spit it out into some dough,  
And serve bread at the hash feast?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take a puppy,  
Hold it by the ears,  
Fuck it in the ass,  
Until it sheds those puppy tears?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take a vice clamp,  
Clamp it on a tit,  
Squeeze the sucker down  
Till it pops just like a zit?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take a cheese grater,  
Strap it to his arm,  
Fist fuck the bitch  
And make Vagina Parmesan?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take some shackles,  
Chain you to the walls,  
Fill a glass with sperm,  
By lancing both your balls?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take a Coke bottle,  
Shove it up her ass,  
Kidney punch the bitch,  
Until she's shitting blood and glass?  
It's the S&M man.  
Oh the S&M man,  
The S&M man makes all that he partakes,  
Satisfying and delicious,  
Fulfills all your erotic wishes,  
Sucks chrome off trailer hitches.  
Who would use machinery,  
To masturbate at work,  
Rip off his left testis,  
And pretend it didn't hurt?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a baby,  
Lay it on a bed,  
Turn the bugger over,  
Fuck the soft spot in its head?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who would put a kid's hand,  
In a socket on the wall?  
It's nice when they jerk,  
Up against his balls.  
It's the S&M man.  
Who goes to the abortion clinic,  
Sneaks around the back,  
Digs through the dumpster,  
Until he finds a tasty snack?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who can take a pregnant woman,  
Fuck her till she's dead,  
Leave his dick inside her,  
Till the foetus gives him head?  
It's the S&M man.  
Who takes jumper cables,  
Attaches 'em to her tits,  
Connects them to a Mack truck,  
And has orgasmic fits?  
It's the S&M girl.  
Chorus: Oh, the S&M girl,  
The S&M girl because she mixes it with love,  
And makes the hurt feel good.  
Who can jump a flagpole,  
Land right up on top,  
Wiggle down and squeeze so tight,  
The ball on top pops?  
It's the S&M girl.  
Who can take a buzz saw,  
Hold it to her twat,  
Rev up the engine,  
And perpetually squat?  
It's the S&M girl.  
Who sleeps on barbed wire,  
Tossing left and right,  
Just to see how many stitches,  
She can earn each night?  
It's the S&M girl.  
Who can shave her body,  
Pubic parts and all,  
Swim around all day,  
In a pool of alcohol?  
It's the S&M girl.  
Who rubs down with honey,  
Just to have a chance,

To lay out on the lawn,  
And be a picnic for the ants?  
It's the S&M girl.  
Who ties down her sweetie,  
Every single day,  
Covers him with rats,  
And lets the kitties in to play?  
It's the S&M girl.  
Who can take a big knife,  
And cause him lots of pain,  
And then get off in court,  
When she claims that she's insane?  
Lorena Bobbit can.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sailors3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [8B=L1C<

Bobby Shaft-her  
Bobby Shaft-Her's gone to sea,  
Got a cock hangs to his knee,  
All the girls are mighty pleased,  
To meet Bobby Shaft-Her.  
Chorus: Bobby Shaft-Her's mighty dick,  
Twelve inch long and plenty thick,  
Girls all hunger for that prick,  
Lucky Bobby Shaft-Her.  
Bobby Shaft-Her made his name,  
Shafting all the local dames,  
Now he plays away from hame,  
Jolly Bobby Shaft-Her.  
In Amsterdam he's got a whore,  
In Bangkok a dozen more,  
Twenty more in Singapore,  
Lucky Bobby Shaft-Her.  
Bobby Shaft-Her's got the pox,  
Must have caught it 'round the docks,  
Now he's got a rotting cock,  
Poor old Bobby Shaft-Her.  
The Horny Sailor  
Got a sweet young girl at home,  
Shag away, screw away,  
But the seas I like to roam,  
And I'm just a horny sailor.  
Chorus: Shag away you horn-pipe king,  
Shag away, screw away,  
Shag away and hear me sing,

That I'm just a horny sailor.  
Life at sea is such a bore,  
Shag away, screw away,  
So I screw the cabin boy,  
And I'm just a horny sailor.  
I sometimes shag the second mate,  
Shag away, screw away,  
Much more fun than celibate,  
And I'm just a horny sailor.  
I prefer the girls at Plymouth docks,  
Shag away, screw away,  
Young and cheap but full of pox,  
And I'm just a horny sailor.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\salome-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣B=L1C<

Salome  
Down our street we had a little party,  
Everyone was oh so gay and hearty.  
We all had beers, talk about a treat,  
In a boozier down the street  
There was old Uncle Jim, he was all fucked up,  
We put him in the cellar with the old bull pup.  
Little Sunny Tim was trying to get it in,  
With his asshole winking at moonlight.  
chorus: Oh Salome, Salome, My old gal Salome,  
Standing there with her asshole bare,  
Waiting for someone to put it there,  
And slide it and glide it right up her fucking chute  
She could shoot, shit, fight, fuck,  
Wheel a barrow, drive a truck,  
That's my gal Salome.  
Monday night she fucks like hell,  
Tuesday night she has a spell.  
Wednesday night she takes up her back,  
Thursday night she takes it in her crack.  
And Friday night she takes it up her nose,  
In between her fingers and down between her toes.  
Saturday night she dishes out the clap,  
And she goes to church on Sunday.  
(Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\samhall3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

l c hB=L1C<

Samuel Hall

My name, it is Sam Hall, Samuel Hall,

My name it is Sam Hall.

My name it is Sam Hall,

And I hate you one and all,

You're a bunch of fuckers all,

God damn your eyes.

Oh, I killed a man they said, so they said.

Oh, I killed a man they said.

Oh, I killed a man they said,

And I bashed him in his head,

And I left him there for dead,

God damn his eyes.

So they put me in the quad, in the quad.

So they put me in the quad.

So they put me in the quad,

And they left me there for God,

Shackled by a chain and rod,

God damn their eyes.

Oh the preacher he did come, he did come.

Oh the preacher he did come.

Oh the preacher he did come,

And he looked so goddamn glum,

And he preached of kingdom come,

(He can kiss my ruddy bum),

God damn his eyes.

Oh the Sherrif he came too, he came too.

Oh the Sherrif he came too.

Oh the Sherrif he came too,

With his yellow boys in blue,

Saying, "Sam, we'll see you through",

God damn their eyes.

So it's up the rope I go, up I go.

So it's up the rope I go.

So it's up the rope I go,

With you bastards down below,

Saying, "Sam, We told you so."

God damn their eyes.

I saw Molly in the crowd, in the crowd.

I saw Molly in the crowd.

I saw Molly in the crowd,

And she looked so goddamn proud,

That I hollered right out loud,

"God damn your eyes!"

Let this be my parting knell, parting knell.

Let this be my parting knell.

Let this be my parting knell,  
 Hope to see you all in hell,  
 Hope to hell you sizzle well,  
 God damn your eyes.  
 Up in heaven I dwell, now I dwell.  
 Up in heaven I dwell.  
 Up in heaven I drell,  
 Wish to hell I was in hell,  
 All the whores are down in hell,  
 God damn their eyes.  
 Sammy Small  
 See also Knobby Hall/Knobbly Hall/Sam Hall  
 Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,  
 Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,  
 Oh my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball,  
 But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all.  
 Oh they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all, etc  
 They say I shot him in the head, with a fucking piece of lea Now the silly fucker's  
 dead, so fuck 'em all.  
 Oh they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all, etc  
 Oh, they say I'm going to swing, from a fucking piece of str What a silly fucking  
 thing, so fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the parson he will come, fuck 'em all, etc  
 Oh the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come,  
 He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all, etc  
 Oh the hangman wears a mask, for his silly fucking task,  
 What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.  
 Oh the sheriff'll be there too, fuck 'em all, etc  
 Oh the sheriff'll be there too, with his silly fucking crew, They've got fuck-all  
 else to do, so fuck 'em all.  
 I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all, etc  
 I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so goddamn proud,  
 That I shouted right out loud, FUCK 'EM ALL!  
 Oh the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all, etc  
 Oh the hangman pulled the rope, though it was a fucking joke Now my goddamn neck is  
 broke, so FUCK 'EM ALL!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sammcge3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leA=L1C<

The Castration Of Sam McGee  
 (llewtraH)

There are strange things done in the midnight sun  
 By the men who moil for gold;  
 The Arctic trails have their secret tales

That would make your blood run cold.  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night in the snow where few men go,  
We castrated Sam McGee.  
Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee,  
Where the cotton blooms and blows.  
Why he left his home in the South to roam  
'Round the pole, God only knows.  
We were always cold in that land of gold,  
And it froze our bollocks blue,  
And they clanged like brass on your frozen ass,  
And our piss iced up like glue.  
On a winter's day, wee were digging our way  
Over the Dawson Trail.  
Through the ice and the sluch, with a frozen tush,  
And our peckers frozen pale.  
If our flies didn't close, our peckers froze  
Till sometimes we just couldn't pee.  
And the Arctic sun couldn't thaw the bum  
Of whimpering Sam McGee.  
And that very night, as we lay packed tight,  
Clutching our iced-up tools,  
'Cause even our spunk came out in chunks,  
Or froze inside our balls.  
Sam turned to me and, "Cap," says he,  
"I'll be dead by morn, I guess;  
Before I freeze, I'm asking you please,  
Don't refuse my last request."  
"It's not being dead that's my awful dread;  
It isn't that at all.  
It's this damn frostbite that's not so nice,  
And I fear it's got my balls."  
Sam's last plea, it sure got to me,  
And when I saw his scrote,  
Ice-blue bollocks, froze fit to fall off,  
I knew it was no joke.  
He crouched on the sleet, and he tried to shit,  
But his arsehole was fair clogged.  
He clutched his knees, his buttocks squeezed;  
And I chopped it off in logs.  
And then he cried ice tears and died;  
Fell over in the snow.  
Stone dead, at rest, so the others guessed,  
He would need his clothes.  
Well Sam had croaked, so we took his coat,  
Drew lots for dead Sam's treds.  
Pulled off his pants, saw at a glance,  
That his prick and his balls were blue.  
We took his parka, dead Sam lay starkers,

And we saw that his prick was brittle.  
His frozen glans broke off in our hands.  
No wonder he couldn't piddle.  
The corpse was rolled in a grave in the cold.  
The dig made us frustrated.  
And every damn time we heard Sam's balls chime,  
We feared he'd be castrated.  
Then as he tipped, his scrotum ripped,  
And the promise that I had sworn,  
Came to naught as an ice-splinter caught,  
And ripped off poor Sam's horm.  
It was then too late to change his fate;  
I must admit we marveled  
At the spectacle of Sam's testicles,  
Which rolled about like marbles.  
They fell from his crotch; we laughed so much  
As they clanged about just like ball bearings,  
Till at last we took a long hard look  
To see how his dick war faring.  
It was iced and stiff, the foreskin chipped,  
And stuck out at an angle.  
So we had to warm that icy horn,  
To restore the proper dangle.  
We'd not much fuel to thaw his tool,  
And it soon began to roast.  
But the flames from the fire shot up too high,  
And turned Sam's dick to toast.  
This thankless task we quit at last,  
Just tossed him i his hole.  
He lay at the base, his frostbit face  
Like a pisshole in the snow.  
With shovel and pick we covered him quick,  
But heard an awful groan,  
And the corpse sat straight, tried to masturbate,  
And gave a deathly moan.  
Those fingers black encountered a lack  
Where genitals should be,  
For the icy cold of the Arctic Pole  
Had castrated Sam McGee.  
And the horn, once hard, was merely charred,  
And burnt to a shriveled stick.  
Our brave hearts quailed, for we had failed  
To save our poor friend's dick.  
Without a pause, that eunuch corpse  
Gave an unearthly wail.  
"As long as you live, I won't forgive."  
He cursed the Dawson Trail.  
"You sons of whores, you solemnly swore,"  
And these words said Sam McGee,  
"That I'd be laid in my frosty grave



With balls still attached to me!"  
There are strange things done in the midnight sun,  
By the men who moil for gold;  
The Arctic Trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold.  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night in the snow, where few men go,  
We castrated Sam McGee.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sansnat3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣d&#12;&#12;␣BBL1CA

Sandy Snatches (llewtraH)  
The sultan of Arabia, where the sun does shine so hot,  
Had four and forty concubines, with sand in every twat.  
The oyster it will make a pearl, from twat all filled with sand,  
But the desert concubine with sandpapaer your gland.  
The Sultan of Arabia, it made him sad and sore,  
When sand grated as he ground and rubbed his pecker more.  
His four and forty concubines resisted men's invasions,  
For every clit was full of grit, and gave the men abrasions.  
If invited to the harem of the Sultan of Arabia,  
Watch the dancing girl gyrate, and sand fall from their labia.  
When in thee dusty dester where the sun so scorching shines,  
Beware of taking pleasure from the desert concubines.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\scotdep3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c␣␣MBGL1CF

SCOTLAND DEPRAVED

(llewtraH)

Bring out the whiskey mother, Oh I'm feelin' frisky mother,  
Bring out the sheep, I'm so lonely tonight.  
Bring out the sheets of rubber, bring out the peanut butter,  
England's forever but Scotland's Depraved!

Chorus:

Tall and in gallant shame, Scotland, me mountain hame.

Tall may the heads of Englishmen wave!

Land of the Highland whiskey.

Land of the Golfer's tee.

Land of my heart, always, Scotland's Depraved!

Bring me some whiskey, mother; oh I'm feeling frisky, mother,  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
I need a lover, mother; no, not my brother, mother  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
Bring out the whiskey mother, Oh I'm so thirsty mother  
Bring out the condoms, I'm so restless tonight  
Bring out my little brother - I'll have no other lover  
England's forever but Scotland's depraved  
Bring out the whiskey mother, Oh I'm soooo thirsty mother,  
Bring out the sheep, I'm feeling kinky tonight.  
Bring me my little sister, lord knows I've really missed her.  
England's forever but Scotland's Depraved!  
Bring out the whiskey mother, Oh I'm feelin' frisky mother,  
Bring out the prize ram I'm so horny tonight.  
When I'm all done with humpin', then we'll all feast on mutton.  
England's forever but Scotland's Depraved!  
Bring out the whiskey mother, Oh I'm so thirsty mother,  
Bring out the CheezWhiz I'm so kinky tonight.  
Lord knows I really wanna bring out the Greased Iguana,  
England's forever but Scotland's Depraved!  
Down in the fields of heather, bring out the whips of leather,  
Whip me most soundly lassie and hear me rave!  
Down where the streams are windin', bring out the ropes for bindin',  
England's forever but Scotland's Depraved!  
Hark, when the night is fallin, Hear! Hear! the Scotsmen far callin',  
Loudly and proudly fartin' down through the glens!  
Down where the shepherd's sleepin', Hear! Hear! the sheep a'bleatin',  
'Fraid they're goin' to be raped by Highlander men!  
Gerbils don't make it, mother, they just can't take it, mother,  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
Owls, bats and other critters just tend to give me jitters;  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

(bridge)

Sheep never talk about it  
They never ever doubt it  
Always so placid, affectionate and nice!  
Give me that lanolin, better than flannel-in  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
Bring me my dear old sister, Oh God! How I've missed her  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
Bring me my dear Aunt Mary, Oh God! She's so damn hairy  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
Bring me my dear grandmother, I'd wish for none the other  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
I need a lover, mother, You'll do if there's no other  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

(bridge)

Sheep never talk about it  
They never ever doubt it  
Always so placid, affectionate and nice!

Give me that lanolin, better than flannel-in  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
Bring out the whiskey mother, Oh I'm soooo thirsty mother,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\scurvy-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Scurvy Sons Of Bitches

\*-----

Us pirates ply the seven seas,  
Our weapons hanging to our knees,  
We take our pleasure where we please,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.  
With buxom wenches we make bold,  
We kill the men and take their gold,  
We bugger every whore-son's hole,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.  
We have the pox, we have the syph,  
We always keep our bowsprits stiff,  
We never settle for just a kiss,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.  
We're scrofulous and covered in boils,  
But keep our weapons cocked and oiled,  
Our boarding parties can't be foiled,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.  
We screw young boys and tavern wenches,  
On the tables, floor and benches,  
Wearing sailcloth canvas frenchies,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.  
We're horny and hairy and full of fleas,  
Our cutlasses hang to our knees,  
Us pirates do as we damn well please,  
Us scurvy sons of bitches.

X

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\seamstr3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣␣#B=L1C<

The Seamstress' Song  
(S Charmer & L Finger)  
(llewtraH)

A seamstress told me before she died,

And I have no reason to believe she lied,  
She had a spouse with a prick so wide,  
That it had to be magnified.  
So she built a spinning wheel,  
Two balls of yarn and a needle of steel.  
The balls of yarn she twisted tight,  
And the whole bloody thing was driven by might.  
She tied him to the leg of the bed;  
Tied his hands above his head.  
There he lay demanding a fuck;  
She shook his hand and wished him luck.  
Round and round went the spinning wheel,  
In and out went the needle of steel.  
Down and down went the level of yarn,  
Up and up went the prick she darned.  
Till at last that husband cried,  
"Enough!  
Enough!  
I'm satisfied!"  
Now we come to the tragic bit;  
There was no way of stopping it.  
He was stretched from nose to bum,  
And the whole fucking room was covered in --  
Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,  
Covered all over from nose to bum,  
Covered all over with CUM!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\seveda3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

||c ||'B=L1C<  
Seven Nervous Days  
Tune: Seven Lonely Days  
Seven nervous days, I've waited for results,  
Seven lonely nights I've stayed away from you,  
I never could have guessed, I had no idea,  
That you'd given me a dose of gonorrhea.  
Chorus: Oh my darling I'm crying,  
Boo-hoo poor me,  
'Cause the doctor's prescribing  
Penicillin for me.  
You said you were drunk,  
Now does that make it right?  
I think you're a lousy skunk,  
To sleep with a transvestite.  
You said you couldn't tell;  
It was very hard to find.

So you thought what the hell,  
And rammed it up behind.  
I knew I had a dose,  
'Cause it hurts when I pee.  
If you ever come close,  
I'll cut off your willie.  
I never felt so shy,  
You caused me so much strife,  
But now it's your turn to cry,  
'Cause you gotta tell your wife.  
Last chorus: Oh my darling you're crying,  
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo,  
Now the doctor's prescribing  
Penicillin for you too.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sewrwrk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c[[BGL1CF

Working Down The Sewer  
CHORUS: Workin' down the sewer, shoveling up manure,  
That's the way the soldier does his bite, shoveling shit.  
You can hear the shovels ring with a ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
When you're working down the sewer with the gang.  
Now the foreman said with sass, as he grabbed my by my ass,  
"You're the dirtiest little bastard for the job.  
Your wages for the week will be five and twenty bob,  
When you're working down the sewer with the gang.  
One morning after eight, when I turned up at the gate,  
The foreman said to me, "Now fucking look here, mate,  
If you won't come fucking early, then you can't come fucking late,  
When you're working' down the sewer with the gang.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sexaids3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c[[ BB=L1C<

Sex Aids  
(llewtraH)  
There are lots of different sex aids on the market,  
But I haven't found the one that does for me.  
I'm not turned on by high-heeled shoes or garters;  
They don't appeal to my sexuality.  
Stilettos, suspender belts and fishnet stockings,

Whips and spurs and dildoes and lots more,  
Vibrators and merkins have them flocking.  
Butt plugs attract the perverts by the score.  
Some people they are into whips and bondage,  
Others they like leather, whips and chains.  
Some go to videos that are erotic,  
Others for the things that cause most pain.  
There are gags and masks and tightly laced-up corsets;  
Enemas and canes from which to choose.  
Nipple-clamps are plentiful of course but,  
I haven't found a thing I'd like to use.  
There are lots of different pills and also potions.  
And rubs to make you stiff for days on end.  
Scented oils and size enhancing lotions.  
Thermometers to stick up one's rear end.  
Some people they like strange erotic piercing;  
Prince Alberts, rings or bolts right through the prick.  
And for the ladies, don't think just of earrings;  
You can get hoops through labia or clit.  
There is leather-wear and rubber-wear and lacies;  
Blow up dolls and also blow up sheep.  
Realistic orifices when inflated,  
But you will find the prices quite steep.  
Crotchless panties may give ease of entry;  
If you find that you have not got too much time,  
Peephole bras and uniforms might tempt you;  
When you walk, vaginal love-balls tend to chime.  
Handcuffs, bridles, harnesses and manacles;  
Do you really want to dress like a horse.  
Croc-clips stimulate the testicles,  
If you like things clamped on your balls.  
You can find restraints just like in jail.  
Straightjackets if that's what turns you on.  
If your VCT is dead then you can't fail,  
To find stuff just as hot on CD-ROM.  
Do you find films just make you bored and fidget?  
Then go into your nearest porno store.  
Watch orgy films with animals or midgets,  
Every -philia is catered for!  
Coprophagia - that is shit-eating;  
Or fist-fucking films are all on show.  
You can watch the man's take a beating,  
While sado's laugh and grin with every blow.  
Perhaps you want to see someone in congress,  
With a cow or horse or pig or dog, maybe.  
Lesbos, necros, homos -- lots of choices,  
But none of these are quite my cup of tea.  
Of late there is a question I've found vexing,  
Whenever I pass by the porno store;  
Most are more than happy with just straight sex,

So who are all the fancy 'sex aids' for.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\shadeap3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leB=L1C<

Shade Of The Old Apple Tree

(llewtraH)

In the shade of the old apple tree,  
A pair of fine legs I did see,  
With some hair at the top,  
And a little red spot;  
It looked like a cherry to me.  
I pulled out my pride of New York;  
It fitted in just like a cork.  
I said, "Darlin' don't scream,  
While I fill you with cream,  
In the shade of the old apple tree."  
And as we both lay on the grass  
With my two hands around her fat ass,  
She said, "If you'll be true,  
You can have fuck two!  
In the shade of the old apple tree."  
In the shade of the old apple tree,  
Thats where Hilda first showed it to me.  
It was hairy and black and she called it her crack,  
It looked like a subway to me.  
Well I took out my forty foot pole  
And shoved it right down her black hole.  
I bounced once or twice, it really felt nice,  
In the shade of the old apple tree.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\shagwag3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lcB=L1C<

Shagging Wagon

(llewtraH)

(In Berkeley 1960 called Rolling Fornicatorium)  
He's got a shaggin' wagon;  
It's no mere pick-up truck,  
A double mattress in the back,  
A comfy place to fuck.  
No souped-up Ford Cortina,

To harbour cunning stunts,  
Cause his super passion-wagon,  
Attracts more stunning cunts.  
He's fixed up the suspension,  
To cushion every shock,  
And stop the wagon shaking,  
When he gives the gals his cock.  
He's got a mobile bedroom,  
It's quite the height of fashion,  
The girls don't like my Mini,  
Once they've tried his passion wagon!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\shepbug3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

A Boy And His Sheep  
(llewtraH) Rich Brown

My big brother Wally's a secret to keep;  
Lies up in his room 'till he thinks we're asleep.  
From bed goes to meadows in his stealthy creep:  
Its jolly for Wally to bugger a sheep.  
See him baa-baa-baa bugger, bugger that sheep.  
Tightly grips woolly hips as he slips deep.  
They'll soon collapse in a satisfied heap...  
He'll hold her and hug her - mostly he'll bugger,  
Tease her and tug her and bugger that sheep.  
I think a sheep nightly is plenty, don't you?  
Wally's libido says one is too few.  
Has in mind one behind for number two:  
Oh golly now Wally would bugger that ewe.  
See him baa-baa-baa bugger, bugger that ewe.  
Hear her bleat, she's so sweet, and discreet, too.  
So many more in this meadow to do...  
He'll hold her and hug her - mostly he'll bugger,  
Tease her and tug her and bugger that ewe.  
Wally wants more, he says, "That's how I am."  
(The sight of those horns makes him pass on the ram.)  
Spies a new target who'll do in a jam:  
Is it folly for Wally to bugger that lamb?  
See him baa-baa-baa bugger, bugger that lamb.  
What a night, soft moonlight, you're all right ma'am.  
He'll do with her as he did with her dam...  
He'll hold her and hug her - mostly he'll bugger,  
Tease her and tug her and bugger that lamb.  
By dawn Wally's lust has, if anything, grown.  
Its off to the market where beasties are shown.



There spots the perfectly formed chromosome...  
So Wally buys Dolly -- to bugger that clone.  
See him baa-baa-baa bugger, bugger that clone.  
He squeezes, she pleases, and she's his own.  
She'll spend no more empty nights all alone...  
He'll hold her and hug her - mostly he'll bugger,  
Tease her and tug her and bugger that clone.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\shepher2.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### The Lonely Shepherd

Just outside of Athens  
There lives a lonely Greek,  
Who satifies his passion  
By buggering his sheep.  
A lonely sheppherd is he,  
When tending to his flock,  
He likes to keep ewes busy,  
Bu giving then his cock.  
When female sheep are screwed,  
By a randy ram,  
The offspring of a ewe  
Will always be a lamb.  
But when ewes are mated,  
By a shepherd with a horn,  
The offspring is a satyr  
Or possibly a faun.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sheroll3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### She Rolled And She Tumbled

Oh, her teats were swollen and her ass was red,  
And she sat there smiling on the edge of the bed.  
And I said, "I'd like to fuck you,"  
And she said, "You think you can?"  
So there and then I jumped her and the action began.  
chorus: Oh she rolled and she tumbled and she shit on the floor,  
And she wiped her ass on the knob on the door,  
While the moon shone green on the nipple of her teat,  
And she brushed her teeth with a bluebird's shit.  
Well this little girl really knew how to lay,

She was the best piece of ass that ever hit the hay.  
The skin on her belly was as tight as a drum,  
And every time we fucked, it went run-a-tum-tum.  
(Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\shibeer3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c ␣B=L1C<

Shiner Beer

(l1ertraH)

In the town of Shiner in the Lone Star State,  
They're brewing a beer that tastes really great,  
Makes me want to masturbate.  
Oh, I love Shiner Beer,  
Grab yourself a fist of lard,  
Work it up nice and hard,  
Shoot your jism 'cross the yard.  
Oh, I love Shiner Beer.  
Mmm, mmm, mmm, tastes so good,  
Yes, yes, yes, like I knew it would,  
Take advice from this old corner,  
It don't matter if you're a loner,  
Go ahead and cop that boner,  
If you got Shiner Beer.  
All you ladies everywhere,  
Hold onto your underwear,  
Shiner makes you lose your cares,  
Oh, I love Shiner Beer.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\shithse3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c ␣B=L1C<

Van, Van The Shithouse Man

(l1ewtraH)

Deep down, underneath the ground,  
There's a whole lot of bullshit lying all around,  
Some of it is wet, and some of it is dry,  
and some of it stinks to heaven high.  
Chorus: Van, Van, the shithouse man,  
Chief Engineer of the public can.  
Picking up the paper, rolling up the towels,  
Working to the rhythm of the rumbling bowels.

There's a gurgle in the pipes, Dan wakes from his nap,  
Someone on the surface in having a crap.  
Plip, plop, hear them drop;  
Honky-tonk baby it's the shit-house rock.  
Down in the subway, a sound is heard,  
it's the rumble and the crumble of the falling turd.  
Splish, splash, mind your shoes,  
Yee-haa! it's the shit-house blues.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\shitlam3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣#B=L1C<

Shithouse Lament  
I'm tired of playing casino,  
There's only one game left to play;  
'Twas invvented by Adam and Eve, dear,  
Come along and I'll show you the weay.  
I'll cover your fair face with kisses,  
Till it all seems like heaven, you'll see.  
I'll show you the bliss of all blisses,  
If you'll come to the shithouse with me.  
Nine days have gone by, dear, forever,  
Oh God!  
How I wish I were dead.  
My body's all covered with itches,  
There's a pimple right on my prick head.  
I've tried all the pills in creation,  
Way down to the tiny G. C.  
I've suffered all hell and damnation,  
Since you went to the shithouse with me.  
Now come along you fair maidens,  
And likewise, you chippies and whores,  
I'm going out into the country,  
Where you'll not see my face any more.  
As I ramble around the world over,  
A new thought has been born in my dome:  
With my cock in my hand in full blossom,  
I'll go to the shithouse alone.  
(Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\shpvens3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶e&#12;¶<¶B=L1C<

The Good Ship Venus

(Oscar Brand)

(Michael Green)

(Jerry Silverman)

'Twas on the good ship Venus,  
You really should have seen us.  
The figure-head was a whore in bed,  
And the mast, an upright penis.  
The captain of the lugger,  
Was known as a filthy bugger.  
He was unfit to shovel shit,  
From one ship to another.  
The first mate's name was Morgan,  
By God, he was a gorgon.  
From half past eight he played till late,  
Upon the Captain's organ.  
The Captain's wife was Charlotte,  
Born and bred a harlot.  
Her thighs at night were lilly white,  
By morning, they were scarlet.  
The Captain's daughter Mabel,  
Though young, was fresh and able,  
To fornicate with the second mate,  
Upon the chartroom table.  
While crossing the equator,  
The crew did elevate her.  
She bared her ass on the topmost mast,  
And dared us all to mate her.  
The Captain's youngest daughter,  
Was washed into the water.  
Her plaintive squeals announced that eels,  
Had found her sexual quarter.  
The ship's dog's name was Rover,  
We turned that poor thing over,  
And ground and ground that faithful hound,  
From Tenneriff to Dover.  
And when we reached our station,  
Through skillful navigation,  
The ship got sunk in a wave of spunk,  
From too much fornication.  
The first mate's name was Andy,  
He acted like a dandy.  
We fixed that shite, we fixed him right,  
By pissing in his brandy.  
The galley mate was Ryan,  
And always he was trying,  
To lick the teats of sailor Fritz,  
But Fritz--he wasn't buying.  
The purser's wife was Gussie,

A great gal, but a hussy.  
For just one buck, she'd squat and suck,  
The nurse's little pussy.  
One day the great ship foundered,  
On crags our bags were pounded.  
We stubbed our cocks against the rocks,  
And then we all were drowned.  
The cook whose name was Freeman,  
He was a dirty demon.  
He fed the crew on menstrual stew,  
And hymens fried in semen.  
Another cook was O'Malley,  
He didn't dilly-dally.  
He shot his bolt with such a jolt,  
He whitewashed half the galley.  
The Boatswain's name was Lester;  
He was a hymen tester.  
Through hymens thick, he shoved his prick,  
And left it there to fester.  
The engineer McTavish,  
And young girls he did ravish.  
His missing tool's in Istanbul;  
He was a trifle lavish.  
A homo was the Purser,  
He couldn't have been worser.  
With all the crew, he had a screw,  
Until they yelled, "Oh No Sir!  
Another one was Cropper,  
Christ! He had a whopper.  
Twice round the deck, once round his neck,  
And up his ass for a stopper.  
'Twas in the Adriatic,  
Where's the water's almost static,  
The rise and fall of cock and ball,  
Was almost automatic.  
The end of this narration,  
Came in jubilation,  
For they sunk the junk in a sea of spunk,  
Cause by masturbation.  
So now we end this serial,  
Through sheer lack of material.  
I wish you luck and freedom from  
Diseases venereal.  
Becalmed in the Sargasso,  
To make the doldrums pass-o,  
We launched a spree of buggerery,  
Upon each other's ass-o.  
While sailing on the ocean,  
We often have the notion,  
In cold and heat, to beat the meat,

With a peculiar motion.  
We knew sooner or later,  
Approaching the equator,  
That every Jack would have a whack  
At turning fornicator.  
Each sailor lad's a brother,  
To all and one another.  
We take great pains at our daisy chains,  
While writing home to mother.  
It was on the good ship Venus,  
O Christ you should have seen us,  
We wapped the wops, came out on tops  
And captured the Malvinas  
(by Anna Pest, Peentatte 9005)  
The first mate's named was Carter,  
By God, he was a farter.  
When the wind wouldn't blow, and the ship wouldn't go,  
Carter the farter was starteer.  
The carpenter Caruthers,  
Beloved of all the others,  
He wasn't quite a hermaphrodite,  
But a mistake of his mother's.  
Another cook was Herbert,  
A gastronomic pervert.  
He puts it in, through thick and thin,  
And whacks off in the sherbert.  
The third cook's name was Aiken;  
Each morning he'd awaken  
To scrape the spunk from off his bunk,  
To fry the captain's bacon.  
The trainee cook was Wooden,  
By Christ he was a good 'un.  
He tossed off twice into the rice  
And called it Sago Puddin'.  
The radio operator,  
He was a masturbator;  
To get a jolt, he shoot his bolt  
Across the oscillator.  
The stewardess was Dinah;  
She sprang a leak off China.  
We had to pump poor Ddinah's rump  
To empty her vagina.  
The bosun's name was Andy;  
A bastard bald and randy;  
They filled his bum with boiling rum,  
For pissing in the brandy.  
The bosun's plan was prosperous,  
He dipped his cock in phosphorous;  
All through the night, it kept a light  
To guide us through the Bosphorous.

The second mate was Abel;  
His asshole bore this label:  
I'll give the crew their daily screw,  
Though I'm no Betty Grable.  
The third mates name was Walter;  
At love he'd never falter.  
The bloody stiff has given syph  
To all the girls of Malta.  
The stoker's was McGuire;  
He really was a tryer.  
For though on shore he kept a whore;  
On board he pulled his wire.  
His given name was Cooper;  
By God he was a trooper.  
He jerked and jerked until he worked  
Himself into a stupor.  
The captain's daughter Mabel,  
When ever she was able,  
She gave the crew their daily screw  
Upon the chart-room table.  
The daughter wasn't fussy;  
She was a brazen hussy.  
She'd spread her legs on brandy kegs,  
And show the crew her pussy.  
When we got into Calais,  
His other daughter Sally  
Dressed as a whore, and rushed ashore,  
She won the Grand Prix Rally.  
While crossing the equator,  
The crew did elevate her.  
She bared her ass upon the mast  
And dared the crew to mate her.  
The third mate's name was Morgan,  
The homosexual gorgon;  
A dozen crows put in a row  
Could pose upon his organ.  
The lookout's name was Andy,  
His legs were long and bandy.  
They fill his ass with molten brass  
For pissing in the brandy.  
The cabin boy was Kipper,  
A filthy little nipper.  
He lines his ass with broken glass  
And circumsized the skipper.  
The skipper he did fear  
That the bosun was a queer.  
His cock, when bit, tasted of shit,  
And he called the men, "My dear".  
The cooks name it was Herbert;  
A gastronomic pervert.

He puts it in through thick and thin,  
And whacks off in the sherbert.  
A stowaway named Tupper,  
We rubbed his balls with butter;  
The charge whizzed past the mizzenmast  
And foamed against the scupper.  
Then there was the Navigator;  
He was a fornicator.  
The horny sod, he took a broad  
First fucked her then he ate her.  
The ship's cat's name was Kitty,  
Her arse was black and shitty.  
Her feline twat was kept red-hot  
By the crew that knew no pity.  
The fifth mate's name was Slater;  
He was a masturbator.  
He'd pump and pump his massive stump  
And clean the mess up later.  
And able seaman Fentid  
By bugging demented,  
He stuffed cement up his fundament  
And relationships cemented.  
The captain was elated;  
The crew investigated.  
They found some sand in his prostate gland;  
He had to be castrated.  
The crew they were all whiney;  
They'd drunk up all their winey.  
From bed to bed, they looked for head,  
But settled for some hiney.  
On every foot of rigging,  
There were some saialors frigging.  
In the lookout's nest, they'd take a rest  
From their poking and their digging.  
We sailed to the Canaries,  
To screw the local fairies.  
We got the syph in Tennerife  
And clap in Buenos Aires.  
There was a whore called Miller;  
She said we couldn't fill her.  
Tied to the stern, when the wheel turned,  
She was fucked by the tiller.  
We sailed to the Bahamas,  
Where girls all wear pajamas;  
They wouldn't screw our motely crew;  
They much preferred bananas.  
We knew sooner or later,  
Approaching the equator,  
That every Jack would have a whack  
At turning fornicator.



The sea-dog of the clipper  
Is Jonah the old skipper,  
Who secretly yearns  
His doing turns  
As Finnochio the Stripper.  
The charge whizzed past the mizzenmast

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\shthse-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Shithouse Blues

Van, Van, shithouse man,  
Chief Engineer of the public can.  
He hands out the paper and he hands out the towels,  
And he listens to the people as they move their bowels.  
Way down underground,  
A big fat turd came a tumbling down.  
Flip flop, hear them drop,  
I've got the shithouse blues.  
(Hawaiian Faye Brothers 1956)  
We saw the movies in Hygiene A1.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\singson3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c ␣B=L1C<

Sing A Song Of Syphilis  
Sing a song of syphilis, a foreskin full of crabs,  
Four and twenty blackheads, and a score or more of crabs,  
And when the scabs were opened, the crabs began to sing,  
And wasn't that a dirty thing to stick up Nellie's quim.  
Sing a song of syphilis, a foreskin full of crabs,  
Four and twenty pustules, a score or more of crabs,  
And when the scabs burst open, the crabs began to swim,  
Oh wasn't that a dirty thing to stuff up Nellie's quim.  
Sing a song of herpes, of gonorrhoea and syph,  
Four and twenty blisters erupting on my stiff,  
I didn't use a condom, it could have been prevented,  
Now isn't syph a lovely thing - I'm going to get demented.  
Sing a song of syphilis, a penis full of pus,  
Four and twenty pox scabs waiting to be burst.  
And when her legs were opened, oh what a sight to see,  
Oozy gray-green matter all running with her pee.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sitepen3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c[[BB=L1C<

At The Sight Of Penis  
(llewtraH)  
At the sight of penis,  
Ladies' knees shall bow,  
And their tongues caress him,  
Shall fellate him now.  
'Tis my penis' pleasure,  
Women call him 'Lord',  
And from the beginning,  
Suck my mighty sword.  
Humbled for a season,  
By a dose of clap,  
But now lips of women,  
Play upon his glans.  
Rigidly he bears it,  
Spotless till at last,  
Discharges he victorious,  
His sticky white blast.  
He rears up triumphant,  
In a woman's sight;  
Screws all ranks of creatures,  
With all his great might.  
To the throne of Godhood,  
Fumbling at her breast,  
I fill her with his glory,  
Then succumb to rest.  
Suck him, sisters, suck him,  
Swallow, spit or choke;  
If you will not suck him,  
Let me have a poke.  
Penis is my master,  
I will call him 'Lord',  
Ever to be worshipped,  
And by women adored.  
In your cunt enthrone him,  
There let him subdue,  
All your raging passions,  
Let him come in you.  
Praise him as your master,  
Eat him for an hour,  
Let Lord Penis fill you,  
With his strength and power.  
Sister, my Lord Penis,  
Is stiff once again.

Let me in your bedroom,  
In your bed to reign.  
Let the prophylactic,  
Rest upon his brow;  
Let your clit caress him,  
King of Glory now.  
Glory to Lord Penis,  
He is Prince of Flesh;  
In a world of lusting,  
He is King of sex.  
Praise my great Lord penis;  
Praise to my great horn;  
Let us screw together,  
From now until dawn.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sitface3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]B=L1C<  
SIT ON MY FACE  
(llewtrah)  
Tune: Swinging on a Star  
Some verses by Flying Booger  
Would you like to sit on my face?  
It's a very comfortable place.  
Slide your crotch up over my nose,  
Or would you rather suck my hose?  
My hose is an animal that lives in my pants,  
It'll come out to meet you if you give it a chance.  
It begs your pardon, but it's grown quite long,  
It's a little bit crooked, but it's healthy and strong,  
So if you'd like to feel it nice and thick,  
You could bend down and suck my prick.  
Would you like to fuck in my car?  
Carry sperm juice home in a jar,  
Get the back seat all in a mess,  
Or would you rather lick my ass?  
My ass is an animal that lives near my bone,  
It's often neglected as an erogenous zone,  
I took a shower and it doesn't smell,  
And when I shit I wiped like hell,  
So if you'd like to give it a go,  
You could bend down and lick my asshole.  
Would you like to have some orgasms?  
Feel your pussy twitchin' in spasms,  
Do it over and over again,  
Or would you rather fuck my chin?  
My chin is an animal that lives under my nose,

It doesn't get half the action of my hose,  
It's narrow and pointy, it'll go right in,  
Rub you clit on my whiskers, it's a downright sin,  
So if you'd like to come once or twice,  
Fuck my chin, it's rather nice.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\smalboy3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c 3B=L1C<

Small Boys Are Cheap Today  
Tune: La Donna Mobile  
Small boys are cheap today,  
Cheaper than yesterday,  
Small ones are half a crown,  
Standing up or lying down.  
Big one's are four and six,  
'Cause they've got bigger dicks.  
Small boys are cheap, cheaper today.  
Young girls are cheap today,  
Cheaper than yesterday,  
You get one for a shilling,  
One and six for one who's willing.  
Pretty girls are a shilling more,  
That's two and sixpence for a whore.  
Young girls are cheap, cheaper today.  
Old hags are cheap today,  
Cheaper than yesterday.  
If you're not getting any,  
Old hags are ten a penny.  
Stick her head in a paper bag;  
For a farthing you get a shag.  
Old hags are cheap, cheaper today.  
Arseholes are cheap today,  
Cheaper than yesterday.  
Small boys ones' are half a crown,  
Standing up or bending down.  
Big ones for bigger pricks,  
Biggest ones cost three and six.  
Get yours before they're gone,  
Come now and try one.  
Arseholes are cheap today,  
Cheaper than yesterday,  
Little ones are half a crown,  
Standing up or bending down.  
Large ones at three and eight,  
Cause us to palpitate.  
We have a big supply,

Of Gluteus Maximi.  
We'll pledge your money back,  
So don't say no to crack.  
A bum deal you'll get from us,  
Arseholes are cheap, cheaper today.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sno.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Snow White  
(llewtrah)  
Snow White was a bit of a whore;  
She'd do it with all seven dwarves,  
Straight, anal or head,  
Even eight in a bed,  
On the sofa, or table or floor.  
With seven dwarves she was shackled up,  
One dwarf each night got it up,  
Dopey wasn't too bright,  
But he'd do it all night,  
As he wasn't too dopey to fuck.  
Even Bashful wasn't too shy,  
And got quite a gleam in his eye.  
All week he mined gems,  
Till his turn came again  
The following Saturday night.  
On Sunday night Snow White had Doc,  
With huge disproportionate cock.  
For the rest of the week,  
He did it with sheep,  
But preferred her to shagging the flock.  
The following day she got Grumpy,  
His turn came around every Monday.  
And just for that while,  
He broke into a smile,  
Not grumpy while having a hump, eh?  
She found it especially pleasing,  
When she was shagging with Sneezy.  
He coughed and he sniffled,  
And his beard really tickled,  
But she wasn't deterred by his wheezing.  
Sleepy was a narcoleptic,  
Shagging sent him cataleptic.  
Snow White asked for more,  
But Sleepy just snored,  
Or fainted when things got too hectic.  
Happy was good for a laugh,

Missed her cunt and entered her ass.  
He attacked from behind,  
But she didn't mind,  
As long as he gave her full blast.  
She thought seven-up was alright,  
That is all seven dwarves up Snow White,  
Night-time or day,  
She'd do it this way,  
All at once, or one at a time.  
Snow White loved her seven small men,  
They continued their love even when,  
She went into a coma,  
And gained an aroma,  
That was nine on a scale one to ten.  
Though the stench was enough to kill ya,  
They also enjoyed necrophilia.  
All the hugging and kissing,  
And foreplay was missing,  
And no qualms about if they'd fulfill ya.  
It was the best way they could have her,  
As she lay inert like a cadaver.  
On her back or her front,  
Use mouth, anus or cunt,  
With none of the warm up palaver.  
They built a glass case, put her in,  
But took her out each night just for sin.  
Place her down on her bed,  
Where she lay as if dead,  
Then the seven would queue to get in.  
One day as she lay in her case,  
Prince Charming he rode through that place.  
The chap held his breath,  
And awoke her from death,  
With a kiss on her cunt, not her face.  
Prince Charming said "I am not bragging,  
But if you want a chap who's good at shagging,  
I'm heir to a throne,  
If I don't get disowned,  
'Cause I'm fed up of hunting down dragons."  
When by his kiss she was wakened,  
The dwarves knew they would be forsaken.  
It wasn't their size,  
That lost them their prize,  
But the fact they were tired of her nagging.  
Snow White would be missed, she was sure,  
Though she still felt peculiarly sore.  
Then it entered her head,  
That while she lay almost dead,  
Those buggers had come back for more!  
The Prince took her back to his castle,

She thought he was a daft asshole.  
He'd fly into rages,  
And bugger his pages,  
And his dick, unlike Doc's, wasn't vast, oh!  
Although they'd a mine full of gems,  
Snow White one day would leave them.  
That ambitious bitch,  
Wanted land, marriage and riches,  
Instead of seven small horny men.  
When she left them, Doc started to weep,  
As the prince carried her off to his keep.  
Said Doc, "Bloody Hell,  
I admit she was swell,  
But it's Hi, Ho! and back to my sheep."  
Said Bashful "I'll miss her I fear,  
It's sad not having her here.  
Call me a pervert,  
I must now revert,  
And shag squirrels and bugger the deer."  
Dopey looked forlorn and glum,  
And said nothing other than "Umm".  
Her aroma still lingered,  
On all of his fingers,  
So he stood there and sucked at his thumb.  
Sneezy just broke down and wept;  
Sleepy he passed out and slept.  
Happy started to frown,  
Feeling quite sad and down,  
And Grumpy looked pissed off at best.  
The seven dwarves don't have Snow White,  
To set their libidos alight.  
The prince kissed her and charmed,  
Her right out of their arms,  
So they bugger each other at night,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\snowhit3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c "B=L1C<  
Snow White  
(llewtrah)  
Snow White was a bit of a whore;  
She'd do it with all seven dwarves,  
Straight, anal or head,  
Even eight in a bed,  
On the sofa, or table or floor.  
With seven dwarves she was shackled up,  
One dwarf each night got it up,

Dopey wasn't too bright,  
But he'd do it all night,  
As he wasn't too dopey to fuck.  
Even Bashful wasn't too shy,  
And got quite a gleam in his eye.  
All week he mined gems,  
Till his turn came again  
The following Saturday night.  
On Sunday night Snow White had Doc,  
With huge disproportionate cock.  
For the rest of the week,  
He did it with sheep,  
But preferred her to shagging the flock.  
The following day she got Grumpy,  
His turn came around every Monday.  
And just for that while,  
He broke into a smile,  
Not grumpy while having a hump, eh?  
She found it especially pleasing,  
When she was shagging with Sneezy.  
He coughed and he sniffled,  
And his beard really tickled,  
But she wasn't deterred by his wheezing.  
Sleepy was a narcoleptic,  
Shagging sent him cataleptic.  
Snow White asked for more,  
But Sleepy just snored,  
Or fainted when things got too hectic.  
Happy was good for a laugh,  
Missed her cunt and entered her ass.  
He attacked from behind,  
But she didn't mind,  
As long as he gave her full blast.  
She thought seven-up was alright,  
That is all seven dwarves up Snow White,  
Night-time or day,  
She'd do it this way,  
All at once, or one at a time.  
Snow White loved her seven small men,  
They continued their love even when,  
She went into a coma,  
And gained an aroma,  
That was nine on a scale one to ten.  
Though the stench was enough to kill ya,  
They also enjoyed necrophilia.  
All the hugging and kissing,  
And foreplay was missing,  
And no qualms about if they'd fulfill ya.  
It was the best way they could have her,  
As she lay inert like a cadaver.



On her back or her front,  
Use mouth, anus or cunt,  
With none of the warm up palaver.  
They built a glass case, put her in,  
But took her out each night just for sin.  
Place her down on her bed,  
Where she lay as if dead,  
Then the seven would queue to get in.  
One day as she lay in her case,  
Prince Charming he rode through that place.  
The chap held his breath,  
And awoke her from death,  
With a kiss on her cunt, not her face.  
Prince Charming said "I am not bragging,  
But if you want a chap who's good at shagging,  
I'm heir to a throne,  
If I don't get disowned,  
'Cause I'm fed up of hunting down dragons."  
When by his kiss she was awakened,  
The dwarves knew they would be forsaken.  
It wasn't their size,  
That lost them their prize,  
But the fact they were tired of her nagging.  
Snow White would be missed, she was sure,  
Though she still felt peculiarly sore.  
Then it entered her head,  
That while she lay almost dead,  
Those buggers had come back for more!  
The Prince took her back to his castle,  
She thought he was a daft asshole.  
He'd fly into rages,  
And bugger his pages,  
And his dick, unlike Doc's, wasn't vast, oh!  
Although they'd a mine full of gems,  
Snow White one day would leave them.  
That ambitious bitch,  
Wanted land, marriage and riches,  
Instead of seven small horny men.  
When she left them, Doc started to weep,  
As the prince carried her off to his keep.  
Said Doc, "Bloody Hell,  
I admit she was swell,  
But it's Hi, Ho! and back to my sheep."  
Said Bashful "I'll miss her I fear,  
It's sad not having her here.  
Call me a pervert,  
I must now revert,  
And shag squirrels and bugger the deer."  
Dopey looked forlorn and glum,  
And said nothing other than "Umm".

Her aroma still lingered,  
On all of his fingers,  
So he stood there and sucked at his thumb.  
Sneezy just broke down and wept;  
Sleepy he passed out and slept.  
Happy started to frown,  
Feeling quite sad and down,  
And Grumpy looked pissed off at best.  
The seven dwarves don't have Snow White,  
To set their libidos alight.  
The prince kissed her and charmed,  
Her right out of their arms,  
So they bugger each other at night,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\snwdwrf3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Oh

gB=L1C<

Snow White and the Seven Dwarves - BJ from Durban  
Snow White was desperate for a fuck;  
She'd try to do what she could.  
She'd try to improve her bad luck,  
By running off into the woods.  
She'd almost given up looking,  
When she saw some chimney smoke.  
Then she stumbled right into the cottage,  
And looked around for a poke.  
Her clothes came off in a second,  
And she'd just removed her pants,  
When seven dwarves came marching in,  
With a merry old song and a dance.  
Snow White just stood there speechless,  
And thought that she was in heaven.  
Originally after one good shag,  
But now she found she could have seven.  
Straight away, she then took command;  
"My fanny, it does need a lick!"  
(Brit fanny = Merkin cunt) And when one dwarf then moved forward,  
She said, "Oy, you'd better drop your pick!"  
So down he went on all fours,  
And said, "I ain't licking that!"  
"Not there!"  
That is my ass-hole,  
You incredible DOPEY young brat!"  
The next dwarf then started blushing,  
"Do we have to do it all here?"  
Snow White said, "Don't be BASHFUL,

Unless you are a fucking queer!"  
So reluctantly he whipped it out,  
To prove that he was not a fool.  
And Snow White gave him a big "Hi-Ho!"  
As she rode upon his tool.  
Now one dwarf wasn't smiling,  
'Cause he hadn't had a sniff.  
And due to his impatience,  
He couldn't raise a stiff.  
"Relax, you GRUMPY bastard!"  
He did as he was told.  
And as soon as he was hard enough,  
He shot his fucking load.  
The next dwarf got a blow job,  
And she took him deep quite easy.  
But she just avoided brain damage,  
When he sneezed, she called him SNEEZY.  
With three dwarves left, she turned and said,  
"You're next!"  
I want your knob!"  
But no sooner that he entered her,  
He was sleeping on the job.  
"Wake up, you SLEEPY bastard!"  
She wanted more from him.  
And he woke with such excitement,  
That he filled her hairy quim.  
The next dwarf rammed his up her,  
And shagged her fanny raw.  
A dazed Snow White then whimpered,  
"That should be against the law."  
He made poor Snow White tremble;  
He was so big and thick.  
"No wonder you're so HAPPY  
With that fucking great big prick!"  
With one dwarf still remaining,  
But feeling rather sore,  
She said, "You'll have to use your tongue,  
My twat can't take no more!"  
And so he put his tongue to work,  
Where others had put their cocks,  
And 'cause he made Snow White feel better,  
She named the last dwarf DOC.  
Now Snow White could not do much  
With all that spadge inside her quim,  
So she grabbed a cup and squatted  
And filled it to the brim.  
So that's the truth about the dwarves,  
And how they got their names,  
By satisfying Miss Snow While,  
And joining in their games.

There's one more thing you need to know,  
"What happened to the cup?"  
Well, think of that when you're drinking  
Or you next buy 7-UP!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\socrate3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

### Socrates and Alcibiades

The story goes that Socrates, that wise Athenian codger,  
Carried concealed about his robes, a rare blunt-headed dodger,  
Wherewith he used when as he felt particularly hippy,  
To ransack holes that did not appertain to his Xantippe.  
Young Alcibiades, they say, was such a pink of fashion,  
As to excite old Socrates into a flame of passion,  
Which spurred him not Xantippe-wards, to cuddle and to hug her,  
But filled him with a violent and lewd desire to bugger.  
Now know ye well that in those parts, 'twas not considered nasty,  
For sage philosophers to turn their tools to pederasty.  
The sapient Plato, whom they called in those old times, the Master,  
Did know 'a tergo', as they say, a pretty boy called Aster.  
And old Diogenes who thrived by raising of the dickens,  
Was wont to occupy all bums, from pupils down to chickens.  
Whilst that revered and austere man, the great and pious Solon,  
Did penetrate a Thracian youth unto his transverse colon.  
In short, it was the usual thing for horny Greeks to diddle,  
This gummy vent, instead of that with which the ladies piddle.  
Now Alcibiades was tall and straight as any arrow.  
His buttocks thrilled old Socrates unto his very marrow.  
No hairs as yet profaned the vale that cleft those globes asunder,  
No hairs to stay the fetid breath of bogborymal thunder.  
No hairs to interrupt the course of his diurnal ordure,  
And gather from that excrement, a rank dilberic bordure.  
His sphincter was a fair a bant, so Socrates protested,  
As ever kept ones victuals in, or passed them undigested.  
No hemorrhoids had ever marred its soft and sensuous beauty,  
And on its virgin fords no prick had spent its pleasing duty.  
Like some sweet bud it nested there; the winds blew gently through it.  
Scenting the breeze, old Socrates more madly longed to do it.  
But Alcibiades was wont to make absurd objection,  
When Socrates proposed the scheme for forming a connection.  
The youth conceived the childish whim that buggery was nasty,  
And kept the horny old philosopher from being hasty.  
And so he grew from day to day, his bum grew hourly fatter,  
And Socrates was nearly dead to get at that fecal matter.  
It so befell that on a day in sweaty summer weather,  
They walked into the Acropolis quite casually together,  
And as they walked, the youth bent down to tie his sandal laces,

They always come undone you know at the meanest time and places.  
 And as he stooped, he lifted high and left without protection,  
 The virgin tract of his lower gut, from pod to sigmoid flexion.  
 For weeks and months old Socrates had had a priapasm,  
 His ponderous odds, a sight for Gods, were both surcharged with gism.  
 Seeing that bum and this first chance, he made up his mind to spot him,  
 He hit a lick with his Attic prick and occupied Alcy's bottom.  
 In vain the poor Athenian boy begged, bellowed, pissed and farted.  
 Full twenty minutes passed before he and his friend were parted.  
 And while old Socrates explored the tantalizing glories,  
 Of rugae and of plicae and of quivvering levatories,  
 The victim of his lust cried out, "Ehue! That all in vain I  
 Should to this hour have kept intact my rosy sphincter ani!"  
 "Fool that I was to keep it sweet and clean for this old dodger,  
 With his three cornered velpi and his greasy balls to rodger.  
 Why did I not yield up my charms to Xenophon's embraces,  
 As I have had the chance to do at many times and places."  
 "Why not have given up my wealth of callipygous treasure,  
 To handsome Cimon's burning lust, or pious Plato's pleasure.  
 How would these men have gloried in my coy and virgin rectum,  
 With nary a thought of vagrant dung, or condoms to protect them."  
 "But now, Ye Gods! this lecherous goat with sardonic skullduggery,  
 Doth rive my ass in twain with his incarnate god of buggery.  
 And when he pulls the pintle out, with which just now he shuts in,  
 The sigh my liver longs to vent, how shall I keep my guts in."  
 Thus railed the youth against the fate that threatened to undo him,  
 But Soc all heedless of his cries, right briskly socked it to him.  
 He packed his sperm so firmly in that colon soft and callow,  
 That when thereafter Alcy pooped, the poop was mostly tallow.  
 (Immortalia)  
 (Written by Eugene Fields)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\soldier3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣B=L1C<

A Soldier Just From The Marine  
 There was a young soldier just from the marine,  
 Stopped at a log cabin to buy him some wine.  
 Oh lady, oh lady, your daughter's so fine,  
 Please lend her to me for to have a good time.  
 On no, that cannot be, my daughter's too young,  
 For the hair on her cunt has just now begun.  
 Oh mother, oh mother, I am not too young,  
 For I have been fucking the old blacksmith's son.  
 Oh daughter, oh daughter, if you're not too young,  
 Just spraddle you legs out and lit him crawl on.  
 Oh mother, oh mother, he's up on me now,

Ahunching and punching like a bull on a cow.  
Oh mother, oh mother, he's ruint me forever,  
He's bunged up my ass hole and busted my liver.  
Oh daughter, oh daughter, you are such a fool,  
To let a man fuck you with a prick like a mule.  
(Jerry Silverman)  
Which leads me to surmise,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sombrer3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c[[B=L1C<

My Sombrero

(llewtraH)

Tune - Celito Linda

My sister Belinda, she pissed out the winda,  
All over my favorite sombrero.  
I said, "You fat twat, you pissed on my hat,"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care-0."  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my soggy sombrero,  
I said, "You fat twat you just pissed on my hat,"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care-0."  
My sister Margarita, she come all excreta,  
And shit in my favorite sombrero.,  
I said, "You fat twat, you shit in my hat,"  
She said, "I don't give a fuck-er-0."  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my shitty sombrero,  
I said, "You fat twat, you just shat in my hat,"  
She said, "I don't give a fuck-er-0."  
My girlfriend Maria, she's got gonorrhea,  
She gave it to me, amigo.  
I said, "You fat twat, you gave me the clap,"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care-0."  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my blobby dickero,  
I said, "You fat twat, you just gave me the clap,"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care-0."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sondsil3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [[#B=L1C<

Sound Of Silence

(llewtraH)

Hello penis my old friend,  
I've come to play with you again,  
When those wet dreams come a-creeping,

I spurt my seeds while I am sleeping,  
 And with your helmet firmly planted in my hand,  
 It will expand,  
 While jerking off in silence.  
 In horny dreams I get a bone,  
 I beat off on cobble stones,  
 Beneath the halo of a street lamp,  
 I see a whore who's getting very damp,  
 For five hundred baht in a flash she's on her back,  
 She spreads her crack,  
 And twitches her twat in silence.  
 Those who see and do not know,  
 How to make my penis grow,  
 I whipped you out so she might eat you,  
 I stuffed you up into her pussy spew,  
 And then my sperm, like silent raindrops fell,  
 And turned to gel,  
 While jerking off in silence.  
 And the ants came out and played,  
 In the fucking mess I'd made,  
 But in heeding daddy's warning,  
 That mum would find it in the morning,  
 So I rolled out of bed and wiped it up with my shirt,  
 God, what a squirt!  
 Jerking off in silence.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\spangit3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣␣␣'B=L1C<

Spanish Guitar

\*-----

Tune -- Marriage a la Mode

From the songbook of the 44th TFS, Kadena Air Base

Kadena Air Base, Japan

Oh, the first port of call was Aden, Aden,

Where the girls wouldn't fuck, but we made 'em, made 'em,

Two dollars you pay, for a bang-up each way,

And a tune on a Spanish guitar, singing:

Chorus:

Hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways, swish, swish,

My idea of a woman is a big fat whore,

Shit-bang, fuck-stick,

Two dollars you pay for a bang-up each way,

And a tune on a Spanish guitar, plink, plink, plink.

Oh, the next port of call was Boston, Boston,

Where the girls wouldn't fuck, but we forced 'em, forced 'em Two dollars you pay,  
 for a bang-up each way,

And a tune on a Spanish guitar, singing:  
Oh, the next port of call was Malta, Malta,  
Where the girls wouldn't fuck, but oughta, oughta,  
Two dollars you pay, for a bang-up each way,  
And a tune on a Spanish guitar, singing:  
Oh, the next port of call was Suwon, Suwon,  
Where the girls would do it for two won, two won,  
Two dollars you pay, for a bang-up each way,  
And a tune on a Spanish guitar, singing:  
Oh, the next port of call was Takhli, Takhli,  
Where the girls would do it for free, for free,  
Two dollars you pay, for a bang-up each way,  
And a tune on a Spanish guitar, singing:  
X  
X  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sperms-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c &B=L1C<  
The Sperm Song  
(llewtraH)  
I sit all day in a tiny sac,  
A million brothers at my back.  
In the testicles we wait,  
Hoping for a real hot date.  
A lucky sperm may find the eggs,  
A million others drip down legs.  
In the wrong hole, meet with shit.  
Bounce off tonsils, or she'll spit,  
Sometimes, seems he's found a winner,  
Has a drink, goes for dinner.  
Lady leaves, says, "Gee, well thanks,"  
Poor guy sits and sighs and wanks.  
Tonight it seems we get our chance;  
He's met a woman at the dance.  
He takes her out, he treats her fine,  
Buys her drinks, has a great time.  
Takes her home, makes her a meal,  
Watch TV, he gets a feel;  
Then she leaves, the hour's late,  
He sits alone to masturbate.  
Tonight no drinks and no repast;  
He's promised action at long last.  
His dick's erect, it's in her quim,  
A sudden squirt, we start to swim!  
But what is this?



Nowhere to go --  
A bit of rubber's caught the flow!  
Caught in condoms, tossed out as waste,  
All for a whore and sex that's safe.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\spiders3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c[[[B=L1C<

Spiders In My Hair  
by Wallaby, 1994  
(llewtraH)  
(Tune: Strangers in the Night)  
Spiders in my hair,  
How fucking frightful,  
Spiders in my hair,  
Far from delightful,  
This humongous bug,  
Could be poisonous.  
Running down my back,  
It makes my skin crawl,  
Right into my crack,  
Down by my left ball,  
Now I'm fucking sick,  
It's headed for my dick.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\squdans3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [[B=L1C<

The Square Dance  
(llewtraH)  
Up with the petticoat, down with the pants,  
In with the pecker, everyone dance.  
Girls with the rags on, up against the wall.  
Guys with hard-ons, promenade the hall.  
Gals grab your partners firmly by the balls.  
Make him holler, make him shout,  
Put your pretty ass, up against his snout.  
First lady go, second lady pass,  
Third lady's finger up the fourth man's ass.  
Finger out, promenade the hall,  
Now release the poor gent's balls.  
Then down with the petticoat, up with the pants,  
For this is the end of the old Square Dance.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\strange3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Don't Look At Me, Stranger  
Don't look that way at me, stranger,  
I didn't shit on your seat.  
I've just come down from the mountains,  
And my balls are covered with sleet.  
I've been up in old Squaw Valley,  
Me and my old pal Lou,  
A-pimping in a whorehouse,  
And a goddamn fine one, too.  
It was there that I first fucked Nelly,  
She was the village belle,  
I was a low-down panderer,  
But I loved that girl like hell.  
But along came a city-slicker,  
All handsome, gay, and rich,  
And he stole away my Nelly,  
That fucking son of a bitch.  
I'm just resting my ass for a moment,  
Then I'm on my way.  
I'll get that runt who swiped my cunt,  
If it takes until judgement day.  
(Immortalia)  
Those hardy sons of bitches.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\strawrn3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Strawberry Roan  
I was hanging round town in a house of ill fame,  
Shacking up with a twist, a rough hustling dame,  
When a bald-headed pimp with his nose full of coke,  
Beat me out of that girl, and he left me stone broke.  
Well, a stranger walks in and says he, "Say my lad,  
Are you any good riding horses that's bad?"  
I says, "You're damn right, thats one thing I can do.  
I'm a second-rate pimp but a good buckaroo.  
Bring on your bad horses, I never saw one,  
To set me to guessing or bother me none."  
He said, "Guess again, boy, there's one horse I own;  
You may have heard of him, the Strawberry Roan,  
Well, I guess we've all heard of that ball-bearing stud,

He's got epizootics and glanders and crud.  
He's the worst fucking bronco that ever was foaled.  
He's forty years old and he's never been rode.  
Oh, that Strawberry Roan,  
How many colts has he thrown.  
He got gonorrhea and chancres and syph,  
He's strictured with clap but his cock is still stiff,  
That renegade Strawberry Roan.  
The upshot of this was that I found myself hired,  
To snap out some colts that that great stud had sired.  
They were knot-headed cayuses just like their dad,  
Most of them roan, but all of them bad.  
With my feet in the stirrups, those bastards did fight,  
'Til my ass dragged my tracks out, away before night.  
With my balls in my boots and my mouth full of dung,  
My ears were all scratched where I got my spurs hung.  
Then the boss comes along and he says, "Thats enough!  
Them Strawberry Roan colts are too goddamn tough!  
I'm plumb sick and tired seeing you take them falls,  
Rope that windmilling stud and we'll cut out his balls."  
Oh, that Strawberry Roan,  
We went in to unbend his bone.  
We built a big loop and went in the corral;  
We roped his front feet and he farted and fell.  
We flattened that Strawberry Roan.  
The Boss held his head while I hogtied his legs,  
And I reached for my jack-knife and went for his eggs.  
When I opened his sack, he let out a moan,  
And squealled like a pig when I whittled one stone.  
But all I could find was one of his nuts,  
The other was hidden somewhere in his guts.  
So rolled up my sleeve, and swimming in blood,  
I fished for the seed in the guts of that stud.  
I thought I had it, when I felt something pass,  
It was only a turd on the way to his ass.  
Just then I heard one of those blood-curdling squalls,  
I looked up, the horse had the boss by the balls.  
I stomped on his head but it wasn't no use,  
He was just like a bulldog, he wouldn't let loose.  
So I untied his legs and he got to his feet,  
But the boss's voice changed and I knew he was beat.  
Oh, that Strawberry Roan,  
We advise you to leave him alone.  
He's a knot-headed cayuse with only one ball,  
But the boss is a eunuch with no balls at all.  
Lay off of that Strawberry Roan!  
(Sons of the Pioneers 1956)

\*\*\*\*\*

Strawberry Blond (Roan)  
While hanging around town with cunt on my mind,  
And nothing to do, just wasting my time,  
I spied a young lady out there on the walk,  
Decided to give her a line of my talk.  
I stepped up beside her and said, "I suppose  
You're a hot number by the looks of your clothes."  
"Yes, I'm a hot number, and a good one I claim.  
There isn't a G.I. that I cannot tame."  
I showed her a ten spot, she said, "You're my man.  
There isn't a G.I. that I cannot stand."  
She gave me a wink and I followed her there,  
To a hotel room at the head of the stair.  
Her dress slipped off and I saw at a glance,  
That the strawberry blonde didn't wear any pants.  
We pulled in the room about a quarter to nine.  
There in the middle aspolling my slime.  
She fizzled and farted and let out a scream,  
Kicked off the head of my fucking machine.  
Nine days later I lay flat on my back,  
My old pecker tied up in a sack.  
So, come all you G.Is and listen to me,  
Just crack your old fist and let all women be.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\stuanat3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

1BLL1CK  
Study In Anatomy  
Female  
Now the portions of a woman that appeals to man's depravity,  
Are fashioned with considerable care.  
And what at first appears to be a simple little cavity,  
Is really an elaborate affair.  
Now surgeons who have studied the feminine phenomenae,  
On numerous experiments on dames,  
Have taken all the items of the feminine abdomena,  
And given them delightful little names.  
There's the vulva, the vagina, and the good old perinina,  
And the hymen which is sometimes found in brides.  
There's a lot of little gadgets, you would love 'em, if you knew 'em,  
The clitoris and Lord knows what besides.  
What a pity it is then when we common people chatter,  
Of those mysteries to which I have referred.

We use for such a delicate and complicated matter,  
Such a very short and unattractive word.  
Now the erudite authorities who study the geography,  
Of that obscure but entertaining land,  
Are able to indulge a taste for intricate topography,  
And view those tasty details close at hand.  
But ordinary people thought aware of their existence,  
And complexities beyond the public know,  
Are normally contented to view them at a distance,  
And to treat them, roughly speaking, as a show.  
When therefore, all us laymen probe the secrets of virginity,  
The language that we use is somewhat blunt.  
And we don't becloud the issue with superfluous latinity,  
But call the whole concern, a common cunt.  
For men have made this useful and intelligent commodity,  
The topic of a bawdy joke and jibe.  
Yet though the name they call it is something of an oddity,  
It seems to fit the subject they describe.

(Oscar Brand)

Male

The portions of the male that appeal to feminine depravity  
Are fashioned with considerable care.  
And what seems what a simple rod to plumb a willing female's cavity,  
Is really an elaborate affair.  
Doctors who have studied all the masculine paraphernalia,  
With studies and experiments on men,  
Have taken all the items of the male genitalia  
Named them and described them at great length.  
There's the Penis which many men refer to as their pricks,  
That noble shaft that hangs above the balls.  
It's got many other names such as plonker, cock or dick,  
And often gets massaged out in the stalls.  
What a pity it is then when we common ladies chatter  
Of those mysteries to which I have referred,  
That we use for such an elegant and versatile matter  
Such a very short and vulgar little word.  
The erudite authorities who study its geography  
From scrotal sac to foreskin or bare glans,  
Are able to appreciate its intricate topology  
And view the happy details close at hand.  
To ordinary people cognisant of male gonads' existence,  
Those complexities are beyond public know.  
We're normally content just to view them at a distance,  
And treat them all as no more than a show.  
And when we get much closer for experience that's hands on,  
Which is often done in darkness and by touch,  
Though we enjoy their actions with wild sexual abandon,  
We are not really seeing very much.  
And therefore when we women probe the secrets of the sexes,  
We tend to concentrate on what's on show.

The question of terminology is one that often vexes,  
 So we usually call the whole thing 'down below!'  
 There's the scrotum within which reside a pair of testicles;  
 There's a sometimes troublesome neglected gland.  
 The penis is well served by a plethora of blood vessels,  
 And when these become engorged, it makes it stand.  
 At the climax of the action there comes ejaculation,  
 Which generally accompanies male orgasm.  
 This euphoric event is a source of great elation,  
 But when the penis stays rock hard, it's priapism.  
 It sometimes fails to function despite the owners best intentions,  
 And just hangs so sad and useless, to his shame.  
 This problem most embarrassing is termed by most as impotence,  
 Though 'bloody knackered' is a much more common name.  
 The vas deferens are tubules that transport seminal secretions,  
 So you see there's much we women have to learn.  
 The Penis which when lax is just an organ of excretion  
 And is also designed to deliver sperm.  
 The gland of which I spoke is in the realm of prostatologists,  
 It is one of the components going wrong.  
 Early symptoms get referred usually first to urologists,  
 When a man can feel a blockage in his dong.  
 Men have made this useful and most pleasure-giving article  
 The subject of a bawdy joke or jibe.  
 And though the names are odd when they have given to this particle,  
 They seem to fit the object they describe.  
 (llewtraH)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\studnt-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣EB=L1C<

The Duchess And The Student  
 The Duchess was a dressing,  
 A dressing for the ball,  
 But then she saw the student  
 Making water on the wall.  
 chorus: With his bloody big dingle dangle,  
 Swinging proud and free.  
 And never would he stop till it was over.  
 Hanging down, swinging free,  
 And never would he stop till it was over.  
 Then she wrote to him a letter,  
 In it she did say,  
 I'd rather be had by a student,  
 Than my husband any day.  
 When the student got the letter,

He began to shake.  
His pants began to bulge a bit,  
His ballocks began to ache.  
He rode up to the castle,  
His heart was filled with pride,  
His bag was over his shoulder,  
His ball-point by his side.  
He rode up to the castle,  
Rode right into the hall.  
"Lord Save Us! said the chambermaid,  
He's going to fuck us all!"  
First he did the Duchess,  
Then the maidens, too.  
Next he did the butler,  
What a dirty thing to do.  
The neighbors came a running,  
The rich folk and the poor.  
So he mounted them in order,  
Gaudeamus Igitur.  
There were fifty naked women  
Running up and down the hall,  
Shouting, "Jesus Christ Almighty!,  
Is he going to fuck us all?"  
Oh daughter, oh my daughter,  
You were a silly fool,  
To fuck with a man,  
With a tool like a mule.  
Oh mother, oh dear mother,  
I thought I was able,  
But he split me up the belly,  
From the cunt up to the navel.  
Said the mother to the daughter,  
"Why you goddamned fucking whore!"  
If he gave you twenty inches,  
You would ask for twenty more.  
They say he's died and gone below,  
They say he's down in hell.  
They say he's up the devil,  
And the say he's up him well.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sukanya3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

l c xB=L1C<  
Suckanya  
(llewtraH)  
(Tune: Oh, Diana)

I'm so young and you're so old,  
You've had a baby I've been told.  
I don't care what my friends say,  
I'll pay your bar fine any day.  
You and I shall never part,  
I'll give you five hundred baht,  
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.  
I bought you a house and brand new car;  
In the Rock Hard you're a star.  
You go out late every night;  
Come home at noon, oh, what a sight.  
In your heart I'll always stay,  
As long as I can pay, pay, pay,  
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.  
You gave me clap and you wear gold;  
My motorcycle you have sold,  
To pay my bills at Adam and Eve.  
The fruits of love are never free.  
All I ask is one more suck  
But you don't even give a fuck.  
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.  
Your Thai husband threw me out;  
Tell me what it's all about.  
Now you're into sniffing glue,  
Does this mean that we are through.  
I love you with all my heart,  
So don't cut off my private part.  
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.  
I'm so young and you're so old;  
You've had a baby I've been told.  
I don't care what my friends say,  
I'll pay your bar-fine anyway.  
You and I shall never part;  
Here's three thousand, for a start.  
Oh, please play with me - Suckanna.  
In Pussycat I found you there,  
Blowing BOF - why should I care?  
And five mates on Wanchai Hash,  
Told me you gave them a rash.  
For your tonsils to align,  
It's your contract - I must sign.  
Oh, please stay with me - Suckanna.  
Thrills I get when you hold it close;  
Oh Suckanna you're the most.  
I love you but do you love me?  
Oh Suckanna keep blowing me.  
I love you with all my heart,  
But don't bite off my private part.  
Oh, please keep sucking me - Suckanna.  
You moved in, you trashed my car,



In Neptune's you're still the star.  
You go out most every night;  
Come home at noon, oh what a sight.  
In your heart I'll always stay,  
As long as I can pay and pay.  
Oh, please, what about me - Suckanna.  
Now your flip mates are living here;  
They just bitch and drink my beer.  
I don't mind some beer to shout,  
But today they threw me out.  
All I ask is one more suck;  
You just say I'm out of luck.  
Oh, please go down on me - Suckanna.  
Hold me darling, hold it close;  
Oh Suckanna your the most.  
You gave me the clap and now you're cold;  
My motorcycle you just sold.  
You say its fair, it's like a fee,  
To pay the bill for wanking me.  
I loved you with all my heart,  
But don't just bite my my private part.  
Oh! Please go easy on me - Suckanna  
Got you a job in this fair town;  
Again you took me for a clown.  
You're too busy for a date,  
Till you found you're three months late.  
I've loved you for all this time,  
But my right palm I must shine.  
Oh please, it wasn't me - Suckanna.  
Legionnaires, I'll volunteer,  
Or maybe I could turn queer.  
I'm at a loss, I must admit,  
How to get out of all this shit.  
I could just run to anywhere,  
But now she says there's two in there.  
Oh please, have mercy on me - Suckanna.  
My ETC, you cleaned out;  
Now I know what it's all about.  
But you say you can't marry me,  
'Cause I'd be husband number three.  
Oh god damn - what rotten luck;  
Thought I was a real dead duck.  
Oh, please marry me - Suckanna.  
Its okay, a false alarm;  
But my girl ain't lost her charm.  
She didn't do it, just to me,  
Half the Hash thought they should flee.  
But do you think that we could part?  
She would miss my golden heart.  
Oh, please keep fleecing me - just Suckanna.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\sukpene3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c BBL1CA

SUCK MY ERECTION

Tune: Waltzing Matilda

There was a consultant camping in a hotel room,

Surfing the net for some pornography,

And he sang as he stroked and felt his balls a'boiling:

"Who'll come and suck my erection for me?"

Chorus: Who'll come and suck on my hard erection?

Who'll come and suck my erection for me?

Who will suckle my glans and lick upon my scrotum-bag?

Who'll come and suck my erection for me?

Out in the hallway, listened in the hotel maid,

Knocked on the door and she shouted with glee:

"If you lick on my clit and keep on licking till I come,

I'll come and suck your erection for thee!"

When the consultant opened up his hotel-door,

There stood the hotel-maid, bare as can be.

"I need a hard fuck -- so do my two other friends.

You'll have to have hard erection for three!"

The maids' tale tells of how he filled up every hole,

Then how he fell dead from ecstasy.

And his ghost still is heard as it sings down the lonely hall,

"Who'll come and suck my erection for me?"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\suprcal3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]-BLL1CK

Supercali-fragilistic-expi-cunnilingus

(Llewtrah)

Sticks and stones will break my bones but whips and chains excite me;

BDSM is the thing, I like to do it nightly.

Use the handcuffs, blindfold me, please rope and tie me tightly.

Sticks and stones will break my bones but whips and chains excite me.

Lovely Jane is into pain; she has a sister Doris.

Doris is a piercing fan with studs in her clitoris.

My Prince Albert meshed with it, the medics had to saw it.

Sticks and stones will break my bones, but personally I'm for it!

They roped me to the bedpost once and tied the knots seccurely.

Doris gave the cane to Jane, they looked at me demurely.

They started feeling with my studs and with my penile jewelry;  
Whips and chains will lacerate and give me bruises luridly.  
I went courting Doris once and took to her some flowers;  
We went to bed, she gave me head, and kept it up for hours.  
Then she said, "It's your turn dear, I'd like some golden showers!  
Shit tastes just like Camembert, now eat it up you coward."  
Jane is made of skin and bone, looks like Callista Flockhart,  
But every time she swings her whip, she makes my manhood rock hard.  
She's got more electric prods than abattoirs or stockyards.  
I ask her not to bite too hard in case she leaves my cock scarred.  
All sorts of torture things have they, devices antiquated;  
They left me tied up on the rack and then they masturbated.  
I had to watch them have their fun until they both were sated,  
Unable to join in with them, it left me quite frustrated.  
They didn't free me for some time, I had pent up frustration;  
My manhood started throbbing then, just in anticipation.  
They said, "We do it all ourselves, female emancipation."  
Till finally they cut my ropes, demanding copulation.  
Chorus: Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, um-diddle-eye  
Super-callous-flagellistic-expect-cunnilingus;  
Queers like to take it up the bum from dildoes, dicks, or fingers;  
Lesbians like their tonguing slow to make the climax linger;  
But super-callous-flagellistic-expect-cunnilingus.  
My fat Auntie Ethel was into suits of rubber,  
Then she met the Michelin Man and took him as a lover,  
But they used a diesel tube for enemas on each other,  
The explosion rocked the city hall and covered it in blubber.  
I dated a super-model once, once I barely got a hard-on,  
Her legs were way too skinny and her knockers had no lard on,  
I asked if she'd felate please, she said "I beg your pardon,  
Cum's fifty calories a go, I've starved my way to stardom!"  
Cousin Susie she likes sex, but she prefers it oral,  
Her cunt has got its own bouquet, you wouldn't call it floral,  
Though some would say it is a sin, she says it it's not immoral,  
And when she comes she sings out loud and sings your praises choral.  
Uncle John likes whips and knives and ladies to disfigure,  
Auntie Kath liked to be tied and whipped with bamboo canes or wicker,  
She said, "Whip me, whip me, and make me writhe and slither,"  
He said, "No, I'll tickle you, that will make my dick get stiffer."  
Uncle Jim is into quim, but would rather be fellated,  
And when a girl goes down on him he always feels elated,  
His brother Joe, he likes a blow, but is more innovative,  
He bought himself a milk-machine and now he's always sated.  
To help him with his impotence, Fred turned to modern science,  
His wife got so excited when she saw his new appliance,  
Living with a nymphomaniac is fun but very hectic,  
His penile implant stimulator runs from mains electric!  
Cousin Tommy had a boy aged twelve but quite precocious,  
Every time he licked his bum it gave him halitosis,  
Each time he farted in Tom's face it makes him rather nauseous,

Tom wore a rubber on his tongue, now that's what I call cautious!  
Uncle Cyril, we always knew, was into brown hattery,  
He stuck a dildo up his boyfriend's bum with lots of beer and flattery,  
"Take it out and I'll give you dick," he said quite matter of factly,  
"Oh no, please don't take it out but kindly change the battery!"  
Uncle Albert had a dream of saving fallen women,  
He took to it with fervour and he made it his life mission,  
He liked to save them in a way the Lord did not envision,  
Now his serving fifty years and gets butt-fucked in prison.  
Leather-wearing dykes on bikes are perfectly delicious,  
And when they're served up properly, they're really quite nutritious.  
Watch out for your manhood 'cause they also can be vicious  
And watch for the local cops in case they get suspicious.  
Mary Jane looks like a man but on little girls she's keener,  
Thought she'd take a virgin home and try to get between her,  
The virgin said, "Oh no please sir, I don't know where it's been, sir,"  
Mary Jane said, "It is factory fresh," and introduced a wiener.  
Uncle Bob could never let a girl slip through his fingers,  
Sticks his fist up to the wrist, but the aroma lingers,  
The girls all say that Uncle Bob he is a cunning linguist,  
He says the juices that he sucks work like a good cough linctus.  
My brother Gerald, he pumps iron at the local weights gym  
Some people said his pecker looked just like another limb,  
It didn't get so big and long from all his iron pumping,  
He tied a cord around it once and then went bungee jumping!  
The super heroes had an orgy, all their dicks were throbbing,  
Spiderman was butt-fucking Batman's toy-boy Robin,  
Superwoman and Wonderwoman both ripped off their girdles  
Got on their knees and dog fucked Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles.  
The Disney cartoons had a bash, they all went down on Mickey,  
Minnie gave him mouth to mouse, it got a little tricky.  
'Cos Donald Duck wanted to fuck and Goofy got a quickie,  
And Cinderella had to make do with a plastic dickie.  
SUPER-SADO-MASOCHISTIC-ALSO-FLAGELLATION  
Chorus: Super-sado-masochistic-also-flagellation,  
Different sets of manacles to suit all occasions,  
Whips and spurs and crops and canes cause bruises and abrasions,  
But super-sado-masochistic-also-flagellation,  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddle-aye  
Masochists like to be flogged, chained and humiliated,  
Tortured with devices that are very antiquated,  
Locked in dungeons, gagged and bound and left to suffer naked,  
The trick's to bend an arm or leg but never actually break it.  
Sadists like to carry whips, cause bruises, cuts and gashes;  
Like to sentence masochists to several hundred lashes.  
Tie them up in straps and chains, pluck toenails and eyelashes;  
They get aerobic workouts when delivering the thrashes.  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddle-aye  
Sado-masochistic pairs use pain as part of passion;  
Get their thrills from when blood spills in an unseemly fashion.

They expect their acts of sex to be acts of aggression;  
 They could give most torturers some very expert lessons.  
 Masochists enjoy the pain, they say it brings great pleasure;  
 Tie them up and prick their skin or beat them at your leisure.  
 To be beaten black and blue is something that they treasure,  
 While wrapped up like old King Tut in bandages or leather.  
 Sadists like to use their fists or scratch or gouge or pummel,  
 Force feed their partners excrement using a half-pint funnel.  
 When their partners shout out 'stop', that's when they start the fun, so,  
 That's when they will up the pace until the sadist comes, oh.  
 Sadists like to inflict pain, it heightens their enjoyment;  
 Masochists enjoy the torture that is dealt out to them,  
 By bondage or by being whipped with suitable implements,  
 Some like canes and other like pointed or blunt instruments.  
 Super sado-masochistic sexual relations,  
 Leather whips and nipple-clips can give intense sensations.  
 Dominate and bind your mate for perfect titillation,  
 Super sado-masochistic sexual relations!  
 Super sado-masochistic sexual relations,  
 If you try them only once, there's sure to be frustrations.  
 But if you try it long enough, you'll always find elation.  
 But super-sado-masochistic-also-flagellation,  
 Super-sado-masochistic sexual relations,  
 Should you find that pleasure/pain's a welcome combination.  
 Stay right where you are my dear, there will be satiation,  
 But super-sado-masochistic-also-flagellation.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\swnstar3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [%B=L1C<

Or Would You Rather Be A?  
 Tune: Swinging on a Star)  
 A Pom is an animal that drinks warm beers,  
 He whinges at everything he hears,  
 He wears a bowler and eats fish and chips,  
 He never showers so he stinks like shit,  
 So if you're dirty and smelling kinda strong,  
 You could grow up to be a Pom.  
 Chorus: Or would you rather prop up a bar?  
 Drinking Singhas out of a jar?  
 And be better off than you are?  
 Or would you rather be a \_\_\_\_\_?  
 A Yank is an animal that don't know jack shit,  
 He's got no humor and no wit,  
 His beer's like water and he talks too much,  
 He don't even know that a fanny's a crutch,

So if you can't tell a jackoff from a wank,  
You could grow up to be a Yank.  
An Ocker is an animal with corks in his hat,  
He'd rather drink piss than tickle twat,  
He's got a roo for a rabbit and a dingo for a dog,  
He wishes he could think but he's missing a cog,  
So if you're dumb and your manners are a shocker,  
You could grow up to be an Ocker.  
A Kiwi is an animal that likes to fuck sheep,  
He's so thick it makes you want to weep,  
He's so damn lazy that he lives on the dole,  
He'd like to screw women but he can't find their hole,  
So if you can't tell a ewe from a she,  
You could grow up to be a Kiwi.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\swtviol3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Sweet Violets

My wife whe died in the bathtub,  
She died of a horrible fit.  
To fulfill her very last wishes,  
She was buried in six feet of--  
chorus: Sweet Violets,  
Sweeter than the roses,  
Covered all over from head to toe,  
Covered all over with sweet violets.  
My wife keeps a sack in the garden,  
I was curious I will admit.  
One morning I sneaked out a handfull,  
And found it was nothing but--  
I know that my verses are scanty,  
And the rhyme seems to much for my wit.  
I start out like Shakespeare and Dante,  
But somehow I wind up in--  
Some men marry beautiful women,  
Some men marry girls who are rich.  
The girl that I married is neither,  
She's only the world's biggest--  
And now that my story is ended,  
And I must make my exit.  
If any of you feel offended,  
Stick your head in a bucket of--  
(Oscar Brand)  
He didn't give a damn,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\syphili3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]B=L1C<

Beginning To Look A Lot Like Syphilis  
(llewtraH)  
Composed by Crabs, San Francisco  
It's beginning to look a lot like syphilis,  
It's the holiday shove!  
Take a look at the purple sores,  
Rotting through to the core,  
Of the blue veins, of your candy cane,  
Of love!  
It's beginning to look a lot like syphilis,  
It stings, when I pee.  
My brain has turned to purple,  
My sperm has begun to curdle,  
My dick looks funny, it's green and runny,  
With fleas!  
Bridge:  
I once was a stud,  
With an eight-inch pud,  
I was the envy of Hashland.  
But, safe sex was neglected,  
I became dickually infected,  
Now pieces come off in my hand.  
It's beginning to look a lot like syphilis,  
In the San Francisco fog.  
But the merriest sight you'll see,  
Is the festering that will be,  
On your own Yule log!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul>taguros3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]&BGL1CF

THE YELLOW ROSE OF TAEGU  
She's the yellow Rose of Taegu, the girl that I adore.  
Her cunt it smells like cock juice; she's a good two-dollar whore.  
You may talk to me of Seoul girls or whores from Tokyo,  
But the yellow Rose of Taegu beats them all, I'd have you know.  
Now I was shipped to Taegu; I didn't want to go,  
But the Chinks came down from Chuko, and I left old Tokyo.  
I landed from an LST; I was left there all alone,

But the yellow Rose of Taegu made me feel right at home  
I didn't want to shoot a gun and that is certain sure.  
I didn't want to go on line; I'd rather stayed with her.  
They handed me an M-1; it made me nervous more.  
The only person I wanted to shoot was my little Taegu whore.  
She was a young and charming girl; her age was scarce sixteen;  
She took me in and she kicked out a sailor and marine.  
She had no titties on her chest; that didn't bother me,  
For what she had between her legs was big enough for three.  
She liked to play the army way, she damn near broke my back;  
My thoughts turn back to her each time I have to tote my pack.  
My back she broke; my prick she bent; my balls were hollow too,  
But I put calluses on the cunt of Rose from old Taegu.  
I don't care much for GI food, the weather or the work;  
I don't care much for the Chinks; up in those hills they lurk.  
I don't care much for frozen ears, the colds, the flu, the shits.  
I'd trade it for a dose of clap from the girl without the tits.  
I'm going back to see her some bright and sunny day.  
I'll go AWOL, or on sickcall; I'll get there any way.  
I'm sure to get my balls shot off if I stay here on the line,  
But if my Rose can fuck them off, well, that'll suit me fine.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\tampax-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Fuze On The Tampax  
Who lit the fuze on your Tampax?  
Who was that dirty stinking rat?  
Who lit the fuze on your Tampax?  
Who would do a terrible thing like that?  
But it never would have happened;  
You still would have been a real queen.  
It would not have exploded,  
If you hadn't had it loaded,  
With Chevron Gasoline.  
You really should have learned,  
That you cannot kill a sperm,  
With Chevron Gasoline.  
(McWilliam 1956)  
He dipped his bread inside the head,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\tattooed3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



¶c ¶¶'B=L1C<

Harriette The Tattooed Hasher

(llewtraH)

(Melody--Lydia the Tattooed Lady)

Harriette, oh Harriette,

Say have you met Harriette,

Harriette the tattooed hasher.

She has eyes that harriers adore so,

And a torso even more so.

Harriette, oh Harriette,

That sexy little vignette,

Harriette the erotic queen of tattoo.

On one tit is a mural of Adam's first screw,

Beside it a drawing of Eve's blow-job too.

And right above is her price list in blue,

You can get your rocks off with Harriette.

Titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

She can give you a view of sex in tattoos,

If you step up and tell her what.

For only a buck you can see doggies fuck,

Or sixty-nine different kinds of twat.

Titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

Harriette, oh Harriette,

Harriette, the tattooed hasher,

When her muscles start aflexin,'

All the tattoos get an erection.

Harriette, oh Harriette,

Harriette the harlot we love,

She once swept our GM clear off his feet,

The design on her behind made his heart skip a beat,

And now a tiny bastard sucks at her teat,

For he went and fucked our Harriette.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\tattoos3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶c ¶B=L1C<

Tattooed Snatch

Waves and waves of golden hair,

Her lips so red, her skin so fair,

Her breasts they were a perfect pair;

They took my breath away.

I courted her from week to week;

I held her hand, I kissed her cheek.

No other favors did I seek,

Or try to get my way.

\*CHORUS:

Chorus: I've humped with her from both sides now,  
In and out, up and down,  
In all experience I do declare,  
I've never seen a tattoo there.  
She sat herself upon my knee,  
And turning 'round, she said to me,  
"I've saved myself for you, you see,  
Until our wedding day.  
It's only twice I've been untrue,  
The Yankee army they did me screw,  
The Yankee navy laid me too,  
And had their ends away."  
I must admit I've played some tricks;  
What's one destroyer full of pricks?  
The Yankee navy in their kits,  
Would surely lose their way,  
But like a cad, my chance did seize,  
I'd never been between her knees,  
And my pure angel just to please,  
Upon her back did lay.  
Waves and waves of pubic hair,  
The cooties crawling everywhere,  
The flavored douches sprayed in there,  
It's strawberry today.  
And if you get inside her pants,  
Cave paintings in the south of France,  
The only way that I could chance,  
Describing what I saw.  
Orangutans hang from her clit,  
A serpent's head peers from the slit,  
A dragon rampant on each tit,  
Each face a different way,  
To drop your head and taste the dew,  
Like feeding time at London Zoo;  
I took some snake bite serum too,  
I'm not ashamed to say.  
Now hordes and hordes of curious guys,  
Pay for the pleasure and surprise,  
Of gazing 'tween my girlfriend's thighs,  
It's made me rich today.  
So pay now if you have a need,  
No clap, no VD, guaranteed,  
Maybe some babies, I'll concede,  
Just form a queue -- this way.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\tedbear3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

0c 0B=L1C<

Teddy Bears' Picnic  
If you go down to the woods today,  
You're sure to have a surprise.  
If you go down to the woods today,  
You'll never believe your eyes.  
Because mum and dad are having a shag,  
Uncle Frank is having a wank  
And Auntie D is having it off with grandad.  
Those angel bears have come on their bikes  
All dressed up in the leather gear  
There's gallons of scrumpy[\*] all green with lumps  
[\* stron And horrible Watney's[\*] beer  
[\* cheap and nasty  
Now one of 'em down a pint of it quick  
And then was promptly horribly sick  
And filled up Paddington Bear's new wellies.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\theruns3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

0c000BGL1CF

I've Got The Runs  
(llewtraH) Vanilla Queen  
I can bet tomorrow eve, I'll be sat on the loo;  
I have eaten foreign food, now all I can do is pooh.  
Eaten chow-mein, eaten curry, and my bowel is full of winds;  
I sit home in the bathroom, and my ordeal begins.  
Spraying with air freshener, 'cause I don't smell so nice,  
Just an attack of diarrhoea, from too much beer last night.  
I've got the shits, I've got the squirts, I've got to quite somehow.  
I am riding on the porcelain, and I regret it now.  
One summer at a festival, I ate some dodgy food;  
And on the way returning home, my bowels began to move.  
I felt my guts were falling out; my ass begin to burn;  
I was riding on a septic tank, somehow I should have learned ..

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\thisway3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

0c000BBL1CA

This Way And That Way

(llewtraH)

Oh, the first is the miller, lived down by the mill;  
For the want of some water, his stones they lay still.  
Up steps the fair damsel and sees him in want.  
She run his old stones through the sluice of her cunt.  
Chorus: Oh, it's this way and that way and do what you will.  
For I'm sure I've said nothing that you can take ill.  
So don't be offended, as long as I don't,  
For the women all let the men feel of their cunt.  
Next is the fisherman, down by the brook;  
For all that he lacks is a line for his hook.  
Up steps this fair damsel and sees him in want;  
She spun him a line from the hair on her cunt.  
Next is the barber, a-shaving a man,  
Up steps this fair damsel, says, "Shave me if you can."  
The answer he gave her: "My razor is blunt."  
She told him to sharpen it on the rim of her cunt.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\threehr3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Three Whores  
Three mexican whores at a table,  
Sipping cherry wine,  
One says to the other,  
Your cunts not as big as mine.  
chorus: Roly Poly, Tickle my holey,  
Up your slimy slough,  
Drag your nuts across my guts,  
And piss on the horny crew.  
The first says, "You're a liar,  
For mine's as big as the sea.  
Battleships sail in and out,  
And never bother me."  
The second says, "You're a liar,  
For mine's as big as the air.  
Ships sail in, ships sail out,  
And never touch a hair."  
The third's says, "You're a liar,  
For mine's as big as the moon.  
The ships sail in on the first of the year,  
And never come out till June."  
The first says, "You're a liar,  
I'd blush to be so small.  
Many's the fleet went sailing in,  
And never come out at all."  
(Oscar Brand)

"You're a liar," says the first old whore,  
For mine's as big as the air.  
The sun could set on the crack of my cunt,  
And never scorch a hair."  
d try to get between her.  
The virgin said, "Oh no, please sir, I don't know where its been, sir" Mary Jane  
said,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\timemon3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

When My Time Of The Month Comes Around

(llewtraH)

Chorus:

For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry.

Shout out your sizes loud and strong:

Junior, Regular, Super-Duper, Rubber Bung!

For where e'er we go, we will always know

When our time of the month rolls around.

It's that time of the month, when it's falling out in chunks

When my time of the month rolls around.

It don't affect my walk, though I'm losing it in quarts,

When my time of the month rolls around.

But you needn't be all gloom, when I'm cleaning out my womb,

Even though I'm on the rag, it needn't stop a shag.

Just before I get dry, so I'll reach for the KY,

I may be menstruating, but it doesn't stop me dating,

It's just a female fact, so please use a little tact,

We can still make love, if you can stand a little blood,

If I do get period pain, you'll be jacking off again,

If I'm getting cramping, then you'll know I'm on the tampon,

You can tell by my moans, than I'm suffering hormones,

You should know not to mention my pre-menstrual tension,

You can tell by my blood, that I am about to flood,

Modern towels are discrete, and they keep me smelling sweet,

Tampons fit inside, no more towel lumps to hide,

You can tell by my stance, there are liners in my pants,

According to my watch, it is time to cork my crotch,

But these days there's no smell, so you really couldn't tell

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\tmtaylr3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣JB=L1C<

My Name Is Tim Taylor  
My name is Gonzales, I live in Nogales,  
I work for a dollar a day.  
I go to see Nelly, I jump on her belly,  
In two minutes, she takes my dollar away.  
Oh, Nelly's a winner, each time I get in her,  
The two of us make such a fracas.  
She's huffing and puffing, I'm frantically stuffing,  
My ball strike her ass with the sound of maracas.  
And when I am on her, there is no manana,  
I don't give a damn for tomorrow.  
She takes my last peso, and if I may say so,  
To fuck her once more, I would beg, steal or borrow.  
A Yankee turista was fucking my sister,  
One night by the old hacienda.  
She asked him for money, he acted so funny,  
He pulled up his pants and he said, "No comprende."  
When nine months had ended, her belly distended,  
The poor girl was really disastered.  
As she went into labor, she cursed that "Good Neighbor,"  
Whose "Good Neighbor Policy" gave her a bastard.  
My name is Tim Taylor, my cock is a whaler,  
My balls they weigh ninety-five pounds.  
Where is Miss Hammer, I'll fuck her, goddamn her,  
I'll nail her old ass to the ground.  
My name is Ben Croker, my tool is a poker,  
I strike while the iron is hot.  
I love fornicating, it's so stimulating,  
When I am surrounded by twat.  
My name is Joe Tucker, I'm a motherfucker,  
The feeling is wonderfully grand.  
When I am erected, I'm never dejected,  
May I put my prick in your hand?  
My names is Maria, I've got gonorrhea,  
It itches like hell when I pee.  
I got it by shagging, and though I'm not bragging,  
Would you like to share it with me.  
My name is Bob Becker, just look at my pecker,  
Did you ever see one so grand.  
It quivers, it shivers, and when it delivers,  
It whistles, "Let's Strike Up The Band."  
I'm your friendly banker and I've got a chancre,  
Right here on the end of my cock.  
And when counting money, it really is funny,  
To feel it drip into my sock.  
In case of emergency or any urgency,  
Always remember the rule:  
For jerking or fucking or simple cocksucking,  
You've got to take care of your tool.  
There was a Welsh miner couldn't find the vagina,

Of a lady from Blaina, though try as he might.  
He poked and he fiddled, he groped and he piddled,  
He stroked and he diddled the whole livelong night.  
By morning exhausted, he thought he had lost it,  
Ten shillings it costed, when feeling a squeeze.  
He cried out, "I've seen it, I've been in between it,  
And the hair on her dingy di do hangs down to her knees."  
(Jerry Silverman)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\twinkle3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le&#11;B=L1C<

Twinkle, Twinkle  
(llewtraH)  
Chorus: Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew  
Nipple, bosom, hair-pie, finger-fuck, screw.  
Moose piss, cat pud, orangutan tit,  
Sheep pussy, camel crack, pig lie in shit.  
Well, we went to a party and what did we do,  
We took off our socks and we took off our shoes,  
We took off our shirts and we took off our pants,  
I had a hunch we weren't gonna dance.  
Well, everybody everybody's ass was bare,  
No broads left just the queer over there.  
All of this didn't please me a bit,  
I just jumped on the pile and grabbed me some tit.  
Well you know my girl's a sports fan,  
She plays with balls whenever she can.  
Because her favorite sport you see,  
Is playing tonsil hockey.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\twohash3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le&#11;,B=L1C<

Two Hashers  
(llewtraH)  
Tune: This Old Man  
Two hashers, drove for miles,  
From the Emerald Coast to Tybee Isle.  
Chorus # 1:  
With a couple of cunts and a cooler full of beer,  
How the fuck did we get here?

Two harriettes, drove for miles,  
From the Emerald Coast to Tybee Isle.

Chorus # 2:

With a couple of cocks and a cooler full of beer,  
How the fuck did we get here?

Two hashers, in a truck,  
One got blown and one got sucked.

Two harriettes, in a truck,  
One got banged and the other got fucked.

Two hashers, on the road,  
While they drove they lost their load.

Two harriettes, on the road,  
While they drove their tits they showed.

Four hashers, stopped to dine,  
At mile marker sixty-nine.

Chorus # 3:

With cunts and cocks and a cooler full of beer, We fucked and sucked our way to here.

Four hashers, they came late,  
Nabob stopped to masturbate.  
All you hashers in the crowd,  
Hear us now and hear us loud,  
When you come to Intercourse you'd better bring a date,  
So you won't have to masturbate!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\vanpick3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣\_

␣5B=L1C<

Vanessa Picklegin

One night for a jar, I went to a bar,  
And I drunk the barrel dry.

And the thoughts in me head were very far from bad  
Till this harlot caught my eye.

She was withered and small, like a pickled doll,  
That her bones had rubbed her sore,

With her teeth in a box, she had got the pox,  
And her age was fifty-four.

I've made very bold with young and old,  
And I've fucked 'em thick and thin;

But I never never straddled a whore  
Like Vanessa Picklegin.

Well, no man knows who soberly goes,

To what that man can sink;  
How his brain gets spoiled and he sees the world  
Through the rose-colored specs of drink.



So I gazed in her eye till beneath me fly,  
 Me y-fronts shockingly rose;  
 And the stand in hand grew so bloody grand  
 That it nearly blocked me nose.  
 So up comes she and she says to me,  
 Do you fancy a whore to screw?  
 I can take without fuss any double-decker buss,  
 So I'll readily deal with you!  
 For the average fool with the average tool,  
 I charge an inordinate fee;  
 But since you've got a hard, with is more tha a yard,  
 To you the admission's free.  
 So it's back to her flat, and we slung out the cat,  
 And to bed without a word,  
 For she looked, and she felt, and she bloody nearly smelt  
 Like a week-old, white-washed turd.  
 But I maintained that horn from night 'till morn,  
 And we fucked the dark hours through,  
 Till the bones went 'crack' in the middle of her back,  
 And Vanessa fell in two.  
 Now all you lads that drink ale, be cautioned by my tale,  
 For as I scrambled free,  
 I loudly wailed, for my prick was impaled  
 In Vanessa's vertabree.  
 So, when you're in the pub, the harlots snub,  
 Or you shall surely find,  
 Though you may get away and not have to pay,  
 You'll leave a lot behind.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\verger-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c[[6B=L1C<

Ring The Bell Verger  
 Down in the belfry chauffeur lies,  
 Vicar's wife between this thighs,  
 Voice from pulpit from afar,  
 "Stop fucking wife, start fucking car!"  
 chorus: Ring the bell, verger, ring the bell ring,  
 Perhaps the congregation will condescend to simg.  
 Perhaps the village organist, sitting on his stool,  
 Will play upon his organ, and not upon his tool.  
 Verger in the belfry stood,  
 Grasped in his hand his mighty pud.  
 From afar the vicar yells,  
 "Stop pulling pud, and pull fucking bells!"  
 Ocean liner six days late,

Stoker stoking stoker's mate,  
 Voice from Captain o'er the wire,  
 "Stop fucking mate, start fucking fire."  
 (Michael Green)  
 Up in control room, operator sits,  
 Girl on knee, playing with tits.  
 In comes foreman, face in smiles,  
 "Stop twiddling tits, start twiddling dials!"  
 Handsome butler, buxom cook,  
 Down in pantry, having a fook.  
 Up in parlor, mistress squeals,  
 "Stop fucking cook, cook fucking meals!"  
 Little Frances, home from school,  
 Picked up baby by the tool.  
 Mother squealed, 'You naughty Frances,  
 To ruin baby's fucking chances!"  
 (Don Laycock)  
 Part-time barman in the Four-Ale lurks,  
 Tossing off with erratic jerks.  
 The landlord's voice begins to moan,  
 "Stop pulling pecker, start pulling foam!"  
 Old time convict in the compound stands,  
 His pick idle in his hands.  
 The warden's voice begins to moan,  
 "Stop picking prick and start picking stone!"  
 (llewtraH)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\violets3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Suzanne

Suzanne was a girl who had plenty of class,  
 Who knocked them all dead when she wiggled her--  
 Eyes at the fellows as girls sometimes do,  
 To make it quite plain that she wanted to--  
 Take in a movie or go for a sail,  
 And then hurry home for a nice piece of--  
 Ice cream and cake or a slice of roast duck,  
 For after each meal she is ready to--  
 Go for a ride or a stroll on the dock,  
 With any young man with a sizeable--  
 Bank roll of bills and a pretty good front,  
 And if he talked fast she would show him her--  
 Little pet dog who was subject to fits,

And maybe she'd let him take hold of her--  
Little white hands, with a movement so quick,  
She'd reach right on over and tickle his--  
Chin while she showed him a trick learned in France,  
And asked the poor fellow to take off his--  
Coat while he sang of the Mandalay Shore,  
For whatever she was, Suzanne was no-- Bore.  
(Jerry Silverman)

#### There Was An Old Farmer

There was an old farmer who lived on a rock,  
He watched little kids as they played with their--  
Marbles and toys as in the days of yore,  
And for a companion he had a young--  
Maiden, who laid down there on the grass,  
Who said she would show him the shape of her--  
Shoes and her stockings that fit like a duck.  
She claimed she was learning a new way to--  
Bring up her children and teach themn to knit,  
While the boys in the barnyard were shovelling--  
Hay from the stables and filling the rick,  
He said he would show her the length of his--  
Rowboats and oars, while approaching the falls,  
And while going over, he injured his--  
Long middle finger, which pained him a lot.  
To soothe it he stuck it right into her--  
Hand me my rifle, I'm going to hunt.  
And while I am gone, take good care of your--  
Little pet rabbits that roam o'er the sod.  
You think this is bullshit, but it isn't, by God!  
(Jerry Silverman)

#### The Fair Bather

I knew a young lady at Brighton last year,  
Whose hobby was swimming below the long pier.  
Each morn she would venture, this trim little lass,  
And give you the pleasure of seeing her--  
Antics in the water, in surf, and on sand,  
The cutest of all, the belle of the strand.  
Her bikini was lovely, the best of the knits,  
And displayed to advantage the swell of her--  
Trim little figure, which threw me in heat,  
That fair little maiden, so lush, so petite.  
She never was late, came to the same patch,  
To enjoy the delight of cooling her--  
Self in the water, she'd frolic and play.  
Her fun-loving nature was out on display.  
She'd float on her side, and for shells she would hunt,

And go through the motions of washing her--  
Clothes out completely and then wring them dry,  
And hang up her undies with langorous sigh.  
She could dive like a frog and swim like a duck,  
And showed by her motions, she knew how to--  
Frolic in water, clear up to her chin  
Without getting drowned, as so many have been.  
Exhausted from swimming, for the shore she would start,  
And enjoy the strange pleasure of letting a--  
Few fellows cast eyes at her beautiful shape  
And whistle and stare and hornily gape.  
Then she'd dash up the beach, she'd decided to quit,  
And race to the bathhouse to go take a shower.  
(Harold H. Hart)

THERE WAS AN OLD FARMER  
\*Melody--???

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,  
Shaking and waving his big hairy --  
Fist at the ladies next door in the Ritz,  
Who taught the young girls to play with their --  
Kite strings and marbles and all things galore.  
Along came a lady who looked like a --  
Decent young lady, but walked like a duck.  
She thought she'd invented a new way to --  
Bring up the children, to sew and to knit,  
The boys in the stable were shoveling --  
Litter and paper from yesterday's hunt.  
And old farmer Potter was having some --  
Cake in the stables and singing this song,  
And if you think it's dirty, you're fucking well wrong!

There Was A Young Sailor  
(llewtraH)

There was a young sailor who sat on a rock  
Wailing his fists and abusing his --  
Navel, a neighbor was watching his fits,  
Teaching his children to play with their --  
Kites and their marbles as in days of yore.  
Along came a woman who looked like a --  
Decent young lady who walked like a duck.  
She said she was learning a new way to --  
Bring up the children and teach them to knit  
While the boys in the barnyard were shoveling --  
The contents of pigsty muck and the mire.  
The squire of the manor was pulling his --

Horse from the stable to go to the hunt.  
His wife in the boudoir was powdering her --  
Nose and arranging her vanity box.  
And taking precautions to ward off the --  
Gout and rheumatics which makes her feel stiff.  
Too well did she remember her last dose of --  
What did you think I was going to say?  
No, you rude bugger, that's all for today.

The Mermaid  
(llewtraH)

There was a young sailor who looked through the glass,  
He spied a young mermaid with scales on her --  
Island where seagulls fly over their nests,  
As she combed the long hair that fell over her --  
Shoulders and caused her to tickle and itch.  
Yelled a sailor, "Well, I'll be a son of a --  
Beautiful mermaid out there on the rocks."  
And the crew came a-running, their hands on their --  
Caps while they crowded four deep on the rail;  
All eager to share in this fine piece of --  
Talk which the captain soon heard from the watch,  
So he tied down the wheel and unbuttoned his --  
Crackers and cheese which he kept near the door,  
In hopes he might come on a sea-going --  
Happy, he knew he must use all his wits,  
So he called for a line to make fast to her --  
Tail, saying "Boys, we are going to find  
Whether mermaids do better before or --  
Be brave, me good fellows," the captain next said,  
"And with luck we will break through her maiden --  
Heading to starboard," they tacked with dispatch,  
And caught that fair mermaid right under her --  
Side and then they took her down below decks,  
Where each had a crack at her feminine --  
Setting her free after each had a pass.  
They tossed her back in with a pat on her --  
After a while they all noticed some scabs,  
And soon they broke out with the pox and the --  
Cursing and scratching, you know what I mean.  
This song may be dull, but it's frightfully clean.  
Why was he born so beautiful?  
Why was he born so tall?  
He's no fucking use to anyone,  
He's no fucking use at all.  
He should be publicly pissed on.  
He should be

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\vowpene3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

d&#12;BBL1CA

I Vow To Thee My Penis

(llewtraH)

I vow to thee my penis, all earthly things above;

Entire and whole and perfect, the object of my love.

The love that asks no questions, the love that stands the test;

The lays within my right hand, the dearest and the best.

The love that never falters when it's time to pay the price,

And squirts into my right hand its sticky sacrifice.

There is another organ, I've often heard them tell,

That takes my erect penis when it begins to swell.

It's hidden under clothing, it's hid between two legs;

A fortress 'gainst my penis, even though I often beg.

But if I've luck, then willingly it yeilds and lets me in;

All moist and pink and slippery -- the country of a quim.

I vow to thee my penis and my two hairy balls.

One day we'll find that country and take time to explore.

Until I find that country, I'll hold you in my hand,

So firm and pulsating, my great and yearning gland.

The gland that never falters, that always makes a stand,

The gland that lives in hopefulness, for that great promised land

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\walking3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

cB=L1C<

Walking Down Canal Street

(llewtraH)

Walking down Canal Street,

Knocking on every door,

Goddamn sonofabitch,

Couldn't find a whore.

When I finally found a whore,

She was tall and thin,

Goddamn sonofabitch,

Couldn't get it in.

When I finally got it in,

I turned it all about,

Goddamn sonofabitch,

Couldn't get it out.

When I finally got it out,

It was red and sore,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
You should never fuck a whore.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\walkwod3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[c]:B=L1C<

As I Was Walking Through The Wood  
As I was walking through the wood,  
I shat myself, I knew I would.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so I shat myself again.  
As I was walking through the docks,  
A sailor grabbed me by the cock.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my cock again.  
As I was walking through Saint Paul's,  
The vicar grabbed me by the balls.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my balls again.  
As I was walking through St. Giles,  
Some bastard grabbed me by my piles.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my piles again.  
As I was walking down the street,  
A whore grabbed me by the meat.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so she grabbed my meat again.  
As I was walking down The Strand,  
A queer grabbed me by the hand.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my hand again.  
As I was walking round King's Cross,  
A filthy dosser tossed me off.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so he tossed me off again.  
As I was walking round Marylebone's,  
A curate grabbed me by the stones.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my stones again.  
As I was walking round Buckingham Palace,  
A guardsman caught me by the phallus.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my phallus again.  
As I lay sleeping in the grass,  
Some bastard rammed it up my ass.

I cried for help but no help came,  
And so he rammed it up again.  
As I was sitting in the sun,  
Some bastard rammed it up my bum.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so he rammed it up again.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\waltzme3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

llc B=L1C<

Waltz Me Around By My Willy

(llewtraH)

Chorus:Aye, aye, aye, aye,

Your mother's a whore on a troopship, (insert insult)

So sing me another verse

That's worse than the other verse,

And waltz me around by my willy.

More insults:

Your mother and father were brothers

Your brother fills empty cream donuts

Your sister eats bat shit off cave walls

Your mother sucks farts from dead chickens

Your mother and sister are brothers

Your sister leaves slime trails like snails

Your sister douches with Drano

Your sister swims after troop ships

Your sister's in love with a carrot

Your sister goes down for a quarter

Your sister sucks moose cum off pine cones

Your father does eight-year old Brownies

Your mom uses Frisbees for diaphragms

Your mother's vibrator is made by John Deere

Your mother uses hamsters for tampons

Your sister rides bikes without seats

Your mother goes down on Rush Limbaugh

ûGG%>³y¹ÿÿð®÷Ñ<Ñ¿¼Žy-< tû< t÷<

to

ÀtkGN-< tè< tä<

t\

Àt

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\wankers3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*



[[c]]B=L1C<

The Wanker's Song

(llewtraH)

(c) by Ivor Biggun)

My mother said that I never should  
Play with the naughty rude girls in the wood.  
Their giggling talk I could not understand,  
And that's why I fell in love with my right hand.  
Chorus: And it does me good like it bloody well should.  
I'm a wanker, I'm a wanker,  
And I'm always pulling my pud.  
I was 25 years old before I was kissed,  
Then I found that I preferred a swift-one of the wrist.  
It's cheap and convenient; you can't catch VD;  
It's available at any time and it's always free.  
Oh Mrs. Hand and your five lovely daughters,  
Thank you for having me and being so kind.  
I've got pains in my arms and my dong's growing shorter;  
My knees have turned to water and I think I'm going blind.  
I've wanked over Italy, I've wanked over Spain,  
I've wanked in an omnibus, I've wanked on a train.  
I've used a badger and a melon and a cat,  
An inflated Linda Lovelace and a Davy Crocket hat.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\wdpcker3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Woodpecker's Hole

Right on the side of a telephone pole,  
I saw what I knew was a woodpecker's hole,  
And I thought, I ought, to examine it, more closely.  
So I shoved my pecker in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul!  
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it."  
So I removed my pecker from the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul!  
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it."  
So I replaced my pecker in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul!  
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it.  
So revolved my pecker in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul!  
The other way, the other way, the other way, reverse it.  
So I reversed my pecker in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul!

Hurry it up, hurry it up, hurry it up, accelerate it.  
So I accelerated my pecker in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul!  
Take it out, take it out, take it out, I've had it.

(Oscar Brand)

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\we3quim3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c 'B=L1C<

We Three Quims Of Orient Are

(llewtraH)

Tune: We Three Kings of Orient Are

We three quims of Orient are,

One in Shanghai, works in a bar;

One in Bangkok, likes to suck cocks;

A third down in Singapore.

Chorus: Oh whore of wonder, mine tonight,

Whore of painted beauty bright,

Eastwards lead me, blow me, knead me,

Guide me to your red porch light.

Gonorrhoea is rife in the Street,

Of Hundred Red Lanterns where I have my beat.

There's beer on tap and the Shanghai clap,

Try out a venereal disease.

Out in Bangkok are clubs, bars and brothels;

Don't need a condom, no-one else bothers.

Beauty fades when you're dying of AIDS,

But always we're open to offers.

Syph is mine, its madness and sores,

Tells your wife you've been sleeping with whores.

I go down like an anchor, give you a chancre,

See me in Singapore.

We three quims from lands Oriental,

Catering to gents Continental.,

Come and see me, get some free VD,

To take back to lands Occidental.

You've got sores and rashes and lumps;

Your balls have swollen and it isn't mumps.

It's only herpes, you're quite chirpy,

Though you'll be off sex for months.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\weddgay3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Wedding Of The Queer  
(llewtraH)

A young Brighton gay whose love life had unravelled,  
Went to the station, bought tickets and map,  
He decided the best cure was a weekend of travel,  
And he boarded a train, settling down for a nap;  
But his bowels awoke him (as bowels often do)  
And he made his way aft, to the lav, for a poo.  
He sat down on the toilet and began to reflect,  
Till disturbed by the groans and the lurch of the train,  
With his pants round his ankles, and his penis erect  
He reached out in panic and grabbed the Emergency Chain;  
The train screeched to a halt, and before he could rise,  
The door was smashed open, revealing his plight.  
That day a young female guard was on duty,  
She beheld a young man who was sat on the bog,  
And this buxom, young lass - quite a ravishing beauty -  
Her duties forgot and grabbed him for a snog.  
She tore off her clothing and sank to her knees  
And began to fellate him, while gasping, "Oh please!"  
The young gay, astonished, already depressed,  
Saw her body was smooth and her undies were frilly,  
He lost his fine hard-on at spying her breasts,  
And the womanly slit not a fine six-inch willy.  
The girl was soon kneeling and giving him head,  
While the mortified traveler wished he was dead.  
Quite flaccid, he fainted, but worse then took place -  
For the ticket inspector was frightfully keen,  
And in hope to revive him she sat on his face ...  
And then some reporters appeared on the scene  
The gay moaned, half-conscious, "Why is it straights wish  
For what feels like a pussy and smells like a fish?"  
The tabloid reporters recorded the fun,  
A whole nation gasped in shock at the scandal,  
When the pictures were printed, page one of 'The Sun',  
Headlined:  
Ticket Girl Inspects Emergency Handle.  
When they saw the pics of her sucking his cock,  
Both sets of parents went deep into shock.  
The parents and nation all called for a wedding,  
While the poor gay felt naught but dismay and despair,  
Sadly he wed her - but as for the bride's bedding.  
Well, each night she lies with her legs in the air  
And he murmurs, "I don't call this marital bliss -  
I've been fucked by 'The Sun' and I have to fuck this?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Want a Wet Vagina - Susan Hartwell  
Wish I had a wet vagina,  
Curly hair about the rim.  
Oh, there's really nothing finer,  
Wish that I could have a quim.  
Wish I had a neat clitoris,  
Wish I had a juicy cunt.  
Two labia in the forest;  
Wet vaginas what I want.  
Wish that I could have a G-spot,  
Wish I had a juicy slit,  
Warm and wet and always ready;  
It would welcome every prick.  
Wish I had a wet vagina,  
Curly pubic hair in thatch.  
A vagina -- nothing's finer;  
Wish that I could have a snatch.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\whoneed3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lc B=L1C<  
Who Needs Sex?  
Chorus: Who needs sex?  
Who needs sex?  
It's no fun,  
It's no fun,  
You chase after women and what do you get?  
You grumble and fumble and break out in sweat,  
You wake up at daylight just deeper in debt,  
So who needs sex?  
Who needs sex?  
You meet a new women and go on a date,  
You hug and you kiss and you think that it's great,  
She gives you blue balls and you masturbate,  
He grunts and he gasps like he's on a long run,  
He's in for a minute then squirts on your bum,  
Then he falls asleep as soon as he's done.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\whrbell3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

0\_

0B=L1C<

The Whorehouse Bells Were Ringing  
The whorehouse bells were ringing,  
And the pimp stood in the door;  
He'd had a hardon all day long  
To screw some dirty whore.  
At last his choice being made,  
They went upstairs and pulled off their clothes.  
He asked her if she'd suck him off,  
And blow it through her nose.  
"Oh No!  
Oh No!" the old bitch cried.  
Her head was full of snuff,  
"I'd like to suck your juicy cock,  
But blowing is too tough."  
"But I know a game we both can play,  
You'll like it when we're through.  
I will suck your juicy prick,  
While you lick out my flue."  
The whorehouse bells were ringing,  
While this pair's upstairs in bed,  
Trying to get their guns off first,  
Into each others head.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\whrfair3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

0d&#12;0!BLL1CK

The Whoring Fair  
(llewtraH)

I went down to the Whoring Fair to find immodest ladies;  
I saw a tart out in the crowd and swore that I would lay her.  
Imagine then of my delight when she proved more than willing,  
So we crept back of the booths and tents and I gave her my shilling.  
Her nipples hard, her flesh was wet, and I gave her full measure;  
I buried in her willing flesh, my pride and joy, my treasure.  
And there behind the booths and stands, upon the fragrant grass,  
I thrust away both hard and quick, till she began to gasp.  
Through the summer, the sun shone hot, the corn grew tall and ripened;  
The pretty whore was soon forgot, as if she'd never happened.  
Then all too soon, the Whoring Fair opened again for trade,  
And I went in search of the pretty whore that once before I'd laid.  
Among the jades and worn-out whores, I could not see her waiting.  
At last I spoke to a toothless tart, her wrinkled face all painted,

"Aah sir, you'd mean young Betsy Boggs; you will not find her here.  
She met a man at the Whoring Fair at the turning of the year."  
"They did it on the de-drenched turf, right there beyond the pale,  
And now young Betsy's taken ill, with no cure for what ails.  
I pity the man what lay with her, for he, too, will fall sick,  
With syphilis and chancre sores and the pox upon his prick."  
If you go down to the Whoring Fair to meet the painted ladies,  
I warn you now to please beware the other things they trade in,  
Or else like me, yo'll meet a gir and she'll be more than willing,  
To give you syphilis for no more than a shilling.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\whrhse-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Born In A Whorehouse  
Born in a whorehouse, raised like a slave,  
Fighting and fucking are all that I crave.  
Smashing in windows, breaking down doors,  
Calling nice little old ladies, chicken-shit whores.  
Quick, little old lady, fix me a toddy,  
I want to go out and fuck everybody.  
When I die and I am dead,  
Put a stone across and over my head.  
And upon that stone let there be seen,  
"Here lies a human fucking machine."  
(UC @ Davis Calif 1950)  
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\winipeg3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

The Winnipeg Whore  
My first trip up the Chippeway River,  
My first trip to Canadian shores,  
There I met a Miss Rosie O'Flannagan,  
Commonly known as the Winnipeg Whore.  
"Well", says she to me, "I think I know you.  
Let me sit up on you knee.  
Hows about a little loving,  
A dollar and a half is the usual fee."  
Some were fiddling, some were piddling,  
Some were fucking on the bar room floor,  
But I was spending ;my money happily,  
Laying it into the Winnipeg whore.

I took her arm and she led me quickly,  
 To the place she used for sleep.  
 Dirty old room with a straw-filled mattress,  
 Wasn't too clean but she sure was cheap.  
 Fucked her once and I fucked her once again,  
 Then I fucked her one time more.  
 She gave a shout and then she fainted,  
 That was the end of the Winnipeg whore.  
 She was a slick as a slippery elm,  
 I didn't know what she was about,  
 Until I missed my watch and wallet,  
 "Holy Moses!", I cried out.  
 Then up came the whores and the sons of bitches,  
 Up to the tune of forty or more.  
 I left my clothes, my shoes, my britches,  
 And I went a-high-tailing out of that door.  
 In Winnipeg, I learned my lesson,  
 I learned it good, 'cause I learned it there.  
 If you gotta visit a Winnipeg Whore, boys,  
 Better make sure that you visit her bare.  
 (Oscar Brand)  
 I got it by shagging, and though I'm not bragging,  
 Would you like to share it with me.  
 My name is Bob Becker, just look at my pecker,  
 Did you ever see one so grand.  
 It quivers, it shivers, and when it delivers,  
 It whistles, "Let's Strike Up The Band."  
 I'm your friendly banker and I've got a chancre,  
 Right here on the end of my cock.  
 And when counting money, it really is funny,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\winwalk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣P␣(BBL1CA

He'll Win In A Walk, B'Jesus  
 An old sport lounged in a grandstand chair,  
 There was dung in his whiskers and hay in his hair,  
 And his voice rang hoarse on the sultry air,  
 "He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus!"  
 "Just wait 'til you see them turn him loose,  
 He'll go through that field like shit through a goose,  
 He'll do it as easy as 'ace takes a duece'.  
 He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus!"  
 "His breeding is right, he can't go slow,  
 He's out of Black Bess by Hungry Joe.  
 Of that bunch of skates, he'll sure make a show.

He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus!"  
 "I ain't got no money, but if I was rich,  
 I'd go dead broke on that son of a bitch.  
 When he gets agoing, he'll make'em all itch.  
 He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus!"  
 "They've sent'em away, gave him worst at the start,  
 It don't make no difference, he don't care a fart.  
 The suckers are yellow but he's game, got a heart,  
 He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus!"  
 "From the nineteenth position way out in the grass  
 Where weeds are so tall, they tickle his ass,  
 He's just nosed out of place Scotch Highland Lass,  
 He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus!"  
 They are swung in the stretch and the bastard is third--  
 He has worked up to second--now, he's slipped on a turd;  
 He's slipped in the ditch, the son of a bitch,  
 He wasn't in it, b'Jesus!"  
 (Immortalia)  
 x

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\wokwint3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[c [NB=L1C<  
 Wackin' With My Weenie In My Hand  
 (llewtraH)  
 The choir sings, I'm not listenin';  
 On her lip sperm is glistenin'.  
 I'm at midnight mass with my best piece of ass;  
 I'm wackin' with my weenie in my hand.  
 The preacher starts his silly sermon,  
 I can feel my willie firmin'.  
 We're in the front pew, in the altar boy's view,  
 I'm wackin' with my weenie in my hand.  
 In the parking lot I got a blow-job,  
 Up against a six foot bank of snow.  
 She knew I'd have to soon return the favor,  
 'Cause in her crotch I found some mistletoe.  
 Later on when she's sleepin,  
 Down the stairs I'll be creepin,  
 I hope Santa Claus will bring me some whores,  
 I'm wackin' with my weenie in my hand.  
 Winter Wonderland  
 (llewtraH)  
 On her thighs sweat is glistenin';  
 To her moans you are listenin'.  
 Oh what a time we're having tonight,



Humpin' in a winter wonderland.  
 In the winter do it with the snow man;  
 Careful you don't get a frost bit nut.  
 If she says she'll do it, then say blow ma'am  
 It great to start the evening going down.  
 Later on when we tire,  
 Warm our ass by the fire.  
 Oh what a night, her pussy's so tight;  
 Humpin' in a winter wonderland.  
 Wonder Where I Am  
 (llewtraH)  
 At the office Christmas party,  
 I started out with a Bicardi.  
 I never get sauced,  
 But, right now, I'm lost!  
 It's Christmas and I wonder where I am!  
 I had a beer at my brother's,  
 Had egg nog at my mother's,  
 Then two bottles of wine.  
 Which automobile's mine?  
 It's Christmas and I wonder where I am!  
 Someone caught me dancing with a snowman.  
 A policeman came and put me in his car.  
 He said, "Are you drunk?" and I say, "No, man,  
 But could you drop me off at the next bar?"  
 I guess my wife must be missing.  
 Who's this dog that I'm kissing?  
 They say his name's Spot,  
 And he likes me a lot!  
 It's Christmas and I wonder where I am!  
 I was looking for a woman I could dance with,  
 So I stood beneath the mistletoe.  
 Someone said, "You'd have a better chance if  
 You take the lampshade off and put back on your clothes!  
 I'm naked.  
 Is it still snowing?  
 Is the blizzard still blowing?  
 It's time I should leave,  
 But I'll be back New Year's Eve!  
 It's Christmas and I wonder where I am!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\wokwood3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

As I Was Walking Though The Woods  
 As I was walking through the woods,  
 I shat myself; I knew I would.

I cried for help but no help came,  
And so I shat myself again.  
As I was walking through St Pauls,  
The vicar grabbed me by the balls.  
I cried for help but no help came  
And so he grabbed my balls again.  
As I was walking through St Giles,  
Some bastard grabbed me by the piles.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my piles again.  
As I was walking down the street,  
A hooker grabbed me by the meat.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so she grabbed my meat again.  
As I lay sleeping in the grass,  
Some bastard rammed it up my ass.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
So he rammed it up my ass again.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\wordbad3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leBGL1CF

Horrible Words

(llewtraH)

Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike

When singing crude songs we commit social wrongs,  
By indulging in bawdy hilarity,  
So lets make a new ditty, polite pure and pretty,  
By avoiding they words of vulgarity.  
We can make all our rugby songs stately and gracious,  
Instead of coarse, vulgar, obscene and salacious,  
And we'll sing ourselves hoarse while avoiding of course,  
The words, the horrible words!  
When we sing of the ladies we'll never affront,  
The tenderest maiden by being too blunt,  
For suitable words we'll steadfastly hunt,  
And avoid using vulgar expression like...  
Chorus: Words, the words, the horrible words,  
The words, the horrible words!  
Our rude Saxon forebears in rude Saxon halls,  
Wrote rude Saxon words on their rude Saxon walls,  
But we are disgusted, the prospect appals,  
And we think of these things as a right lot of...  
Our delicate natures will take a right knock,  
As 'round the piano we daintily flock.  
If some bolder fellow proceeded to shock,

Us with songs about showing the jury his...  
For songs such as that really shake us to bits;  
We'll never let the crudity sully our wits;  
The coarsest among us quite freely admits,  
The songs that are crude really get on our...  
The singing of ballads 'bout hedgehog or moose,  
Or of Eskimo women with morals so loose,  
Are remarkably coarse, full of unpleasant words.  
Nor do we need crude songs about flying ...  
So let us remember our old Sunday school,  
And make polite words our inviolate rule.  
A man looks a stupid and ignorant fool,  
Singing long bawdy ballads on the length of his...  
And if it should come, as it may do, to pass,  
That sing-songs become a ridiculous farce,  
Then let every rugby fan raise up his glass,  
And bring back the old songs like A stands for ...  
More Letter Words (And More Than A Few Phrases)  
(llewtraH)  
Words, words, horrible words,  
Some of them really should never be heard,  
Most of the worst ones have letters just four,  
But some of the other bad words contain more;  
All of them awful, plus more obscene phrases,  
None of them fit to be heard by the ladies,  
And of the worst ones, I'll give just a few,  
Of these more letter words that you ought to eschew.  
That fine pair of orbs that hang 'tween men's legs,  
The more refined call them the testes or eggs,  
But bollocks or ballochs or goolies or balls,  
Should only be used within your own walls;  
Collions or pillocks are terms to disown,  
By Shakespeake and others, the things were called stones,  
To doctors and medics they're called testicles,  
But most in base parlance will term the things 'balls'.  
Just 'neath the belly there hangs a chap's dick,  
The cock, or the pork sword, the prick or big stick,  
The pecker, John Thomas, terms come thick and fast,  
Peter or trouser-snake, in olden times 'tarse'  
Willie's sometimes called pizzle when used for a piss,  
Or ramrod or joystick when used to give bliss,  
But to circumlocutors, this staff loved by Venus,  
Is termed, quite correctly, a gentleman's penis.  
Those are the parts of the men, oh so rude!  
Words used of women are equally crude,  
The two pillowed mounds which adorn female chests,  
Are boobs, tits or puppies, not bosoms or breasts,  
Down below is the cunt, the cunny or quaint,  
The quim or the fanny, polite these words ain't,  
The ob-gyn profession use terms that are finer,

And refer, quite politely, to vulva, vagina.  
Now mix the two genders, let thoughts turn to sex,  
We've terms here aplenty for degenerate wrecks,  
Fucking's the worst one, then shagging or screwing,  
Bonking and banging describe the things we are doing;  
Laying or boring or rutting or bulling,  
Are the things men desire after clubbing and pulling,  
These are the words that the goodly avoid and,  
They use proper parlance like intercourse, coitus.  
If you can't find a partner, you still can feel good,  
By spanking the monkey or pulling the pud,  
Bashing the bishop or flogging the duck,  
Choking the chicken if you can't get a fuck,  
You're loping the pony, or having a wank,  
Or having a visit from dear Mrs Hand  
And her five lovely daughters.  
A hand-job's the term,  
For masturbation or burping the worm.  
Though ladies are made out of sugar and spice,  
Still they indulge in their own solo vice,  
It's menage a moi or they're twirling their pearls,  
Diddling Miss Daisy's a handjob for girls,  
Gusset typing is fine for a girl all alone,  
Playing five finger disco, romancing her own,  
But a nice girl will rarely or never admit,  
To reading in braille or riding the clit.  
If you like your own gender when seeking a mate,  
There are terms of abuse which are used by those straight,  
Lezzie, todger-dodger, gusset-nuzzler or dyke -  
For women who need men like a fish needs a bike,  
Gays, queers or bum-chums, poofs or shit-pushers,  
For men once described as confirmed bachelors,  
These are the crude terms you'll hear evry day,  
In more refined talk please say lesbian or gay.  
Now onto the those functions of elimination,  
Of digestion's waste products and evacuation,  
You're having a crap, dump, shit, poop or poo,  
You're pinching a loaf, or doing number two;  
A piss, leak or slash, or more coyly, a wee,  
Are also not topics for polite company,  
Moving one's bowels and relieving the bladder,  
Are correct for those higher on life's social ladder.  
And now we must look to those acts so perverse,  
With beasties and foursomes and moresomes and worse,  
Dressing in clothing of the opposite sex,  
Indulging in 'philiias' perversion reflects,  
So please don't discuss whips, chains, dildos or corpses,  
Piercings, shit-eating, copulation with horses,  
There are no polite words, you invite social grief,  
For discussing these acts which just beggar belief.

Words, words, horrible words,  
Some of them really should never be heard,  
Most of the worst ones have letters just four,  
But some of the other bad words contain more;  
All of them awful, those words and those phrases,  
None of them fit to be spoken by ladies,  
And of the worst ones, those were just a few,  
Of the more letter words that you ought to eschew.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\woryman3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leBGL1CF

It Takes A Nasty Man  
Tune: It Takes a Worried Man  
It takes a nasty man, to sing a nasty song. (3X)  
I'm nasty now, and I'm nasty all night long!  
Every single morning I have breakfast in my bed.  
So my Lady wraps her legs around my head!  
I say my bedtime prayers when the Mission bell rings eight.  
O send me, Lord, a girl that wants to fornicate!  
They call me short, dark and handsome but I thank God they're wrong.  
How can I be short, at a full nine inches long?  
My Liege Lord says I'm slow, but his daughter doesn't mind.  
It's 'cause I'm slow, that I get a little behind....!  
I've got hair everywhere, from my head down to my feet  
And in my mouth it gets stuck between my teeth!  
I'll give you some kissin', girl, every single night.  
If you want more than that, the line forms to the right!  
They say you are what you eat, I answer "Is that a fact?"  
If that is true, I'm a nymphomaniac!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\wrkrail3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

lc B=L1C<

Working On The Railroad  
(llewtraH)  
I've been screwing in the rail car,  
Ten guys in one day.  
I've been screwing in the rail car,  
I'll go all the way.  
Bob the conductor's in my back door,  
The engineer's stroking 'tween my thighs,

The brakeman is sucking on my nipples,  
And they all were heard to say:  
Baby won't you blow,  
baby won't you blow,  
Baby won't you blow my ho-o-orn.  
Baby won't you blow,  
baby won't you blow,  
Baby won't you blow my horn.  
I ride the train when I travel.  
I never pay, oh no ho ho ho.  
I ride the train when I travel  
And the crew they all ride me o-o-o.  
Hey, you, suck on my toes.  
Let's put that shaft where it go ho ho ho.  
We can have a wild ride,  
On the Cuyahoga train.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\xmas12-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

llc .B=L1C<

The Twelve Days Of Christmas  
(llewtraH)  
On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me -  
Twelve hairy harlots,  
Eleven lecherous lesbians,  
Ten tired trollops,  
Nine naughty nuns,  
Eight useless eunuchs,  
Seven sex-starved sisters,  
Six convicted vicars,  
Five choir boys!  
Four windmill girls,  
Three boy scouts,  
Two virgin queens,  
And a pervert in a pantry.  
On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
My true love gave to me -  
Twelve fairies fucking,  
Eleven empty scrotums,  
Ten twats a-twitching,  
Nine knobs a-throbbing,  
Eight maidens bleeding,  
Seven shrivelled testes,  
Six shooting hard-ons,  
Five dripping cunts,

Four inches wet,  
Three French Letters,  
Two sweaty gonads,  
And blow-job in a pear-tree.  
Twelve twats a'twitching,  
Eleven leaping lesbians,  
Ten torn testicles,  
Nine gnawed-off nipples,  
Eight aching assholes,  
Seven sucking sisters,  
Six sixty-niners,  
Five pubic hairs!  
Four calling girls,  
Three French whores,  
Two shit house doors,  
And a lube job in her fur tree.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\xmas---3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

Christmas In The Workhouse  
It was Christmas in the workhouse,  
The best day of the year,  
And the paupers all were happy,  
For their guts were full of beer.  
The warden of the workhouse,  
Strode through the dismal halls,  
And wished them Merry Christmas,  
And the paupers answered "Balls"  
This made the warden angry,  
And he swore by all the Gods,  
They'd have no Christmas pudding,  
The lousy bunch of sods  
Up sprang a war-scarred veteran,  
Who had stormed the Khyber Pass.  
We don't want your Christmas pudding,  
Shove it up your fucking ass!  
She scooped the goo with one fair hand,

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\xmascor3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

␣c␣

B=L1C<

CORNHOLED SANTA

(llewtraH)

Up on the rooftop, the reindeer pause,  
While Blitzen cornholes Santa Claus.  
Down through the chimney with a plop,  
Comes a load of reindeer slop.  
Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen,  
Stand in line to get their dicks in.  
Up on the rooftop click-click-click,  
Rudolph makes Santa suck his dick.  
X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\xmasdnk3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

!c!B=L1C<

And So This Is Christmas  
And so this is Christmas,  
And a happy new year.  
Get in a drunk punch-up,  
And get socked in the ear.  
And so this is Christmas,  
With a wink and a leer.  
Let's eat too much turkey,  
And drink lots of beer.  
And so this is Christmas,  
No need to look glum,  
We'll drink too much whiskey,  
And fall on our bum.  
And so this is Christmas,  
What a load of old crap,  
Let's put it up your bottom,  
And come on your back.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\xmasgod3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

!c!BLL1CK

Fuck Off You Drunken Gentlemen  
Fuck off you drunken gentleman, you're in my fucking way,  
Got to get home before the start of fucking Christmas Day.  
My wife is saving herself for some midnight foreplay,  
Then it's the joining of pussy and cock, pussy and cock,  
Then it's the joining of pussy and cock.



Fuck off yourself, you big fat cunt, I haven't a fucking care.  
 What wife would want to shag with you, with face of grizzly bear?  
 I'll bet your foreskin's full of crabs, the ones that stink and stare,  
 As you play with your tool and have a wank, have a wank,  
 As you play with your tool and have a wank.  
 My wife has shaved her pubic hairs, she used my razor blade,  
 She slipped and nicked her clitoris, it made her quite afraid.  
 So I bend down and kiss it well, whenever she gets laid,  
 And her orgasm made her moan and shout, moan and shout,  
 And her orgasm made her moan and shout.  
 On Christmas morn I have the horn, it makes the day complete.  
 My wife's a vegetarian, she does not eat red meat.  
 But she forgets this rule and eats my tool, a fucking treat,  
 It's more filling than eggs and toast, eggs and toast,  
 It's more filling than e-gg and toast.  
 Frosty the snowman gets so cold, his hampton wick has shrunk;  
 There is no hope of unsafe sex, his balls are free from spunk.  
 He'd love to get his end away, instead he gets quite drunk,  
 As he stands in the heat and melts his knob, melts his knob,  
 As he stands in the heat and melts his knob.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\xmaspar3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c]]p[[BGL1CF

The Joint Before Christmas  
 (llewtraH)

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,  
 The family was stoned, and so was the mouse.  
 I was at home and mom was in jail,  
 I had just settled down to a nice piece of tail.  
 When out of the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
 I sprang from my woman to see what was the matter.  
 I ran to the window and jumped down to the grass,  
 Tripped over a pot plant and busted my ass.  
 Then what to my bloodshot eyes did appear,  
 A rusty old sleigh and eight horny deer.  
 The little old driver pulled out his dick,  
 I knew right away it was old St. Prick.  
 I heard his cuss as he hit the wall,  
 Faster you bastards or I'll cut off your balls.  
 He came down the chimney like a bat out of hell,  
 I knew right away, the asshole had fell.  
 He filled the stockings with some joints and a beer,  
 And big rubber dick for the family queer.  
 I heard him shout as he flew out of sight,  
 Fuck you all.....it's been one hell of a night!

### Th Night Before Christmas

'Twas the Night Before Christmas, and all through the house,  
Everyone felt shitty, even the mouse.

Mum at the whore house, Dad smoking grass,  
I had just settled down, for a nice piece of ass.  
When all of a sudden, I hear such a clatter,  
I rose from my piece, to see what was the matter.

Then out on the lawn, I saw a Big Dick,  
I knew in a moment, it must be Saint Nick.  
He came down our chimney, like a Bat outta Hell,  
I knew in a moment the fucker had fell.

He filled up our stockings, with pretzels and Beer,  
And a Big Rubber Dick, for my Brother the Queer.  
He cursed and he swore, as he rode outta sight,  
Piss on you all, and have one HELL OF A NIGHT.

### An Adult Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, and boy was it neat.  
The kids were both gone, and my wife was in heat.  
The doors were all bolted, the phone off the hook,  
It was time for some nooky, by hook or by crook.

Momma in her teddy and I in the nude,  
Had just hit the bedroom and reached for the lube.  
When out on the lawn there arose such a cry,  
That I lost my boner, and momma went dry.

Up to the window I sprang like an elf,  
Tore back the shade while she played with herself.  
The moon on the crest of the snowman we'd built,  
Showed a broom up his ass, clean up to the hilt.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a rusty old sleigh and eight mangy reindeer.

With a fat little driver, half out of the sled,  
A sock in his ear and a bra on his head.

Sure as I'm speaking, he was high as a kite,  
And he yelled to his team, but it didn't sound right.

"Whoa Shithead, whoa Asshole, whoa Stupid, whoa Putz,  
Either slow down this rig or I'll cut off your nuts.  
Look out for the lamp post, and don't hit the tree,  
Quit shaking the sleigh, 'cause I gotta go pee."

They cleared the old lamp post, the tree got a rub,  
Just as Santa leaned out and threw up on my shrub.  
And then from the roof we heard such a clatter,  
As each little reindeer now emptied his bladder.

I was donning my jacket to cover my ass,  
When down the chimney Santa came with a crash.

His suit was all smelly with perfume galore;  
He looked like a bum and smelled like a whore.

"That was some brothel," he said with a smile,  
"The reindeer are pooped, and I'll just stay awhile"

He walked to the kitchen for himself poured a drink,  
Then whipped out his pecker and pissed in the sink.

I started to laugh, my wife smiled with glee,  
The old boy was hung nearly down to his knee.  
Back in the den, Santa reached in his sack,  
But his toys were all gone, and some new things were packed.  
The first thing he found was a pair of false tits;  
The next was a handgun with a penis that spits.  
A box filled with condoms was Santa's next find,  
And six pair of panties, the edible kind.  
A bra without nipples, a penis extension,  
And several more things I shouldn't even mention.  
A fuck ring, a G-string, and all types of oil,  
And a dildo so long that it lay in a coil.  
"This stuff ain't for kids, Mrs. Santa will shit,  
So I'll leave 'em here, and then I'll just split."  
He filled every stocking and then took his leave,  
With one tiny butt plug stuck under his sleeve.  
He sprang to his sleigh, but his feet were like lead,  
Thus he fell on his ass and broke wind instead.  
In time he was seated, took reigns of his hitch,  
Saying, "Take me home, Rudolph. This night's been a bitch!"  
The sleigh was near gone when we heard Santa shout,  
"The best thing about pussy is you can't wear it out !!"  
'Twas the Red Light Before Christmas  
Twas the red light before Christmas and all through the cat-house,  
Not a hooker was stirring, not a whore or a frowse,  
The stocking were hung at the end of the beds,  
(Not that they ever adorned the girls' legs).  
The call-girls were in bed - alone for a change,  
While visions of punters danced through their brains.  
The mistress was shagged out with blisters on knees,  
The last of her clients was a nuisance to please.  
She'd turned off the red-light and in bed she had climbed,  
For a well-earned solo slumber before 'opening time'.  
When from the fireplace there came a great crash,  
And Santa appeared, covered in soot and cold ash.  
He filled their fishnets with presents - vibrators, dildos,  
Potency lotions and red spiky stilettos.  
Suspender belts and lacy red garters,  
Filled each tart's stocking as he chortled with laughter.  
Oh garter!  
Oh dildo!  
Oh lubricant jelly!  
Oh twelve inch vibrator - you'll make someone merry!  
Oh satins and silk!!  
Oh ribbons and laces -  
Sure to bring smiles to these prostitutes' faces!  
He dug in his sack and found one present more,  
A brand new red light to affix 'bove the door,  
And with a wide smile at the slumbering doxies,  
He wished them good cheer and freedom from poxes.

## S & M Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas and Madame Whiplash,  
Had closed up her dungeon and was counting the cash.  
The last client had gone and the handcuffs locked tight,  
Tucked in their drawer for the rest of the night.  
The whips, crops and birches were stowed round the back;  
She'd loosened the cogs of the dastardly rack.  
Spurs were wiped clean of blood, the bullwhips were coiled;  
The chains were buffed bright and the leathers were oiled.  
It was late as she packed the ball-gags in a drawer,  
And swept up sawdust from the bloodstained, tiled floor.  
As she tidied away an array of butt-plugs,  
Something fell down the chimney with a ho-ho and a thud.  
It was Santa, white-bearded, and laughing so jolly,  
"My dear, did you order panties made from holly?  
A barb-wire bra and a corset to match-it,  
And for your worn rack, a new capstan and ratchet?  
Thigh-boots in black with spurs and high heels,  
Clips, clamps and pincers to make clients squeal?  
My dear, all these items are for tortures so vile --  
Not befitting this season, which is one of goodwill."  
Madame Whiplash replied, "I have recommendations,  
From satisfied clients - do you want demonstrations?  
I could start with a caning to make your cheeks glow,  
An old-fashioned spanking to make you "ho-ho".  
I can truss you in leather, with a bridle and reins,  
Hitch you up to the sled with harness and chains.  
If your sack has been heavy and you have a sore back,  
May I offer a stretching on my refurbished rack?"  
Santa's eyes opened wide and he answered, "My dear,  
I guess that you've heard I come but once a year.  
What you have offered will relieve my frustration;  
Mrs Claus never offers me such stimulation.  
"We've almost an hour so please do your worst,  
Strip me and whip me with bullwhip and birch.  
Use restraining devices till the pressure is pinching;  
I can take a rack-session without screaming or flinching.  
But don't tell the kiddies that Santa's depraved;  
That I like S & M or play mistress and slave.  
Don't mention my studs or my Prince Albert ring;  
My nude-woman tattoos or my intimate piercings!"  
On that night before Christmas, old Santa he stripped,  
Got solidly thrashed, stretched, handcuffed and whipped.  
Then back in his outfit and full of good cheer,  
He said "I really must dash - but I'll be back next year!"  
S & M Night Before Christmas (Slavegirl version)  
'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,  
Not a slave-girl was stirring, and that caused me to grouse.  
The toy-bag was stored in my closet with care,  
'Cause who needs those sex goods with no slave-girl there?

And so there I lay all alone in my bed,  
And whacked off to some porno (God I wished I was dead).  
Then down in the den, I heard sudden motion,  
Like some crack head burglar was causing commotion  
I jumped out of bed to go check on this mugger,  
And just to be safe, brought my Louisville slugger;  
I crept down the stairs, moving quiet but fast,  
So that I could send my visitor's head down to his ass  
But when I got to the den, what did appear,  
But a jolly old fat man dressed in full leather gear!  
I watched in pure shock as he reached in his sack,  
And pulled out a flogger and a crop all in black.  
He put a wood paddle on the ever growing pile,  
And then added a cruel singe-tail, that with a smile,  
At that point I spoke up, interrupting his work,  
"What good are these toys with no slave-girl, you jerk?"  
But the fat man just smiled and ignored my attack,  
And then winking most evilly he reached into his sack.  
He rummaged around and pulled out an elf,  
Who was naked and bound, and he said  
"Help yourself"  
Well with that invitation, I didn't think twice,  
So I began to practice my own favorite vice.  
I clipped her and whipped her 'midst her moans and her tears  
And then as a nice touch, pierced her fine pointed ears  
And Santa stood watching, that jolly old elf,  
As I tormented the slave-girl while he played with himself.  
Soon my slave elf was whimpering and begging for more,  
And so I said "Up on all fours, you little whore!"  
She took the position and I said to my friend,  
"Why don't you join me?" then we plugged either end;  
She moaned and she wriggled, lost 'tween pleasure and pain,  
And when we were done, begged to have it again.  
But Santa was busy and he had to get back,  
So he retied the slave-elf and put her back in the sack,  
He winked and said "Well, guy, hope you liked my sweet 'ho,  
But Christmas is fleeting and my ass has to go."  
But I heard him exclaim as he rose out of sight -  
"My god you're a pervert and by me that's all right!"  
Another Adult Night Before Christmas  
'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the town,  
No creature you'd call Mr Right could be found,  
The vibrator hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that new batteries, soon, would be there.  
The doorman was sleeping, his desk for a bed,  
Whilst dreaming the Spice Girls were giving him head;  
And Debbie in a nightie looking her best,  
Had just settled in for a long winter's rest,  
When out in the hall arose such a clatter,  
Debbie sprang from her bed to see what was the matter!

Across the apartment she flew like a streak,  
Opened the door, down the hall, took a peek.  
The light on her breasts made them glisten like gold,  
And showed how her nipples stood out from the cold,  
When who to her still-drowsy eyes should appear?  
But Timothy Durrant with drinks and a leer.  
Dressed in a beard and red suit like St. Nickie,  
He clearly was thinking of getting a quickie.  
When he spotted her breasts, to his face a grin came,  
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name!  
"Wow, Boobies!  
Wow, Puppies! So round and so lissom!  
Oh Debbie, sweet Debbie, please can't I just kiss 'em?"  
"You can't kiss them, or feel them, or touch them at all.  
And to ask me at Christmas, you sure have some gall!"  
Durrant, crestfallen, was crushed - he could tell,  
In Debbie's eyes he was Santa from hell.  
As he staggered away, Debbie blearily stammered,  
"He's nice enough sober, but not when he's hammered."  
Just then in a twinkling, she heard on the roof,  
A sudden noise - could it be the return of that goof?  
And then before Debbie could get back to bed,  
He came down the chimney and crashed on his head.  
Still dressed all in red, with accents of white,  
He was covered in soot and out like a light.  
A bagful of goodies lay strewn on the floor,  
Labelled Prada, Armani and Christian Dior!  
His eyes were so glassy, so bruised was his head,  
Her thought, while not classy, was, "Oh darn, he's dead!"  
So she breathed in his mouth, to get a reaction,  
And did, in the form of a giant erection.  
Suddenly warmth came back to his lips.  
His hands stroked her breasts and cradled her hips.  
He nibbled her neck and caressed her flat belly.  
Her nerves got all tingly, her knees turned to jelly.  
She was starting to waver, she felt a warm pang,  
But she was saved by the bell when the telephone rang.  
Who could be calling at such a strange time?  
Surprise!  
It was Timothy's  
voice on the line!  
She spoke not a word, her head started to swim.  
Who had she been kissing? Could it really be him?  
Then laying a finger aside of his nose  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
Debbie thought, he was sexy, and virile and bold!  
But the real Santa Claus is a thousand years old!  
Then we heard him exclaim, flying North to Niagara,  
Merry Christmas to all and thank God for Viagra!  
Hell Of A Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,  
The whole damned family was drunk as a louse.  
Grandpa and Grandma were singing a song,  
And the kid in the bed was flogging his dong.  
Ma home from the cat house, and me out of jail,  
Had just crawled in bed for a piece of tail.  
When out on the lawn, there arose such a clatter,  
I jumped out of bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flies like a flash,  
Threw open the window, and fell on my ass.  
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,  
Gave a whore house luster to the objects below.  
When what to my bloodshot eyes should appear,  
Out an old rusty sleigh, and too many reindeer.  
With a little old driver holding his dick,  
I knew in a moment that bastard was Nick.  
Slower than snails his coursers they came,  
He bitched and he swore and he called them by name.  
Dancer, now Prancer, up over those walls,  
Quick now damm it, or I'll cut off your balls.  
Then up on the roof he stumbled and fell,  
And down the chimney like a bat out of hell.  
I heard him exclaim as he rode out of sight,  
Piss on you all, this is a hell of a night!

#### Adult Month Before Christmas

It was a month before Christmas, and just for a stunt,  
Santa had his face buried in Mrs. Claus's cunt.  
There was a loud noise and Santa jumped with a start;  
It seemed Mrs. Claus had cut loose with one hell of a fart.  
All Santa could do was gag and to spit;  
His face and his beard were all plastered with shit.  
Mrs. Claus was still on the bed, panting and groaning;  
Hollering for Santa to try and get his bone in.  
Santa started laughing and shouting, and with a loud cheer  
Said I know what to do, I'll screw one of the deer.  
They're cleaner and neater, and don't you suppose  
I'll be just the right height, if I stand on my toes.  
Santa ran from the barn shaking his head at the noise,  
Saying "Jesus Christ, how'd I know they were all boys!"  
It was getting about time to head for the south;  
Santa hoping he could get rid of the taste in his mouth.  
As the reindeer proceeded to line up in fours,  
Santa hollered "Merry Christmas Mrs. Claus, this vibrator is cause.  
As Santa and his sleigh streaked into the sky,  
He said you may not be able to fuck yourself, but why don't you try.  
While Santa rode in the night, his ass froze to the sled,  
He started thinking of Mrs. Claus at home in her warm bed.  
Santa spun in midair and headed back to the pole.  
They say he never got farther from that hairy old hole.  
The moral of this story will end with this bit

Any job that you do, you just have to take shit.  
Gay Night before Christmas  
'Twas the night before Christmas, yes that time again,  
The butch snuggled tightly against her sweet femme,  
They needed a man like a fish needs a bike,  
And wondered what Santa would bring for a dyke.  
The gay guy was tucked up in bed with his lover,  
Two chaps quite content to love one another.  
All that they wanted for Christmas that year,  
Was to come out of the closet with nothing to fear.  
When Santa came by with his reindeer and sleigh,  
Would he bother to visit the lesbians and gays?  
Whether passive or active, they wanted only one thing,  
No more persecution and some understanding.  
Now sex-toys and presents, oh they could be great,  
But they'd settle for respect from everyone straight.  
No more condemnation of their inclinations;  
An end to gay-bashing and discrimination.  
Santa went to his household, his presents to share,  
About sexuality he didn't care.  
And when he departed, skywards in his sleigh,  
He cried "Seasons Greetings - be you straight, bi or gay!".  
To my readers I add here a small dedication,  
Peace and goodwill to you all, regardless of orientation.  
The Kerb Crawl Before Christmas  
'Twas the kerb crawl before Christmas and God I was bored,  
So I went to the red lights to pick up some whores.  
There on a street corner I saw one solicit,  
So I showed her my dick and I asked her to kiss it.  
She thought I was joking and laughed and refused,  
So I put it away and continued to cruise.  
Young ones and old ones, fat, thin, short or tall,  
Lit up by lamplight as I continued the crawl.  
A blonde in stilettos made me feel horny,  
As she stood smoking cigarettes on the street corner.  
But then from the intersection came such a ruckus,  
That I floored the gas pedal and forgot about fucking.  
What a wonderful sight met my lecherous eyes:  
A six foot lady Santa had dropped from the skies.  
Her skirt it was crotch length (and barely THAT long)  
Beneath it she wore a tinsel-trimmed thong.  
Boots of black leather, all shiny, spike heeled;  
My dick shot up skyward and hit my steering wheel.  
Stockings were fishnets, black mesh, black suspenders;  
Her flesh, it was milk-white, inviting and tender.  
A chemise of red satin, its neckline cut low,  
Putting her ample cleavage and nipples on show.  
Long silver white tresses enhaloed her face,  
And a wide leather belt enhanced her hourglass shape.  
She stood on a sleigh all decked out with red lights,



Drawn by prancing reindeer whose harness shone bright.  
In the back of her sleigh were a small troupe of elves,  
Who jerked off each other or played with themselves.  
She stepped from the sled and her bosom heaved high;  
One erect nipple took out an elf's eye.  
I turned off my engine and stepped into the street;  
I'd just had an eyeful, now I fancied a treat.  
"Hi big boy," she purred, with a summoning finger,  
"My name's Santa Whore, do you do cunnilingus?  
I've come to give treats to all the good boys --  
Can I sit on YOUR lap and play with YOUR toys?"  
My bollocks were selling, my dick started to itch,  
At the sight of Ms Santa now wiggling her hips.  
She reached down to her pussy, the G-string fell free,  
"Well I don't have all night, if you get what I mean!"  
We first did it doggy, she bent over the sled;  
Then for an encore she gave me great head.  
She sucked and she licked, gave a first class blow job,  
And my dick didn't falter, but stayed hard as a log.  
So I rogered the reindeer, right there in the road,  
And I buggered poor Rudolph until his nose glowed.  
While Santa Whore played with the elves in the back,  
Took two at a time -- one front and one back.  
Just before midnight, before she departed,  
(My dick was as hard as when we'd just started)  
I ravished her wildly till she cried out with pleasure,  
Then did it once more, this time slowly, at leisure.  
All of a sudden, she told me "No more,  
There are more boys need a visit from Ms Santa Whore,"  
She snatched up her thong and leapt into the sled,  
Her stockings were ripped and her thighs bruised and red.  
"On Pussy, Fellation, Blow-job and Clit!  
On Scrotum!  
On Glans!  
On Nipple and Tit!"  
So much for a present, I needed no more,  
Than my Christmas Night visit from Ms Santa Whore.  
She looked down and tossed me a gift from her bag,  
"To you, Merry Christmas ... and thanks for the shag!"  
Night Before Christmas (Porno Movie Version)  
Twas the night before Christmas at Puss-E Farm Inc;  
Starlet had OD-ed and spewed in the sink,  
King Dong was Santa - 12 inches, uncut;  
Missy B was a crackhead, a whore and a slut.  
The production was "Santa Claus Cums Once a Year"  
Starring Santa with women, with elves and reindeer.  
The condoms were hung at the top of the tree,  
They messed up the cum shots by catching the seed.  
The stockings were off, Santa Dong was well-hung;  
The cameras were ready to catch all the fun.

The women were eager to do it with beasts,  
And Santa Dong's dick was the Christmastime feast.  
All over her pubes the Starlet hung holly;  
Santa got pricked and he wasn't so jolly.  
A yard of gold tinsel he pulled from his ass,  
To the applause of the rest of the cast.  
Starlet played with three elves and she kept them all busy,  
And Claus fucked a reindeer while the reindeer did Missy,  
Till an elf pissed off Santa by calling him queer;  
Claus rammed him top the tree, with a branch up his rear.  
Missy threw holly wreaths at Santa's erection,  
Scored two hoopla bulls-eyes and punctured his pecker,  
Under the mistletoe Starlet was kissed,  
While an elf gave her cervix a bump with his fist.  
A reindeer did the Starlet with the end of an antler,  
Redefined horny and she nicknamed it wanker.  
Till an elf stood behind it upon a tall stool,  
To fondle its ball-bag while Missy B sucked its tool.  
Dasher was knackered and Dancer was spent,  
Donner did Blitzen (both reindeer were bent),  
Cupid and Vixen and Prancer were wrecks,  
'Cause Comet was randy and wanted group sex.  
Poor Rudolph was left to indulge by himself,  
And enlisted the aid of a shag-happy elf,  
While King Dong jumped Starlet and gave her full throttle  
And Missy had sex with the neck of a bottle.  
Then Missy had Rudolph, that deer gave great head,  
And Santa took all of his elves off to bed.  
They used candy canes and some baubles of plastic,  
To prove that his asshole was made of elastic.  
Missy B and the Starlet both did cunnilingus,  
While Starlet did Santa between thumb and fingers,  
And Rudolph looked on with a smile of relief,  
Till an elf sneaked behind him and gave him some grief.  
For the finale the whole troupe of elves,  
Quit masturbating, formed a line for the girls,  
And Claus put his reindeer into a long line,  
And starting with Vixen, he buggered all nine.  
One elf had tree needles stuck firm up his ass;  
He solicited Santa who said "No thanks, I'll pass.  
I still have a candy cane, curvy end first,  
So far down my dick that my bladder will burst!  
It's tickling my testicles, the hooked end has reached,  
One of my balls and is making it leak."  
Missy B grabbed the cane and tugged the thing loose,  
But both Santa's bollocks came out with it too.  
The Starlet - described as 'a right Christmas cracker'  
(And also a scrubber, a whore and a slapper)  
Had worn out the elves and deep-throated Prancer,  
While fucked from behind by first Dasher, then Dancer.

The cameras were spattered with gallons of come,  
Zoomed in on a bauble wedged up Santa's bum.  
Starlet snorted coke and Missy took speed;  
Rudolph was high on both acid and weed.  
"Cut" called the director, "This one is a wrap,"  
As three reindeer died and fell onto their backs.  
Santa was trying to put back his nuts,  
With the end of an antler (and having no luck).  
A necrophile elf with a hell of a boner,  
Was having some fun with the body of Donner,  
While another was waving a bloody great knife,  
"To hell with the film -- Bambi-burgers tonight!"  
Starlet was laughing, Missy B shed a tear,  
"Who was it said Santa Claus comes ONCE a year?"  
Another S&M Night Before Christmas  
T'was the night before Christmas, I was awake in the house  
My manhood was stirring, so I slipped on a blouse.  
Also stocking suspenders and a black brassiere,  
And red satin panties to cover my rear,  
A pair of stilettos of black patent leather,  
And see-through lace wrap with trimmings of feather.  
My stockings were pinching my thick black leg hair,  
And I ordered a hooker, "with an outrageous pair."  
My fiancée was nestled unaware in her bed,  
While I chained up my call girl till her wrists slightly bled.  
Spreader bars on her ankles, to open her thighs,  
And a scarf of black chiffon to cover her eyes.  
I lay 'tween her knees with my hands on her hips,  
To nibble sweet pussy and lick at her clit.  
After an hour of being thus teased,  
She was ripe for a fucking and her limbs were released.  
Her nipples were hard and her pussy was wet,  
I described in great detail the inches she'd get.  
Then she in her leather and me in my lace,  
Settled down and "got busy" all over the place.  
From the springs of the mattress, there arose such a clatter  
Vulgar words spoken and body fluids splattered.  
It was sick and disgusting, and made quite a mess,  
And the house shook all over as I bellowed "Oh, Yes!"  
My moon and her breast were clearly exposed,  
In degrading positions that could never be posed.  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature camcorder - and audio gear.  
With a shudder and shock, I was flaccid again,  
Knowing it all would be shown on "You're Framed!"  
A Visit From Gay Santa  
'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the Club  
Everybody was fucking especially in the hot tub!  
The guys were well hung, with their dicks in the air,  
Hoping Gay Santa Claus soon would be there!

We were all in by the hot-tub, no-one yet in their bed,  
But visions of cock-rings still danced in our heads.  
A full year of naughtiness and sexual delight  
Could only mean one thing -- no presents tonight!  
When from the steam-room there came a loud "thud"  
Marking the arrival of a well-endowed stud.  
He had a little round face and a very large shaft,  
A full eighteen inches, the length of that haft.  
It hung from his crotch, pretty much to his knee;  
The bath-house guys giggled and shouted with glee,  
And if we had marvelled at his long rigid tool,  
He went on to reveal two great stallion-size balls.  
He inflated those balls to a prodigious size,  
Till they hung like two melons between his tanned thighs;  
Lubricated his knob with some sandalwood soap,  
Each guy held his breath, hardly daring to hope!  
His cock stuck before him, like a flagpole or mast,  
His balls swung beneath like bags of ballast,  
He teased us with the sight, we let our eyes linger,  
But when we tried to touch it, he wagged a finger.  
Most had a hard-on at the sight of his horn,  
"You can't have your presents until Christmas Morn,"  
Said this vision of manhood who stood legs astride,  
While the guys all devoured his cock with their eyes.  
Some wanted to lick it and others to suck;  
Some got out of the hot tub and wanted to fuck.  
But Saint Dick shook his head and fondled his glans,  
Then started to rub the shaft with his hand.  
With a firm precise grip he held his great tool,  
And with each stroke of his hand he made the guys drool!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,  
He shot his load, covering floors, walls and all!  
It went up like a fountain and fell down like the rain,  
Then he repeated this act once again,  
"Line up round the hot-tub, I can show you some tricks,  
For I am Gay Santa, the fabled Saint Dick!"  
The bath-house guys had goggled to see such a sight;  
Each one now expected one heck of a night!  
He felt and he fondled, he fucked and fellated,  
Till one by one the guys were all sated.  
Anilingus for others, masturbation for some,  
'Til the tiles round the hot tub were slick with his cum.  
And all round the bath-house, he sucked, fucked and jerked  
Then said, eyes a-twinkle, "Not bad for a night's work!"  
Then laying a finger aside of his nose,  
He gave an orgasmic sigh and deflated his hose;  
Then gave each of the guys an open-mouthed kiss!  
Bid them farewell, each now prostrate with bliss.  
And they heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight,  
"Fuck you all, bath-house buddies, and to all a Good Night!"

Eskimo Nell's Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas and Eskimo Nell,  
The high queen of whores of whom tales tell,  
How that harlot beat Dick with her cast-iron snatch,  
And now Christmas Eve was the date of the great rematch.  
Eskimo Nell, Dick and Pete were all summoned there,  
And the big bets were all placed on the bar with care,  
Dead Eye Dick in his britches and Nell in her gown,  
Had drawn a motley crowd from all over town.  
In Red Kate's Saloon there arose such a clatter,  
Of flying whisky glasses and crashing platters,  
When Eskimo Nell asked as her gown slipped free,  
"Do you Yankee pimps dare to play with me?"  
Her voluptuous curves were all aglow,  
Like the moon on the breast of the fallen snow.  
Men remembered way back to one frozen fall,  
When Nell left Dead Eye Dick with a broken tool.  
"I come from a land of frost, ice and of snow,  
Said Nell, the brazen harlot Eskimo.  
But Dick and Pete, it seemed, were no longer afraid,  
Of that lusty, sneering Eskimo maid.  
Dead Eye Dick put down his glass and rose to his feet,  
Behind him stood the silent Mexico Pete.  
"Nell, last time you played your cunning stunt,  
You broke my trusty tool in your stunning cunt."  
Dick took off his jacket and down dropped his britches,  
He showed a tool covered with syphilis blisters.  
"But I've been in training and this Christmas Eve,  
I'll play some new tricks you'll never believe!  
Now stand your ground, dear, and open wide,  
'Cause I'm good and ready and I'm coming inside!"  
And Dick stroked the length of his mighty shaft,  
While the saloon's spectators nervously laughed.  
He took a run at the sneering Eskimo Nell,  
She first stood her ground then she let out a yell,  
And the crowd all gasped as the Arctic whore,  
Started convulsing and dropped to the floor.  
Dick hollered with glee, gave a whoop and a shout,  
"Nell, I've been in training for this second bout!  
You may have crippled my dick like an anaesthetic,  
But Santa Claus bought me this great prosthetic!  
The effect is electric, or so goes the expression,  
And there isn't a whore can take more than one session,  
So go back to your land 'neath the Northern Lights,  
Where you have all-night stands through a six-month night!"  
Bye clap!  
Bye syph!  
And bye gonorrhea!  
Farewell trichomonas!  
Get lost P.I.D!

I have to make house-calls on a dozen more doxies,  
I'm just glad my prosthetic can't contract any poxes.  
Then as fast as the flakes of a wind-driven snow,  
Dead Eye Dick and Mexico Pete turned ready to go --  
But Dead Eye Dick turned to the crowd before they left  
And said "Merry Christmas you jerks - I guess you all lost your bets."

Twisted version

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house  
Every creature was loaded including the mouse.  
Momma's new nightie made her boobs look first class,  
So I settled in for a nice piece of ass.  
When out in the yard there arose such a clatter,  
That I pulled out early to see what was the matter.  
I saw this old fat guy too damn big to miss,  
Just standing there swaying and taking a piss.  
As he stood there I noticed his glowing red dick,  
And knew in an instant it must be St. Nick.  
I glanced at his sleigh, didn't need an alarm;  
The fangs on old Rudolph could rip off your arm.  
Then he sprang to the roof with nary a stutter  
And the noise that I heard meant he'd busted my gutter.  
He came down the chimney like a bat out of Hell,  
And I guessed from the racket, the lard ass had fell.  
He sighed with relief 'cause the fire wasn't lit,  
And I noticed he'd tracked in some fresh Reindeer shit.  
And it's true what they say he jiggled like jelly;  
He'd chugged many beers, growing that big 'ol belly.  
His eyes were all bloodshot, his breath stunk of booze,  
And a fight with an elf left an eye with a bruise.  
Now Santa had changed some, he wore different duds;  
His coat was red leather with "Nick" spelled in studs.  
The coat was unbuttoned, and a black "Harley" shirt;  
Wore pointy toe punk boots that looked like they hurt.  
There's a back pocket ring where he carried his chew;  
On his arm the name "Mom" in a heart was tattooed.  
Though he still had his whiskers, his grey colored mop;  
He now more appeared like he was with ZZ Top.  
The traditional red hat was not on his head;  
A black "No Fear" cap was placed there instead.  
Then he looked down and muttered "More milk and a cookie!  
Just once Christmas Eve I'd like to get me some nookie."  
He sat down his sack full of all kinds of junk;  
It appeared that his elves spent the year in a funk.  
As he bent to his bag I heard a big squeak of gas;  
He looked like a plumber with that crack of his ass.  
Then he filled all our stockings with stuff that he had;  
Lumps of coal for the kids, Jack Daniels for Dad.  
Sorting goods in his big bag, he cried "What a mess!"  
And pulled out a doll that had P.M.S.  
But no wind up toys, this Santa'd updated

With junk like that shoe phone from Sports Illustrated.  
All the stuff that he had was on unsafe lists;  
Then he paused for a moment "Was there something I missed?"  
He stepped back a little while eyeing the tree,  
And said "What was the notice about this family?"  
He checked out his list, re-bagged all that he had;  
It looked like he knew that we all had been bad.  
And with a snort from his flask and a toot up his nose,  
His eyes got all glassy and up the chimney he rose.  
He popped from the smokestack with a thunderous fart;  
That damned Kris Kringle had blown it apart.  
He slipped off the roof, landing smack on his face;  
"I'll sue you for failing to shovel this place!"  
Then back at the sleigh (Hey! more reindeer crap)  
He cranked up the tunes - "Jingle Bells" set to rap.  
And he called to his team "Come on you damned deer  
We're an hour behind, let's haul ass outta here!"  
He tossed out his empties as he rode out of sight  
"This is the last time I fly Christmas night!"  
Night Before Christmas  
'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,  
The whole goddamned family was drunk as a louse.  
Grandma and Grandpa were singing a song,  
And the kid was in bed a-flogging his dong.  
Ma, home from the cat-house, and me, out of jail,  
Had just crawled in bed for a nice piece of tail,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I jumped out of bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Threw open the window and fell on my ass.  
The moon on the crest of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave a whore-house-like luster to the objects below.  
When what to my bloodshot eyes should appear,  
But a rusty old sleigh and two mangy reindeer.  
With a little old driver a-pounding his dick,  
I knew in a minute it must be St. Nick.  
Slower than snails his reindeer they came.  
He bitched and he swore and he called them by name.  
"Now Dancer, Now Prancer, Up over the walls!  
Quick now, goddammit, or I'll cut out your balls."  
Then up to the roof he stumbled and fell,  
And came down the chimney like a bat out of hell.  
He staggered and stomped and went to the door,  
Tripped on his peter and fell flat on the floor.  
I heard him exclaim as he rode out of sight,  
"Piss on you all, it's a hell of a night."  
The Hashers' Christmas Parody  
(llewtraH)  
by Flying Booger 1996  
'Twas the December Full Moon, and all through the land,

Hashers were stirring, the night would be grand;  
Their hash bags were stuffed in the B-Van with care,  
In hopes the Grand Master soon would be there;  
The harriettes were clothed all snug in their sweats,  
Speaking, as usual, like they all had Tourette's;  
And Pick 'n' Flick in her headband, and I in my sarong,  
Were up for a trail, no matter how long,  
When from a neighboring junkyard there arose such a clatter,  
We ran for the fence to see what was the matter,  
Over the chain link we hopped in a flash,  
Ripped our shorts on the top - what the hell, it's a hash;  
The full moon shone down on a field of old tires,  
And a group of hobos, warming hands round a fire,  
When what to our wondering eyes should be there,  
But the Grand Master - and dressed as a hare!  
With a great big beer belly, and a tankard of lager,  
I feared the GM would soon lead us to slaughter;  
More rapid than eagles his co-hares they came,  
And he guzzled, and belched, and called them by name:  
"Now ZiPpy! now, Mullet! now, Floppy and Sex Toy!  
On, Access! on, oPie!, on Swamp Bitch and Rude Boy!  
Through the worst of the shiggy, through valley and dale,  
Now, hare away, hare away, lay us a trail!"  
As dry heaves that after indulgence do retch,  
The hares sprinted off with nary a stretch,  
And into the woods with their flour they flew,  
While we sang Father Abraham - and Wanking Day too.  
And then of a sudden, headlights loomed in the dark,  
And we watched in silence as a strange car did park;  
Then from this rust-bucket there sprang with a hail,  
The Religious Advisor - who we thought was in jail.  
He was dressed in hash rags from his head to his crotch,  
And his clothes were all stained with semen and scotch,  
His mouth it hung open in a great gaping leer,  
And all four of his chins did glisten with beer.  
A well-worn hash whistle he held tight in his teeth,  
And his BO encircled the pack like a wreath;  
Our long-missing Hash Shit did he clutch in his hand,  
And he looked like an escapee from no-mans' land.  
His eyes, how bloodshot!  
His nostrils, how hairy!  
His cheeks were all stubbled, like Yassur's, how very;  
His nose was all runny and his stomach did sag,  
The way it rolled over his pudendae, even Jammies did gag.  
He was a trailer park reject, a man of no status,  
She Mussel laughed when she saw him, while AD passed flatatus;  
And the droop of his eye, and the point of his head,  
Soon gave us to know we had nothing to dread.  
He said not a word, but went straight to the tap,  
And filled up his mug, the free-loading sap;



Then putting a finger up one side of his nose,  
Blew a great wad of snot, then wiped it off on his clothes.  
He took off down the trail, leaving us stunned,  
It was hard to believe the fat fuck could actually run;  
But we heard him exclaim as he ran out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all hashers, and to all a good night!"

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\xmasrud3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

□c□□0BIL1CH

# Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer

(llewtraH)

Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer, had a very smelly cock,  
And if you ever saw it, you would probably die of shock.

His foreskin was full of maggots, had blisters, pox and clap;  
There was no hope for fucking, he was a very sorry chap.

Then one foggy Christmas Eve, Santa came to say,

"Your hampton is an awful sight, don't you pull that sleigh tonight."

Rudolph was so unhappy, so far away did he trot;

He enjoyed dripping semen in everybody's chimney-pot.

So Rudolph went to the doctor, for some cream to be applied;

He dumped his tool on the table, the doctor was horrified.

He considered circumcision, to relieve him of this state,

But the surgeon's only option, was to get his knife and amputate.

The nurse had to hold him down, while he did curse and swear,

"On Christmas Eve, it's just my luck, what am I gonna do for a fuck?"

They glued on a metal tool, to satisfy his sexual lust,

But his Christmas tarts aren't happy, it had a tendency to rust.

ALSO:

Rudolph the red knobbed reindeer had a very smelly cock

And if you ever saw it you would prob'ly die of shock,

His foreskin was full of maggots, had blisters, pox and clap,

He had no hope of shagging, he was a very sorry chap.

Then one frosty Christmas Eve, Santa came to say

"You red knob is an awful sight, please don't pull my sleigh tonight"

Rudolph he was so unhappy, so far away did he trot,

Rudolph enjoyed jerking off in everybody's chimney pot.

ALSO:

Rudolph the horny reindeer used to love the reindeer snatch;

You would always find him looking, searching every bush and thatch.

All of the other reindeer used to love to get a lay.

But Rudolph the horny reindeer had to have it every day.

Then one foggy Christmas eve Santa came to say,

Sorry Ru to be so blunt, but if you don't eat pussy, you'll get no cunt. Now all the reindeer love him and you'll hear them shout with glee.

Rudolph the horny reindeer, won't you please go down on me?

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\xmassil3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [[B=L1C<

Silent Night Parody

\*-----

\*Melody--Silent Night

Sodomy, masturbate, fellatio, copulate,

Round the world and Hershey highway,

Fornicating in the hay,

These are tricks that I lo-ove

These are tricks that I love.

Condom, prophylactic,

Spermicide does the trick.

IUD's and birth control pills,

Pull it out and let it spill,

These will make it sa-afe,

These will make it safe.

Silent night, foggy night,

Somebody pfffffft!, smells like shite,

Who's the bastard that dropped his guts,

I hope it blew a hole in his nuts,

That will make him sing higher,

And bring a tear to his eye.

X

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\xmaswhi3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c [[%B=L1C<

White Christmas

(llewtraH)

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,

As I masturbate in bed,

Dreaming of juicy Lucy and a dozen floozies,

And a katoey giving me head.

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,

With every stroke of my old man.

Oh, I think I'm coming,

I know I'm coming;

Oh, won't Christmas be so grand.

I'm waiting for a whore's business,

But I'm three dollars short on dough.

While her earrings glisten,  
Her pimp will listen,  
He's hiding close by in a Roll's.  
I'm waiting for a whore's business,  
Although I'm shriveled from the cold.  
She will warm my body,  
And act real naughty,  
As well as all the other things she's told.  
I'm waiting for a whore's business,  
She's got my money in her fly.  
Her large breasts are bobbing,  
Makes my dick start throbbing,  
As I watch her pimp mouth the word "Goodbye."  
I'm waiting for a whore's business,  
She has a beautiful dark tan.  
As she peels off her clothing,  
I am filled with loathing,  
And discover that she really is a man.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\xmaswis3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

llc ?B=L1C<

We Wish You A Shag At Christmas  
(llewtraH)  
We wish you a shag at Christmas,  
We wish you a shag at Christmas,  
We wish you a shag at Christmas,  
And all through the year.  
Chorus: Rubber johnnies we bring,  
To stuff up her quim,  
We wish you a shag at Christmas  
And all through the year.  
Now bring us some lusty women,  
And bring them out here.  
For we all like a bit of poking,  
So bring them out here.  
So bring out your virgin daughters,  
And bring them right here.  
We won't go until we shag 'em  
And shag 'em right here.  
So bring out your wife and mother,  
And a six-pack of beer.  
No we don't want the ruddy choirboys,  
We're not ruddy queer!  
Oh we like it when she sucks it,  
So why not suck here?

We've had such a whorey Christmas,  
And clap for New Year.  
We shouldn't have rogered Santa,  
Or buggered the deer.  
New Chorus: Bad tidings we bring,  
Our pricks drip and sting,  
It looks like we've got the syphilis,  
And perhaps gonorrhea.  
It feels like we're pissing razors,  
It's bad news we fear.  
Our peckers have got the pustules,  
It's VD, that's clear.  
It looks like we've got the syphilis,  
And perhaps gonorrhea.  
And maybe a dose of herpes,  
And chlamydi-aaah.  
Give us twelve months of medication,  
And we'll be back next year.  
We'll be back again next Christmas,  
In rude health ... so cheers!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\yale--3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

leB=L1C<

Up at Yale (In Mobile, Over There)  
It's a hell of a situation, up at Yale,  
It's a hell of a situation, up at Yale,  
It's a hell of a situation,  
They are sunk in masturbation,  
For there ain't no fornication, up at Yale.  
Oh the freshmen get no tail, up at Yale,  
Oh the freshmen get no tail, up at Yale,  
The freshmen get no tail,  
So they bang it on the rail,  
It's the asshole of creation, up at Yale.  
Oh the peters they grow small, over there,  
Oh the peters they grow small, over there,  
Oh the peters they grow small,  
Because they work 'em for a fall,  
And then eat them, tops and all, over there.  
Oh the pussies they are small, over there,  
Oh the pussies they are small, over there,  
Oh the pussies they are small,  
But they take 'em, short and tall,  
And then burns their pricks and all, over there.  
Oh I wish I was a pimp, over there,

Oh I wish I was a pimp, over there,  
Oh I wish I was a pimp,  
For I'd give the boys a crimp,  
With all my whorey blimps, over there.  
Oh they have a squirt for clap, over there,  
Oh they have a squirt for clap, over there,  
Oh they have a squirt for clap,  
It was a potent clap trap,  
And it burnt our peckers cap, over there.  
Oh the men they wash the dishes, in Mobile,  
Oh the men they wash the dishes, in Mobile,  
Oh the men they wash the dishes,  
And they dry them on their britches,  
Oh the dirty sons of bitches, in Mobile.  
Oh the cows they all are dead, in Mobile,  
Oh the cows they all are dead, in Mobile,  
Oh the cows they all are dead,  
So they milk the bulls instead,  
Because babies must be fed, in Mobile.  
Oh they teach the babies tricks, in Mobile,  
Oh they teach the babies tricks, in Mobile,  
Oh they teach the babies tricks,  
And by the time that they are six,  
They suck their father's pricks, in Mobile.  
Oh the eagles they fly high, in Mobile,  
Oh the eagles they fly high, in Mobile,  
Oh the eagles they fly high,  
And from way up in the sky,  
They shit squarely in your eye, in Mobile.  
In Duluth  
(llewtraH)  
There's a man by the name of Hunt in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Hunt in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Hunt,  
And he thought he had a cunt,  
But his arse was back to front in Duluth.  
There's a shortage of good bogs in Duluth.  
There's a shortage of good bogs in Duluth.  
There's a shortage of good bogs,  
So they wait until it clogs,  
Then they saw it off in logs in Duluth.  
There's a shortage of bogpaper in Duluth.  
There's a shortage of bogpaper in Duluth.  
Mere's a shortage of bogpaper,  
So they wait until it's vapor,  
Then they light it with a taper in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Smith in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Smith in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Smith,a  
And he thinks that he can sniff,

The foul odor from the syph in Duluth.  
There's a shortage of good whores in Duluth.  
There's a shortage of good whores in Duluth.  
There's a shortage of good whores,  
But there's keyholes in the doors,  
And there's knotholes in the floors in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Best in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Best in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Best,  
Ane he thought he had a breast,  
But his balls were on his chest in Duluth.  
There's a girl by the name of Doris in Duluth.  
There's a girl by the name of Doris in Duluth.  
There's a girl by the name of Doris,  
And her boyfriend's name is Horace,  
And he tickles her clitoris in Duluth.  
Oh the vicar is a bugger in Duluth.  
Oh the vicar is a bugger in Duluth.  
Oh the vicar is a bugger,  
And the curate is another,  
So they bugger one another in Duluth.  
There's a whore called Dirty Dinah in Duluth.  
There's a whore called Dirty Dinah in Duluth.  
There's a whore called Dirty Dinah,  
And they say there's nothing finer,  
Than a trip up her vagina in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Brock in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Brock in Duluth.  
There's a man by the name of Brock,  
With a multi-colored cock,  
Like a stick of candy rock in Duluth.  
Oh the girls they wear tin pants in Duluth.  
Oh the girls they wear tin pants in Duluth.  
Oh the girls they wear tin pants,  
But they take them off to dance;  
Everybody gets a chance in Duluth.  
There's a knot hole in the floor in Duluth.  
There's a knot hole in the floor in Duluth.  
There's a knot hole in the floor,  
And we use it for a whore;  
There's some cocks that are sore in Duluth.  
Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse in Duluth.  
Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse in Duluth.  
Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse,  
And he thought it was a shitehouse,  
Now the lighthouse is a white house in Duluth.  
Oh the ladies have big tits in Duluth.  
Oh the ladies have big tits in Duluth.  
Oh the ladies have big tits,  
And they hang down to their clits,

And we munch them all to bits in Duluth.  
In Mobile  
There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile,  
There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile,  
There's a girl by the name of Dinah,  
Who thinks there's nothing finer,  
Than a prick up her vagina,  
In Mobile.  
Oh the vicar is a bugger in Mobile, etc  
And the curate is another,  
And they bugger one another,  
In Mobile.  
If you're ever thrown in jail in Mobile, etc  
Well there's no need for bail,  
'Cause the sheriff's wife's for sale,  
In Mobile.  
There's a shortage of sanit'ry towels in Mobile, etc  
So they wait until it fouls,  
And then dig it out with trowels,  
In Mobile.  
Frenchies are in short supply in Mobile, etc  
And that's the reason why,  
You'll see them hanging out to dry,  
In Mobile.  
The virgins they are rare in Mobile, etc  
When they get their pubic hair,  
They're deflowered by the mayor,  
In Mobile.  
There's a bastard named Mercator in Mobile, etc  
Who's the greatest fornicator,  
Masturbator, cunt-inflater,  
In Mobile.  
There's a girl with no ambition in Mobile, etc  
And when she isn't wishin', she gets it in the kitchen,  
From the local obstetrician,  
In Mobile.  
Oh men of drinking classes in Mobile, etc  
When you've finished with your glasses,  
You can shove them up your asses,  
In Mobile.  
Oh the chemists are the key men in Mobile, etc  
Selling dehydrated semen,  
To emasculated he-men,  
In Mobile.  
Oh I chased the colonel's daughter in Mobile, etc  
And I shagged her when I caught her,  
Now the daughter's got a daughter,  
In Mobile.  
There's a jew by the name of Cohen in Mobile, etc  
To the Christian church he's going,

Cos his foreskin keeps on growing,  
In Mobile.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\yankmy-3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le&#11;BB=L1C<

Yankee Doodle

(llewtraH)

Yank my doodle it's a dandy;

Yank my doodle till I die;

Make that pecker shoot some fireworks,

Just like the fourth of July.

I've got a Yankee doodle boner;

I've had it since you rubbed my thigh.

So yank my doodle if you please,

That bulge is not a pony.

Just stick your fingers up my arse

And stroke my macaroni.

Yank my doodle it's so big;

Clearly it's a dandy.

Stick that sucker in your mouth;

You'll swear it tastes like candy.

Yank my doodle it's a dandy

Yank my doodle till I die

Lick that lizard till it's standing tall

Right through my pubic hairs

If you like Yankee doodle peckers

I've got one that I can spare.

So yank my doodle till it comes;

Just point it towards your titties.

They say that stuff is beauty cream,

Let's make your titties pretty.

Yank my doodle it's so big;

Baby it's a dandy.

Jerk that turk and make it squirt,

And keep a Kleenex handy.

Alternate verses

Yank my doodle, it's a dandy,

Yankee Doodle zip your fly,

Yankee Doodle limped to London,

Wanking off his pony.

Yank his doodle, it's a dandy,

Yank his doodle, zip his fly,

Wanked his doodle, pulled his pud,

Spanking on his pony,

And two based on the nursery rhyme:



Wanky Doodle went to bed,  
A-wanking on his plumbing,  
Took forever and a day,  
Until he was a-coming.  
Wanky Doodle, shake it up,  
Wanky Doodle dandy.  
Wanky Doodle, shake it up,  
You are so very handy.  
Yank his pudgen came to town,  
With his wife Georgina;  
She stuck a carrot up her cunt,  
And danced the macarena.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\yelrose3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le

B=L1C<

Incest Time In Texas  
Tune: The Yellow Rose Of Texas  
When it's incest time in Texas  
And your father is out of town,  
Your mother is in the bathroom  
With her panties halfway down,  
No time for masturbation,  
No time to beat your meat,  
When it's incest time in Texas  
Motherfuckin' can't be beat!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\yesterd3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

cB=L1C<

Yesterday Parodies  
(llewtraH)  
Chastity  
Chastity, no-one's dick is getting into me,  
Hanging on to my virginity,  
I'll never catch an S.T.D.  
Chorus: Now I never come,  
No squelching noises at night,  
I can't get no fun,  
Now I'm into chastity.  
Chastity, now I've gone for celibacy,

It means no-one wants to fuck with me,  
I just call it chastity.  
Chastity, I've forgotten what my bits are for,  
I don't even masturbate no more,  
No fear of pregnancy for sure.  
Pregnancy  
Birth control, is the only way to save my soul.  
Since I put it in my girl friend's hole,  
Now I believe in birth control.  
Chorus: Why I had to come,  
I don't know she wouldn't blow.  
I did something wrong,  
Now I long for birth control.  
Pregnancy, there's a shotgun hanging over me.  
Why has this bulge got to be?  
I should have used one silly me.  
Syphilis  
Syphilis, feels like razors every time I piss.  
Who the hell's to blame for this?  
It's agony this syphilis.  
Chorus: How I got that sore,  
I didn't know, she was a whore.  
I was indiscreet,  
Now I've got infected meat.  
Syphilis, chancre sores and spots upon my skin,  
I never should have stuck it in,  
Now I will die of syphilis.  
Syphilis, it all started with a simple kiss.  
Now it even hurts to take a piss.  
Oh why did I get syphilis?  
Why'd she have VD?  
I don't know, she wouldn't say.  
I did something wrong and now  
I long for yesterday ....  
S.T.D.  
STD, it is also called VD,  
Chlamydia, syph and PID,  
Trichomonas, gonorrhea.  
STD, lots of bugs which have a ball,  
Apart from AIDS I have them all,  
Cystitis pains are in my tool ....  
STD, yeast infections they are known as thrush,  
I've non-specific urethritis,  
I'm dripping globs of pus ...  
STD, my tool's gone purple, black and green,  
The worst a clinic's ever seen,  
Do you know just what I mean?  
PROSTATE GLAND  
Prostate gland, it causes problems for a man,  
You can't piss or trickle when you can,

Prostates they should be banned ...  
Prostate gland, big as golfball blocks the flow,  
You need a catheter to help you go,  
Plays havoc with libido.  
Prostate gland, it makes your pissing awful slow,  
Remove it and your erection goes,  
Believe me - I should know.

#### LEPROSY

Leprosy, bits and pieces falling off of me.  
I'm not half the man I used to be,  
Since I acquired leprosy.  
Chorus: How I got that sore,  
I didn't know, she was a whore.  
I was indiscreet,  
Now I've got infected meat.  
Leprosy, stumps for toes and fingers, woe is me,  
There goes my dick, how will I pee?  
Quite messily, with leprosy.  
Leprosy, all my skin is falling off of me.  
I'm not half the man I used to be.  
Oh, how did I get leprosy?

#### FRIGIDITY

Frigidity, I'm so tight you can't get into me,  
Muscles clench with such rigidity,  
No reason I can see.  
Frigidity, everyone says I don't like sex,  
Can't see I'm just a nervous wreck,  
Can't come, oh what the heck.  
Frigidity, it seems I can't achieve orgasm,  
Muscles prematurely locked in spasm,  
I can't climax at all.  
Frigidity, vaginismus is the term I've heard,  
Frigidity is such an awful word,  
Makes me feel such a nerd.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\yohomar3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

[[c[[VB=L1C<

Yoho, Yoho  
He put his hand upon her toe, yoho, yoho,  
He put his hand upon her toe, yoho, yoho,  
He put his hand upon her toe  
She said "Marine, you're mighty slow,  
Chorus: Get in, get out, stopping fucking about,  
Yoho, yoho, yoho."  
He put his hand upon her knee, yoho, yoho,

She said "Marine, you're teasing me,  
He put his hand upon her thigh, yoho, yoho,  
She said "Marine, you're mighty sly,  
He put his hand upon her snatch, yoho, yoho,  
She said "Marine, you're up to scratch,  
He put his hand upon her quim, yoho, yoho,  
She said "for fuck's sake shove it in!  
He put his hand upon her tit, yoho, yoho,  
She said "Marine, squeeze it a bit,  
And now she is in London Town, yoho, yoho  
She's fucking with the boys from miles around,

ALTERNATIVE:

CHORUS:

Get it in, get it out,  
Quit fuckin' about.  
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.  
I put my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho,  
I put my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho,  
I put my hand upon her toe, she said,  
"Hey rugger yer much too low."  
I put my hand upon her knee, yo ho, yo ho,  
"Hey rugger quit teasin'me."  
I put my hand upon her thigh, yo ho, yo ho,  
"Hey rugger yer gettin' me high."  
I put my hand upon her ear, yo ho, yo ho,  
"Hey rugger yer not even there."  
I put my hand upon her nose, yo ho, yo ho,  
"Hey rugger gimme that hose."  
I put my hand upon her mouth, yo ho, yo ho  
"Hey rugger start headin' south."  
I put my hand upon her tit, yo ho, yo ho,  
"Hey rugger that's not quite it."  
I put my hand upon her twat, yo ho, yo ho,  
"Hey rugger now that's the spot."  
I put my dick into her mouth, yo ho, yo ho,  
She said, "Mmmmmmmugh ... Mmmmmmmugh ... Mmmmmugh."  
And now she lies in a pinewood box, yo ho, yo ho,  
She sucked too many rugger cocks.  
They dug her up and fucked her again, yo ho, yo ho,  
And again, and again, and again.

Variations:

I met a girl [whore] in the park one day  
She said "hey boy d'ya want a lay?  
I put my hand upon her thigh  
She said "Hey boy, you're way too shy"  
I put my dick into her mouth  
She said "mmm, mmmph, mmmph mmm"  
I dig her up every now and again  
She did me before, she'll do me again.

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\yukkate3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

¶d&#12;¶÷¶B=L1C<

Blackbeard Mike and Yukon Kate  
Gather round, all you whorey,  
I'm a man with an awful fate.  
Gather round, and hear the storey  
Of Blackbeard Mike and Yukon Kate.  
Don't look at me that way, stranger,  
Like my pants are full of shit.  
It's just gonorrhea abd syphilis  
That's eatingg me bit by bit.  
Is this your first trip to the Yukon?  
To these wild and frozen shores.  
I'll tell you a tale that will make you go pale,  
About Yukon Kate, the whore.  
When a man grows old and his balls grow cold  
And the tip of his prick turns blue;  
And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle,  
He can tell you a tale or two.  
If you've come to the Yukon, stranger,  
Looking for gold in the hills,  
Then go down to Kate's saloon bar,  
To find some different thrills.  
In the Yukon snows, the wind blows cold,  
Try to piss and your prick freezes blue,  
Far from fine halls and stately balls,  
They tell this tale so true.  
So pull up a chair and stand me a drink.  
I'll tell you the tale of a lass,  
With a hole so deep it could sink a ship,  
But first fill up my glass.  
Blackbeard Mike was an awesome sight,  
With prowess well-recorded.  
His fearsome spike and appetite  
Were around the land applauded.  
With his prick so vast, it resembled a mast  
Of a mighty Spanish galleon.  
And balls so huge they'd put to shame  
An elephant bull or a stallion.  
He was Yukon's toast; it was his proud boast  
That he could never be bested,  
Though some had tried and some had died,  
When this claim was fully tested.  
Blackbeard Mike of the peerless spike  
Was known to be not fussy.

He'd screw a mule or a caribou,  
If he could not find a pussy.  
There was one maid he'd not yet laid,  
Whose challenge still did stand.  
She was Yukon Kate and her horny state  
Was famed throughout the land.  
If you've heard of the tale of Eskimo Nell,  
There's another tale you'll like,  
For they should tell tales of Kate as well,  
When she bested Blackbeard Mike.  
Nell's mighty quim had a long-lost twin  
In the cleft of Yukon Kate.  
Though both had length and inner strength,  
'Twas Kate which won the debate.  
Now Yukon Kate, he's kind of tough;  
Has a cunt with a dead fish smell.  
You can thaw your pole in her red hot hole,  
And your balls feel nice as well.  
She's wild and willing with a pace that's killing;  
She'll fuck a polar bear.  
And a caribou and a moose or two,  
And grizzlies in their lairs.  
If your froze in muck and out of luck,  
And looking for some poon,  
And you want a fuck to warm things up,  
Then go to Kate's saloon.  
Around the rim of her greasy quim,  
Hair like a doormat grew,  
And her cunt smelled like a rancid skunk  
That's dead for a week or two.  
Within that slit, Kate had a clit  
Just like a pickled dill.  
It's not the size that meets your eyes,  
But the sour taste which kills.  
Now folks tell fables about her labia,  
Which hung down to her knees.  
Wrapped 'round your head, they feel like lead,  
And keep out the coldest breeze.  
It must be added that Kate's well padded,  
With buttocks soft and round.  
The deeper the cushion, the sweeter the pushin',  
Within her Venus mound.  
Kate was greasy; she went down easy,  
If you could stand the smell.  
But no man's prick was so long or thick  
That it could ring Kate's bell.  
Men who'd sell their souls to sink their poles  
After weeks of nary a fuck,  
Would suffer qualms at Katey's charms,  
Shit-scared to try their luck.

Now Blackbeard Mike had gone a year  
Without any fucking fun.

When the horny tyke got a rigid spike,  
'Twas the size of an elephant gun.  
I'll tame that bitch, that horny witch,  
Swore Bblackbeard Mike aloud.  
"She'll not mock this mighty cock,  
When she sees how I'm endowed."  
Her cunt's so wide, she's not satisfied  
By grizzly bear or moose.

My mighty girth will kill her mirth.  
And fill her cunt so loose.  
My rock-hard pillar, it soon will fill her;  
That stinking whore I'll tame.  
I'm Blackbeard Mike of the peerless spike,  
And women fear my name.

One Tuesday noon, he reached Kate's saloon,  
Seeking drink and something more.  
At the end of his ride, he stepped inside  
In search of the well-worn whore.

He made a pass at the first hairy ass,  
And sank to the hilt, his tool.  
The men went green at what they'd seen;  
He'd buggered a passing mule.  
Then he crashed in, left the door a-swing,  
His mighty prick flashed free.

"According to sex, you poxy wrecks,  
You'll drink or fuck with me!"

Mike would screw a passing mule,  
If he couldn't find a cunt.  
If he got stuck with no whores to fuck,  
Some poor queer bore the brunt.

Down on the floor on top of a whore  
Was the saloon's joy and pride.  
Giving her one with the force of a gun,  
When Blackbeard strode inside.  
Mike made a pass at that heaving ass,  
And missed it just by a hair.

Its owner scowled and Blackbeard growled  
With a voice like a grizzly bear.  
He came in from the snow and the drinkers froze,  
As he propped his ass on a keg.  
His balls hung low and swung to and fro  
Every time he moved his leg.

His face was as red as a baboon's ass,  
And the passion within it burned.  
He pulled out his cock and displayed it about,  
And everyone's asshole squirmed.  
For when Mike walks in to a house of sin,  
The whores all curse their luck.

And no-ones ass dares let a fart,  
When he says, "I want to fuck!"  
He sought his thrills, set a pace to kill,  
In brothels, bars and joints.  
Shagged to death any girl who drew breath,  
Impaled there on his point.  
When whores grew rare, he didn't care,  
Since he could slake his ardor,  
And sink his skiff in a week dead stiff  
Laid out in the funeral parlor.  
They'd heard of the spike of Blackbeard Mike,  
From Alaska to Panama,  
And daring no worse than a muttered curse,  
Those fellow all sought the bar.  
When Mike held sway, none would gainsay,  
They knew his taste for doxies.  
With ten a night, to whet his appetite,  
He fair wore out tart's boxes.  
Old Trapper Jack had turned his back  
At the thought of Mike's depravity.  
So Mike gave that trapper one up the crapper,  
That filled his rectal cavity.  
Jack sat with care upon a chair,  
His trousers torn and split.  
Mike polished his knob on a greasy cloth,  
And wiped it clean of shit.  
Then he made a dart at a comely tart,  
When Yukon Kate spoke free.  
That well-used maid was unafraid,  
Said, "Now try to fuck with me!"  
With a dextrous flick of his muscular prick,  
The tart flew over Mike's head.  
He wheeled about with an angry shout,  
His face and his balls were red.  
With a lustful leer, he said, "What have we here?  
You must be Yukon Kate --  
With the pace I'll set, I'll teach you yet,  
I've a raging thirst to slake."  
But Yukon Kate, she looked at him straight,  
And stared him in the eyes.  
With utter scorn, she sneered at his horn,  
That rose from his hairy thighs.  
Kate looked at our hero up and down,  
His prowess she decried,  
As she stood there with her greasy hair,  
And her legs opened wide.  
"I've the strength of ten in my abdomen,  
If you're man enough to try!"  
Blackbeard leered and Katey sneered,  
Staring him straight in the eye.



Then Yukon Kate that spell did break,  
In accents clear and cool,  
"You cunt-struck shrimp, you polar wimp!  
You call that thing a tool?"  
"Let's see you jerk, give me the works,"  
She said in tones like ice.  
"Many a year I have waited here  
For a man who could suffice."  
Mike flexed his asshole to and fro  
And made his balls inflate,  
Until they looked like a granite knob  
On top of a palace gate.  
He rubbed his foreskin up and down;  
His knob increased in size.  
His mighty prick grew twice as thick,  
And reach almost to his eyes.  
The crowd all gasped to see Mike's mast;  
It was a cunning stunt.  
He paused a second, he hadn't reckoned  
On Katey's stunning cunt.  
The mangey dogs admired the log  
That stood both tall and proud.  
Would it meet its match in Katey's snatch,  
Before the waiting crowd?  
Mike was the sort, Kate found good sport,  
His ego big as his prick.  
She'd grind men's cocks within her box,  
And spit them out, matchsticks.  
Kate dropped her garments, one by one,  
To reveal what lay inside.  
And as she stood in her womanhood,  
They saw thee Great Divide.  
No grizzly bear had such pubic hair,  
Or dripped with so much grease.  
Or had the depth as well as breadth  
To take Mike's tool with ease.  
She parted the hair that held his stare,  
That obscured her hungry hole.  
"Your prick needn't bend, it'll not touch the end,"  
She said about Mike's pole.  
The odor choked, drowned the smell of smoke,  
The hole had a solid rim;  
Viewed from without, it left no doubt  
Of the tensile strength within.  
She swung her hips and loosed her lips  
That hung 'most to her knees.  
And the smell of skunk rose from her cunt,  
That could take Mike's tool with ease.  
Strong and limber, it could crush timber,  
From pine to oak to beech.

Many a man had his rock-hard stand  
Pulped inside Katey's breach.  
Kate seated herself on a table top  
Where Blackbeard placed his glass.  
With a squeeze and a twitch, it was crushed to bits  
Between the cheeks of her ass.  
Then she flexed her knees with practiced ease,  
And spread her thighs apart.  
With a mocking nod to the mangey sod,  
She invited him to start.  
He took one look at the greasy nook  
That she spread open wide;  
It was slick and ready as she held steady,  
And invited him inside.  
Then Mike began his fucking fun;  
Into action he did leap,  
Approaching his goal, that pulsating hole,  
At a steady forward creep.  
As a marksman might, he took a sight  
Along his mighty tool,  
And his steady grin as he pushed it in,  
Showed a calculated cool.  
Inch by inch, Kate didn't flinch,  
As it sank deep in her quim.  
"I can barely feel the rod you wield,  
I must ask -- Is it in?"  
She said so snide, "Not touching the sides,  
Has your organ shrunk in shame?"  
Mike said of his tool, "It's not used to a hall,"  
As he rammed the bugger home.  
None but a fool would challenge his tool,  
And no sane woman would mock;  
For he'd made his name and no little fame  
For the breadth and the length of his cock.  
"I'll tighten my grip so your tool won't slip,"  
She said with an evil gleam.  
Mike's eyes went wide, his cock crushed inside,  
An his balls caught in her seam.  
With no moans or screams, she could take his stream  
Like the flush of a water closet.  
And she gripped Mike's cock in a vice-like lock  
That could make a man lose his deposit.  
But Blackbeard Mike would not come quick;  
He meant to conserve his powers.  
He had it in mind to grind and grind  
For sixteen solid hours.  
Kate lay awhile with a subtle smile,  
Then the grip of her cunt grew keener.  
With a squeeze of her thigh, then sucked him dry  
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick  
As to set in complete defiance,  
Of the principle cause and basic laws  
That govern sexual science.  
She calmly rode through the phallic code,  
Which for years had withstood the test.  
And the ancient rules of the classic schools  
In a moment or two, went west.  
Right her, my friend, we approach the end  
Of copulation's classic;  
The effect on Mike was sudden and quite  
Akin to an anaesthetic.  
For Blackbeard came with the force of a train,  
Into his lover's cream.  
He fired full bore with a mighty roar,  
Like a loco whistle's scream.  
He fell to the earth and he knew no more,  
His passions extinct and dead.  
Nor did he shout as his cock fell out,  
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread.  
It's not so thick, stripped to the wick,  
Just like a birthday candle.  
With a downward wilt, Mike's once-proud hilt  
Was a crooked starting handle.  
All Mike's girth couldn't move the earth,  
Or ring Yukon Katey's bell.  
Kate's was the quim that bested him,  
In that icy frozen hell.  
She rose to her feet and smiled so sweet,  
"Bully!" she cried, "For you;  
Though I might have guessed that was the best  
That blackbeard Mike could do."  
Go back to the South, you poor loud-mouth;  
From now on stick to jerking  
Off with your hand, while I look for a man,  
'Cause that poor thing ain't working.  
"Go back to a land you understand,  
Where that might pass as a hard-on.  
Go look for a place with a gentler pace,  
And women less demanding."  
"You dared come forth to the frozen North,  
Where pricks are hard and strong.  
The is the land of the all-night stand,  
And nights are six-months long."  
"It may be cold this close to the Pole,  
But women are never frigid.  
Call that a staff?  
Don't make me laugh.  
It wasn't even rigid."  
"It's hard as tin when they put it in,

In this land where spunk is spunk.  
And no trickling streams of lukewarm cream;  
They come in a frozen chunk."  
"Here in the North, when a maid gets bored,  
She goes forth in search of fun.  
And if she can't wait, she can masturbate  
With a stream of frozen come."  
"You've sallied forth to the frozen North,  
Where a whore can do no wrong.  
Where the Arctic blizzard sticks deep in your gizzard,  
Like fourteen inches of dong."  
"I've had sled dogs with bigger logs,  
And a wolf with a bigger bone.  
I've seen baby boys with much bigger toys,  
Than Blackbeard Mike's, full grown."  
"This is the land where they understand  
What it means to fornicate.  
Where even the dead sleep two to a bed,  
And the babies all masturbate."  
"Buried two by two, even corpses screw,  
And the narwhal plays with his horn.  
And all the babes learn to masturbate  
Before they're even born."  
"It's known as the land of the grinding gland,  
Where the walrus plays with his prong.  
Where the polar bear jerks off in his lair,  
And it's where they'll sing this song."  
"Where the mighty horn is stiff till dawn  
And the night lasts a long six months,  
And if men have mind for an all-night grind,  
There's plenty of willing cunts."  
"When our men grow old and feel the cold,  
They borrow their son's wife.  
She'll rut like a whore with her father-in-law  
To keep him hot all night."  
"In the valley of death, with bated breath,  
That's where they'll sing it, too.  
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle  
And the rotting corpses screw."  
"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail,  
Where the nights are sixty below.  
Where it's so damn cold, the rubbers are sold  
Wrapped up in a ball of snow."  
"You've come to the land where men are men  
And fornication is fun.  
And here I'll spend my worthy end,  
In the land of the Midnight Sun."  
"Your piss is froze 'fore it hits the snow,  
And whenever nights get boring,  
It's a mortal sin for a girl to stay in,

When she could go out whoring."  
"When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,  
Ant the tip of his prick turns blue,  
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,  
I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you."  
"If this woeful tale hasn't made you pale,  
Go to Kate's Saloon tonight.  
She's the horniest maid you'll ever lay,  
Or my name's not Blackbeard Mike."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\yuk-lil3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le&#12;,B=L1C<

Yukon Lil

(llewtraH)

She was the best our camp produced  
And them that ain't been screwed by Lil  
Ain't had no goose and never will,  
For Lil's been took away.  
Twas a standing bet around our town,  
That no one could screw her and clamp her down  
For when she screwed, she screwed for keeps,  
And piled her victims up in heaps.  
But down from the north came Yukon Pete,  
With sixteen pounds of rolling meat.  
When he laid his cock out on the bar,  
The damn thing reached from here to thar.  
We all knew Lil had met her fate  
But we couldn't back down that thar late,  
So it was arranged down by the mill,  
Back of the schoolhouse on the hill.  
When all the boys could get a seat  
And watch that half-breed bury his meat,  
Lil started out like the Autumn breeze  
Whistling through the hemlock trees.  
She tried the twist and the double bunt  
And all the tricks what's known to cunt,  
But Pete was with her every lick  
And just kept reeling out more prick.  
At last poor Lil just had to stop,  
For Pete had nailed her to the spot.  
Her clothes were torn and ripped to shreds,  
And scattered all over the cactus beds.  
The sod was ripped for miles around  
Where poor Lil's ass had hit the ground  
But she died game I'm here to tell,

Died with her boots on where she fell,  
So what the hell boys, what the hell!

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\yukpete3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

   ?B=L1C<

The Ballad Of Yukon Pete  
Now grab your glass and get your seat,  
The story of Big Ass Lil and Yukon Pete.  
Big Ass Lil was the villiage queen,  
The fuckingest whore you've ever seen.  
While some girls fuck with grace and ease,  
Lil blew dick like the summer breeze.  
But when she fucked, she fucked for keeps,  
And piled her victims up in heaps.  
There was a rumor 'round this town  
That no man could put Big Lil's ass down.  
But way up north, where twin rivers meet,  
Lived a one-balled half-breed Yukon Pete.  
Pete was a dirty motherless soul,  
Who fucked bear, sheep, and woodchuck hole.  
He caught a whiff of Big Ass Lil  
And packed his rubbers; came down the hill.  
Over the hill came Yukon Pete  
With fifteen feet of swinging meat.  
And Pete dug a ditch around the town  
From where his pecker dragged the ground.  
Pete stretched it out on Murphy's bar,  
And it stretched from thar to thar --  
The scene was set a windy mill,  
By the brick shithouse high on the hill.  
All the ladies came for a ringside seat,  
Just to watch that half-breed sink his meat.  
They fucked and they fucked and they fucked for hours,  
Uprooting trees, shrubs and flowers.  
Lil did stunts and double shunts  
And stunts unknown to common cunts.  
But Pete was with her every trick,  
And just kept pumping in more dick.  
Then Lil gave Pete a whorehouse squeeze  
That brought old Big Pete to his knees;  
But Pete came back with a Big Dick Grunt,  
That broke her ass and split her cunt.  
Well Lil rolled over, cut two farts and sighed;  
"Boys, I've been fucked," cut one more and died.  
Here lies Big Ass Lil, the village queen,

The fuckingest whore you've ever seen.  
And they nailed her drawers to the shithouse wall,  
In memory of her gallant fall.  
And all the soap this side of hell  
Can't wash away that fishy smell.  
Back over the hill went Yukon Pete,  
With fifteen feet of shredded meat.  
When they asked about his amazing feat,  
He said "I'm going back to beat my meat."

C:\James McWilliam Collection\Songs 3 Foul\yuweevd3.txt

\*\*\*\*\*

le&#12;B=L1C<

Yu Wee Flung Lu Wee  
(llewtraH)  
Now Yu Wee Flung Lu Wee,  
They say he can screw-ee,  
Any girlie from Shanghai to Peking.  
And to say what is mor-ee,  
There isn't a whor-ee,  
That can start his Chop Suey a weeping.  
Now Yu Wee went walk-ee,  
With a boiling hot Stalk-ee,  
And he see a sweet little lassie.  
Sweet little lassie with burning hot chassis,  
And he say "Ha ha ha,  
I smell cunt-ee."  
Now he take her arm-ee,  
No cause for alarm-ee,  
She tell him her name is Hip Swing-ee.  
She say "Come to my room-ee,  
And tickle my womb-ee,  
And make my tits go ting-a-ling-ee."  
Now I happen to know-ee,  
That Yu Wee he go-ee,  
For next day Wee he go to pee-ee.  
He say, "Hey, something amiss-ee,  
My cock he no piss-ee,  
I think I have got the vee-d-ee."